

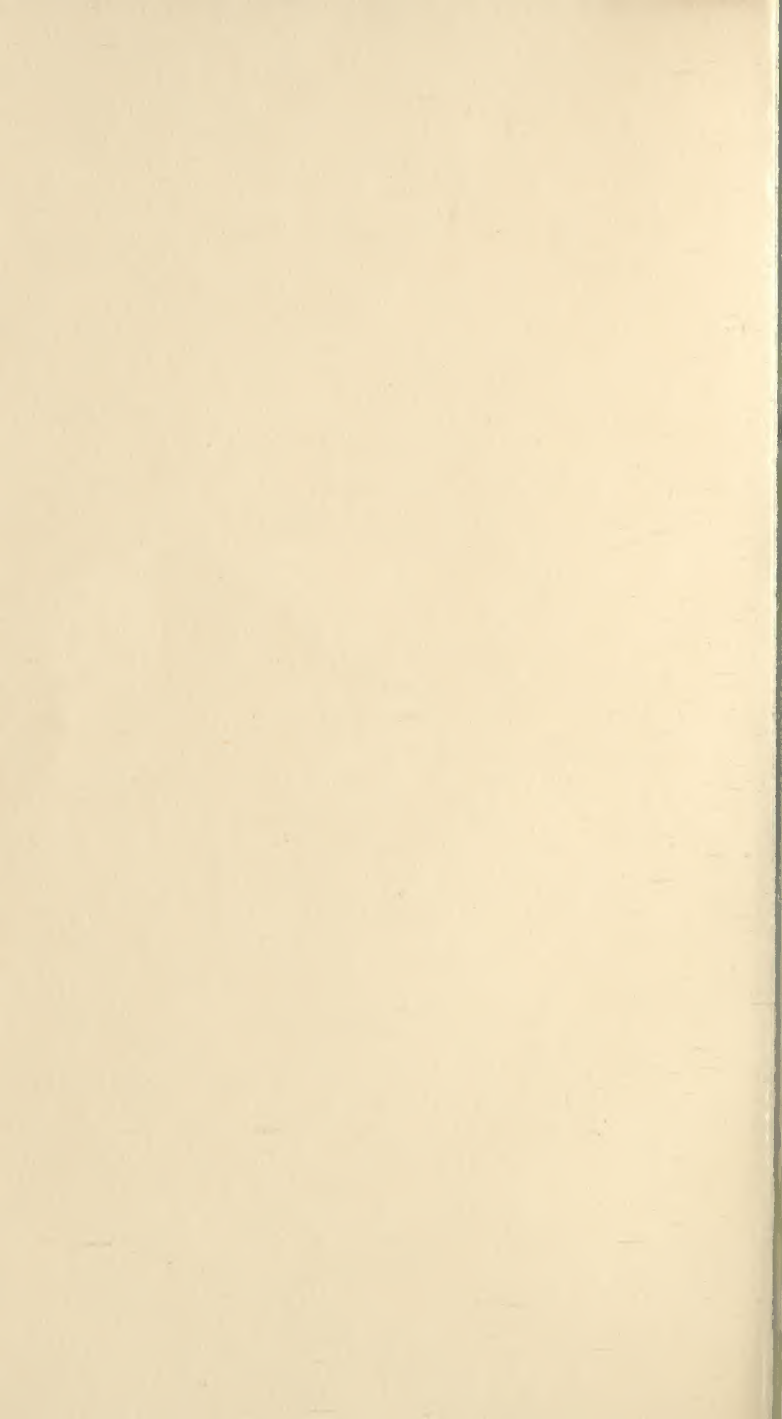


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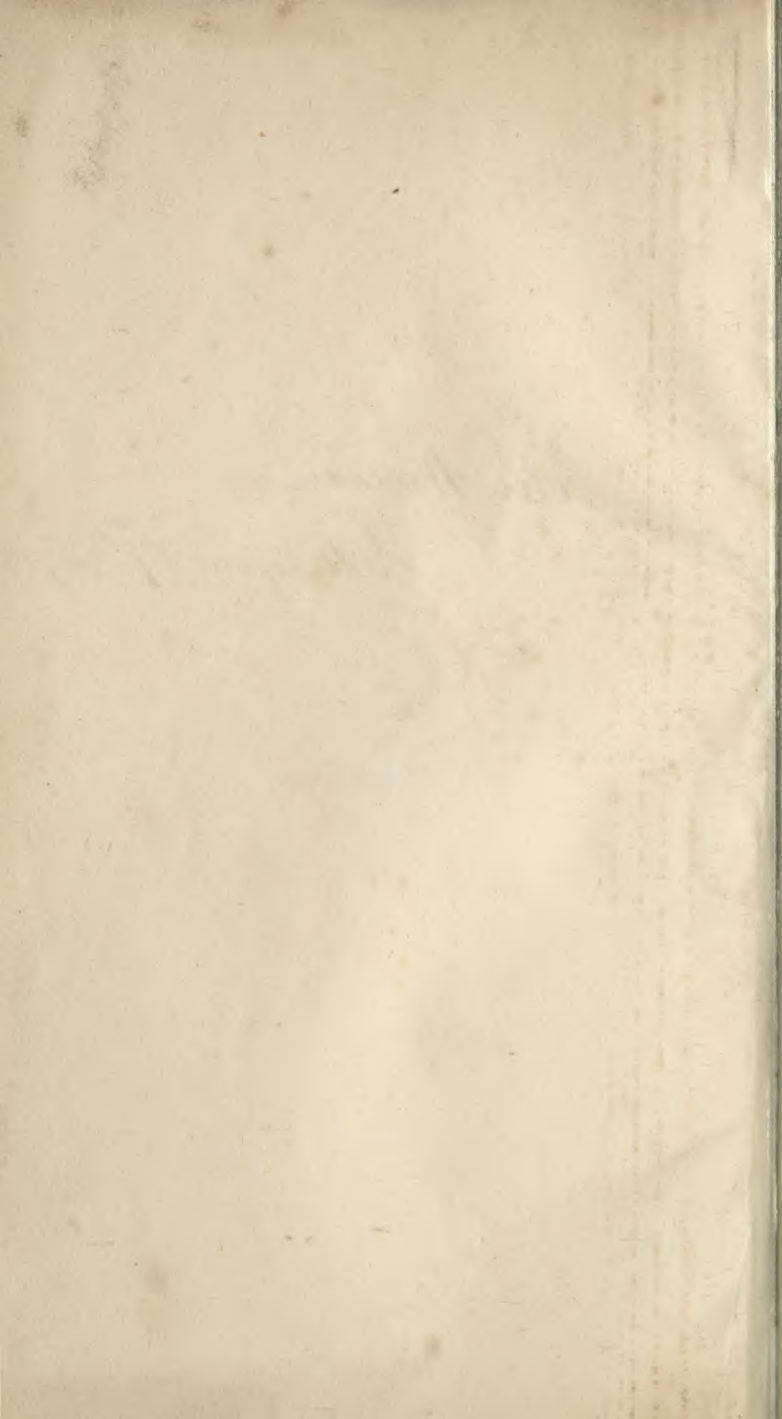
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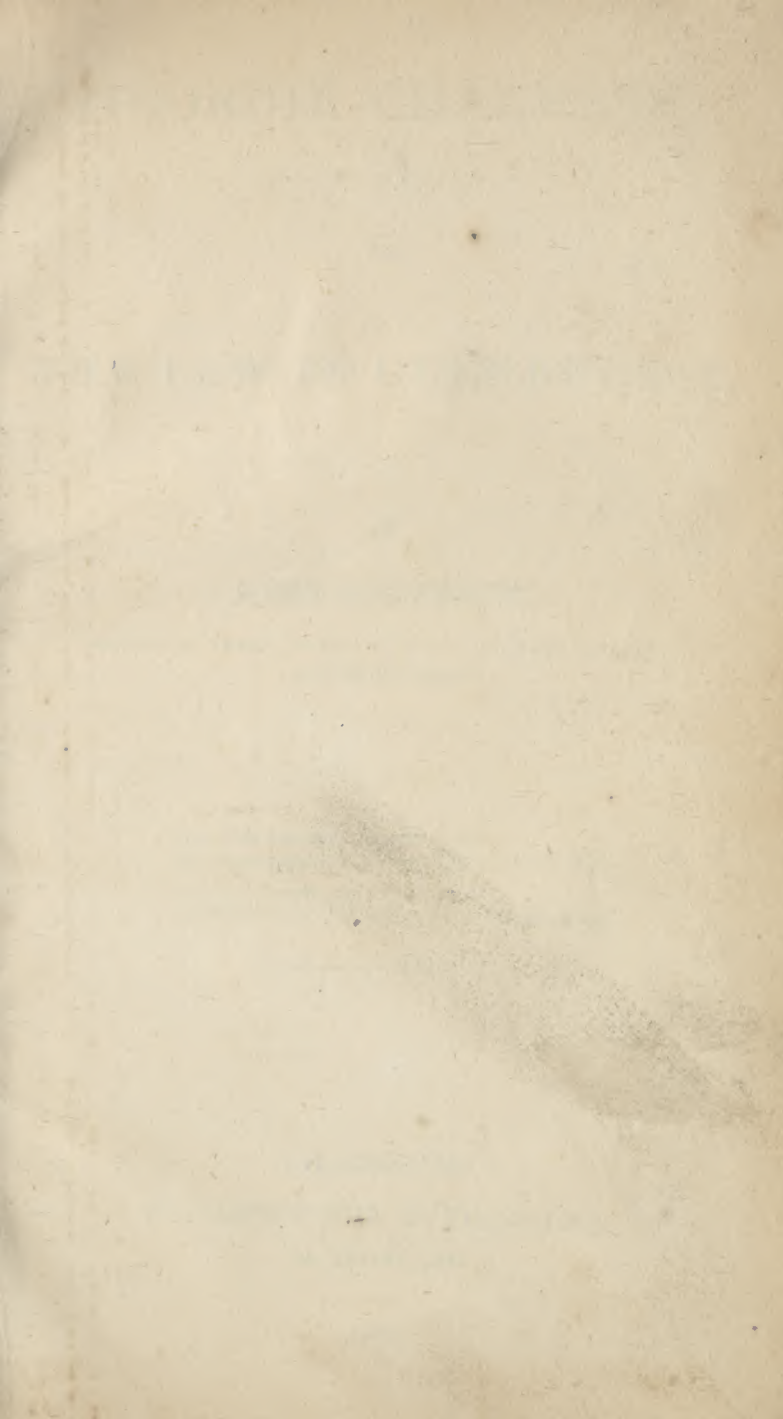
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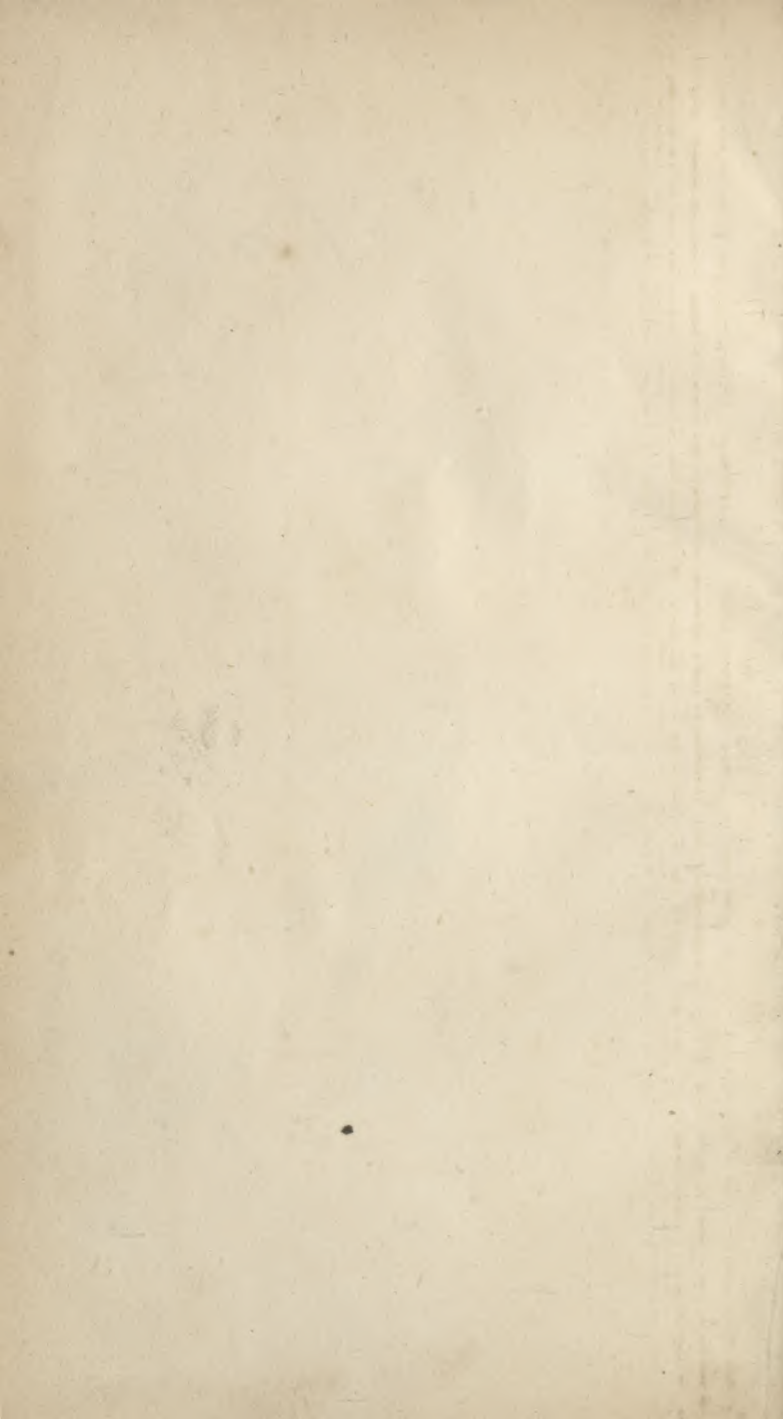












# GEORDIE CHALMERS;

OR,

## THE LAW IN GLENBUCKIE.

BY

JOHN KENNEDY,

AUTHOR OF "FANCY'S TOUR WITH THE GENIUS OF CRUELTY,"  
AND OTHER POEMS.

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" Oh! what a parish—a terrible parish—  
Oh! what a parish was little Dunkel'! "—OLD SONG.  
" A wit's a feather, and a fool's a rod,  
An honest man's the noblest work of God."—POPE.

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GLASGOW:

PATERSON AND RUTHERGLEN,  
84, TRONGATE.

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1833.

GEORGE CHAMBERS

THE LAW IN GLENBUCKIE

JOHN KENNEDY



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1972

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE Publication of this Work had been suspended for a considerable time, from various causes—latterly, from the severe illness of the Author; and, while the last sheet was in his hands for the purpose of correction, he was summoned to his great account. Mr. KENNEDY, who was a native of Kilmarnock, had for the last thirteen years filled the situation of Teacher at Chapel Green, in the Parish of Kilsyth, and was much esteemed for his moral worth, and for his zeal and ability in the sphere of his labours. It was during such intervals as he could snatch from those labours that this Tale was written,—the merits or faults of which must rest upon the decision of an impartial public. It is now issued under circumstances that will excite the sympathy, not only of those who had the pleasure of knowing its Author, but of every friend of humanity and of literary talent,—his premature death having left an amiable wife and three children (one an infant only a few weeks old) unprovided for, towards whose aid the profits of its sale will necessarily be devoted.

OCTOBER 23, 1833.



# GEORDIE CHALMERS.

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## CHAPTER I.

*Introduction.—Early culture.—Character of his first Preceptor.—Aspires to the rank of a Clergyman.—Death of his Father.—A fraternal Dialogue.*

“PLAGIARISM!” said a literary tailor, as he entered one day into his grand repository of shreds and patches; and “Plagiarism!” Echo responded. “Plagiarism!” again he cried, as he lifted an armful of the beautiful offsets and parings, and conceived the sublime idea of converting them into a suit of *rari novi* inexpressibles; and again Echo answered, “Plagiarism!” And “Plagiarism!” once more he exclaimed, as he applied the scissors, and measuring tape to the various fragments of priest-grey, sky-blue, and scarlet; and old Echo, alive to the justness of the exclamation, came forth from her airy recess, and, with a voice loud and sonorous, vociferated, “Plagiarism!”

And well she might, for who so rich in the productions of other men as the literary tailor? A man altogether luminous in thought, and splendid in habilitment—so favoured and so gifted, that he sees in the lightning the indignant glance of Jupiter—hears in the breeze the evening song of Æolus—feels in the frost the sad depression of caloric—and in the rubbing of his eyes beholds the beautiful decomposition



of the rainbow's hues;—a man peculiarly endowed with every thing enviable amongst men—to whom music is known from Amphion down to Moschelles and Madame Pasta,—with whom criticism is as familiar as fable was to Æsop, or versification to Pope—before whom all the sciences rise in demonstration—and in whom all the rare maxims and pithy sayings lie warranted ready for quotation;—a man, in fine, who not only walks circumspectly and dresses elegantly, but thinks strongly, speaks emphatically, and writes forcibly—does nothing like other geniuses, but proceeds in all things upon an entire new plan—works the golden “rule of three” by the sixteenth VI. of Euclid—computes by algebra and logarithms—and makes all his nice little pieces of immortal poetry by the never-failing rules of permutation.

But who dare call him in question? Who dare say unto him, These are not your own ideas; or, Come now, good Mr. Sarcinator, just be so honest as deliver up these mother-of-pearl, for I doubt you are rather too well acquainted with a certain vegetable, well known to the vulgar as an excellent companion to lamb? Not one. No; no more than you durst say to the chemist who experiments on air, that the oxygen he makes is not his own gas. The tailor does not say that he invented all the shreds that may be turned into a suit: he only says that they are his, that he came legally by them, not by stealth, but by the rule of the trade. In like manner, I do not say that all the words and incidents in “GEORDIE CHALMERS” are of my own creation: I only say that they are mine, that I came honestly upon them; not by theft, but by virtue of acquirement.

We say, after studying a problem of mathematics, for instance, that that problem is ours—not by inspiration, it is true, but by dint of application. Now, if, upon a board, I can show that every prism having a triangular base, may be divided into three equal pyramids, I say that that theorem is mine—not that I invented the proposition, but that I studied and

made it as much my own as ever it was Euclid's. "Granted. But what connection has the tailor with authorship?" Connection! Do you not see? Does not the one make a suit of clothes, and the other a book, out of the various shreds and patches of the day? "Ay, true," you reply; "but remember, the words are free to all, whilst the parings belong to the man who purchased the cloth." Then you oppose the law of the craft? "No, no." To whom, then, do the chips belong that fall from the axe and the chisel—to the man that purchased the log? No, verily; they are the property of the cabinet-maker, who has the sole and indisputable right of converting them into snuff-boxes, or what he pleases. "But does that prove," you reply, "that *you* have a right to take up other men's words, and publish them to the world for the sake of gain?" But did not you advance just now that words were free to all? "Ay, we did; but only when taken separately." Separately! What do you mean by separately? "We mean, sir, that the Dictionary is free to all, but not other men's writings." Then you insinuate plagiarism? Oh, when will that nefarious word be struck from the records of literature!—But to our tale.

GEORDIE CHALMERS was born——, and as there are many things of deep importance to society, connected with his preceptorial career in Glenbuckie, I shall, without one word of apology, lay before the world an account of all that befell him there, in the same way and manner of its occurrence, that all who read may see that the best inheritance is virtue; the best policy, honesty; the best recommendation, knowledge; and the best friend, the man who aids you in distress. But, before I proceed to the narration of the various trials and disappointments which he encountered in that wild and uncultivated district, it will be necessary to give the reader an outline of his early life, and of the causes which led to his assuming for a season the character of a teacher.

And here, I observe that preeocity of intellect never was his. In boyhood, he was timid to a proverb, and in all the sports of his day far behind his playfellows. Yet there was ambition within him. Though a worse associate in juvenile pastime never lived, a more eager to be distinguished in learning never competed. The grain of mustard seed grew, and what with the rebuffs of companions, and the encouraging smiles of his master, before he reached his eleventh year he had made considerable progress in knowledge.

But all was not gold. In the presence of a superior he stood abashed, often stopping short for want of breath, and quaking like an aspen leaf at the sight of flagellation. This want of animal courage, though vigorously opposed by secret ambition, made him often the object of pity and ridicule, and compelled him to shun many opportunities of signalizing himself. There was another evil which attended him. Being taught by a man who had no ear for oratory, his manner of reading was too much tainted with the whine that accompanies the howl of an Irish wake. I mention this, however, not out of disrespect for his first preceptor, but merely to show that old Mr. Lorn, though behind in rhetoric, was not deficient in those things which give value to character, and excellence to learning. With all his defects, he was both a man and a scholar; arduous in the discharge of his duties, and pointed in all his engagements; letting no opportunity escape of enforcing the principles of religion and morality, and impressing the juvenile mind with the beauties of truth, than which, he would often say, there is not a more lovely gem under heaven.

Having made considerable way in general reading, and being now about fourteen years of age, his father, whose right eye he was, began to conceive a flattering opinion of his abilities. "And come, Geordie," said he one day, as he came up stairs, and found him poring over Henry on the Prophets; "since ye will read, ye maun read to purpose. What wad ye think o' the poopit?"

“Father,” said he, looking him affectionately in the face, “the pulpit would be the top of my ambition.”

“Get up, then,” replied his father, “an’ prepare to set off to Mr. Greekum on Mononday morning. This wark ’ll no pay.”

Fired with the idea of preaching, he instantly began to make the necessary preparations for a new course of learning; and never did schoolboy’s heart so beat with joy, as when he first opened the Rudiments in the Grammar-school of Kilroy, and saw himself in possession of a key, that would, in time, open the door of the pulpit, and introduce him at once into the sanctum sanctorum of happiness. And thus, during eighteen months, he lived, the happiest of human beings, becoming more and more abstracted from the world, and more and more aspiring—drinking in classic lore from the fountain-head, and acquiring the approbation of all who knew him.

But, from the realities of life, nothing is more distant than the dreams of youth. Amused with the vagaries of imagination, we pass our youthful moments,

“’Mid flowers and gay deceits,”

reckless of sorrow, till reason, raised to the throne of judgment, applies the rod of correction to the airy phantoms, and shows to our mortification the lovely creatures of the brain, all dwindled into things more wry than ever yet were drawn—the crooked family of incongruous thought. This he found to his sad experience, and in no stage of his pilgrimage so severely as at the present.

In the midst of his reveries—in the heat of his intellectual exertions,—now devouring Virgil and Barrow—now taking a glance at the parabolas and hyperbolas of the conic sections, and now walking by the silver stream, speaking extempore to the waves, in order to qualify himself for holding forth on some

future day without the aid of manuscript,—I say, whilst all panting after knowledge, honour, and immortality, who should enter one morning, but a man with a black-sealed letter in his hand, informing him of the sudden death of his father!

He who has seen a soldier fall with the hurra on his lips, may figure his condition at the announcement. It was overwhelming! Not that his death, in itself, was insurmountable, for we all forget the dead, however dear,

“ Especially if there’s something left  
By way of consolation ;”

But that, his having died intestate, left him so completely a wreck on the shore of studential enterprise, that all his golden dreams of sacerdotal pre-eminence fled away like the beams of the sun amid the clouds of a downcast morning—extinguished in the gloom of adversity.

He had now to bid farewell to the classic scenes of Kilroy, and return home—but not to happiness! No friend was there! The glory was departed! Ichabod met him at the threshold! As he entered the apartment in which his father lay, in his last and lonely dress, a flood of tears gushed from his eyes.—“ And when did he expire?” he said, and sat down, overcome with grief. His sorrow was genuine. Unlike the sorrow of an heir: no secret wish to have possession of the little farm of forty acres, had ever come within the range of his conception. His father he loved, and would have travelled the world to bring him back, for generous to a fault was his father. Possessed of much common sense and shrewdness, he was at once the social friend and the preventer of much litigation. Many shared of his bounty, but none more so than the hero of our story. Whether this partiality arose from a strong desire to see him in the ministry, or from his being the youngest in the family—the Ben-oni, or little Benjamin—I cannot



determine, but of all his children he was the idol of his soul, and whilst at Kilroy, the object of his continual solicitude.

“An’ hoo are ye coming on wi’ the lear the day, Geordie?” he would say, as he called upon him once a week in the course of his marketings. “I see ye hae plenty o’ matter before you. Get on, my boy. Yc’ve chosen a goodly calling. See till’t, and while I hae ye’ll no want.”

His father dreamed out for him a warm manse and maximum stipends—a young lady with a fortune, and many earthly felicities. But death dissolved the spell; and, to crown the catastrophe, by the unfair law of primogeniture, his old brother Andrew took possession of the property, while all that fell to his share was a long *post mortem* account of school fees, board wages, and what he had cost the family for nonsense!

After all things were settled, his father in the grave, and *great improvements* about to be made on the farm, he took an opportunity one day of speaking to his brother about the propriety of finishing his studies. “And shall I proceed,” said he, “in the arduous struggle?”

“Ou, Geordie,” Andrew replied, “ye micht do waur.”

“But what am I to do without money?”

“Na, that’s the tickler,” returned the heir, thrusting his hands into his breeches’ pockets, and looking as grave as a hermit. “Nathing noo-a-days, Geordie, without siller! But ye micht try’t. Maybe some o’ your frien’s about Kilroy ’ill len’ you as muckle as keep you gaun till ance ye get a kirk, an’ then, ye ken, ye can pay them aff the steepens.”

This was a leveller. For a moment he stood confounded, hesitating whether to renew the application, or leave him indignantly. At last, bridling his anger, he resumed.

“I know not, sir, what my friends in Kilroy might do, were I to apply for aid; but supposing they would not, would you advance the requisite sum?”

“Ou, Geordie, I kenna what I micht do, ance I saw you fairly established; but, Geordie, it strikes me, thou’ll ne’er address a congregation in this warl’.”

“You don’t know,” said Geordie, in response. “Many a one has passed through as many difficulties as I am likely to do, before they arrived at their kingdom. Witness the great Tillotson, who was the son of a weaver.”

“That’s vera true,” he replied, “Tillotson was born for the poopit, but that’s no saying that ye’re that. Na, na, Geordie, if ye mean to won your bread by the win’ o’ your mouth, ye’ll hae to turn savin’ an’ circumspect i’ your way. There’s Rab Fraser o’ the Ladelip—that chiel has some sence in him. Ye’ll no see him palaverin’ wi’ auld wives, an’ finnin’ his pooches whene’er he sees a beggar.”

“What Fraser does is nothing to me,” our student replied; “nor do I care for the world, being of opinion that a cheerful heart, and a charitable frame of spirit, are quite consistent with the character of a clergyman.”

“Ou, I canna deny that eithers,” said Andrew; “but then, there’s a certain respectability to be attended to, which is no to be acquired in girnin’ hares an’ snickin’ wamplin’ cels. A Nazarite frae the womb may hae some chance, but daft young callans needna try’t.”

“Andrew,” said Geordie, rising on his centre, and assuming a more elevated tone, “you are wrong for once. Not defending the idle practice of fishing, how many have you not heard of, who, after the frivolities of youth were over, turned out burning and shining lights? Where was there a greater fool than John Welsh—a greater sinner than John Bunyan—a greater persecutor than St. Paul?—yet you see how they shone at last.”

“No sae far wrang, Geordie,—no sac far wrang, lad. Dinna lift me till ance I fa’. That Paul, and Bunyan, and Welsh were destined to adorn the church, is clear frae their writings. Men o’ great



talents and abilities, sir, are sometimes permitted to wander frae the fald, for the purpose o' obtainin' insight into the mysteries o' Satan. But there's unco few Pauls and Bunyans noo-a-days,—unco few John Wclshes. The loaves an' the fishes are o' mair value than poor folk, if ane may judge frae the concern they show, when the markets are comin' down, an' the fewness o' their visits. No saying ye're warldly-minded, the mair o' this; for, when I hae min', ye canna keep a bawbee: but frae the way they hae added place to place, an' income to income, till the bishop is raised aboon preachin', an' the great wark o' religion is left to the management o' the flock themsells. It'll no do, Geordie. It's no a wee hue o' this sort o' lear, an' a hairin' o' that, that makes a faithfu' minister. It's no a wheen kintra callans an' weaver chaps, aspirin' to the snug birth an' the honourable calling, that's to Christianize the warld. It's no keeping in wi' this patron an' that ane—this laird an' that ane—an' saying as they say, whether they think it or no, that's to drive Satan frae the yirth. It's no a wheen grand flourishes, bonnie harangues, an' darkenin' counsel wi' words without knowledge, on this an' tither portion o' Scripture that aiblins needs nae expounding, that's to break the neck o' Anti-christ, an' bring on the millennium. No, sir. They maun hae the call frae the proper quarter. It maun be like young Samuel's. It maun be visible in the student, that his heart is in the richt place. He maun be properly gifted for the great wark. Nane o' your paper stuff, an' half-printed discourses. It maun come frae the heart, an' gang to the heart, clean an' smooth like a thread frae a rowan o' weel-carded woo',—awauk'nin' a' within. A faithfu' minister mauna be confined to the poopit. He maun visit as well as preach. Like Boston, langsyne, he maun lay by a portion o' his steepens every year for the poor—be a' things to a' men; an', like Guthrie o' Finwick, tak the hie-roads an' the by-paths, an' compel them a' by fair means to come in. Clanjamfin' awa here

an' there for years, an' leavin' their flocks to the mercy o' a wheen half-learned curates, some o' whilk ken as muckle about the human heart as I ken about Nova Scotia, will never do ava."

"Very eloquent, Andrew," said our hero, smiling at his cash-saving oratory and homely wit. "Very clever in some things, I must confess; but stay, my good sir, and let the harrows rest in the glebe. Part of what you say is true, and I grant that in England and Ireland the bishops are by far too rich for clergymen: their ten, twenty, and thirty thousand per annum, for preaching the gospel of Him who had not where to lay his head, are out of all conscience. But in our own land we have little to complain of,—nay, show me the class of men that deserve more at the hands of the people, and I'll show you the great Apollo. True, some of them may be deficient in talent and zeal; but ministers are but men,—and can ye look for perfection in the sons of Adam? With all their faults they merit our warmest support; not only for what they are, but for what they have done in wresting the land we live in from the chains of Druidism and Popery, and planting in their stead the knowledge of simplicity and truth. It is easy to carp: but where would you have been had Woden been still adored, and the first-born offered in sacrifice on the Cromlech. But, apart from these, are not the clergy in general kind and benevolent, exemplary in their conduct, and foremost in their exertions in all things tending to ennoble the human race? And will you accuse them of worldly-mindedness, for looking after their dues—of carelessness, for taking a summer trip to see their relations—and of unworthiness, because many of them have sprung from the shuttle and the hammer? Would you starve the ministers, sir? Would you break the ties of family affection, and upbraid them with their former callings? No! Accursed is he that would muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn,—cold and flinty-hearted is he that would not foster the elements of brotherly and

filial love,—and void of generosity is he who would lay a stumbling-block in the way of laudable ambition. He, sir, who worketh in the vineyard, is entitled to his wages. He who occasionally gladdens the cot or the hall of his fathers with his presenee, is worthy of our indulgence; and he who pushes forward to the crowning of his hoary head with honour and glory, is deserving of commendation. The man, sir, who would not provide for his own house, is worse than an infidel,—that would not remember his connexions, is worse than a pagan,—that would not rise from obscurity when able, is worse than a fool. But you think otherwise, it seems. You think that the loaves and fishes are the only attractions, and that the altar is degraded because the ministers, in numerous cases, are sprung from the lower walks in life. Just so! Then you wish to see the Hindoo system established amongst us,—the castes with all their relative splendour and misery,—the many crushed beneath the wheel of the few,—the world as it was in the days of ignorance, when the elfs were adored, and three \* grand orders alone engrossed the wealth and power of degraded Europe. But what would you now say, if none but Lords, and Dukes, and Barons were permitted to enter the pulpit? If you saw your minister rolling past just now in a coach and four, with a liveried train at his heels,—if the manse were a palae, the kirk a paeado, and the altar surrounded with slaves;—I say, what would you think, or say, or do, if you durst not communicate with your pastor but through the medium of some titled understrapper? If your minister were Duke Grandis, your elder Lord Gravis, and your bellman Sir Francis Mattock, would you not say, Wo to the land that endureth such things—the land of priests and beggars? But it shall never be so in Scotland. The day of delusion is past. We have had our Reformation, and, in its blaze, have seen the nests of spiritual

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\* Priests, Bards, and Druids.

abomination consumed, with all the tinsel and trash of cardinal and bishop. The rosy-gilled waddlers have disappeared, leaving the way clear for the glorious advance of the legitimate sons of Zion. Yes, Andrew, our forefathers were too wise to do their work by halves. They nobly bestirred themselves, and saw a new race of clergymen arise distinguished for their purity and learning. Scotland roused herself, and beheld, in the free and impartial distribution of post and place, the kintra callans and weaver chaps, as ye tauntingly call them, rising far in the distance, like so many luminaries, to add new splendour to the land of heroes! Scotland was glad at the prospect of soul triumphing over matter—of worth over meanness—of talent and genius springing from the shade to preach the truth in simplicity, and to level with the ground the high towers of priestcraft throughout the length and breadth of the habitable world. But you would join with the Brahmins and the bishops—laugh at the Wards and the Careys, and have all things to remain as they are. No fanning the flame of genius—breaking from the toils of castes, and grades, and servitude, and claiming for ourselves and children those rights and privileges which God has placed within the reach of all who are qualified to enjoy them;—it is, Stop the march of intellect with you,—it is, Go back into the shade of inactivity, and let me alone, that I may enjoy my snugness,—it is——Just so: unco big noo—unco heigh wi' my father's gear amang your hauns—wi' what ye never swat for! No matter; I'll maybe see the day, when"——

"When what?" he interrupted. "What do you mean by *when*, sir? Did ever I use you ill? Did ever I say black was the e'e o' your head? I defy you, or ane o' the house, to say that ever I wranged you *that*, (snapping his fingers.) No, Geordie. I like you as weel as ever I did; but ye maun bear wi' my ignorance, an' no tak it ill though I should deny you what ye seek. It's vera true, I hae fa'n heir to my father's gear, but could I help that? and if Pro-

vidence has sent it my way, is that eneuch for me to throw't awa to the cocks? Tak my advice, Geordie. It requires a larger share o' mither-wit an' penetration than thou's possessed o', to be a minister. Stay at hame wi' me, an' I'll learn you to haud the plough; an occupation, I'm thinking, that'll fit you better than preaching."

"And will ye no teach me to be a hangman?" he indignantly replied, mad to be evened with the plough.

"My faigs, Geordie," he retorted, "thou's richt saucy; but if thou doesna help to learn some needfu' body that trade thysell yet, I'm far mista'en. A minister!——a beagle!"

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## CHAPTER II.

*Hard beginnings good beginnings.—Farewell to Thornybrae.  
—Outline of O'Bradly.—Juvenile deceit.*

It has been said that hard beginnings are good beginnings; that foes are sometimes our best friends; and that losses are often gain. I do not doubt it. Were it not so, there would with many be less exertion and less honour; less skill and less profit; less improvement and less pleasure. To a moral certainty, hard beginnings are good beginnings; and, therefore, thanks to adversity for nine-tenths of what I enjoy.

Had our hero been the legal heir of his father's property, he might have been very comfortable in his little farm of forty acres. That all will admit. But then, in all likelihood, his good name would never have been known beyond the precincts of Kilroy. Plain George Chalmers, Thornybrae, No. 1, painted on a piece of sheet-iron, and nailed to the side of the cart or waggon, would have been all that a stranger would have known him by, five miles from



his residence. He might have been extremely well off, and not a little consequential, too, at fairs and other meetings; but, a fig for the shade when honour calls into the field of glory! Let dullness bestride her gelding, and rusticity plod it through life: give me the wing of the morning, a good cause, and a faithful friend; and—let adversity howl! Hard beginnings are good beginnings,—and so ends my prelude.

Failing in his application, and seeing all the springs of friendship shut up, he had no other alternative, but either to abandon his studies and remain at home, a slave to ignorant pride, or cast himself on the wide world, and climb the hill of science at the risk of starvation.

Dreadful prospect! But “fortune favours the brave,” and “God helps them that help themselves.” Cowards may succumb, but the soul that feels the divinity stirring within can never be chained. Adversity may assail it with ten thousand disasters, but these only will whet its edge—only elicit brighter sparks from its fire that knows no earthly kindling.

“No,” said he to himself, as he looked at futurity, “I will never live here. I will see the world. I will know whether perseverance carries a laurel in her right hand to reward her votaries or not. I may die, another example of fruitless exertion. But I will try, and ‘if I perish, I perish.’”

Thus said, he collected what books and necessities he had of his own into a napkin, and down the hill went scurvin’, resolved never to see one of them more, unless guided in his visit by the polar star of prosperity.

It was a cold, raw day in the month of February, in the year eighteen hundred and —, in which, with the bundle over his shoulder, he stood on the Parlan hill, and beheld the home of his fathers,

Where oft the lark sang treble above,  
And the mill-wheel bass below,

as, all glowing with youthful hope, he lay on the

Ladelip, listening to the music of the waters hurling o'er the dam!

“And must I leave thee!” said he, the tear trickling over his cheek. “Leave thee for ever—never rest within thy walls again! Am I cut off from thy shelter by fraternal cupidity—cast on the wide world without a friend—discarded as a thing of naught! But yesterday, and he whose smile fed the flame of my soul, dreamed not of this—a brother’s greed—the law of primogeniture. Happy under his fostering hand, he saw me shooting forth a hopeful scion—now a blasted leaf on the bough of adversity. But cheer up, my heart. A few years will quadruple the whole. Farewell—farewell my native cot! and fare thee weel, my Mary!”

Now left to his own exertions, he journeyed along, as lone a pilgrim as e’er took staff for Mecca, not knowing whither he went, till fate threw him at last among the bleak hills of Glenbuckie.

The third day was hastening on since his departure, and hope, instead of brightening, was becoming more dense. There was a sharpness in the air that chilled him to the heart; dark and menacing were the clouds, and the roads in some places almost impassable. It was now that despair for a moment triumphed over his weakness. “Go back,” said he, “and strive not against the current.” He would, but his mind being more inclined to brood over misfortune, than make useful observations on the country, he recollected not the way he had come—and so he stood fast. The wind blew off his hat, and bore it for him several yards in the direction of Glenbuckie. This compelled him to move. On recovering it, he exclaimed aloud, “The plough before this.” But the plough brought the idea of dependence with it, and that appalled him. “Return and slave it!” He again articulated, “No;

Die first my heart,  
And feed the crows my corpus!



I will neither plough nor sow, but in the intellectual garden. But where is it? In the earth? In the air? In the moon?" Oh, wretched is he who has no decision of character!—wretched as he whom doubt now teased to distraction, timidity enervated, and imagination frightened with the representation of the road to ruin. All was hesitation,

“Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain.”

Besides, to add to his misery, he had met with two or three accidents by the way, which superstition snatched, and shook forebodingly in his face.

In attempting to walk alongst an old rotten plank, that offered itself as a bridge over a pretty large stream that ran across a low part of the road, it gave way in the centre, and down he fell with a plunge into the pool below. In emerging from the whirling eddy, he took to his heels, and ran upwards of half a mile to keep himself from shivering to death; but in endeavouring to overleap a ditch, he missed his aim, and down he came once more, amid moss and water, bedaubing himself all over!

It has been said by a celebrated writer, that “it never rains but it pours.” It has also been said, that “mocking’s catching.” Now, as he once laughed heartily at his brother Andrew falling into the mill-dam, he thought that all this had been sent him by way of retribution. Moreover, he deemed that the evil genius of Thornybrae was in front, his own in rear, and the prince of demons directing both their movements.

Superstition, thou art a fiend incarnate! Irresolution maketh sad work; but thou, fellest of all the infernalities, operatest with the cruelty of the lash after three months’ imprisonment.

But as madness has its lucid intervals, so has misfortune. Pacing tardily along in his truly “devious traet,” he was relieved from his anguish by a man on horseback, who, as he rode past, drew in the reins, and thus accosted him:

“Fine day this, sir,—fine day.”

“Fine, sir; but very cold.”

“That’s to be looked for;—I say that’s to be looked for. You know we can’t expect June in February. And are you for Glenbuckie?”

“By-the-bye, is it far to it?” Geordie interrogated, blinking the question, to conceal his want of aim.

“Only five miles and a half, sir,—only five and a half.”

“Then it shall not be long till I am there. And how is it situated in regard to innkeepers, do you know?”

“Very bad, sir, very bad; only one of consequence.”

“Only one!”

“Why, sir, no more, sir. We have, it is true, a few minors, sir; such as the Hawk, and the Beehive, which are pretty tolerable. The Golden Eagle is also respectable, and a few others, in which you will get ale and porter very cheap, and good usage too, if you behave yourself; but the only inn in town for excellent accommodation is the Cross Keys.”

“And do they all make a livelihood in their profession?”

“Why, sir, you are particular—I say, young man, you are somewhat particular; but I believe, were it not for the rat-holes and the gin-traps, they would all make out life very comfortably.”

“What do you mean, good sir, by rat-holes and gin-traps?”

“Those houses, sir—those houses that pay no license, smuggle the ardens, defraud the revenue, toss the exciseman, and demoralize society.”

“And have you many of these pests of morality amongst you?”

“Many, sir! Many! Why, sir, we have seven to one. In fact, sir, with the exception of old Luggiehead, and a few others, they are all smugglers together.”

“And have you not an excise-officer to keep them in check?”

“We had one, sir. O, yes, we had one lately; but, poor fellow! they tossed him one night in a mainsail; plunged him afterwards in the loch; burned his books, and chased him at last out of the parish.”

“Dreadful to hear! And did the law not take hold of these violators of justice?”

“Why, sir—why, to be sure, a party of militia was sent to make reprisals; but they made little of it. Several indeed were apprehended,—but ‘nobody did it.’ The people were true to each other, and so the law went for nothing.”

“I wonder at that. Where I come from it is all law together,—a dog dare not bark.”

“Ay!” said he; “but this is Glenbuckie.”

“And have you no civil power; no magistrates to enforce order and obedience to the law?”

“Civil power enough,” he replied, setting himself forward in his saddle, and forcing a smile. “Civil authority enough, sir. There is, let me see—*primo*, Deacon Dawson of Greenbank; *et secundo*, Andrew Luggiehead, Cross Keys—both of whom, in their own way, are very good men; but having no charter, are obliged to do as it will do with them: save when Luggiehead gets hot upon the argument, and then they have law with a vengeance.”

“What kind of law is that?”

“Fair knock him down, sir;—fair knock him down!”

“Dreadful! And is Luggiehead, as you call him, a quarrelsome person?”

“Quite the reverse, sir;—quite the reverse. He is one of the most agreeable of fellows; but the people are so obstreperous, that, were it not for his irresistible strength and shrewdness of intellect, the Deacon, who claims the right to preside in all matters of importance, would not live a day.”

“Then Luggiehead will be *magistratus primus et ultimus*.”

“He is, sir; rich to a proverb, and generous to admiration.”

“Just so,” replied our young adventurer, knitting his under lip, and thinking his companion not quite at home in his Latin. “And is the Deacon remarkable for any thing?—begging your pardon, sir.”

“You are very inquisitive, sir—I say you are very inquisitive;—but, no harm, I like to answer questions. Why, sir, the Deacon is distinguished for honest simplicity and literary nonsense. He is respected by the gentlemen around the country; has been one year at college; thinks himself a scholar, though, good fool, he knows no more of the classics, than I do of the shoes of Empedocles.”

“Very like,” replied young Chalmers; “but he will shine on court days, or rather when you meet to settle differences *per gillum*.”

“That he does, sir—that he does. T’other day we had an admirable display of his pedantry. There was a smuggler brought before him by one of the *rats*, for breach of bargain. After hearing both sides of the question, clenching his fist, he rose from his chair, and leaning a little forward over the table, thus addressed the offender:—‘I say unto thee, Mr. Clinkyhodge, if you do not in future act fairly and squarely, and relinquish the habit and repute of cheating the honest *ratters*, as Virgil is the author of *Osin-critus*, I’ll send you and Merran, and the whole family, *in totibus*, to Grimkaski jail for ten callendar montlis, and there let you help yourself, ye soople, daring, *perditionibus* rascal.’”

“That would do for the culprit, I think,” said our hero, unable to suppress his risibility.

“Do for him!—do for him! Why, sir, it did for him and every one else, except old Luggie, who only took out his snuff-box, and giving his nose a double pinch, grunted, ‘Hurroo there, hurroo! mair win’ frae the sooth!’”

“And are there none in the town,” said our young aspirant, “capable of detecting him in his absurdities?”

“O yes, sir—O yes! There is Mr. Meek, school-master at the Green Oak, and his brother in calling, Mr. Macnab at the Easterhaugh, and one at the Cross Keys: by-the-bye he has decamped,—an opening for somebody. But Meek, sir, is a very quiet personage; and as for Macnab, why, he winks at all his blunders, for the sake of one of his daughters.”

“That will shut Macnab’s eyes, no doubt, to the failings of her father.”

“Yes, sir—O yes, in his presence, but not *post tergum*.”

“That’s not fair.”

“Fair—fair! Why, sir, there’s little fair play going. Every one is on the catch. If Macnab had any true love for the girl, he would show it in respect to her father, who, but for his pretensions to learning, is one of the best of mortals.”

“It is a dangerous task to correct the faults of our neighbours, sir,” replied the youth. “Self is blind to the follies of self, and pride is touchy; but when prudence forbids open correction, it betrays a sad want of uprightness to do it in ridicule, when the person is absent.”

“That’s the way of the world, though,” he replied, —“that’s the way of the world; fair to the face, and foul to the back. Many Macnabs, sir. Flattering and daggering all the world over. But are you going to Glenbuckie?”

“I daresay I shall, sir; though, from your account of its character, perhaps I ought to veer to the right.”

“O, do not shun it for me, sir; do not avoid it for all my remarks. Glenbuckie is not void of principle. In it you will find good and bad, rich and poor, young and old. Do not shun it for all that I have said. Come on: only I would advise you to halt at the top of the hill yonder, and get a little repair; for, let me tell you, if you go into Glenbuckie in that state, you will have all chances to dance in the mainsail.”

“Dance in the mainsail! What is that?”

“Why, sir, if you never heard of it, I shall tell



you. The mainsail is a large sheet of stout canvas, sir, twilted and strengthened in the strongest manner, into which they put the person that is to dance; then ten or twelve fellows take each a hold by the corners of the sheet, and lift it breast high; then lowering it to within a few inches of the ground, they, with all their might, at the word of command, give it a sudden jerk, then up flies the dancer like a shuttlecock, wondering where he is: then, as soon as he comes down, they receive him into the mainsail, and give it another jerk, then up he goes again—and so on, rising and falling to the tune of Glenairry, till they are either tired or satisfied with his performances!”

“*Horrendum auditu!* and what is that for?”

“I can tell you that too, sir,—I say, I can tell you that too. It is either for being a thief, or thief-like. If you are guilty, you are in for it; if you are suspected, you run ten chances to one.”

“Then I will save them the trouble.”

“O, do not shun it the more of that, sir,—do not keep away the more of that. You will find Glenbuckie a fine place upon the whole—a very fine place upon the whole. Though we have a few effigies burnt every year, a few duckings in the loch, and a few dances as I have told you, we have, as a counter-balance, no lawyers, which, all things considered, is a great blessing to any place. Come on, a little soap and water will raise you above suspicion.”

Knowing his dilapidated state from falls and other misfortunes, he took his advice, and proceeded on his journey.

On arriving at the top of the hill, a snug little public-house presented itself to their view, into which they entered, where, with the help of a good fire, a brush, and basin of water, he made the round of absterction to the entire satisfaction of his fellow-traveller, who took no small pains in assisting him in the operation. After moderate refreshment, for which the obsequious gentleman took special good care to pay nothing, they set out for the town.

Resuming the conversation, he began to observe a striking improvement in our hero's looks. "And don't you feel quite comfortably now?" said he, taking praise to himself for his frank and unceremonious advice.

"Quite comfortably," replied the youth from Thornybrae.

"Don't you feel," said he, "a glowing about the chest, and hereabouts?" laying his hand somewhere near the vicinity of his diaphragm.

"Quite so, sir," was the reply.

"O," said he, in chuckling delight, "I told you so. Nothing like a *leetle drop* for restoring the functions to their proper tone. Culpepper recommends cold water, but give me the dew of the mountain yet."

"From what you have advanced," said our improved adventurer, "since I had the good fortune of enjoying your company, you seem to have spent a portion of your time at Alma."

"Alma!—Alma!—Alma! can't say. O yes,—excellent—first-rate. You have seen it?"

"No, sir."

"No! never read Alma on Theses?"

"No, sir."

"You'll have seen Frogmorton on the Greek Capitals, then?"

"Not I, sir."

"What! not read Frogmorton? That beats all. Then you must, from the Latin quoted, surely have seen Macpherson on the Roman Champions?"

"No."

"No! nor Bunhead on the Ancients?"

"I never saw one of these books, sir."

"What a pity!" he responded, lowering his tone, and eyeing him with marked contempt.

"But I have seen Virgil and Horace," said Geordie, looking him boldly in the face.

"Very good; very good, sir. Virgil is very good for a poet: but get ye Bunhead's *Academical Prelections* on the Flowers of Roman Prose, and if you do



not find him worthy of admiration, I'll suffer my two ears to be cropped. By-the-bye, what o'clock is it?"

"Just two, p. m."

"Then, sir, I must leave you. I have an engagement. Three letters to write by four. Good-bye. Eh! when you come to Glenbuckie, call on me. My name's Doctor O'Bradly."

Thus said, he rode off, leaving the other in doubt whether to note him down as an obsequious learned knave, or one of those whose memories, weakened by hard study and misfortune, bring down slap upon their classical heads the honours of pedantry.

Whatever he might be in principle and qualification, he certainly was unique in his style and manners, and not the less so in his outward appearance—being slender in shape, cadaverous in hue, and in stature tall as a Croat; appearing on horseback a cavalier, and on foot a peerless knight, fit to stand on the right of any grenadier company in Europe.

As a whole he had his merits, and our wandering boy would have loved him withal, had not his tallness added the juice of the sour grape to the manna of his attention in the inn, where, brushing and putting him to rights, he looked over his head as a giant would over a dwarf.

"He invited me to call," said he to himself, "but the more I think of him, the more does caution whisper, *Beware of sudden friendship.*"

Having now Glenbuckie with its two pigmy steeples in view, he was urged by necessity to decide whether he would risk its hospitality, or run the chance of such accommodation as a farm-house or country inn might afford.

Musing deeply, and almost a prey to a fresh attack of despair, it came to his recollection what O'Bradly had said relative to the absconding of one of the teachers, and an opening for somebody.

In a moment his resolution was formed to become schoolmaster, and fill up the blank, if not already away.

In things of little moment there is languor, but in matters of importancee alacrity. No time to lose. So, fired with the idea, he redoubled his steps, and in less than fifteen minutes, praying all the way that no one might get the situation before him, he arrived at his destination.

On entering the place, the first thing that attracted his attention was a group of boys playing at marbles in the corner of a park, opposite the Cross Keys, a respectable public-house, possessed, as he saw by the sign, by Andrew Luggiehead, vintner.

Beholding their sport for a moment, and conceiving that they might be of use to him in his inquiries anent the now paramount object, he drew nearer to them; and said, in as captivating a tone as possible, "You little fellow there with the fair head, come here, I wish to speak to you." But, like as many sheep at the report of a gun, they stood in gaping wonderment; some holding their fingers in their mouths, and others looking to the ground, boring holes in the soil with their great toes, evidently afraid to come forward.

Seeing their apparent want of courage, and knowing something of the bashfulness of early life, he went a few paces nearer, and repeated, "You nice little fellow there, with the fair head and the eorduroy breeches—this way, I have something to tell you."—But not one moved from his position.

At last from his pocket he took out a penny, which had the desired effect. In a moment they were all about him, like as many bees, saying, "Wust me ye wanted?"—"It's me I'm thinking;"—"It's me though:" thereby proving, that though the love of praise is dear to the human heart, the love of money is dearer,—which leads me to remark, that, however fair and promising men are, no one need expect a favour at their hands without something in lieu; and even not then, as the sequel of this chapter will show.

"And you all belong to Glenbuekie?" said he, stroking the fair-headed boy, and putting the penny

into his hand. "Will you tell me now where the Parish Dominie lives, or where he keeps his school?"

"I dinna ken," said he.

"Do ye ken, Jock?"

"No me, I ken naething about him."

"What's that he says, Tam?"

"Speer at him, An'ra?"

"We dinna ken what ye say, sir."

"What wust ye said?"

"The Dominie," he replied,—“the schoolmaster; you know,—the man that teaches all the little boys and girls to read and write. Can none of you tell me where he dwells, or where he keeps his school?”

"Na, sir," said the little rogue to whom he had given the penny, "we canna tell you: we dinna ken naething about him." With that, he wheeled to the right about, and before you could have said "Jack Robison," was off, and down the park like a whitteret, —the rest joining in the pursuit, like as many young jowlers after a hare!

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### CHAPTER III.

*A Word to Parents.—Call at the Cross Keys.—Conversation.*

O YE to whom is entrusted the care of the young and rising generation, think on the importance of your charge; and when you see your little ones walking in the ways of deceitfulness, say, Who is to blame for this?

Our children we love, you say. We bring them up caressingly, and see them instructed in those arts and professions which enable them to provide for themselves in future years.

Ay; but do you implant the noble precept *at home*, —enkindle the patriotic zeal,—encourage, by example,

the real honest dealing? Are ye as eager to see them distinguished for uprightness as for beauty,—as renowned for truth as for cleverness,—as celebrated for excellence of character as for elegance in dress?

You teach them to dance, to figure and draw,—dress them according to the fashion, and send them out to learn the mysteries of the tea-table, and how to deport themselves in the company of their betters. But where is the charity that makes the man,—the love of truth that makes the hero,—the thirst for glory that turns all into gold? Tell it not. The fireside!—Ah! there's the rub! The fireside, where all should be veracity, is, in eight cases out of ten, the scene of the vilest slander,—the vilest corruption of youth!

I speak not in wrath; but I call on all who have children, to be more alive to virtue than to ornament, and more earnest in cultivating those principles which crown the hoary head with glory, than in listening to every petty worthless story which youth may cater for the itching ear.

Politeness is good; science is ennobling; and literature enchanting;—but honesty is worth them all. Do you doubt it? Then answer this. Was not Claverhouse an intelligent man? He was. But was he an honest man? Claverhouse could read, write, cipher, receive company, handle a sword, and ride a charger with the first in chivalry;—but was he a good man? No, verily. He was out in the main point. Out like Nero, whose crimes are, alas! fathered on Seneca. And does Seneca suffer blame for the cruelties of his old pupil? He does: and to eternity will lie under censure; because, with all his splendid teaching, he did not sufficiently inculcate the fear of the gods,—did not enough impress upon the mind of his royal disciple, that eternal abhorrence which every honest man has for every species of tyranny and vice.

Baffled by the duplicity of the youth, he directed his steps to the Cross Keys, where, being shown into

a room, and calling for a little spirits and water, he sat down to enjoy "the sweets of pleasure after pain."

In a few minutes the landlord, a stout, well-made, gentlemanlike personage, of shrewd aspect and "rosy gills," made his appearance, with a stoup and glass in one hand, and a piece of oaten cake in the other; and, taking plenty of time to set them on the table, observed,

"Thae licht-headed scoon'rels o' fox-hunters hae left us a tremendouslike house this mornin'; an' atween sittin' late, an' lyin' lang, an' tentin' the outby concerns, we haena gotten things rede up the day yet; but," continued he, turning on his heel, "just wait twa minutes, an' I'll sen' ben the lass."

"O, never mind," said the young adventurer, "it is only a few drops spilled between the cup and the lip: sit down if you please, and take a share of the dram. I wish to speak to you."

"Aweel," said he, "if ye hae ony thing particular to say—say awa. Time's precious. Ae hour o' the sun's worth twa o' the can'le at ony time. But here's your health on chance.—(Drinks a full glass.)—Now help yoursel', sir, and tak nae mair than does ye gude. I like aye to fill my ain bicker. Gae towtie weather this, for some time bypast. An' ye'll hae come a daintie bittock sin' mornin'; an' aiblins ye'll hae a gae piece to travel ere ye sleep, if ane may guess frae your appearance. But folk maun look after their business. It's ill to work, but it's waur to want, as Laird Brockly used to say langsyne, when they telt him to tak it easy. Ye'll be ane o' thae young antiquers, nae doubt, gaun through lookin' after auld coins an' chucky stanes? But here's to you ance mair, till ye collect your matter."

Not altogether displeased at his manner, or at being taken for an antiquary, our student replied, that he had walked a considerable way since daybreak; that he intended to remain, for a night, where he was; and that he was no gatherer of old coins, et cetera, but a young dominie in search of a school.



“A dominie!” he exclaimed; “an’ come to Glenbuekie! I doubt it’s been an ill win’ that’s blawn you here. Can ye elip sheep? Save us a’ man! ye’ll no mak saut to your kail o’t. Teachin’ here, sir, is awee like sellin’ gin—plenty to tak it for naething, but uneo few willin’ to pay for’t.”

“And is Glenbuekie so deficient in moral excellence, as to send their ehildren to school, and not pay for them?” replied the young man, somewhat disconcerted at the observation.

“Ou,” said he, “I canna say but that the place is pretty tolerable in some things after a’. We hae twa-three daintie bodies amang us. But I dinna ken, sir,—sin’ thae smugglers eam about us, honesty’s gane elean out o’ fashion. Sin’ I hae min’, ye micht hae left a eroun pieee on the big stane at the door there, an’ gane to Embro’ an’ back again, an’ gotten’t lyin’ i’ the same place ye laid it; but, noo-a-days, ane’s no sure o’ the seat they sit on. Your health, sir. Three times is eannie. I’m thinkin’ ye’ll fin’ that a dreg o’ gude stuff.”

“And have ye many of these desperate people amongst you?” Geordie interrogated, more and more alarmed at the prospect.

“Ou, sir,” he replied, “I canna say exactly; but if ye wish to be preeceese, ye can stap twa mile south to Mr. Meek, the session-clerk, at the Green Oak, wha keeps accounts o’ a’ thae things. For me, sir, I am little aequanted wi’ public affairs. I keep an open house for the benefit o’ the needfu’ traveller; but farder, sir, than selling a drap o’ gude spirits, an’ helpin’ to rede an affray by a time, I fash mysel’ little wi’ naebody.”

“From what you have advanced, I pereieve that you have met with several losses in your day.”

“Losses!” said he, throwing himself into the attitude of indignation. “Losses! Ou, sir, I’ve met wi’ as mony losses as wad big this house three times frae the foundation! Just the tither ouk there, nae farder gane, I selt twa pet ewes to a scoon’rel frae



Sauchyknowe, as he ca'd his place; an' after we had made the bargain, we stappit into this vera room, here whare we're sittin'—a braw jolly chiel he was, an' spak as fair as Diana, an' ca'd in plenty, an' roosed the liquor, at nae allowance. But what signified a' his fine palaver? My lad made an erran' to the door; selt my twa ewes to a man gaun by; put the bawbees i' his pouch, an' aff wi' himsel', down the back road, at the nearest, like a fox wi' the prey in his mouth. But gin I had the rascal here by the lug, if I wadna gie him a fricht, my name's no An'ra Luggiehead."

"That was too bad," said Thornybrae, endeavouring to enter into his feelings. "He ought to be apprehended, and compelled to make restitution four-fold."

"Ou," said he, "ye speak like ane that taks his credentials frae the laws o' Moses. But hangin's owre gude for the tae hauf o' them. But, sir, the warst plisky play'd me ava, was by a scoon'rel o' your ain profession—beggin' your pardon, sir. No imputin' ony ill to rank or callin',—it's no the business that maks the man. If folk hae naething to keep them in countenance but the respectability o' their employment, they'll hae ill winnin' through the warl'. But be that as it may; that fallow gied me a bite I'll no forget in a hurry. What he was in reality, I canna say; but be what he will, he cam an' took my barn for a schule. I patroneesed him, an' got mony bodies' weans about to him, an' really he seemed to dae weel; gaun out an' in like a gentleman; livin' on the best in my house here, an' gettin' a' things laid to his haun, like a lord o' the first order. I took nae thocht, trustin' a' to his honour. But the deil's i' the human heart frae the hour ane's able to say ba! My lad got in tow wi' a young leddy at the fit o' the town there—a decent quean she is. But no comin' on sae weel as he expected wi' the Deacon her father, he deemed it advisable, it wad seem, to cut his stick; an' sae, sir, instead o' acquittin' himsel' like a teacher o' youth, my gentleman took an early start ae morn-

in', in my buiks twal poun' sterling, an' aff, an' owre the hills o' Glenorchy."

"I am extremely sorry for that," said our adventurer, expecting a negative to his request. "I cannot, sir, sufficiently reprobate such villany. It is wicked in the extreme, and cannot fail to render you very cautious in future; besides, I should be presuming too much, perhaps, were I to offer myself as his successor."

"Ou, sir, I dinna ken," he replied. "Ae swallow disna mak simmer. Far be it frae me to doubt your integrity the mair o' him. No, no; better ten rogues escape than ae honest man suffer. I like to patron-eeze a' that's for the gude o' the place. If ye be resolved to do weel, an' stay amang us, an' no rin awa, but min' yere buiks, I kenna what I may do yet. I've had twa-three lookin' after the place. But, sir, I dinna ken; I ne'er thocht muckle o' them that couldna speak their mither tongue when they set out on business. England's, nae doubt, a fine place; but gie me auld Scotlan' yet. Nane o' your English kicks an' Eerish blarney for An'ra Luggiehead. I want honest men, sir—an' honest dealin', an' plain Scotch, that naebody can mistak. High-flown English at every word, may do unco weel for Durham, whare the bishops sook the sap o' the curate; but it 'ill no do for Glenbuckie, whare the minister an' the cottar gang side for sidey, an' the dominie wauks i' the middle."

"Why, sir," replied our hitherto unfortunate, amused at his remarks, and rising in expectation, "you know that teachers must speak the English language according to the genius of the tongue."

"To the genius o' the snapgash," he retorted. "What, sir! are ye ane o' the snip-nouns tae? Gae wa wi' your mockery. What! Greek to a Highlan'-man! I grant you a' liberty to read and write, and store the brain wi' knowledge; but dinna forget the cot ye were born in. The last chap that spak to me anent the schule here, was a Mr. Clipton, as he styled

himsel', frae Shearhouse; but the poor, vain, empty thing didna ken wha he was speakin' to. He comes up to me, sir, wi' a cane aneath his oxter, an' a wee coat on, aboon an auld swallow-tailed thing that wadna covered the hurdies o' a canary; juist, sir, as I was coming hame ae gloamin', a' wat an' weary frae the plough, doon i' the loan there, an' says to me, (quite the dandy,) 'Fine evening, Missy Luggie-ade.' I stood an' e'ed the creature for a moment. Then he goes on. 'Why, sa, I understand thet you 'ave a school'ouse vacant in your p'eemises; would you 'ave any objections——.' An' whare comes tu frae? quo' I, stoppin' him short, an' takin' a better deek o' his gib. 'I come, sa, from Shear'ouse, about fo' miles from Under'ood.' Ye dae! said I: then gae wa back to Sheerhouse, my braw fallow, as fast as ye can, an' help them to shear the corn when the scrabs are ripe, an' no fash your head wi' Glenbuckie. We've anew o' your kin' here already."

"You are very candid, I must acknowledge," Geordie replied; "but, my good sir, do you not know that schoolmasters, of all others, are obliged, by the nature of their profession, to speak in as learned a style as possible? Many a clever fellow has been put down for an ignoramus, on account of his vulgarity in speech."

"An' do ye suppose," he returned with emphasis, "that snipmydentyism in words, is a sign o' a learned man? Do ye really suppose that a cuif, or a young calf, gin ye like it better, can pass for a man o' learnin', the mair o' his keepin' a wheen letters out o' this word, an' a wheen out o' that ane, to gar them leuk bonnie? That's no learnin' ava, sir. The braidest an' plainest speaker in Scotlan' wide, is the grammar-schulemaster at Glencleuch; yet that man has mair in his wee finger, than the best thretty dominies i' the lan' hae i' their hale buck. Aha, lad! I'm no pretendin' to be a judge; but it strikes me, somehow, that a self-conceited body, clippin' the king's gude English, afore kintra folk, in order to be thocht a

learned man, is neither mair nor less than showin' that a' he kens lies in a parcel o' lang-nebbed words, which a parrot may get by heart, an' chatter at will."

"I hope, sir," the other responded, "you do not form such an illiberal opinion of teachers as your words seem to convey. Teachers, sir, must practise correct pronounciation. They must speak properly, as well as teach. When a pupil, for instance, hears his master, in conversation, departing from the proprieties of speech, what is he to think? Will he not copy his vulgarisms? And will not that retard his improvement? But what is a child sent to school for? To learn the beauties of language, or the errors of provincial barbarism? The former to be sure. Well, then, can a schoolmaster hope to make an elegant scholar, by speaking the very reverse of what he teaches? No, my dear sir. Teachers, I hold, must, in spite of the charge of pedantry, converse as it is laid down to them in the works of learned and elegant authors. I grant you, however, that there are some shallow-minded gentlemen in the line, who bring discredit on the profession, by their pert and unmanly conceits in words and phrases. Too many sticklers for quantities. Not content with themselves, they seem to have a fiendish delight in flying at the slips and familiar expressions of others, and bearing them away to their respective circles, to be broken on the wheel of ridicule. Thus, for example, Dominus asks Clericus how he would pronounce literature? 'Literature, to be sure.' 'Ah! do you know how Mr. Brookly pronounces it?' 'Can't say.' 'He says, lceterature.' Thus pedantry mouths itself. But teachers in common are above these puerilities. Youth may indulge in them, but experience arrives with the pruning-knife, and lops them away. But this is not all. There is a richness—an elegance—a force in the English language, which well merits our attention, not only in reading, but also in conversation."

"Ay, sir, but no aye," he returned. There's



time and place for a' things. Unless ye mean to drive the Scotch language out o' the kintra a'thegither, ye maun speak Scotch whiles. Wad ye say to a wean o' three year auld, for instance, (say ye saw ane comin' in juist enoo,) 'O my dear little babe, how art thou? Happy to see thee! Dear me, now, but the simplicity of childhood is enchanting!' The wean wad nae doubt glowr i' your face, an' wonder what ye were sayin'; but understan' you it couldna. What's the use, then, o' speakin' in a language ane disna understan'? Isna this kintra ca'd Scotlan'? Isna Scotlan' a far-famed kintra?—an' isna the kintra that can send its fame to the ends o' the yirth, 'en-teetled to hae a language o' its ain, an' to be respected at hame as weel as abroad? An' will ye say that it's respectin' her, when ye wad drive owre the vera neck o' its tongue, laugh at a' its bits o' bywords, an' chace't out o' house an' ha', for its simplicity? But what's Scotlan' famed for? For English? Gae wa, gae wa. No, sir; Scotlan's fame wad ne'er hae reached Donaghadee, if the English tongue had gotten its will; especially when King Ned cam down, lang-syne, wi' his thousands to swallow her up. I dinna staun i' the road o' improvement; but really, sir, atween ae Southlan' kick an' anither, I think they'll hae the Lan' o' Cakes, by-an'-bye, out o' the map o' Europe a'thegither. As for the language, its nae mair what it was, than the bairns o' the present day are like their gude auld daddies that focht i' the field at Bannockburn."

"Take no fear, sir, for the Land of Cakes," said young Chalmers, rising into patriotism. "It will never lose sight of its glory. The fire that blazed in the thirteenth century still burns in the heart of every true Scotchman. No danger of Caledonia. Her national gallantry is too deeply rooted to be affected by the mere convenience of ingrafting English upon Scotch. Scotland will never lose her place among the nations, so long as the lamp of knowledge burns in her halls. Her schools will keep her alive.

That tide of patriotism, which swelled the souls of our fathers in the field of Bannockburn, will never cease to flow around the hearts of her children, speak as they will. We may innovate; but in our innovations—cravens excepted—the world will never see the tameness of the slave,—of that wretch who suffers his rights to be despoiled without a grumble,—of that wretch who says ay or no as you bid him,—of that wretch of wretches who wrongs his conscience for the smile of a superior. No, sir. Be not afraid. The land of streams is too classical for superstition; too brave for slavery; too wise for stooping to degradation. She will have her fools to the end of time; but she will also have her heroes, ever ready to prove that Scotia takes not her rank from birth, but from merit; and that she is as full of hearts and heads, as warm and as wise as any of the olden heroes, who, from yonder airy battlement, are, perhaps, looking down, rejoicing o'er the increase of her glory."

"Sac be't," he replied,—“sae be't. Lang may the thistle wave its head, an' the unicorn stan' fast to the cause o' liberty. But it's no their speakin' a'thegither that I gang mad at. It's the way some o' them look, an' set themsels, an' prim their lips, an' tak a' the talk, an' treat wi' contempt what ye say to them; sayin', at ilka Scotch sentence that aiblins fa's frae the lips o' an auld-fashioned body like me,—Ay, ay!—Really now!—Indeed!—So!—Wonderful!—Dear me!—Is it possible?—Amazing!—La me!—Astonishing!—an' as mony interjections as they're a' worth. But what about the barn? Are ye for't?"

"Why, sir, if you are willing, I shall be happy, on reasonable terms, to take it, and run chance of the place."

"Aweel!" he slowly and cautiously responded. "We hae great need o' a gude teacher amang us; for really an' truly I think the weans o' Glenbuckie are a' gaun headlang to destruction for want o' knowledge. But, sir, before we proceed to the particulars, I maun first ken your name, an' whare ye come frae."



“My name is George Chalmers,” he replied; “and the place of my nativity is Thornybrae, in the vicinity of Kilroy.”

“Justnu,” he returned; “an’ hae ye brocht wi’ you ony thing like testimonials o’ moral character?”

“I have, sir,” said he.

“Hae ye them on ye?” he asked.

“They are here, sir,” said Geordie, taking out his pocket-book, and laying them on the table.

“Justnu; that’ll do, sir,—put them i’ your pouch again. Certificates are unco usefu’ whiles; but it’s no them, sir, that I leuk to. The chap that was here afore you had a pockfu’! Puir, honest, learned, see, callan! But what can ye teach?”

English, grammar, orthography, composition, transposition, rhetoric, writing, penmaking, decimals, geography, geometry, Latin, Greek, French,—in fact, sir, any thing that comes in my way.”

“Justnu,” he articulated; “that’ll be eneugh for Glenbuckie, ane should think. A’ very gude, sir. But, Mr. Chalmers, wi’ a’ thae grand things, can ye teach honour and honesty? It’s unco easy, sir, to read an’ write, an’ mak figures on a slate, an’ speak a language or twa, that naebody kens tap nor root o’. They can a’ do that.”

“Why, sir, as to these things, I can only refer to my certificates; but if you let me have the situation, I shall endeavour to do my duty to the satisfaction of all concerned; and moreover, as a pledge of my honesty, you shall have my watch to click in your pocket till the cow calves, as the saying is.”

“Ye speak like ane that means to do weel,” he replied. “But gae wa wi’ your pledges: I ne’er saw ony luck follow the house o’ a pawnbroker yet. If ye be fairly resolved to settle amang us, I’ll just tell you frank an’ plainly what I’ll do wi’ you. I’ll let you hae the barn an’ a’ that’s in’t for ten shillings the quarter, payable on the receipt o’ yer wages; an’ mair for token, I shall patroneese you to the utmost o’ my power; an’ farther, till ye get a’ things fairly

established, ye shall hae the luck o' the house here whare ye are; an' if ye're no pleased wi' that, ou then, ye can gang an' see whare ye'll be cheaper."

Geordie agreed to his proposal, and felt over his unsophisticated frankness an emotion of gratitude, not unlike that which swelled his heart when first his father announced his intention of sending him to the grammar-school of Kilroy, to prepare for the glorious work of the ministry.

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## CHAPTER IV.

*Labour.—Commences Teaching.—Visits Greenbank.—Attached by a Dog.—Abused by the Deacon-Bailie.—Hospitably Entertained.*

PEOPLE complain when oppressed with labour, and well they may: but to have nothing to do is misery. No labour no bread, unless born to fortune, possessed of a sinecure, or supported by the cold hand of charity. To toil for little or nothing, is indeed wormwood to the soul; but of all the sweet things in this world of sweetness, there is nothing so sweet as justly rewarded labour. I have enjoyed the delights of "summer morn," the charms of music, and the pleasures of social friendship, but never did I feel so happily as over the acquirements of a well-spent day. I know that some will rail against labour, and say, O Adam! but for you, we would have been free to ramble at large, amid the exuberances of nature, without once touching the plough or tasting a precarious morsel. But how foolish is the murmur! Constituted as we are, without labour man would be the veriest wretch in existence. Not all his reason could prevent him from falling into crime in a tenfold ratio. His ingenuity would only accelerate his wo. In the march of ruin, experience might now and then

sound the halt; but, as every ineffectual effort to raise the stranded vessel only sinks it deeper in the sand, so every endeavour towards amendment would only sink him deeper in folly. Labour is often attended with disappointment, but a general idleness would be a general dissolution of manners. There would, no doubt, be here and there a gem of moral excellence to adorn the dark brow of depravity; but, as it was in the days of Sodom, so would it be in our own—ease and plenty would corrupt the mind; men would forget themselves; and the fury-passions would revel unrestrained, till some shower of fire or sweeping deluge descended to free the world from wantonness. Labour is undoubtedly sweet to the active, when not robbed of its compensation. And who knows it not? Many a time have I thought on the weary reaper, the plodding artizan, and laborious ploughman, and contrasted their conditions with the idle vagrant, the indolent squire, and yawning voluptuary; and in no case have I seen cause to prefer the latter to the former. Fruitless labour is, beyond all controversy, distressing in the extreme; and nothing to do, with starvation in view, is truly appalling; but to have nothing to do, and plenty to do with, is to revel in the halls of excess, and make sport to the devil. Exceptions of course: but this is idleness' and plenty's forte. Give me, then, manly labour, with all its due accompaniments of pounds, shillings, and pence, and let idleness be happy if it can.

All things being settled on the firm basis of honour and honesty, Geordie rose next morning at an early hour, and began to make arrangements in the barn for the better accommodation of the scholars. This was necessary; not only to show off his own taste, but, as much as possible, to throw his predecessor into the shade—a thing generally done, not only in schools, but in all the departments of human life. Every thing was wrong,—the seats were too low, and the tables too narrow,—there were no pins for bonnets nor nails for slates, and the preceptorial desk stood

in the wrong end of the room. And "what a careless fellow he has been, after all!" said he to his landlord, as he lifted two small forms without feet, and laid them close to the wall. "I see he has been a teacher in style!" So much for a new besom!

The school-room being now adjusted to his mind, he, as a first step towards success, "penned a prospectus" of the different branches he could teach; got himself well announced from the pulpit; called on all the respectables; examined the curiosities in the environs; deciphered a few old Latin inscriptions on door lintels; took a deep interest in the improvement of society, and used every possible means to ingratiate himself with the people.

In the course of his perambulations, he was also accompanied by his friend Mr. Luggiehead, who, kindly soul, lost no opportunity of extolling his abilities to the clouds, and advising the parents to send their children to the Cross Keys, not because it was the central school, and most comfortable for both teacher and scholar, but because, said he, "you may depend upon fair play being shown to a' parties without respect of persons, an' whare they will also be weel taught, not only in the newest kicks o' the day, but in honour an' honesty, the twa best branches i' the hale concern."

Happy period of his existence! Young—ardent—ambitious! Now into a school! Patronised—invited to tea, and eke to dine! Glorious transition! But it passed away on fleet wing, and brought on the opening of a school destined to terminate in all the horrors of disappointment.

From whence such hordes of *little men* should come, he knew not. But this he learned, that Macnab's seminary had suffered severely, and that Meek's, at the Green Oak, had deserted him nearly *in toto*.—Distressing to them: but to him the source of joy. Their pain he cared not, so long as prosperity was showering its favours on the Cross Keys; nay, he even sat and heard them reviled with considerable



pleasure, taking it for granted that they were “*nae scholars*,” and that the good people had sent their children to him, solely on account of his transcendent abilities!

O puff! how sweet thou art to those who flourish under thy fertilizing influence! How the eyes beam, and self-esteem unfolds! The honeycomb is the sour grape to puff; but, oh! how bitter thou art to those who sink under thy partial sway! How the eyelids quiver, and secret horror reigns! To it garlic is manna! But sport to one is death to another, at least so said the frog to the pelting boys.

Now invested with authority, one of the second men in the bounds, honoured and respected by all, above the reach of want, above the sneer of fraternal scorn, and even above himself, he began to fringe his sails with hope's richest embroidery, and to sail down the stream of life with the gay feelings of the tar, who, in royal barge, transports his king from banquet to ridotto.

“An' hae ye had our young dominie yet?” said Thomas Mucklewraith to his neighbour Gilbert Macroy, anxious to add to his popularity.

“No yet,” said Gilbert, excusing himself for his want of attention; “but we're ettling to hae him as soon's the thrang's by. He's a won'erfu' fine young man, they say.”

“Na, really, sir,” replied Thomas, “he's extraordinary. We ne'er had the like o' him. The wee bodies are perfect daft about him. Our wee ane'll no stay at hame a day. Na, if ye heard wee Tibby readin' the Testament already, she'd perfect astonish you. He'll be a blessin' to the place: but I doubt he'll no be lang here. He'll be for Embro', ye'll see, and that soon, like the rest o' the great guns.”

And thus they esteemed and lauded him: the boys taking off their bonnets as he passed, the old men shaking him by the hand, the young ladies quite on the *qui vive*, and the mothers anxious to express their approbation of his conduct,—some no doubt out of

pure good-will, and others from a secret desire to get him *hooket to their dochters*.

He had now many a dream of paying visits to Thornybrae, in the character of Mr. George Chalmers, schoolmaster from Glenbuckie, soon to be a minister. But "heigho! the wind and the rain!" The swallows were ne'er to build their nests i' the winnocks o' Geordie's kirk.

At the end of the seventh week, in order to sweep away broken periods, and commence upon a new basis, he ordered them all to cash up. With two or three exceptions, they obeyed without reluctance, saying, "It's vera proper, sir; naething like payin' a' on ae day." He now sang "Glorious Apollo," parodied the "Funeral of Cock Robin," and sent a billet-doux to Miss Dawson, a young lady of considerable beauty, and no small pretension to literature. In a few days he received an invitation to spend the evening with her father at Greenbank. This was what he most devoutly wished; for he had caught that flame which sets the world a-laughing at one another; and that air of modesty which she assumed, whilst passing his window, as it were not to be seen, induced him several times to believe, that in grace, worth, and loveliness, she far excelled the female circle of Glenbuckie.

Agreeably to request, as soon as the labours of the school were over, he went away to enjoy the sweets of love and tea, big with the anticipation of happiness. Some, when they go out, walk smartly, that people may see an engagement in their step; but he, conscious of having many eyes upon him, like a true knight of the ferula, went soft and slow, in order to conceal his object, and preserve his preceptorial character from the least imputation of levity. Arriving at the door, he gave it a gentle rap with the end of his cane: but no one came. He gave it a louder knock: but silence reigned. He struck it forcibly three times: but all to no purpose. "What!" thinks he, "have I mistaken the house? It cannot be,—



this is surely Greenbank." He knocked again: but in vain. At last, patience exhausted, he opened the door, and peeping in, cried, "Hye! nobody within?" But nothing saluted his ears, save the faint echo of his voice in the entry, repeating, "Hye! nobody within?" Not a little surprised and chagrined at the reception, (for it was now past the hour,) he stepped boldly forward, and gave the parlour door, that stood half open, a smarter rap than was consistent with good breeding, and exclaimed, "What!—empty garrison!—not a soul!—all fled!" But the snow falling upon wool gives not a sound more still, than that which followed the echo of his inquiries.

Seeing it in vain to reconnoitre farther, and fearing lest some one coming in might suspect him of another intention than tea-drinking, he turned and made for the street with all possible haste. But oh, horrible! just as he began his retreat, a huge mastiff sprung at him with the fury of Cerberus, and pulled him to the ground. Alarmed, yet collected enough to perceive his ludicrous yet dangerous situation, he, after a desperate struggle, got up, and struck the shaggy sentinel across the legs, till the house rang with his howlings. He next endeavoured to escape, but before he had time to shut the door, the animal had him firm and fast by the coat-skirt,—the pedagogue in the outside trembling in every joint, and the dog in the entry pulling and growling like a badger.

In this awful dilemma he knew not what to do. To rush in upon the monster was to run the risk of laceration, and to tear himself away, by cutting cable and leaving the lower part of his Sunday's coat behind him, was to expose himself to the ridicule of the whole parish—an idea which froze him to the soul. Placed thus, between Scylla and Charybdis, he resolved to remain where he was, till some one came to his assistance. In about two minutes, a man, having the appearance of authority, with blue plush breeches, black velvet waistcoat, and green surtout,

came up and demanded, in the name of George the Third, what he had to do at his door. He told him that he had come to spend the evening with him, agreeably to invitation.

“To spen’ the evenin’ wi’ me, ye vagabond! Wha are you?”

“I am Mr. Chalmers, the schoolmaster at the Cross Keys, sir. Do you not know me?”

“Ye’re what?—Mr. Chalmers the schulemaster at the Cross Keys! Begone in a moment, or I’ll sen’ you to Grimkaski jail for a latron latrones, as ye are.”

“I am no highwayman, sir, I assure you,” replied the unfortunate youth, endeavouring to convince him of his error.

“Be ye highwayman or lowwayman,” he vociferated, “I tell you plain and distinctly, that if you do not immediately depart from my domus, I’ll lay your feet fast in three seconds by the dial.”

“I am perfectly ready to be gone; provided,” said he, “you command your dog to be gone first.”

“My canis,” replied the owner, “is only doing his duty; and you are a vagabonical scoon’rel to speak to any one of my rank and authority in that manner. I say, you thief, robber, and rascal, begone; or I’ll run you through the corpus whare ye staun.”

“That I cannot do,” said Geordie, more and more in danger. “You must see plainly, my good sir, that misfortune has placed me at the mercy of your dog. If I wrest myself away, my suit is destroyed; if I rush in upon him, he is at my throat. I cannot move.”

“Ye brazenfaced, seditionibus rascal,” he roared to the utmost extent of his voice; “will ye dare, in the face of my order, staun an’ haud my door-sneck, an’ no let me into my ain house?”

“I do not, sir, refuse to let you in. I only refuse to be torn by a mad wolf.”

At this dreadful crisis Miss Dawson made her appearance, and, seeing his distress and her father’s rage, gave Towser the well-known *Chu down, go in*

there; on which he let go his hold, and fled into the kitchen.

Relieved from his perilous situation, the young lady, with a readiness which did not quadrate well with the truth, began to pacify her father, by telling him that Mr. Chalmers had lately come to the place, and that he was no intruder, but simply calling, in a friendly visit, to see if he wished to encourage a class for the Italian language, which she understood he was about to teach, to the honour and credit of Glenbuckie. The Deacon-Bailie's face, at this explanation, brightened into a smile, and, stretching out his hand, begged a thousand pardons for his mistake, and the dog's want of politeness, but excused himself latterly, by saying that he had been away on a tour, and knew not of his settling amongst them.

He was now taken into the parlour, and treated in a very different manner. The cruet case was produced, and "What will you choose, sir?" was repeated several times. He told them he was no drinker, but that, in the course of his tastings, he generally preferred a drop of French brandy. "Right," replied the Bailie, "certe, my hearty: whisky now-a-days is slow poison; rum tastes too much o' the blood o' slavery; an' as for their wines, I kenna what viscera they hae at all, that can receive them. Perfectly right, sir; nothing like the genuine brandy, which, though made by thae dancing, jooking froglowpers, the Gauls, is nevertheless the best dram in the world." Thus helping himself to a full glass, and wishing him great success, he bolted his cawker. Miss Dawson, wishing every felicity to the Cross Keys, put hers gently to her lips, and smiled: and he, wishing them both all the joys of time and futurity, cautiously raised his to his mouth, and swallowed about a thimbleful. But the Deacon was too long *magister bibendi* in the clubs of Glenbuckie, to allow this. "Come, come," said he, "nane o' your wheegeeing; tak aff your whitter; ye'll be nane the waur o' a hooker after yer fricht—Age." He tasted again, and was about to place the

glass on the table, when the Bailie, whose heart was now glowing with hospitality, intercepted his hand, and said, "What, what! are ye gaun to mak an ado about naething?—aff wi't: ae glass o' that's worth ten o' Madeira. Come, come; ye'll no lea' ae drap o't—*tantum pro tanto*! If ye canna swallow a glass o' French brandy, ye're no fit for the braes o' Glenbuckie." He begged to be excused, on the score of a slight headache; also, he urged the necessity of temperance, saying that drinkers began with one glass, then after that another, till once the evil habit is formed that sinks them for ever in the estimation of all wise men. But to no purpose: the answer was, "Gae wa wi' yer abstemiosity. Ae glass'll hurt naebody. What! brandy vitæ, man." Seeing excuses in vain, he, after much pressing, and a smile from Miss Dawson, reached the bottom of his glass, to the no small consolation of his nerves.

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## CHAPTER V.

### *General Folly.—Conversation on Teaching.*

IF all men were temperate and wise, one fool would serve a city; but all are not so, therefore we have a fool in every house. Do not marvel at this. All men are fools in degree, from the great Mogul to the meanest of his slaves. We have our eating fools and drinking fools; whisky fools and brandy fools; strong beer and porter fools; not forgetting our wine and water fools; our tea and coffee fools; our slop and caudle fools. Fools temperate and intemperate; in thought, in word, in deed; of every taste, from milk to hollands; and of every gusto, from turtle to frog. Would you believe it? we have fools in Parliament, and out of it; fools in Chancery, and out of

t; fools in court, and out of it. We have, therefore, law-making fools, and litigious fools, and levee fools. We have also scholastic fools and pedantic fools, and fools of no acquirement in the universe. Fools at the hammer, at the flail, at the plough, at the shuttle, at the chisel, at the needle, at the desk, at the counter. Fools with and without money; fools with and without credit; fools with and without hope. Strange world this! Ay: but we have rhyming fools also—mark that: poetic fools and prosaic; Grecian fools and Hebraic; tragical fools and comical, and careless fools and economical. Fools of every temperament: raving fools and placable fools; solitary fools and rambling fools; moping fools and laughing fools: and sensitive fools also—that is, those who blush much; and impudent fools—that is, those who colour not; and fools who, in all weathers, think every thing becomes them; who can dine in the cot as cheerily as in the hall, and dance in a barn as light of heart as at my lord or my lady's gallopade. What a world! Fools in every direction. Ingenious fools, talented fools, clever fools; fools who pass a great portion of their time in gathering herbs and flowers—that is, fools botanical; and fools who spend their days in contriving machinery for the benefit of others—that is, fools mechanical. We have also fools historical, and fools allegorical; and fools as easily to be understood, as that "John is alive," or "two and three make five." Fools innumerable. Reading fools, and fools who read not; thinking fools; and fools who "whistle for want of thought;" fighting fools, and fools who would rather die than face the enemy. Fools of all spirit and principle: obsequious fools, rebellious fools, tyrannic fools, reforming fools, conservative fools, radical fools, and fools who either take their own lives, or allow others to do it for them in the most scientific manner they can. What next? Why, no more on this foolish subject, unless you are not yet tired; in which case you may, once for all, stand up and cry, "Fool, moi, fool," and then proceed with the narrative.



Their feelings, with the aid of the exhilarants, and Miss Dawson's tact, being now raised to a proper tone, the conversation imperceptibly turned on teaching.

"And what do you think o' thir new modes of instruction?" began the Deacon-Bailie, relaxing into perfect ease and familiarity. "Do you think they'll mak as gude men and women noo-a-days, as they did under the gude auld system?"

"As to that, sir, I can't say," replied the young incumbent. "It is not an easy task to make people good."

"*Mane*—that's no what I propound. What I mean, sir, is this: Do you really think they'll mak better scholars?"

"There can be no doubt of that, Bailie, provided they stay sufficiently long at school to reap the benefit of the improvements."

"I dinna know," he replied slowly, shaking his head, and placing the forefinger of his left hand behind his ear. "Owre mony braw things, as Luggie-head would say. When I was a young laddie at the schule—blessed be the day—we used to get four lessons frae the inganging to the skale; noo, I am credibly informed by the childer, that ye're brussen to gie them twa. Do you count that an improvement?"

"Hoots, father," said Miss Dawson, "ye're aye for rinning doon the new an' haudin' up the auld,—staun to him, Mr. Chalmers."

"Ou, Nancy, thou needna speak," her father replied; "thou's nane o' the howden-grey queans o' antiquity ony hoo: no regretting the expenses o' yer lear, the mair I speak. But, sir, gin I had the half I've laid out on her for picture-buiks, I'd hae a new coat to my back before Saturday nicht."

"That's the atlas and the drawings he's hinting at, Mr. Chalmers," replied the young lady, quite a match for her father. "But staun firmly to him."

"Why, sir," said Geordie, gathering into courage "money expended in the acquirement of virtuous



knowledge is not lost. Many a time have I heard my father say, that sehulin' was aye the best tocher-in',—and I am proud to say, that though he died intestate, and left me without a farthing, he gave me that which I hold of more value than the gold of Ophir. I do not, however, fall in with all the innovations of the puffing, system-making teachers, who encompass the length and breadth of the land to make proselytes. No greater proof of their deplorable ignorance need be sought for, than a slight glance at their quackish advertisements, in which conceit is blended with a sad want of intellect and truth. These knowledge-venders, sir, would make a child of seven or eight years a prodigy in learning, before the powers of the mind are ripe for the reception of ideas deducible from science. They would teach all things in a few lessons,—make Ignoramus Literatus in a few weeks or months, and a dunderpate a philosopher by dint of rule; and consequently, in never performing what they promise, they only exhibit a concentration of the most frothy pretensions, to the contempt of all experienced teachers. Nature, sir, is slow in its operations with the juvenile mind. Precocity, recollect, is no rule; and therefore, to undertake the instruction of children in one-fifth of the time nature is capable of digesting it, is a downright sporting with credulity: for I will maintain that, without close application, no one, unless peculiarly gifted, can be made a scholar. But though I dissent from the quacks, I on the other hand do most decidedly approve of a number of the schemes adopted for expediting the progress of knowledge. I will not, however, repeat the various systems in vogue, lest you should accuse me of that pedantry which every fool exhibits, when he runs over catalogues instead of ideas; but I will, with all due respect, request of you not to mention your four lessons, so long as one, given with accuracy, is worth ten in the olden way of reading, without attention to punctuation and harmony. There is much of the self-conceitedness of

pedantry afloat in the world, I frankly acknowledge; and much wine and tea are in daily requisition, in order to establish a belief in the minds of the vulgar, that this and that system transcends all others: still the new is superior to the old."

"And how will you prove that, sir?" interrogated the Bailie, drawing nearer the table, and looking with an air of superiority that bade defiance to proof. "Lead demonstration, sir. Mind, mere *ipse dixes* 'll no pay wi' the cocks o' the auld schule."

"Assertion is not proof, I know," replied the dominie; "but proofs are at hand. Passing over the better accommodation for both teacher and scholar, in our initiatory books we far surpass the days of yore. Instead of rising, as we do, by gradual steps, to the accurate pronunciation of the language, as soon as you knew the alphabet, the Shorter Catechism, a compilation far above the capacity of beginners, was put into your hands. The powers of the letters, the coalition of vowels, mutes, flats, and sharps, with all the varieties of elocution, were to you unknown. You read, it is true; but your reading was more like singing—not regular harmony, as in poetry; but irregular, as the notes of the Æolian harp. Besides, in order and discipline you were behind the present day. I speak not of Glenbuckie, which seems to have been woefully neglected in the survey of improvement, <sup>1</sup> of those places where science and literature vie with each other in the work of mental illumination."

"Still at assertion," interrupted the Deacon, smiling sarcastically. "Come to the point. How do you employ your time within the walls of the noisy *schola*?"

"We keep our pupils always at work."

"And is that any thing new or marvellous?" he returned, evidently sure of his bird.

"Why, sir," responded our young argumentator, "as to time there is nothing new; but consider, time occupied is not time improved. Many people labour

hard to no purpose. If all lay in the consumption of five hours per diem, the advocates of the new school would have nothing to boast over the old. But it is not to the constant employment to which I run for argument: it is to the simplification of scheme—to the almost complete abolition of the lash—to the humanizing of the mind, and giving the youth a relish for what they read. Of old, the task completed, you were either idling, or suffering *ad posteriores*, by which conduct the teachers were more the destroyers than the cultivators of mind—more alert at the nimble application of the thong, than at the impressing upon the playful innocence of youth the charms of virtue, and those dispositions which render mankind amiable in society. And hence, sir, brought up under the degrading lash, children no sooner became men than they retaliated upon the rising generation,—no sooner, I say, were they clothed with the little brief authority, than for every delinquent they had a thousand punishments, each more ingenious and terrible than another—such as, ‘He should be flayed—burnt!’—

“Stop, stop, Mr. Chalmers,” interrupted the Deacon, “that’s going too far.”

“No, my dear sir,” continued the other; “not beyond the mark. Such language I have heard a hundred times, never dreaming that all this barbarism had much of its character from the gude auld system, as ye call it. You stare! Then answer me this: How did it happen that, as schoolmasters were severe, so were they supported? Was it because flogging was promotive of learning; or because Solomon says, ‘He that spares the rod, hates the child?’ No such thing. It was because ignorance abounded: it was because the parents being often punished themselves, thought their children would be spoiled if they were not punished in turn: it was because it is delightful to depravity to sit in the seat of despotism, and to say, do this, or suffer. Yes, my dear sir, permit me to say it, much was it owing to the defectiveness of the old system, that every father had his

cane, every mother her thong, every dominie his birch, and every regiment and man-of-war its cat-o'-nine-tails. Yes, sir, it was owing to ignorance, that, instead of using the rod of reproof, of admonition, of kindness of heart, of forbearance, and noble example, our forefathers understood Solomon literally—thought that the nearest way to the heart was directly through the skin: and thus, sir, it invariably happened that, when a child offended, his father gave him the cane or the strap to mend him—that, when the schoolboy offended, his master gave him the birch or the roller to improve him—that, when the layman offended, the priest gave him flagellation to absolve him—and that, when the soldier or sailor offended, his officer gave him five hundred at the halberts or the gangway: and thus, finally, children brought up under the influence of tyrannic sway, have been notorious, when they grew up, in fostering the elements of cruelty, and advocating that accursed punishment the scourge, over which humanity bleeds in distress."

"I doubt, Mr. Chalmers," said the Magistrate, in rather a humbled tone, "what ye say is scarcely demonstrable by ocular fact."

"You doubt me!" said young Chalmers, somewhat indignant. "It is not yet three days since a man told me to whip his boy well, whether he deserved it or not; for, said he, 'There's naething like the *taws* for garrin him learn.' But you will say, 'What! No punishments? Allow them to do what they please?' No, sir; we have punishments, but they are not cruel. We strive to break their folly, not their hearts. We give them an extra task, confine them, and, like the ancient Romans, shame them with a representation of their error. But we stoop not to brutality—to the flogging lash, that plaything of the petty tyrant, who, in the depth of his ignorance, sees nothing so efficient for maintaining subordination—so creative of excellence and learning. Aware of the vacillating nature of youth, we endeavour, by kind treatment, to win their affections, and



give them a relish for their lessons; and this we accomplish by first putting into their hands books on pleasing subjects; cuts, with appropriate readings; juvenile biography, fables, moral tales, interesting extracts from history, along with the Bible: and, in the event of stubbornness and perversity, we expel them from our schools, that others may not be infected with their crimes."

"Ye speak unco weel, Mr. Chalmers," said the Deacon; "but, begging your leave, what 'll ye mak o' this? Whare's a' the honour an' honesty, as my gude frien' at the inn often observes, that used to grace the lan' in my young days? Are there no twenty thieves for ten, an' ten hanged whare ane used to ser'?"

"Why, sir," Geordie replied, "as to honour and honesty, so often repeated, and so little attended to, the days of other years have little to boast. There were, indeed, bright seasons, after some signal calamity, when men seemed to 'fear a lie;' but, as the dog returns to his vomit, the danger passed—so did they. I shall not, however, advert to the general insecurity of travelling, and the Whinmouths that lived at the Crag, who, I am told, forty years ago, kept this country in fear—murder and robbery being their sport. But open any old sermon, (one of Owen's or Boston's for instance,) and you will find them full of strictures on the sad declension of uprightness; so much so, that one at first sight would imagine they were surrounded with the sons of Belial. But take all the rogues in the land in support of your hypothesis, and you will see that the hanging of them is only a proof of the inefficiency of the olden system. Had the scoundrels, as my friend Mr. Luggiehead calls them, been properly taught, before their minds were polluted with vice, instead of expiating their crimes on the gibbet, they would have died in peace, esteemed and lamented by all who knew them. But, my good sir, you must not suppose that all who are executed are worthy of the noose. What constitutes felony in



the law, is in equity often mere simplicity—mere schoolboy aberration, unworthy of stripes, and far less of an ignominious death. He who steals an apple, some will say, is a thief as much in principle, as he who steals an elephant. That may be: what is not our own, ought not to be taken away. But, to hang a man for stealing a few yards of ‘filthy dowlas,’ is cruelty in the extreme. Yet our penal code condemns a man for less; which certainly proves that our fathers, who made these sanguinary laws, were more ignorant, more savage, and more dishonourable than we are, who, enlightened by the lamp of knowledge, only wish, by our improvement, to show that the want of humanity is the want of honour.”

“I’m no sure o’ that,” replied the Bailie. “The knights of old were men of honour, though often engaged in bloodshed. Fecht an’ quarrel as they did, there was aye ae feather i’ their crest that keepet the rest in coontenance. Modern times are nae doubt won’erfu’ gaudy, but the days o’ *langsyne* for me.”

“*Langsyne* sounds like a charm in the ear,” returned Thornybrae. “But *shortsyne* is superior in humanity, in knowledge, and in honesty.”

“Prove that,” responded the other.

“I shall,” said the dominie. “In the days of other years, when the minstrel and the hero met at the ‘feast of shells,’ to celebrate the feats of the gory field, every eye beamed with ferocious delight,”——

“Stop, stop, sir, that’s poetry—come to the bare facts,” interrupted the Laird of Greenbank.

“Very well, then,” said Geordie. “In those dark and stormy days, when the brawny limb, and the arm that could arrest the stag in its flight, were the only recommendations to fame—I say, in the times when no stone, with its head of moss, marked the spot where reposed the ashes of the feeble; valour, sir, rampant as the tiger, and achievements, bloody as the house of slaughter, were sung by the old and young, who, from the deep carousal, never broke up but amid the clang of dirks and ferraras.”

“ Still at the muse !”

“ Still at the time, sir, when a romantic gallantry stooped to every species of barbarity, of crime, and spoliation—when haughty baron sent forth his hungry vassals in search of provisions, to plunder, not to purchase—when the spoils of a trembling tenantry were concealed within the walls of a castle, lest some equally hungry chieftain should despoil the spoiler—when the freebooter lived at large; clan met with clan in dreadful foray, and hacked each other to pieces, and all to please the Gogs and Magogs of the olden system.”

“ Still on the wing !”

“ Still endeavouring to prove, sir, that in humanity we far outstrip our fathers, and have great reason to congratulate ourselves over the enviable situation we hold, as contrasted with those lascivious times, when the flowers of the land were burnt at the stake for their religion; when ten thousand brave and gallant reformers were hunted to death by a lawless soldiery; and when millions, to save their lives and properties, submitted to laws as revolting to honour, as those which doomed the world to chains when Thor was king of the gods.”

“ Still with the Nine !”

“ Still looking at the time, sir, when our forefathers sat knitting their stockings by the turf and bramble ingle in eerie plight—now casting a look towards the door in ghastly concern—now eyeing the chimney in dread surmise—and now, at every paragraph of legendary lore, creeping into themselves; not daring to stir from their bourocks, lest the evil one, in the shape of a beast of prey, should carry them off to the desert, there to form and transform them into all the ugly shapes, which a wild imagination can conceive, or has pourtrayed on the canvas of idolatry.”

“ Still on Parnassus !”

“ Still beholding them, sir, yielding to the tyranny of Druidism; passing the dreary winter without fire or friend—the dreadful ordeal of the red hot bar—the

ordeals of the camp-fight—the ordeals of the hot water and the cold; delivering up their children to the sacrificer, their wealth to the deceiver, and backs to the scorpion whip; bending, low and spiritless, to every yoke imposed by pseudo absolver—kissing the hand of every smiter, and the feet of every director of their torments.”

“ Mr. Chalmers, I’m no sure about you.”

“ That may be, sir; but that operates not against the superiority of modern times. But, lest you should think that I am mounted on the wing of a fallacious amplification, sacrificing truth to conceit, turn to the pages of history, which unfold the cruel orgies, the appalling tortures, the ridiculous ceremonies, the abject devotion, the gross ignorance, the infuriated zeal, and shocking credulity of our fathers, when Woden swayed the sceptre above, and Friga reigned below. Begin at the authenticated period, and come down to the time when old Walter Mill went up to the altar of fire, and gave the death-blow to that most infernal system of persecution, which, under the atrocious Beaton, and others, bathed the land in tears, and if you do not find enough to convince you that we are far a-head of our ancestors, then I will say that upon you the favours of a glorious intelligence are cast away. No doubt, sir, you will see in the present day many things tending, in an eminent degree, to increase your dislike at modern manners. The insipidity of some, the ignorance of others, the prodigality of many, and the numerous thefts, murders, and executions, which stain the pages of our daily and weekly journals, are all in your favour. And methinks I hear you saying, ‘ Yes ! far a-head with a witness !—

Ah ! *formose puer nimium ne crede colori !*’

But, suppose that we have not advanced one inch in the scale of civilization, will you, my good sir, tell me, if you see any of those implements of torture which disgraced our courts of justiciary in the days

of our Lauderdale and Dalzells—any pilgrimages undertaken to expiate crimes standing in father Thumbscrew's notandum—or trophies of war, such as barbed arrows, and hacked shields, adorning the walls of our houses? If not, then we have distanced the ancients, have broken the arm of superstition, and triumphed over ignorance. But let facts speak. Have we not, sir, chased the spectre from our doors, and banished the goblin of the dell? Have not the brownies and the fairies shrunk into the blank of their non-existence, and have not the omen and the dream become things only of natural occurrence? How changed, sir, is the scene! Instead of imbibing the absurdities of witchcraft and paganism, see our children drawing their intellectual resources from the pure fountain of knowledge; descanting on the beauties of literature, the wonders of science, and the glories of morality and freedom; not studying to excel in barbarous achievements, but in the beautiful delineations of genius, whose march, progressive, is ever lovely as the rose, and durable as the mountain oak. The proud baron, sir, is not now that awful personage he was, when the poor vassal suffered death to please him. Power, sir, cannot now punish without crime, nor crime pass with impunity. In the splendour of knowledge, religion dwells with freedom; and man, rising in dignity, laughs to scorn the contemners of his value. Much, sir, has been said in praise of the olden time; and poetry, the embalmer of the dead, has expended its tropes and imagery in blazoning forth its greatness: and I would be the last man in the world to underrate what is good and excellent in the days that are gone. Far be it, sir, from me, to disrespect the establishers of our parochial schools, the supporters of the union with England, and the fathers of the Reformation. Though rough in speech, the brightest flame of patriotism burned in their bosoms. I venerate the names of the Reformers. To cast one indignant look at their manners, would betray the veriest want of appreciation



and gratitude. No, my good sir; it was to their unconquerable firmness and intrepidity, that we owe the absence of the stake and torture. The martyrs' blood, sir, was the latter rain that fertilised the fields of our glory—their prayers, the spring corn of our freedom. They bled for us: they fought not for self-aggrandisement. Eternal truth was the fulcrum on which they placed the lever of their exertions, and old Scotland was the object of elevation. But still I maintain, that with all their splendid achievements, our country, as it stands, presents a phasis unknown to our fathers. Now, what age of the world can rank with the present? Do we not shine in the variety of our circulating libraries—in the number of magazines, reviews, newspapers, debating societies, museums, and philosophical institutions? Is it not quite common to hear the poorest mechanic expatiating on the beauties of Milton and Shakspeare, displaying a discrimination of taste superior to the kings and nobles of antiquity?"

"By-the-bye, Mr. Chalmers, will ye tell me if thae grand displays are to be foun' in Glenbuckie or no?" observed the Deacon, rather tamely. "I hae, sir, man and boy, been noo the feck o' fifty years gaun about the place, an' to my certain knowledge, wi' the exception o' the Gowdies, an' twa-three reading bodies, there's no a man fit to do as ye say, tho' ye'd haud a drawn sword to his breest. But ye must come out o' that lang fiel', and tell me, *categorical*, whare a' the rascals come frac that steal my turnips, an' keep the kintra in het water. It's no whether the ancients or the moderns are best, but it's whether the present system o' teachin' is calculated to mak men better than the cocks o' the auld schule. What is't, sir, that's the main cause o' the gallows being sae thrang employed, an' Botnay-Bay sae populous? I wait your answer."

"Why, sir," replied the dominie, somewhat glad at the interruption, as it afforded him an opportunity of apologising for the length of his remarks, "I will



tell you that in few words, and by way of interrogative. Throwing the barbarous penal code out of sight, and taking up only those crimes which the word of truth and reason condemn, I would ask you to put to yourself this question: Who are the thieves, or who are the justly hanged? Make as many exceptions as you please, answer me this: Who are they that receive the greatest proportion of the gallops? Are they the ignorant, or the learned; the diligent, or the lazy; the noble, or the base? I wait *your* answer."

"Ou, sir," responded the magistrate, stooping down to adjust his shoe-tie, "I doubt your—rather *ar-seen*—for me. Wha is't say ye yoursel'?"

"The ignorant, sir," returned Geordie with emphasis;—"men, sir, who never were at school, or miserably taught while there;—men, sir, who never heard one noble sentiment uttered by their parents or teachers;—men who have been brought up under the influence of folly—the lash, the shillela, pugism, ass-racing, badger-baiting, dog-fighting, gambling, cheating, lying, backbiting, Sabbath-breaking, and the like;—men, to whom trick and subtilty, and revenge and brutality, and all that prostrates humanity and renders life intolerable, give delight! These, sir, are the men that break the hedges and take away the turnips; that prowl about the streets and break into our houses by night; that skulk in the woods and thickets, and attack the weary traveller; that plunge the dagger into your bosom, and expire at last upon the gibbet! Talk not, then, of former times, but close in with improvement; and spare not your purse in the education of your children, nor think of a new coat purchased out of the savings of ignorance; but 'cast your bread upon the waters,' and remember that virtuous learning is a 'crown of glory that fadeth not away!'"

At this, the Deacon-Bailie looked with astonishment; not that he was unwilling to cultivate his daughters, but because the tone of the dominie's

voice fell upon his ear like the voice of a judge when he puts on the *black hat* to pass the last sentence of the law. Geordie was indeed too loud in the peroration; but it arose not from pedantry, nor from bad manners, but solely from a secret conviction of his utter inability to teach the Italian language; and therefore, he was the more forcible in his English in order to terrify the Bailie off the subject of letters. At last, in the course of conversation, Miss Dawson's apology at the door might be detected, and his ignorance, with her veracity, confounded together.

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## CHAPTER VI.

*Patronage.—Luggiehead enters.—Conversation on Law.—Geordie examined by the Deacon.—Pedantry Explained.—Female Education.—Friendship proffered.—A Tea Party.*

THERE is something in universal suffrage after all. A man dropping from the clouds into place or office, would not be tolerated for a day. And why? Because no one would have voted him in. Consequently, the right of election being founded in nature, it is necessary that we study hard, prepare well, be recommended, next examined, and latterly installed; and that by the voice of the people. The process is indeed laborious; but it is far more honourable than spending precious time in courting the favour of great men, whose humours must be watched, however difficult the task. Patronage has, no doubt, brought much worth and talent into notice: but who can tell the number of those whom it has deterred from entering the lists of fame,—who have absolutely resisted the strong inclination to rise and shine, from the utter impossibility of obtaining the friendship of the men in power? But though it has often done good, it has

invariably carried along with it a train of evils which no talent could dissipate, and no exertion remove. Prejudice, strong as death, has ever followed in its wake; not like envy which follows merit, and dies away in detraction; but like hatred that follows disgust, increasing with time, and irreconcilable as revenge. And where is the *protege* who knows it not? Alas! there are men alive, of noble minds, of spotless character and sterling ability, who may as well think of pleasing Timon the man-hater, were he living, as come amongst whom they live and ministrate,—and all on account of patronage! Let no man then oppose the discontinuance of a system which is the curse of the Established Church; which embitters the lives of many of its most worthy ministers; surrounds them with backbiters; dims the splendour of their fame; impairs their usefulness; promotes dissension, and tends vastly to infidelity. Be not afraid of the altar; but come boldly forward, ye aspirants to its sacred honours, and make the people your friends. You will find them, like yourselves, jealous of their honour, and not the fools many fools represent them to be. The same people whom, in the church, you call “dear friends and christian brethren,” cannot surely be ruffians;—the same people who nobly cheer our Sailor King, while he bows in admiration of their loyalty, cannot possibly be unprincipled varlets;—and the same people who are liable, at all times, to be called out to fight the battles of our country, and be worthy of harvests of fame for their nerve and intrepidity, cannot, in the nature of things, be cowardly miscreants. Let the people then rise to their proper dignity—let knowledge circulate amongst them, untrammelled with taxation—let their labours be rewarded with the good things of this life, and you will soon see disaffection hide its snaky head in the dust of oblivion, and all things work well for the general good.

Having paused to enjoy, with the Deacon, a little brandy and water, by way of fortifying the mind for







another onset, Geordie, whose forte lay in argumentation, was going to expatiate at greater length, when his worthy landlord bolted into the parlour with the freedom of intimate friendship, and, stretching out his hand to the Bailie for another grasp for "auld langsyne," thus gave vent to his friendly soul in two or three "Hoo's a', mans?"—and "hoo's a', man? hoo are ye?" he chuckled in perfect ecstasy, pressing him to his bosom. "Hoo cam ye on, man? What news frae Flamborough-head? And did ye shoot ony hares on yer passage? Tell me a' about you? I declare a sicht o' you's gude for sair een!"

"Happy to see you, my worthy auld Cock o' the North," returned the Bailie, taking him in his arms, and hugging him with all his might. "Most truly happy to see you still in gude humour. Come awa, man; draw in yer chair, an' come into the fire."

"Mony thanks to you, Deacon, for yer kind invitation," replied the other. "Thank you, sir, but I'm no just ready for roasting yet."

"Aye ready wi' the tongue, Luggie; ne'er at a loss for an answer: but I dinna mean to roast ye. Draw in your chair, an' warm your huives. It's a gae cauld nicht. An' what news frae the south kintra, since I took my journey? Has Soopleheel settled wi' the Laird o' Tramshandy yet?"

"No yet, Deacon, nor never will, unless he raises a process against him. But how cam ye on wi' Craignowthier? Did he comply wi' yon proposal?"

"No, sir, nor never will eithers, till ance he's compelled. But I'm gaun to palaver nae langer wi' him. Compassion's lost on a secon'rel; sae, sir, as soon as I hae the pickle bere i' the grun', I mean to gie him aucht days o' the jail for his impudence."

"Gae wa wi' yer jails, Bailie, ye'll mak naething by that. Rogues like ease. Nae ploughing in limbo. Better lose a poun' note than tine twa in the seeking o't."

"Riecht sae far, sir. But, Andra, ye ken impunity begets contempt. Let him pass. Let a' pass, an'

“k the poek an’ the staff at last. But mair about this hereafter. An’ hoo’s a’ the bodies doin’ i’ the east en’ the town this while back?”

“Ou, just the way they’re doin’ i’ the wast, sir.”

“An’ what’s that?”

“Ou, sir, just imitating the folk i’ the south, to be like their neibours i’ the north, wha, like their east an’ wast concerns, are a’ aetin’ on the principle o’ the young man wha said to his father langsyne, ‘Juist ther, juist, three halfcrowns is juist five shillings, gie me the siller an’ I’ll pay the man!’”

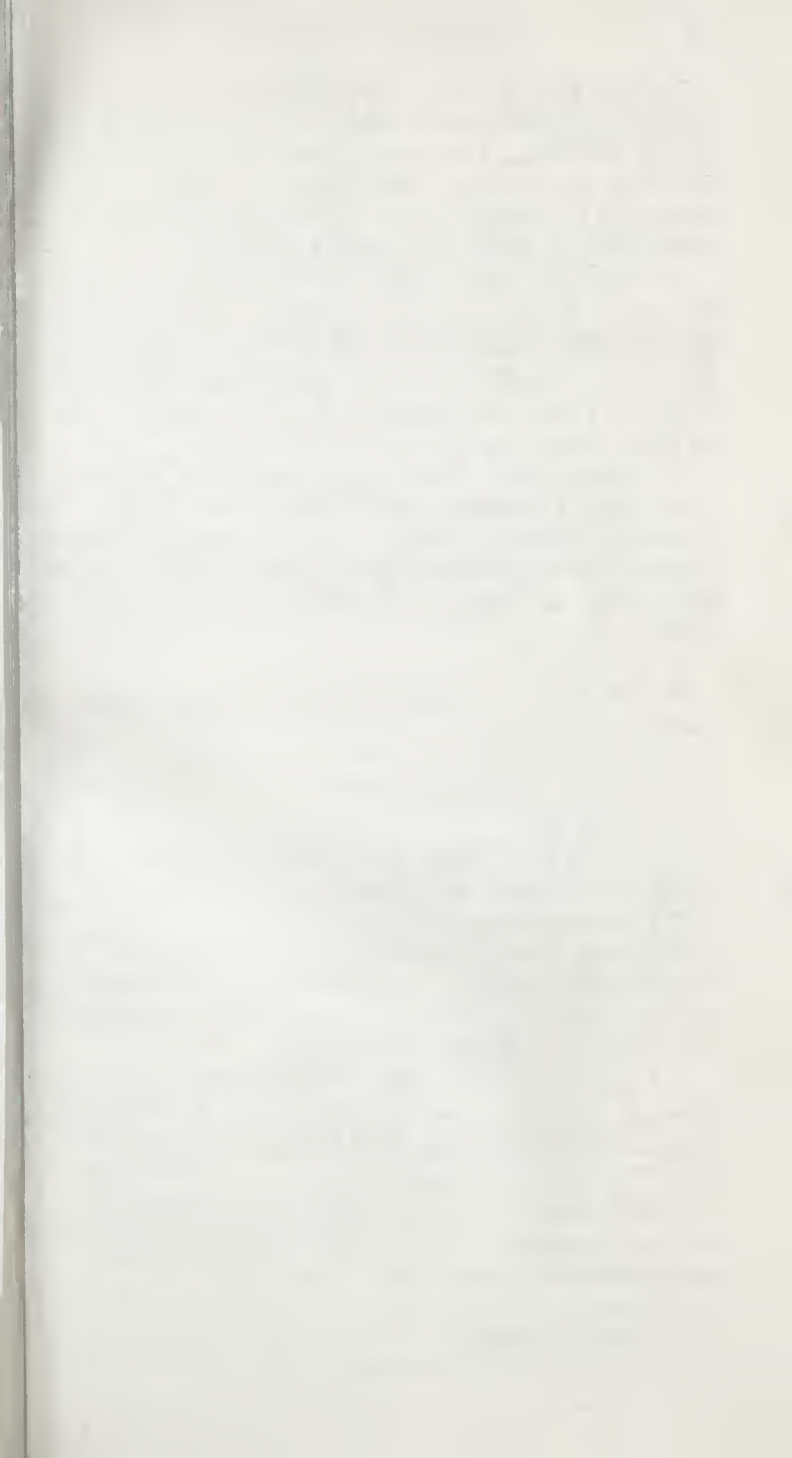
“Just so. Self aye lookin’ hameward. But what’s this ye’ve been doin’ in my absenee? I un-derstan’ ye’ve been supplyin’ the place wi’ anither dominie.”

“Ou, sir, what could I do? When the head o’ the house is awa, the bairns maun be aetive. We had great need o’ a gude teacher amang us. My schulehouse was toom, an’ Mr. Chalmers here eastin’ up, as gude luek wad hae’t—an’, sir, judging frae his style and appearanee that he wad do weel, as the auld Bloigh said langsyne, after his house was burut, Strae’s cheap an’ selate roofs are dear, gor I’ll try the thaek on’t yet;’ sae, sir, I just took it upon me to embraee the chanee. It’s no very legal, I confess; but wha kent whan ye wad be hame? Folk’s ill to ken, sir. But it’ll no do, Deacon, when the people’s starvin’ for meal, to wait till the bailie comes to open the market.”

“You did very weel, Mr. Luggiehead, an’ I must congratulate you on your good sense and penetration, in snapping the chance o’ Mr. Chalmers here, wha, without flattery, has expounded matters to me this evening far beyond my most sanguine expectation. *Formose puer!*”

“I am very glad, Bailie, that he has gotten the windy side o’ yer graee already, and I trust he’ll also keep it; and, moreover, I hope that he’ll perform his duty to the satisfaetion o’ a’ concerned. But after we hae simmered an’ wintered him, we’ll be abler to judge.”





"I am proud, sir, to sanction the instalment; an' were it not that I am bound to make a regular entry of his abilities, I wad seek nae farther proof of his learning an' talents than what I've heard. It will therefore be proper to put a few questions by way of trial. What think you, Mr. Luggiehead?"

"Wi' a' my heart, sir. To the root o' the matter wi' um. P um and Q um tichtly. Mr. Chalmers, this is Bailie-Deacon Dawson o' Greenbank, clerk o' the pells o' Glenbuckie; the gentleman that enters a' things on the parchment roll. But diuna be feart; he'll no be severe."

"Come, come, Mr. Luggiehead, no humour.—Now, Mr. Chalmers, ye'll staun up an' answer the following interrogations. It's a' a matter of course, but it must be gane through. Now recollect yoursel'. What was the name o' the kintra that King Hiram dwalt in?"

"Tyre, sir."

"What was the name o' the king that broke his neck at Kinghorn?"

"Alexander, sir."

"First, second, or third?"

"Third, sir."

"Very well! And what was he thinkin' about when he fell owre the precipice wi' his horse?"

"Can't say; perhaps——"

"Come, come, there's nae perhapsing in't. Ye maun be categorical. If ye canna say, you must just say ye canna say, and then we'll put it down *seratim*."

"Well, sir, I cannot tell you."

"Humph!—Weel, Mr. Luggiehead, ye'll be so good as mark it down, *he cannot say*. Ye'll be able, then, to tell us the best corn kintra in Europe?"

"The Carse of Gowrie, sir."

"Not amiss. But could ye not have said Poland, or the *Lowthians*? However, Wha is't that works the great wark i' the Wast Indies?"

"The poor slaves, sir."

"What is a slave?"



"A man or woman, living at the disposal of a master."

"Is it good to be a slave?"

"I should think not."

"That won't do, Mr. Chalmers. Ye maun be expleecit. Is it good to be a slave, I ask you?"

"No, sir."

"Is it highly inhuman, unprincipled, and unchristian, to mak a slave?"

"It is."

"And what can prevent it?"

"Knowledge."

"And what is knowledge?"

"Power."

"And what does it produce?"

"Ten thousand things."

"Good or evil?"

"Both."

"Ay, ay. Is power to be envied then?"

"Yes, when it does good."

"But knowledge is power, you said. Can knowledge be good, then, when it produces the power to do evil?"

"No, sir. Knowledge, to do good, must be drawn from the springs of religion and morality; honour must adorn it, justice support it, temperance go with it, and VIRTUOUS LIBERTY, in letters of gold, form its phylactery. But knowledge without these, sir, is execrable."

"Very well! Write down *very well*. Now, sir, will you tell me what is liberty?"

"Freedom, sir."

"I know that. But what is liberty in the gross? Answer me that."

"Liberty, sir, consists in being free to think, to say, and to do all things consistent—"

"With honour and honesty," said Luggiehead, somewhat impatient.

"We will hear you by-and-bye, Mr. Cross Keys," returned the Deacon, impatient of interruption. "I

say, Mr. Chalmers, you must let me know in what true liberty consists."

"In the golden rule."

"Weel answered. Put down *weel answered*. But, my young friend, is there no difference between liberty and freedom?"

"None, sir, except in the orthography of the word."

"By-the-bye, What is orthography—what does it do?"

"'It teaches the nature and powers of the letters, and the just method of spelling words.'"

"Spell phthisic."

"P h t h i s i c."

"Very well. Write down *excellent*. Now, sir, ye'll can'tell me how many airts there is?"

"Thirty-two, sir."

"Twa-an'-thretty!—ye gowk, there's only four—east, wast, north, an' south—"

"He has a wheen wee anes, Bailie," intruded Luggiehead once more, intuitively—"wee corners ye ken, Deacon, into which the hole-an'-corner folks go when feared for storms."

"Order!—What place, then, is it, whare the win's aye veering roun' the compass, an' yet aye blawing frae the north?"

"That's a paradox, sir."

"Pardox here or pardox there, ye maun let me know."

"Can't say, sir."

"Write, *he canna say*. Man, could ye no hae said the South Pole?" continued he, rising in self-esteem. "However,—now whare, sir, can ye tell me, was't that they first digged for coals in Scotland?"

"Can't tell you. Of this, however, I am sure, it was not Glenbuckie."

"Weel laid in," said Luggiehead; "but could ye no hae said Fifeshire? Ye'll hae to look sharp, Mr. Chalmers, or the Deacon 'll waur you."

“Order!—Ye’ll be able to inform me surely, then, wha was the first blacksmith on record?”

“Tubalcain, sir.”

“And the first astronomer?”

“Seth.”

“And the first man?”

“Adam.”

“And the first woman?”

“Eve.”

“I see ye’re up to a’ thae things. Write down *capital*. Now sir, to the counting. How many common rules have we in Cocker? No, no, that’s not what I mean. What is the rule o’ three?”

“Proportion, sir.”

“And what is proportion?”

“The rule of three.”

“That’s whare ye was again, making Tam staun for Thamas. I want to know, sir, distinctly, what is the rule of three inverse? For instance, if three men can do a piece of jobbing in one day, how long will nine men take to do it?”

“In one-third of the time, sir.”

“But do it.”

Here a slate is produced, and the question wrought to admiration.

“Ye’ll hae travelled, noo, as far as the cube root?”

“I have.”

“Then ye’ll can cast up a cairn o’ stanes?”

“Yes, sir, if you give me time, and machinery sufficient for the purpose.”

“What machinery, sir?”

“Why, sir, machinery suited to the weight of the stones. You know, sir, these feeble hands could not do much to a cairn.”

“O yes; I see. But that’s not what I mean. I wish to know what is the cube of three?”

“Twenty-seven, sir.”

“Then ye’ll can multiply nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings, and ninepence three farthings, by nine-

teen pounds, nineteen shillings, and ninepence three farthings?"

"I can."

"But do it."

Here Geordie took the pencil, and made the answer about three hundred pounds more than it should have been; upon which the Bailie broke out into an immoderate fit of laughter, and said, "That does for you, my boy. That let's you see what the cocks o' the auld schule can do. However, write down, after a', *excellent at the counting*. Noo, ye'll can raise a perpendicular?"

"I can."

"Well, what's the earth shapet like?"

"Like a lemon."

"Is it always moving round?"

"Yes."

"How then can ye raise a perpendicular to any point in the heavens, and the earth always going round?"

"Paradoxical again. Still it is possible; for, by raising a pole perpendicularly, though it does not maintain its perpendicular position to any specific point in the heavens for a second of time, yet, in the course of the earth's diurnal motion, it will be perpendicular to every point in rotation, and one of these points you may conceive, *quod erat demonstratum*."

"Hurroo! mair maut for the brewer," said Luggiehead; "that does for you, Deacon."

"Order!—Noo, Mr. Chalmers, we'll try the classics—what is a spondee?"

"Two long syllables, as *atque*."

"Decline *atque*."

"It is indeclinable, sir."

"What!—*atque* indeclinable!"

"It is a conjunction, sir."

"O yes—I beg your pardon—I was thinking on *que quæ, quod vel quintum*. No matter; ye'll can read Horace?"

“Try um,” said the vintner, “naething like print for trying the sicht.”

Horace is produced from the Deacon’s library, and our hero read as follows—

“Mæcenas atavis edite regibus  
O et præsidium et dulce decus meum !  
Sunt”——

“That’ll do, sir. If ye can read it a’ like that, ye’ll no be lang in Glenbuckie. Noo, let us hear ye scan the first line.”

“*Mæc cē, spondeus, nās ātā vīs, choriambus, ēditē rē, choriambus, gībūs, pyrrichus !*”

“Well done !—glorious !—excellent ! That’ll do, sir. Write down *first-rate*. That’s the stuff for Glenbuckie. Noo, Mr. Luggiehead, ye’re at liberty; I’m done.”

“Sae be’t,” replied the master of the Cross Keys, eager to have a hit at his pedantic quondam. “Noo, Mr. Chalmers, I’m no far seen; but I ken common sense; an’ ac teaspunefu’ o’ it is worth a hugget o’ nonsense at ony time. Can ye tell me what is a pedant?”

“Why, sir, you have put a very difficult question, inasmuch as all men are more or less so from youth to hoary hairs. Pedantry, however, in the more general acceptation of the word, is applied to all pretenders to learning. Amongst the vulgar, I know it is never mentioned without an allusion to schoolmasters. But schoolmasters, with all their faults, are not so chargeable with it as some that carry higher heads. I shall not, however, descend into the minutiae of its grades; but, at random, take up an individual, and, for example, suppose him one, whose mind is strongly prejudiced in favour of every thing ancient. Now, sir, than such a man there is not a greater bore; for, if you speak to him, for instance, about the abolition of the slave trade, he instantly adverts to Ham, the son of Noah; and proves from Scripture that Joseph was a dealer in slaves ! With him every



thing modern is a failure. Advert to the interest of agriculture, and you have him at once; either in the fields of Rharium, where grew the first barley; or with the sacred ox, that drew the first plough; or on the holy threshing-floor of Homer, where resounded the first flail. On the disuse of the scourge he has nothing to say; but is eloquent on the discipline of Cæsar's army, and the death of Pompey. Poor Pompey! he sighs; and then, with Cocles, plunges into the Tiber to escape the Tuscans. With him Codrus is a favourite. In speaking of the arts and sciences, you will seldom find him nearer the present era than the days of Bacon. Herschel is tolerable, of course; but Dædalus—ay, he was the craftsman. In literature he finds pleasure, provided you keep by the epoch of Chaucer. Spenser, he says, is, in some things, charming; but that Musæus sounds on his tympanum like the music of the spheres. With regard to a new poet, tell it not—he would sooner go into the brazen bull of Perillus than read him through. The pedant is antiliberal, sir. Difference of opinion with him is error. Wrapt in magnificent self-conceit, he can listen to nothing that does not quadrate with his own conceptions. He is void of courtesy. In politics he is insufferable. If he is a Whig, the Tories are all rascals; and if a Tory, the Whigs are all rogues; and the people, any thing but men. It is sad work to follow him through all his prejudices. Unless you flatter his vanity, you had better never seen him. Touch his pride once, and he will hate you for life. The pedant is very taciturn at home; but take him to the club, and he is loquacity itself. 'Like words let loose in northern air,' as Butler has it, after a severe lingo-freezing winter, he showers down upon you floods of incoherent, inapt quotations from the classics. He is a man whom nobody admires, because nobody cares whether Horace had blear-eyes, or Virgil coughed or not. But *he* cares, and that's enough. Oh! to see him fixing on the hoary head of Aristotle; to hear him descanting on

his comprehensive genius, in order to introduce something relative to the moral and political reasonings that took place, in the olden time, concerning the principles of Greek geometry; telling you that modern philosophy is a corruption of Greek and Roman learning, mixed up with superstition and puritanical theology, expressed in a harsh and barbarous style, devoid of classic taste; that the Arabians studied the analytics; and that the *Novum organum de argumentis scientiarum* of Lord Bacon, was written to prove that the process of inductive reasoning was substituted by him in place of the syllogism. How profound! But this is nothing to the acumen, sir, he exhibits, when he declares to you that the rules of right judgment, and good ratiocination, often coincide with each other. Marvellous! That Phædrus wrote fables in imitation of Æsop; that Philoctetes lighted the funeral pile of Hercules; that Cleopatra died on the tomb of her beloved Mark Anthony; and that it is doubtful whether Polyphemus ever existed or not. The pendant, sir, is a man who thinks his own way best; and so on he jumbles, till, caught in a dilemma, he either falls at your feet a slave, or, with a growl, starts from your side, exclaiming, ‘Pshaw! nonsense; but I know better.’”

“Noo, sir, ye may sit doon,” said Luggiehead, “the hauf o’ what ye hae said I dinna ken; but my frien’ kens, and I hope he’ll no forget. Sit doon, sir. Hech! but that’s awfu’ knowledge. Bailie, we maun look sharp after this chap. Did ye un’erstan’ um?”

“Perfectly well, sir; he’s an honour to the place. But here’s your health, Mr. Chalmers, lang may ye live, an’ happy may ye be. No forgetting you, myaul’ procuratur fiscal. Noo, Mr. Chalmers, we’ll finish our subject.—And ye would have me to spare no cost on the edecation of my dochters?” continued he, setting himself back in his chair, with one leg over the other, and holding his glass, about half full, in his hand.

“None, sir,” resumed the now joyous incumbent.

“By giving them a thorough knowledge of useful learning, you fortify their minds against the allurements of the world, and raise them to the contemplation of those hidden felicities which lie beyond the grave.”

“I doubt, Mr. Chalmers,” said the Deacon, “that learning tends mair to promote their vanity than virtue. Learning is good; but whare the soil is licht, manure as ye will, the crop will be little.”

“Why, sir,” responded the youth, “I know that there are such men as eynies, who affirm that women are vain, trifling, and capricious; incapable of keeping a secret, extravagant in dress, and to every whim a prey. But these revilers, however numerous, no more lessen the value of female worth, than the ravings of a madman do the skill and assiduity of his keeper. That women, sir, have a powerful influence in modulating society, cannot be denied. Though greatly weaker in body than men, and consequently less able to endure fatigue, Heaven has it so ordained, that in their weakness they are strong—often effecting by their tears what neither power nor eloquence can achieve. Witness the mother of the stern and victorious Coriolanus accomplishing, in behalf of Rome, what pontiffs, priests, and augurs attempted in vain. But that women have been the cause of much evil is also true: yet we should not blame them altogether; for, had men been more sensible of their value, and used them better—had they been educated as they ought to have been, and raised to their proper elevation, a vast number of those crimes laid to their charge would never have been known. In the admiration of their virtue, man would have risen in refinement and happiness, and many a fiery scold and furious vixen would have been ornaments to society. But when we consider, sir, how much their education has been neglected, it is no wonder that woman—the paragon of all terrestrial beauty—should have so often fallen into error—should in some countries be treated as a slave, and in others be counted worse

than the soulless brute. But we must not look for excellence, sir, where nothing excellent has been implanted. To expect amiableness in an ignorant woman is folly. Without knowledge, beauty is a fading flower; and without virtue, disgusting. In order, therefore, that the sex may appear in their genuine character, we must confer upon them that learning which is calculated to enhance their loveliness, and give them, in the world, that dignity which it is their right to demand, and the glory of man to bestow."

"An' hoo far wad ye extend their edccation?"

"That is the query, sir. To say that they should be taught every branch of scientific and ornamental knowledge, without considering their station in life, would be to derange the order of nature, and leave us in possession of more show than substance. A few privileged ladies may devote their time entirely to letters, but the sex in general must attend to domestic duties. They must lay aside the telescope for the needle, and the air-pump for the toils of the nursery. A clean fireside and well-dressed meal, is of infinitely more value to the toil-worn cottager, than a lecture on projectiles; and a shilling saved will add more to the felicity of a poor mechanic, than all the flights of fancy in the annals of romance. Circumstances, sir, must be attended to; for, though all things are lawful, all are not expedient. To recommend the study of Latin, for instance, to those females who, by necessity, must earn their bread by the dexterity of their fingers, would be as absurd as to propose the study of court manners to a lowland clown. Latin is good, and to the linguist of great importance. But what is Latin to a family of starving children? I am afraid, sir, that the battle between Turnus and Æneas would soon be epitomized between Jack and Tom, if not between man and wife; for what man could endure to see his spouse sitting down to the translation of Virgil, while his children were worrying each other in the kitchen? But, where circumstances



permit, I do not see what should prevent them from diving into the arcana of nature. They certainly have minds capable of the noblest exertions. Numerous examples prove their greatness in every department of knowledge. Nay, though naturally timid, in magnanimity and courage they frequently lag not behind the greatest heroes of the world. Of their natural abilities there cannot be the slightest doubt; and though in many lands they are little above the brutal creation in point of intellect, it is because they are ruled by monsters, who have neither 'the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, or man—they imitate nature so abominably.' Making allowances, then, for circumstances, I say that every woman, at least, should be taught to read, write, and count; not so much for their own sakes, as for the world's at large; for to them belongs the early task of teaching the young idea how to shoot. And we all know that 'as the twig is bent the tree's inclined; consequently, according to the inclination, the tree is more or less useful. Religion and virtue should be deeply engraven upon their minds; Æsop's and Dodsley's fables rivetted upon their memories; and all the maxims, 'choice and beautiful,' carefully implanted. And the better that they may understand Scripture phraseology, they ought to be acquainted with ancient history, particularly with those pages which throw light on the similitudes of sacred writ. As where Paul speaks of 'the race set before us,' they would have a clearer view of the text, after reading Rollin's account of the Olympic games, to which the learned Apostle so beautifully alludes. And as correct reading is always delightful, they ought to have a perfect knowledge of grammar, with the rules of elocution, that they may know when to correct an error of the press, when to glow with emphasis, melt into tenderness, or kindle into spirited declaration. In fine, their reading should be such as to arrest the attention of their hearers; and thus accomplished, how would they engage the hearts of their



children! By the sweetness of their voices, what benefit would they not receive from such mothers! Why, sir, they would imbibe their very souls. Like Lords Bacon and Erskine, they would ascribe the splendour of their fame to the dawn of infant impression and maternal love. How careful then, sir, ought all men to be in the right cultivation of the female character! Women cannot make kings, but in many instances they can make men worthy of crowns. Like Solomon's virtuous woman, they can open their mouths in wisdom; they can solicit the inquiries of their little ones, and when they retire to rest, they can put them in mind

That God will listen to an infant's prayer,  
That little children are beloved on high,  
And will be happy with the angel throng,  
If to be happy they will only pray,  
And keep the statutes of the Lord their God."

"But, sir, what use hae they for writing? Scribbling women make bad cooks."

"Why, my dear sir, if you withhold from them the art of writing, you not only impair their usefulness, but you deprive them of that honour which arises from one of the most noble acquirements in the universe. To see a woman shrinking at the sight of a letter, or from the head of her duty, when her appearance with the pen would not only be profitable, but highly honourable, is pitiable in the extreme. The employment of an amanuensis to scrawl *a few lines* to a husband or a daughter, beginning with *this comes to let you know*, is beneath the dignity of the sex, and carries with it a degree of shame unworthy of British matrons. But this is not all. Not to speak of the development of their private thoughts to people who have no interest in keeping their secrets, they lose the pleasure of communicating their better ideas: I mean those sallies of the mind which come forth unsolicited in the hour of friendly correspondence. And how painful must it be to a sensitive female, to be obliged to employ a *reader of write* to let her know

what a friend, or perhaps an enemy, has transmitted for her comfort or vexation! But this, sir, is nothing to the loss she sustains in not being able to note down her thoughts on any great or wonderful event. When a woman cannot write, her reading is defective. Those passages which are worthy of preservation, for want of a note-book, must either be frequently conned over or forgotten. Now, who is able to retain on their memories all the fine sayings and beautiful sentences they fall in with in the course of their reading? Not one. The faint outlines may remain; but I hold it true, that where no transcript is taken, the substance of what once arrested the soul is gone for ever, unless the same book which contains the phrase, or story, or prescription, comes in their way. Now, I ask you again, Who can boast of such power of retention? Who have beside them all the books they have read? In a newspaper, how many excellent things appear for a moment, and then vanish like 'a tale of other years!' I therefore aver, that were women able to write, and so instructed, as, when they fell in with any excellent aphorism, to note it down, they would, in the lapse of time, become so rich in maxims, and so apt in communicating virtue, that all within the range of their instruction would not only be greatly improved, but civilization in general would march on to the goal of perfection with tenfold rapidity. But you will say, that this would lead them away from the more immediate concerns of the family; consume their time; make them lazy. It would have an opposite effect, sir. It would increase their anxiety about their charge; improve their moments; and render them active and diligent. Instead of gossiping abroad, brimful of slander, they would remain at home, overflowing with truth; their days would roll on in the midst of intellectual delights, and the crown of glory would at last reward their labours in the vineyard."

"Well, Mr. Chalmers, say we give them writing, of what use is arithmetic to females?"

“ Arithmetic, sir! ’Tis a *sine qua non*. A thing they cannot want. No woman can have enough of it—cannot calculate too cleverly. In this country, for instance, where the management of household affairs devolves upon them, except in those cases where ignorance, or a struggle for power, has ended in their submission to masculine arrangement, it is their bounden duty to see all that is brought in for the good of the family laid out to the best advantage. And how are they to proceed? By the help of numbers. By knowing the value of money. Alas! how much is lost for the want of calculation! An article of dress is thrown away, that, by a little repair, might have saved a crown. Fragments of victuals are given to the dogs, that, by re-dressing, might have saved a shilling. As much tea is infused in a day, as might serve three;—nay, the *whole ounce* is sometimes immersed to please a fancied disease! That which might yield a comfortable supply for a week, is devoured by Wednesday. What a want of arithmetic! For that poor Thursday must pinch, Friday look sadly out, and Saturday weep unpitied. But this is not the worst of it. They are exposed to sharpers on all hands; imposed upon in every direction. And then, to see a beautiful young woman standing behind the counter, using chalk instead of pen and ink, and mathematical figures instead of digits; to see a circle standing for a shilling, a perpendicular line for a penny, and two crosses for John Geddes—Oh! it dims all, and levels humanity with the dust! Solomon, sir, is very severe on the fair sex, when he says, ‘ One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found.’ But he nobly redeems himself in his virtuous woman, who ‘ considereth a field, and buyeth it; who maketh fine linen, and selleth it; who perceives that her merchandise is good, and eateth not the bread of idleness.’ In conclusion, they should all be taught the use of the needle; without which a poor woman is a scarecrow; and a rich, a Flanders doll in a cabinet of toys.



‘A steek in time saves nine,’ says the proverb; therefore, by all means, teach them to sew. But, with all their learning, I would have their minds deeply imbued with the love of truth; to get wisdom by every possible means, and understanding at the risk of every personal indulgence; because ‘all their ways are ways of pleasantness, and all their paths are peace.’”

Having finished his oration, the Bailie turned round his broad ruddy face, radiant with smiles, and applauded Luggiehead’s discernment, saying, “There has not been as muckle gude sense spoken within the braes o’ Glenbuckie these twenty years. Mr. Chalmers, whare got ye a’ that knowledge? But ye’ll be comin’ oot for the ministry in a weeock, nae doot, making this a stepping-stane, as it were, to the poopit?”

“I certainly have the church in view, sir,” replied Thornybrae, happy to hear him touch upon that sacred office.

“Aweel,” returned the Deacon, “success to you, man. I like weel to see young men in the way o’ promotion. It’s a consolation after a’, Mr. Luggiehead, to think, that though the aul’ anes maun die, the young anes are spirited up to fill their places.”

“Ou, sir, it’s a great consolation,” responded the lord of the inn; “great consolation indeed, sir. Gin it were na for that, what wad come o’ the warl’? It wad rin oot! Great consolation it is, Deacon; an’ very much we ought to rejoice that the young anes are sae clever an’ sae spirited, as to lenk after number one in these degenerate times, an’ keep the people gaun. The youth, sir, deserve great praise for the consolation they afford us, especially when they happen to let us ser’ oot oor time in peace.”

“He’s an unco landlord that o’ yours, Mr. Chalmers,” replied the rustic judge. “But muckle speed to your ootcomin’, sir. But ye’ll likely hae your ain ado to get furret. It’s an unco dree. But what need we say; it’s wonderful to sec hoo some wuddle awa. There was my aul’ class-fellow, Rob Mitchell, i’ the Craig, wha was the laughing-stock o’

the schule langsyne; noo, they tell me, he's ane o' the first guns i' the kintra. But it seems naething can staun afore perseverance; or, as the poet says, '*labor omne vince.*' So great joy to you, Mr. Chalmers. I'm prood to see you; highly satisfied wi' yer abeelities. I establish you in your present situation; and as for my dochters, ou, sir, ye've only to begin and gie them what instruction ye think best. As for my house, ye can mak it your hame. Dinna be feart for the dog; he'll no meddle with decent people. I shall be glad at all times to see you, and to hear o' your prosperity; and when ye want the len' o' a poun' note, gin I hae ye'll no want. By-the-bye, as I am to hae a meeting o' the literati frae Embro' and east about here in a few days, I shall be most happy to hae the pleasure o' yer company. There will likely be a gae sharp contest aboot learning and modern improvement; but prepare yoursel. I declare, Mr. Luggiehead, it's a Providence in ane's way to get a gude dominie at *ane's comman'*! For I hae aften said that he's o' mair value than the minister. Mony a time I hae flitten wi' Nancy there about her lear; for, really and truly, a' the time she was wi' that puir Sawny Teuch o' a body, Meek, at the Green Oak, I ne'er kent her steer oot the bit. For Maenab, I canny say muckle about him. They say he's unco loopy and unmercifu' when he begins; and likes the *wee drop*, and tries queer shifts to get it: but she was never lang at him; for, after he sent her hame ae day bluidin' at baith mooth an' nose, I just took her awa frae his schule, and sent her to Embro', whare, I may say, she has gotten a' the learning she has. But it's high time we had something to eat noo. Nancy, set doon the dishes, an' let us hae something *substantial*."

The tea was immediately got ready, not in the style of your modern *tete-a-tete* gentry, but in a way eminently calculated to appease the cravings of one, whose light dinner left room for something more than a paring of cheesc and a slate biseuit. Ham, heaped on a broth plate, sent forth its odoriferous flavour from



the centre of the table; a swanking Dunlop cheese, as if newly rolled in by the three wise men of Gotham, stood at the Bailie's foot ready for dissection; a large roll of butter occupied a prominent place among the dishes; and mountains of bere seones and oaten eakes, giving stability to the whole establishment, brought to our hero's remembrance the days at Thornybrae, when his father, according to the custom of his ancestors, gathered all his children around him on a New-year's morning, and blessed them with the best in the house.

It was a tea in reality, and called forth the following observations from his peculiar friend, Luggiehead:—

“Tea, Mr. Chalmers, is unco gude, when there's something unco gude till't; but tea without something substantial to sook up the water, an' line ane's ribs, is a mere sporting wi' ane's inside. Fair play, dominie! Nane o' yer snip-snap, elishy-clashy palavers for me. Tither ouk we were a' owre at Mr. Braidfit's, at the tap o' the knowe owre by; but sair I rued that I didna tak a *chack* afore I left hame, for sie anither humbug was never played on hungry humanity. There were several ledies o' fashion frae the south kintra present, an' sae, sir, to please their gentle stamachs, they starved the rest. Here's the way they gaed to wark. First, we were a' shown into the parlour. Niest we sat doon on ehairs placeed a mile an' a half frae the table. Then Mrs. Braidfit taks her seat in front o' the tray, saying, ‘Ledies, ean ye tak sugar an' cream? An'ra, I needna speer at you.’ Then fillin' the cups about halfway, up starts Miss Jean wi' a cup an' saucer in ilka haun, an' after her marches wee Tam wi' a server containin' a wheen thin shaves o' laif bread, cut through the middle. Then roun' the company they go, and stap a dish in ilka ane's haun, an' a shave o' bread an' butter no the size o' the Jaek o' diamonds. Then, ‘Mak your tea o't,’ says the laird. Then aff rows my eup aff the saucer, an' spoils a' my plush breeks, smashing itsel' to pieces at my fit. Then the ledies curl their brows, an'

won'er what I'm made o'. 'Auld stoit!' whispers Mrs. Braidfit: but recollecting that she was awn me a trifle, she changes her tune, and says, 'Eh! pity me, Mr. Luggiehead, what's the matter wi' you noo? Jenny—hoy Jenny, bring a tooel here as fast as ye can: bring a cup an' a saucer wi' you too: haste ye—fey haste ye, my ledy.' Then, after I had gotten my senses back, roun' they cam again wi' anither cup, an' a cracker no the size o' yer thoom nail. 'An' that bein' dune, the shine was owrc,—the ledies a' seemingly as pleased as if they had gotten lads to convoy them hame frae the kirk. But may I ride on the win' wi' auld Nance Logan, the witch o' Glenteerie, when I gang to siccan a peelly-wally concern again! A tea! Gin I couldna caten the hale hypothie in ae minute, my name's no Luggiehead! But it seems to be ane improvement! Sae be't. Gude gear pleases the merchant. But, Bailie, gin his improvements in teaching be like our improvements in tea-drinking, than see your dochters under his tuition, I'd rather see him an' them rowin' doon the Warlock Burn on the tap o' a Lammas flood! But mind yoursel', dominie; seek nae biddin': mind yer in a friend's hoose; an' dinna forget the gude auld sayin', that what's hained aff the stamach's ill waured on the back; or, in ither words, that the stintin' o' the body never yct showed a gencrous soul."

Love and happinss now played on every forehead. The Bailie, who loved sociality with all his heart, after the materials were removed, and the toddy began to mantle in the bowl, took his "Auld cleuk" about him in a song. Luggiehead sung "Onc bottle more," with the emphasis of a genuine retailer in London porter: and the happy young teacher, smitten by the captivating ringlets of Miss Dawson, after a proper indulgence, withdrew to his lodgings, wrapped up in the magnificent thought of one day making her his own.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Freedom of Reason.—Meeting of the Brethren.—Debate.*

IN every age of the world, the free exercise of reason has been productive of good. But what say the monopolizers? Down with the freedom of thought: it leads to rebellion. Does it? Then there must be “something rotten in the state of Denmark.” Were it not so, how could reason act like fire upon gunpowder, touching and exploding? The reason is obvious. Corruption leads to combustion, and combustion to explosion; and there you have it. But tremble not, “sweet friends,” the free use of reason can never hurt the wise. It will only assist in weathering the gale when the bark leaks on the billows. O! ye unfortunate rulers of men, who shudder at the liberty of the press, and tremble at every meeting of the literati. Will ye never learn that knowledge and freedom establish the throne; that the voice of intelligence is the voice of God; and that all power emanates from the people? But you will learn, when the little primer, like the barley cake of old, has done its duty; when the lamp of knowledge has scattered its beams athwart the gloom of your depravity; when it shall not be a crime to claim a birth-right portion of the rights of man; but when even-handed justice, returned from exile, shall reign, agreeably to the will of Him whom tyrants dread and honest men adore.

The day fixed on by the Bailie for a display of intelligence having arrived, agreeably to invitation, the hero of our story, dressed in his best dominicals, went away to enjoy what he conceived a new thing in Glenbuckie—the company of learned men.

From what has been written, the reader will perhaps think it improbable that, in a place so devoid of re-

anement, such an assembly of wits should take place. But Bailie-Deacon Dawson was a man who dearly loved the seat of honour; and having been at several parties of note in the course of his tour, and seen the difference between civilization and barbarity, he conceived, on his return, that a grand dinner, like those he had enjoyed, would not only tend to raise his reputation amongst his friends, but also humble for ever the pride of his colleague Luggiehead, who, with all his vulgarisms, was far his superior in judgment and discretion. Accordingly, the resolution was formed to have a splendid entertainment, composed of everything which wealth and the season of the year could produce.

The dominie arrived, and was received with all due politeness. In a few minutes the bell rung, and the company, composed of "many a shrewd and funny blade," sojourned from the parlour to a large room on stairs, to engage in the—not "irksome," but "delightful task" of appeasing the appetite. They sat down: but Geordie was not there. A hint from Miss Dawson to remain a little behind the rest had detained him. He saw not through the lady; yet, though a simpleton in life, he thought it somewhat strange why he should not occupy a place in the procession to the hall. He thought—and looked out of the parlour window upwards of two minutes, consoling himself with the idea that some new rule of etiquette lay couched in the ceremony. He attended to the letter of her request; but he had better been in the van, for late guests are always defaulters, unless they happen to be doctors or friends from a distance. And this he found to his mortification; for, on entering the room, his ears were saluted with a volley of "Come awa, mans," "What keeps you?" and "Staun up there," said the Deacon, impatient for his dinner, "an' let us get on."

At this command he felt himself completely dumfounded. Pride took the alarm, and a wish to be excused only made things worse.



“What!” returned the Deacon-Bailie, “Do you refuse to ask a blessing on the mercies? Say away. We haena time to procrastinate.”

He obeyed. But happier far he would have been in his little chamber in the Cross Keys, taking his usual meal of bread and milk in quiet, than blundering before critics, who, more alive to grammar than divinity, had him instantly down as a novice.

Let them who think this is sporting with a religious duty, reflect for a moment on the many sinful remarks made on funeral orations, and on the hypocritical cant of those who worm into notice through the medium of “wonderful prayers and graces.”

All things being now settled, to the work of animal gratification they fell. The table groaned under a load of substantials; but not long. In half an hour the mark of repletion was reached by all, except the Deacon, who, labouring under a vacuity, took ten minutes longer than the rest to arrive at his “*quantum suff.*”

After the cloth was removed, and the strength of claret and Glenlivet had given

Eloquence to tongue, and wit to brain,

the Bailie arose, and thus addressed the assembly:—

“Noo, gentlemen, having given you ‘The King,’ and the routine toasts of the day, I beg leave to call your attention to the march of improvement. I am not a man of many letters, like some of your lordships, having been only as far as the Greek class; yet I cannot help recognising, in the toast I am about to propose, a certain order of men, to whom we are all indebted for that licht which distinguishes the land we live in frae a’ others. Gentlemen, I am not a man of many words; but I cannot discharge my duty to perfection, unless I propose a bumper to the men who, *à priores*, should be first in a’ things; or, as Horace says, should not only stand *in limine domi*, but *in regalia vertex*. Gentlemen, I have, perhaps, made a slip in the quoting; but you will, however, notwith-



standing, comprehend me, that I allude to the schoolmasters of Scotland. Gentlemen, I have long been on the alert, watching the proceedings of the times, and I must candidly acknowledge, that the nation is not yet free o' the sin o' ingratitude towards that useful body. But, gentlemen, as time is short, I shall, without farther elucidation, give you 'The Dominies of Scotland,' wi' a' the honours."

As soon as the cheering ceased, Luggiehead gave his *protege* the hint to reply. But Geordie was too sensitive for a servant at will. Lead him you might; but *bid* him, and he was off at a tangent.

A pause ensued. At last, Mr. Cruikshanks of Connybarns, unwilling to lose the opportunity of *showing off*, arose, and thus most humbly responded:—

"Mr. President,—It is with no small hesitation that I rise to respond to the toast just now given, seeing so many around me much abler to speak extempore than I am. But, sir, since no one has had the readiness to reply, I shall endeavour to discharge the incumbent duty in the best manner I am able. You will, therefore, sir, bear with me a few moments, and let my want of practice excuse my want of excellence. Sir, I feel deeply sensible of the honour which you have just now conferred on the useful fraternity to whom I belong—an honour which may, indeed, when viewed in one sense, be compared to the transient gleam of the meteor; yet, taken in its proper light, is far from the evanescent—rather increasing than diminishing; and bears a resemblance to the sun, whose rays, though at first obscured with clouds, become more and more radiant as day advances in glory. Honour, sir, in the language of Sir John Falstaff, is of no great value, being a 'mere escutcheon;' but honour, in the estimation of him whose soul is in the diffusion of useful knowledge, is of paramount importance; inasmuch as it enables him to persevere in his arduous task with increasing activity. Nothing sweeter he desires, in all his longings after temporal felicity. Honour him, sir, and you change

his eot into a palace, and his dinner of herbs into a feast of royal dainties; but deprive him of it, take from him his good name, and you rob him at once of banner, buckler, and shield—you break down all that is noble within him, and level him with the veriest slave that grinds out a wretched existence at the merey of tyranny.

You will, therefore, give me full credit for my sincerity, when, in the name of my brethren, I return you my heartfelt thanks, accompanied with the earnest wish, that the head that conceived, and the heart that gave the toast, may fertilize, and become the projectors of many a noble scheme for the weal and glory of the country. I am not, sir, in the habit of making convivial speeches—my festive moments being, like

‘ Angel visits, few and far between ;’

but, in replying to ‘The Dominies of Scotland,’ I feel confident that you, and all over whom you preside, will bear with me in saying, that the sun setting, in a red and screne sky, is not more indieative of a bright and glorious day, than the frequent honouring of the schoolmasters is of a brilliant era in the future annals of intellectual refinement. It has been observed, sir, by historians, that in those countries where the fair sex is free, men are ennobled in proportion. From this: the latter, foregoing their pride and tyranny, receive the former into their arms—not the arms of power, but affection; and the former, finding themselves honoured, as the Great Arehiteet intended, in return soften and refine the latter with all the assiduity of friendship and blandishments of love. In like manner, sir, the teacher of youth, finding himself respected and supported by his employers, rises in his own estimation; and, in return, applies the chisel to the gem, till every beauty is elicited, and the soul converted into a repository of heavenly ideas. That I rejoice over the toast, sir, cannot be denied; nor would I, though at the risk of the bastinado. Were it like those given in favour of Whig or Tory aseendancy;

of moderate, or high-flying supremacy; of piebald party-spirit of any description, I would not value it the snuffings of that candle. But far otherwise. Exempted from the oblivious fate of all others, it rises on the wing of poetic devotion—the incense of patriotism ascending before it, as all generous and sweet it soars to heaven, to report to spirits enthroned the progress of civilization. Do I force the picture? Do I dream of excellence which has no existence? Do I play with a phantom? No, sir. I speak the truth. But put the question—of whom is the toast in honour? Of the schoolmasters as men? No. As peaceful citizens? No. As scholars? No such thing. It is in honour of the sowers of the seed that yields the thousandfold; of the rearers of the tender trees that bear the apples of gold; of the genuine modulators of society—the men, sir, whose sole aim is not only to make scholars, but men; not only men, but patriots; not only patriots, but angels! Of angels, did I say? Yea, verily, if men, emancipated from the trammels of ignorance, and walking in the paths of exalted virtue, can be entitled to the appellation. But why mount so high? you will say. Was it meant, when the toast was given, that one of the poor knights of the ferula should rise overjoyed, and wing his way through skies,

‘ Beyond the visible diurnal ;’

that what is simply true should be so blazoned forth, because, forsooth, one of those who are second to none, in their noisy mansions, had the pleasure of drinking wine with his friends, and over that pleasure might assume the orator, with all his tropes and numbers ‘rolling rapidly;’ that he, whom the old women suppose to be only, at best, a man of some consequence—a kind of gentleman-like personage, whose appearance is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farm-house, call forth a supernumerary cup or cake, and make him pass for a kind of gifted being, inferior only in taste and accomplish-

ments to his more fortunate friend and comptroller of the minister;—that he, *O beate!* should spring to his legs, and, like Prometheus, endeavour to make not only scholars, but men; not only men, but patriots; not only patriots, but angels?”——

“Mr. Preses,” interrupted Luggiehead, rising slowly, with another bee in his bonnet, “if that’s no what we ea’ win’ frae the south, or eommon sense gane deleerious, my notion o’ things is far wrang.”

“Mr. Luggiehead,” replied the President, “you had better sit down, if you like, sir, and let the gentleman proceed. I am highly pleased.”

“Mr. Preses,” said O’Bradly, pregnant with opposition matter, “I am sorry, sir, to follow in the same opinion with Mr. Luggiehead; but what we have been hearing, sir, outfictionizes the Arabian Night’s Entertainment.”

“Ou, Doctor,” replied the Deacon, “the speech may not be so well adapted to your taste as the powder o’ digitalis or liquoricee-stiek wad be; and, Doctor, seeing, after all, that between a pill and a trope, there is as great a difference as between a dram o’ blue vitriol and a tum’ler o’ brandy punch, I do not think it marvellous that ye should imitate your friend Luggiehead; but, Doctor, gin ye tak my advice, ye’ll sit down too, an’ no interrupt the conviviality o’ the meeting.”

“Mr. Preses,” said Mr. Tank, merehant, from Kilberry Mains, “I am indueed, sir, to speculate awae on the subjeet before us; and, as I always make it a point to come to proper terms at once, I have only farder to remark, that, if I am not mistaken, the speech of Mr. Cruikshanks has just noo arrived frae Coehin China, to be sold at 50 per cent. below prime cost.”

“Mr. Tank,” returned the President, somewhat annoyed, “let the speech be frae Coehin Flan’ers gin it should, I say unto thee sit down; this interruption ’ll never do. Order!”

“Mr. Preses,” said Mr. Hornie, town elerk of Bluemills, “I protest, sir, against the rapid strides of



Mr. Cruikshanks, in as far as he allows no time to follow him *pro forma*. He is here and there in a moment; flying faster than the lightning, and out-roaring the thunder itself. He is out of all rule, *my lurd*; beyond the comprehension of the law, and evidently *non compos mentis*. I therefore move that he be denuded of his right to speak another word in defence of his clients. But, *my lurd*, I bow to the chair."

"Ou, Mr. Hornie," replied the Chairman, "I am not qualified to go with you through a' the *nignies* of the law; being somewhat inclined to think that the less we interfere wi' matters beyond the comprehension o' reason the better. You may, sir, perceive a flaw through which you may drive a 'coach and six;' but, for my part, I am perfectly charmed; and sae, sir, I order you to silence. Order! I say," striking the table till every man's glass danced before him. "Proceed, Mr. Cruikshanks."

Order being restored, Connybarns resumed—

"I know not, sir, the extent of that playful humour of which we have just now had an admirable specimen; but this I know, that between a wise man and a fool, there is as great a difference as between man and angel. What angels are in shape and form, no man can tell; nor would it signify to the schoolmaster though one should present him with a likeness. Enough for him to know, is the goodness of the order. Their love, their humility and truth, are all that he looks to, and wishes to instil into the minds of his scholars. He cares not for corporeal symmetry. Give him intellectual beauty, and let him who thinks otherwise take the body, and of the raw material make as many slaves and boobies as he can. The schoolmaster's province is to assimilate his charge, as nearly as possible, to the perfection of seraphs; or, in other words, to raise them as far above the depravity of devils, as wise men are above the foolish. If he does his duty and fails, the fault is not his, but theirs who will not be admonished. But did



not I hear my learned friends Tank, Hornie, Luggie-head, and O'Bradly, saying, 'Tush!'—'Pshaw!'—'Hurroo!'—'All wind this!'—'Gas issuing from the gasometer of pedantry!'—'Chaff in distillation!' Perhaps so. 'Many men have many minds.' Perhaps our honest retailer in mountain-dew is of opinion that, but for his profession, the world would soon come to an end for lack of excitement. Perhaps he sees, in the excise, the great stomach of the empire; and in the flow of the spirituous, a happiness not to be enjoyed in the sober hour of mental cultivation. I will not stop to combat objections; but I will, in passing through the war, affirm, that great and useful as the keeper of '*excellent entertainment for men and horses*' is, he is not superior in usefulness to the poor dominie; who, again, if not so 'rich in gear,' is at least not inferior to his more splendid friend the merchant, who, full of enterprise, sees in every dream the dance of pounds, shillings, and pence; in every opening spring, 'an excellent assortment of fashionable goods of all sorts, at prime cost, and all for ready money;' and hails, in every 'favouring gale,' some 'gallant ship' that brings him from afar his cochineal and raisins. All men are useful when they do their duty; but I would, before I leave this head, have your forensic friend, Hornie, also know, that, brief as the schoolmaster's fees are, he is not less useful than the lawyer, who dreams too, and sees in every vision a client beating him up in the morning to receive his advice, and give him in return the contents of his purse—his purse, through which—ah! through which once keeked the 'yellow Geordies,' but now, '*datis vatibus*,' no longer burn in the poor man's fob, but lie snugly secure in the escrutoire of the 'man of briefs,' whom Horace, for want of English, was obliged to call *juris legumque peritus*. And seeing your anti-poetic friend, O'Bradly—the man who sees between scanning and phlebotomy a hiatus as great as from Aries to Libra; and who, in his doings over Linnæus, as it were to outwit the quaker

death, dreams also, of course, and never awakes but with some *infallible nostrum* in his head, for the longevity, alias repose, of the human race, which, hapless enough, would soon dwindle into the pigmy kind, but for his gigantic exertions—him, too, I would inform, in conclusion, that the schoolmaster, though he sees not in every cramp and stitch the accumulation of rhino, is vastly his superior in usefulness, and ought not to be interrupted, at least in the manner of O'Bradly. But I encroach upon your time, a fault too common with public speakers—but a fault I would not have committed, had I not seen, in the toast, a kind of first-fruits of all that is connected with Scotland's glory. I now beg leave to propose a bumper, and to request that it be drunk with all the enthusiasm of the schoolboy who gains the first prize for superior excellence:—‘May all who take pleasure in promoting the interests of education, live to see its usefulness in the refinement of their children.’”

After three loud cheers, Mr. Luggiehead, who never wanted a crotchet, arose and spoke to the following effect:—

“Ou, Mr. Preses, to speak ancc mair, I dinna ken whether I'm in order or out o't; but this I ken, sir, that I think I'm no vera far wrang when I say, that, in my humble opinion, the speech o' Mr. Cruikshanks is, beyond a' controversy, crack i' the head. That schulemasters are gae usefu' bodies, I frankly allow, especially at men'ing a bit pen, casting up an account, or telling the meaning o' some langnebbit word that happens to raise a doubt amang the neighbours. Far be it frae me to withhold frae them their due praise for cleverness. Gie them 't a'. They need it. But, sir, anent their power in making sic bonnie creatures as angels, is the rankest heresy that ere was spoken since the days o' Elymas the sorcerer.”

“Not so crroneous, Mr. Luggiehead,” replied Mr. Weems, student of theology, from Spring Garden. “There is something in it. The schoolmaster does not do all that Mr. Cruikshanks advances, but he lays the

foundation of all that is angelic amongst men. First, he leads the tyro from ignorance into the field of letters; next, he conducts him from school to college, where, graduated in science and literature, he is fitted for the hall; from which, illumined, he proceeds to the pulpit, where, under the blessing of Heaven, he actually inspires men with thought, as far removed from selfishness as the angel throng are from the vices of mortality."

"Then you honour the teacher only in part?" said Mr. Drummelzier, teacher of mathematics, from Barnfield. "Praise him for laying the foundation of the column, but deny him the glory of putting on the acanthus."

"I give him his due meed of praise, sir," replied Mr. Weems. "I deny him nothing. The teacher richly deserves all commendation for clearing away the rubbish, and erecting the scaffolding which enables us to raise the lofty superstructure. But I must dissent from the sweeping assumption of Mr. Cruikshanks, who takes all and leaves nothing for the preacher, who surely has a nobler task assigned him than teaching the rudiments of language, and how to copy a scriptum. The minister is supereminently more useful than the schoolmaster."

"Not quite so," replied Mr. Cruikshanks, rising to defend his position.

"To a moral certainty he is," said Mr. Maenab, eager to support his class-fellow, Mr. Weems. "Yes, sir, supereminently more useful. Though a teacher myself, I defy the most acute logician to overturn the argument of my friend."

"Then will ye," said the lord of the inn, "bring furret proof? It's uneo easy to affirm this and deny that: bring furret yer credentials. I'm but a plain, blunt man, no far seen in naething; but I like aye to hear the truth, especially frae the lips o' ane like Mr. Maenab, wha seems to hae't a' before him. Say awa, sir, and let us see whether the dominie or the minister is the usefu'est man."

“Order!” cried the Deacon; “I like discussion as weel as ony, but let us proceed wi’ the toasts.”

“Wi’ a’ my heart,” responded the vintner; “weet the whistle, an’ to the point.”

“Weel, gentlemen,” said the President, “the toast I am noo about to propose, is the Kirk of Scotland,—no the kirk wi’ the steeple on’t, by itself, but a’ the kirks—Burghers and Antiburghers, Cameronians, Relief, and Independents, Lights auld and new, the Moravians, an’ a’ the denominations o’ them, as founded on the basis o’ the reformations o’ John Calvin and Knox—the kirk as established and purified from the errors o’ Prelacy and the church o’ Rome—the kirk, gentlemen, to which we a’ belang, and hold dear as our lives, not only for its simplicity, but for its zeal in propagating a’ kinds o’ usefu’ knowledge; no like the Roman See, that canna bide inquiry; or the Pagan, that flourishes in ignorance; or the Episcopalian, that taks a’ an’ leaves naething; but like itsel’, plain an’ simple, built on the principles o’ truth, which, like loveliness,

‘Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.’

And, gentlemen, I the more readily give it, because we are a’ honoured with its honours, and blessed with its blessings: a people highly favoured, enjoying an inheritance o’ freedom an’ comfort unknown to our presbyterial forbears, wha wrought the great wark, an’ left us naething to do, but to leuk after the bits o’ repairs an’ reformations, which time and expediency may deem proper for its strength and beautification. The presbyterial kirk, gentlemen, is a noble edifice: no vry gorgeous i’ the ootside, but a’ that the better; for, when architecture comes to the aid o’ religion, the people generally seek the aid o’ architecturc, and forget the ‘one thing needful.’ Bonnie walls an’ penet roofs are nae doubt unco conceity things, but it leuks horrid ill to see a grand house stauning like ane eastern temple i’ the middle o’ wretchedness, and a



minister gaun up to the poopit like a Jewish high priest, to preach to a wheen half-starved hearers. No gentlemen; clean seats an' ticht wa's, an' a roof that haud oot the rain, wi' a fervent, faithfu' minister, an' a' that we staun in need o' in this weary vale o' sojournment to the grave. You will therefore, gentlemen, bear wi' me when I say, that much as I esteem the improvements o' the day, I am far frae esteeming the whigmaleeries that adorn some o' the kirks o' the lan', an' far less the system o' putting men in against the will o' the people, an' less the way they pay their steepins. But though a few wrang pins appear here an' there, I am very sure, *sine dubitum*, that no one present will ever turn a caulrife e'e to the kirk but will reform and defend it to the last drap o' his bluid against the attacks o' the enemy, whether in the shape o' a wolf in sheep's clothing, or a pagan, or papist, or an infidel. Noo, gentlemen, I give you the Kirk o' Scotland, the best i' the warl'; and lang may it shine amang the arts and sciences, like a chaste mother, surrounded by a numerous, a healthy, and weel-instructed offspring."

The toast being drunk with rapturous glee, the debate resumed on the part of Mr. Macnab, who after eulogising the chairman for his speech, went on to say, that, teacher as he was, (*pro tempore* he hoped) he had quite a different opinion from Messrs. Cruikshanks and Drummelzier. "And what!" said he, raising his voice, "shall the mere teacher of children for a moment be put in competition with the teacher of men? Shall the hornbook lord itself over the Bible? I marvel at the idea; not so much for its absurdity, as for its finding advocates in such learned preceptors. But no, sir, the preacher as far excels the teacher in point of usefulness, as the heat of the sun excels the heat of the polar star, which shines beautifully enough, it is true, but warms not on account of its distance. I do not detract from Mr. Cruikshanks, when I assert that nothing but self-esteem could have induced him to expatiate as he did.



Had he been influenced by humility, the first, second, and third ingredients in the composition of sterling usefulness, he would not have travelled so far in search of excellence. He would have contented himself with moderate things, on moderate ground, in a moderate circle. He would have been at the school-door, instead of the empyreum. But well might we stare, and well might our sensible friend, Suggiehead, take up the question, and rank it with the heresy of Elymas the sorcerer. Let not my learned friends be surprised at this; but rather let them stoop from the wing, and beware of indulging those extravagances which foster pride and render learning ridiculous. I am a teacher, sir, and by the title of selfishness ought to support the towering argument. But I have seen too much in the course of my profession, not to perceive the folly of raising the poor dominie, who is up to-day and down to-morrow—the slave of ignorance—above the well-provided-for minister, who knows none of those depressing circumstances which, alas! too often break down the spirits of the schoolmaster, and leave him a wreck on the shelvy shore of poverty and ruin. But speak not of the mutability of his fortune,—I speak only of his usefulness, which cannot, in the very nature of things, supersede the usefulness of the preacher, whose field is theology—the richest, the chiefest, and the best of all the fields of science and philosophy. But go to the seminary of learning, and what do you see there? A gathering of children. Some reading, others writing, others cyphering, and others working schief, to the necessitating of the poor pedagogue to put the lash in operation, for—for the benefit, you will say, of humanity! O! glorious supremacy!—to be flogging in one end of the school, and correcting digits in the other; and all for the purpose of juggling out a precarious existence, at the expense of health and every joyous sensation, except what arises from the consciousness of doing his duty. But you will say that this operates not against his superior

usefulness. I grant that affluence and usefulness are not synonymous terms, and that poverty is no crime when unavoidable; but I will never concede to Mr. Cruikshanks the honour of achieving such wonders in the vineyard of civilization."

"Then," said Mr. Drummelzier, "you must show wherein lies the superiority. It will not do to twine the schoolmaster with self-esteem, heresy, poverty, and the painful task of mental and corporeal correction. You must let us see how far the one excels the other in well-delineated facts. Remember, poverty is no fault of the preceptor. Were he rewarded as he ought to be, his learning would be more in estimation, and the older he grew, the more respected would he become; and as for that part of his duty which lies in plucking, *per vim*, the sting out of juvenile delinquency, it is only a duty which does more for the happiness of mankind, than all the pompous orations ever yet delivered from the pulpit."

"I deny that assertion," said Mr. Weems. "Punishment may prevent crime when properly administered; but will Mr. Drummelzier really say, that the birch has done more for society than the divine eloquence of the pulpit?"

"I do not say," retorted the mathematician, "that it does more than the divine eloquence of the pulpit. I say, than pompous orations—those flashy, rolling, sweeping, turgid compositions, which tickle the ear, but tend not to edification."

"If you mean," returned the student, "to draw a line between the pompous oration and divine eloquence, I readily give in, in as far as anything pompous or gorged, or worldly or deceptive, is quite foreign to the native dignity of the pulpit, where all should be simplicity and purity of heart. But, despising sacerdotal pomp as much as any man can do, I still maintain that the schoolmaster, with all his pretension, is only a caterer for the intellectual feast of which manhood partakes under the superintendence of the minister. But march from the school to the

church, where a Massillon, a Knox, and a Calvin, have made tyranny tremble; and where a fire has been kindled that will burn till every shred of corruption is consumed;—and contrast the two. See the one filled with boys and girls, who have little or no reason; the other, with men and women come to the years of discretion. The former, a noisy babbling scene; the latter, a quiet devout throng. That a nursery of words; this a garden of ideas. Behold them now for a moment, and say, whether a man superintending the education of the one, can be compared to him in usefulness who fertilizes the minds of the other—arresting all eyes and all ears, whether he opens boldly on the foe, or melts into the pathetic; or assumes the grave tone of the reprover; or portrays the charms of virtue, or the evils of vice; or gives to two its feature; or lifts the soul to heaven, where, exalted above the paltry concerns of the world, he seems to live with his admiring flock around him, amid the glories of eternity.”

“In a’ that be frae the heart, thou’s sure o’ a kirk,” interrupted Luggiehead. “But, Mr. Preses,” continued he, “I dinna ken. I doubt, sir, Mr. Weems and Maenab are a wee thing tarred wi’ the same stiek o’ Mr. Cruikshanks. I eanna say, sir, owre far, an’ far be it frae me to judge harshly. That’s no my way o’t, Deaeon. I’d rather haud my tongue whare I’m no sure, than speak at random. I whiles speak a wee droll, but then I ken aye what I’m sayin’. Nae deep roots an’ sklented terminations i’ the gude auld Seoteh tongue. It’s easy understood, an’ I like to speak sae that folk ean understan’ me. I’m no vera heedin’ about grammar, sae lang’s I can convey a clear idea o’ my opinion. Noo, sir, gin ye be na led awa wi’ the flash o’ the pan, will ye hear me a wee look? I’se no be positive, but I’m no sure about a’ this fine speakin’. They carry, sir, things owre far for daily praetice. Cruikshanks wad hae the bit behulemaster body a maker o’ men, an’ the tither twa wad hae the minister a perfect won’er, attraekin’ a’

bodies' een an' lugs, altho', to my eertain knowledge the tae half o' them are noddin', an' gauntin', an' wearyin' for the conclusion. This, sir, is no richt but wha can help it, when they hear little but the auld thing owre again, an' that no frae the memory or the heart, but frae a paper spread out on the tap o' the text, to the discredit o' the word? I mauna say ower muckle, Bailie, lest I should err—a thing we're a liable unto,—but somehow it strikes me, that if Pete an' Paul had gane about wi' their sermons i' their pouches, there wada been nae persecution about them. Felix wad ne'er hae trembled, nor Agrippa been almost persuaded to be a Christian. An', sir, as regard the sincerity o' the people, I fear there's mair hypocrisy an' courtesy in gaun to the kirk than many will allow. Nae doubt we hae a wheen decent sober folk amang us; gin it werena sae, it wad be waur for us. But what 'll ye mak o' this, Deacon, that, as soon as they sit down in their seats, they maun a' be speerin' for ane anither, an' a' about the craps, an' the trade, an' whan John Tamson's potatoes are to be roup'd? To be sure, when the minister maks his appearance, a's quate; but what taks place the moment he's done? It'll no do, Bailie. There maun be a won'erfu' reformation wrought amang us, before we can boast muckle about ony o' them. Honour an' honesty, Deacon, I doubt 'll hae to interfere, an' put them through their facin's. Hoosever"—

"Ou, Mr. Luggiehead," replied the Bailie, "there's muckle wrang i' the warl', but, as ye say, wha can help it? It's no you an' me, man. We may weel talk about things, but what's twa auld men to Glenbuckie? Patience, sir, awee, and let us solace ourselves with another plumper.—Gentlemen, the toast I have now to give is the last i' the card. It speaks for itself. It is

Freedom to the press,  
Emancipation to the slave,  
Knowledge to the universe,  
And glory to the brave."



## CHAPTER VIII.

*Recitation.—Debate resumed.*

THE cheering that followed this toast was enthusiastic. Every man's soul was in his eye. Old Luggie-head was in raptures; and as for the Bailie, it was impossible to describe his exultation. But, like all terrestrial enjoyments, it ceased, and paved the way for a few remarks from Mr. Brooks of Stonehall, who rose and spoke to the following effect:—

“Mr. Chairman,—We have now been entertained with a long discussion on the relative usefulness of schoolmasters and ministers, and all to no purpose; for so long as men are above children, so long will the teacher be subservient to the preacher. I therefore move that we change the subject. What would you think of a recitation?”

“With all my heart,” replied the Bailie. “I like to hear *resations*. But wha's to do't?”

“Mr. Cruikshanks, sir, will favour us with his dream on the last day.”

“Order, gentlemen, a speech.”

Connybarns, after a few apologies, got up, and put himself into the proper oratorical position.

In a dream of the night, appeared in sight,  
An angel bright from heaven descending;  
His chariot the rays of the morning blaze  
When summer and sun their hues are blending :

And as he rode, with the trumpet of God,  
Through skies that trembled at his brightness,  
And followed a throng, all triumph and song,  
Illuming the earth with their robes of whiteness!

Methought their fell on my ear a knell,  
Loud as the thunder when mountains quiver—  
'Twas the knell foretold by Prophet of old,  
When time should pass away for ever!



And the sea heard and fled, and the pale moon shed  
No ray, for the sun grew black, and died!  
The stars passed away like the dew-drops from day;  
And the earthquakes growled, and the graves yawned  
wide;

And the dead arose from their deep repose,  
And the first and the last man met—and there  
Were greetings of joy in the upper sky;  
In the nether, the howlings of wild despair!

Then brighter than gold I saw unfold  
The portals of heaven, bliss disclosing;  
And the righteous arise to their God in the skies,  
To smile for ever, on love reposing.

And dread as the North come bellowing forth  
Hell—with spectre, and rueful form;  
And the damned descend with devil and fiend,  
'Mid fire and wo—a furious storm!

And then methought the earth shrunk into nought—  
Temple, and tower, and lowly cot;  
And left me to weep in darkness deep,  
Where friend, and hope, and joy were not.

And I cried aloud, and said, O God,  
Save me from this misery,—  
And my eyes were raised, and I keenly gazed  
On seraph and saint in ecstasy!

And I saw there three, who were once to me  
Sweet as the light of the mid-day sun;  
And I struggled to soar, to embrace them once more  
In the fulness of heart, as I oft had done.

And a voice said, "Come, thou art welcome home  
At last, from peril, to glory won:  
Thy mother is here, and thy children dear,  
And they long to embrace their father and son!"

And I rose on wing seraphic and light;  
And I stood on a golden battlement high;  
And I entered the land of refulgence bright;  
And I felt my soul entranced with joy.

But short and rapid is fancy's flight,  
And soon of bliss the dream is shorn—  
The night-bird drear screamed aloud in my ear,  
When fled my joy like a beam of morn!

“Very well, sir,” said the President; “very clever,—at least as far as I understan’ poetry.”

“The poetry is tolerable,” said Maenab; “but too light for the subject.”

“And too liberal in feet, you might add,” said Drummelzier, the man of equilaterals.

“Why, it is musical enough,” said O’Bradly, “but exceedingly commonplace and tame.”

“Yes,” said Weems, “and not a little plagiaristical.”

“That may be,” said Mr. Meek, “seeing there is no new thing under the sun.”

“Pshaw!” said Mr. Hornie, “to the point at issue. I say the preacher as far excels the teacher in usefulness, as five does one.”

“Then prove that,” said Tank, panting for a hit at the dominies.

“Let Mr. Cruikshanks establish his position,” replied the lawyer.

“No,” said Luggiehead; “let Mr. Chalmers do’t. He hasna spoken the nicht. Say awa, domi. ie.”

Our hero being now relieved from his embarrassment, stood up, and thus candidly delivered his opinion:—

“Mr. President,—It is an old saying, that he to whom every one allows the second place, may have an undoubted right to the first. This no one denies, because there is, generally, so little in point of ability between them, that he who is able to fill the office of the one, is able also for the other; and, therefore, as the schoolmaster is on all hands reckoned the second man in the parish, why not the first? He does not preach the gospel, it is true, but he teaches it; and, without teaching, what is preaching? It would look very strange, indeed, to propose an exchange of places. To raise the schoolmaster above the minister would be a sweeping revolution. But why not equalize their incomes? Do they not both labour in the same vineyard? and is the man who prepares the land and sows the seed, to be less esteemed than he

who comes over it with the sickle? Tell me not, sir, that the clergyman is the only ambassador, so long as teaching is the first article in his mission? ‘Go and *teach* all nations,’ said the Head of the Church; and will any man affirm, that preaching two sermons in the week is fulfilling the divine command? It is a noble elevation to stand in a pulpit, and deliver an admirable lecture to an admiring audience; but who qualifies the audience for understanding what is delivered? Who tells them the meaning of the words, and predisposes them to hear with attention? But you will say that ministers, according to the multiplicity of their duties, cannot attend to the department of teaching. Granted. But does that render them more useful? A man may have fifty things to do in a day, yet all these may not be comparable to the training up of the juvenile mind. It is not the variety, sir, but the importance of the work that gives it value. To visit a few sick folks on the Mondays, a few friends on the Tuesdays, an institution on the Wednesdays, write an essay for some magazine on the Thursdays, marry a couple of young people on the Fridays, and arrange a discourse or two on the Saturdays for the Sabbath, is, beyond all doubt, the work of great importance; but can these be put in superiority to the daily implanting of ideas, the bending of the mind towards virtue, and the modulating of society. I know that much study and polish are required to make an accomplished minister. He must read much; have a thorough knowledge of his Bible; be versant in logic, in mathematics, in history, in language, the belles lettres, and the liberal sciences; but what of all these, when all that they produce is but a beautiful oration or blaze of eloquence, charming for a moment, then passing away like the beams of a summer morning into the shade of forgetfulness? But does the teacher require no study, no polishing of the mind? Are accuracy in pronunciation, and aptness to teach, the sum total of his requisites? Does he need no logic, no mathematics, no history, no

science, no language, beyond his vernacular? If there is a man who requires to have an extensive knowledge of all these, it is the schoolmaster—and woe to him who is deficient. But, supposing great acquirements are not necessary in the teacher, seeing mathematics, for instance, to a school of little children, are out of the question, does that lessen his usefulness; or does it appear that the clergyman is more useful, because he can round a period with the help of Euclid? Not at all. The plain, simple discourses of the tear and wear preacher are more useful to the great majority of mankind, than the most learned effusions of the metaphysical divine; and we can all prove from experience, that the greater the genius in the pulpit, the less the usefulness in society, unless that genius is of the benevolent and patriotic order. And why this? you ask. Why, because the man of splendid ability is content with once a week electrifying his flock; whereas the possessor of humble talents makes up for his defects in oratory, by constantly going amongst his beloved people; and one friendly call, we all know, is worth ten *brilliant*s at any time, inasmuch as the one promotes true friendship, the soul of Christianity, whereas the other is only like an angel visit—a flash in the cloud, and away. But to come to the point. Take a race of barbarians, in some newly-discovered island, where the light of knowledge never shed one ray. Send to them a minister and a schoolmaster. Let them half the people. Let the preacher begin with his charge in the usual way of expounding the truth, and the teacher with his in the alphabet; and then, after three years have passed away, inquire into the difference of their usefulness. But this is not fair, you will say. They should go hand in hand. Teach in the forenoon, and preach in the afternoon. Then you wish the preacher to teach, and the teacher to preach? No, no, you answer. What then? Do you wish the one to labour incessantly in the wild, and then, when he has produced a goodly appearance, the other to come and claim all the

honour, by merely telling the scholars, in a luminous discourse, what has been instilled into their minds during five hours every day, for the last three years. No, sir; fair play. Let the clergyman stand by his mode of procedure, and the schoolmaster by his, and then tell me at the end of the term agreed upon, who is the more useful man. You are willing, I suppose. Well, the preacher begins at the top of the tree, and the teacher at the root,—the one preaches repentance &c., and the other the A B C. The former exerts all his eloquence to convert; the latter all his patience to imprint. For ten or twelve months, the first has wrought hard to no purpose; during the same number of months, the second has got his scholars to read the Testament. Three long years roll down the stream of life, and the hearers of the one have but crude and wavering notions of what is every Sabbath reiterated with fervour; the readers of the other have clear and ennobling ideas of the truth. The teacher rejoices over the intelligence of his school; the preacher sighs over the ignorance of his church. The latter prays that God would open the minds of his people; the former applies the key of knowledge to the hearts of his tirones, and thanks heaven for the instrument. In the department of the schoolmaster, all is learning and delight; in the circle of the clergyman, is ignorance and doubt. What next? you ask. Why, sir, after the time appointed is run, the two personages meet, and inquire into one another's affairs. The teacher says, I am very happy to inform you, my dear reverend sir, that all my scholars can read the Bible distinctly; that many of them can write and count; others describe the size, motion, and productions of the earth, whilst not a few are preparing themes for examination, at which I hope you will preside, and award them prizes according to their merit. Most glad am I to hear of it, replies the preacher; I wish all my folks were as far advanced. But—here the good man heaves a sigh—alas! sir, I have had hard work to keep them together. Some.



indeed, manifest a willingness to attend to my instructions, but the greater part, I am sorry to say, evince no inclination to be wise. Their old habits still cling to them, and their idols are still the gods whom they adore. Would I had begun to teach when I began to preach ! But better late thrive than never do well, as the saying is. I think I shall try your way of it, for I see plainly that, without teaching, preaching is much labour in vain. Will you exchange departments with me ? O yes, says the poor dominie, with all my heart. I love teaching ; nothing like planting thought. Examine my school, and after that, I will cheerfully go and spend other three years where you have been. To-morrow, sir, if you please : only, before I take my departure, let me remind you of this, that when you feel your heart glowing with joy over the docility of your cure, do not forget the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn ! The minister now makes rapid progress. His fervent prayers are all answered at once ; they listen to his pious exhortations with rapture ; all become members of one happy community, and religion is established. Now, sir, will you tell me honestly and candidly who is the more useful man ? I ask not who is the more learned, or rich, or honoured, or well provided for, but who, in point of usefulness, is the more deserving of reward, or the larger income ? Or this, if mere preaching ever yet illumined a nation—ever yet called forth the powers of the mind into active operation ? Remind me not of the primitive apostles. They were specially commissioned, and endeavoured, with miraculous power, to convince the heathen of their errors. Not so now : miracles have ceased. Knowledge alone must direct, else preacher and people will ultimately fall into the ditch of superstition and abasement. Fine appearances, sir, have their attractions ; splendid abilities their use ; and wealth its talismanic influence : and thus the poor man goes to the wall. But all might is not right ; neither is wealth the concomitant of merit. The humble broom that sweeps the house is, in regard

to usefulness, far more valuable than the golden bowl out of which Bitias quaffs. But take the progress of mere preaching, as substantiated by history, as your *argumentum ad judicium*. Let the Roman Catholic, the Mahomedan, or any of the Pagan hierarchies, answer to your inquiries. Let the popes respond. What did they do? Why, sir, they abolished the schools, and augmented the altars; they persecuted the teachers, and honoured the priests; they dissolved the union between knowledge and devotion, and added link to link, till all under their control were enchained in darkness. What next? Superstition, of course, all Europe over, bringing forth monsters in hordes; fanaticism embruing her hands in the blood of ignorance; and the people dreaming only of banderoles, and humgigs, and fizgigs, and purgatorial tortures. But these are not all, sir. The wretched priesthood also fell into the gulf made for the laity. Knowledge, as now required to make an accomplished clergyman, was by them despised. It was down with intelligence! It was down with inquiry! It was down, down with every species of intellectual improvement! And, to hell with the Luthers, and the Calvins, and the Melancthons, and all the disturbers of our holy dominion! Ah! then, then sir, the people had preaching in style! Glorious effusions of genius, immaculate doctrine, admirable discipline, pilgrimages, juggleries, bulls, fasts, and all the consolations arising from bogle and ghost, and flagellation fell. The rosary and trinketry superseded the volume and the pen. To count the beads comprised the extent of their arithmetic. Their geometry lay in making signs across the forehead or the breast. The most contemptible scaramouch, who had the audacity to take out orders, blasphemously called holy, bamboozled the inhabitants of their wealth. Christianity was converted into a self-interested monster of abomination. Cardinal and Jesuit were up every morning at the dirty work of making blinds for the eyes of enthralled reason. Freedom expired

mid the clank of chains, and all for the want of teaching. But you will now say, 'What! raise the schoolmaster above the minister?' No, sir, let him enjoy his rank, his income, and his honour. Though the proud bishops of England and Ireland have contrived to monopolize the wealth of thousands, of two-thirds of which they ought instantler to be relieved, seeing it weighs down their spirits, and renders them unfit to practise those self-denying truths, which in the Bible strike at the root of their selfishness; the clergymen of our own country are not, generally speaking, *by far overpaid*. Give them their dues. Withhold not their rights. Let them live in comfort. They are worthy of our esteem;—but then, let the schoolmaster have justice also. Squeeze not his grape, that the other may drink in abundance. Instead of holding him up as a pedant, to the derision of the wavering vulgar; or pressing him down, that you may have the pleasure of cutting him up when convenient; discarding him in old age, and not unrequently denuding him of his moiety of fees—let him have a competent provision apart from perquisite and wages; and send him not over the parish agathering his tenpence from one, his two shillings from another, and his fivepence three farthings from a third. Let him be rewarded as the modulator of youth—as the grand influencer of society—as the glory of commerce and legislation. The man that bends the twig, and gives the tree its goodly inclination, is surely entitled to more respect than the tax-gatherer, who receives his wages in one sum, without expense, and without a murmur. I say, weaken not the arms of the preacher; but for honour and justice's sake, for goodness and mercy's sake, for knowledge and religion's sake, twit not the teacher with carelessness, with being so well off already, and that more would make him fat and kicking,' when all that he receives is scarcely adequate to purchase books for his library in these days of improvement. 'Now, see what a sum I have given you for nothing,' said one of the heritors to my

old master, as he received his salary as parochial schoolmaster at Kilroy, for the year run; 'you'll be rich to-day, Mr. Greekum.' 'Ay—but not so rich as your friend the Bishop of ———, who gets more for preaching three or four sermons in the year, than the schoolmasters of Scotland receive, at twenty-five pounds sterling per annum, for toiling two hundred and eighty days at the most irksome and important task in the world.' I seek not, sir, for cause of complaint. I only wish that usefulness on all hands may have justice; that there may be no undue ascendancy but that all may be rewarded according to their merits. But supposing one of the two characters is to be dispensed with—which of the two would you give up? The less useful, of course. Come, then, say the dominie. Very well. You disband him? Very well. You convert his school into a dwelling-house? Very well. And you seal up all the nice little books of geometry, et cetera? 'Tis all very well. Grammar? Why, you can live without it. And history! No! what is the life of Alexander the Great to the poor mechanic? Pshaw! 'tis like writing, a mere amusement. And arithmetic? Not one word about that: it tends to scrutiny, and that in politics leads to death by the law. Then there's the fine arts! Trash! The belle lettres. Trash! The music! Trash! What! no poetry? Not one stave: it leads to freedom of principle, if not altogether composed of butterflies; and that's an awful consideration at least to the men of charters. Just so! And you have despatched the poor dominie, then? Well—you'll be happy now. Free from care, study, books, trash! Only the minister to care for. O! what a rise in the price of intellect! No help for't. Little Primer is no more—and you have done your duty. 'All's well!'—But pray, Mr. President, in the evening after all, of tripping up the heels of the schoolmaster will you tell me what is to become of the two houses of parliament—of the courts of law and equity—of the presbyteries and synods—of the army and navy



—of the taxes, and the tithes, and the pensions—  
 ay, of the clergy themselves? I know not, sir,  
 what you think on this subject; but it strikes me,  
 that, to use a familiar phrase, they would all have  
*dicht their nebs an' flee up!* Nothing could be done  
 if it should be. Commerce might indeed flag on  
 without the help of barter; legislation might blunder  
 away with the help of messengers and heralds; and  
 preaching might be kept up with the help of implicit  
 belief: but without writing and arithmetic, trade and  
 government would go into confusion; and without  
 letters, the preacher would founder in the dark, like  
 the priests in the gothic ages, who led the people to  
 the verge of destruction, and there left them to perish.  
 No, sir; you cannot want the dominie. Man, who  
 is born like a wild ass's colt, must be taught. He  
 may humble himself in honour of the Deity, but he  
 can never adore him as he ought, without the aid of  
 the teacher. The cant phrase, that *ignorance is the*  
*mother of devotion*, is out in every one of its dimen-  
 sions. Unable to read, is unable to think. He may  
 grapple at thought, but he never can have proper  
 conceptions of moral and religious excellence;—liber-  
 ity of sentiment is beyond his comprehension;—  
 blind bigotry is his guide;—fanaticism is his piety.  
 He may know by experience that he is nobler than  
 the cattle of the field; but he looks on the works of  
 nature with nearly the same

‘Brute unconscious gaze.’

He sees no beauty in literature; no grandeur in  
 science; no charms in social compact. A mass of  
 idle and superstitious nonsense occupies his mind.  
 His notions of intellectuality are monstrous in the  
 extreme; and his views of the works of Providence,  
 being taken through the distorted medium of igno-  
 rance, are frightful as the delineations of idolatry.  
 Now, sir, to bring such a being as this into the flowery  
 fields of wisdom, is the work of the teacher, who first  
 makes him acquainted with his letters; shows him



evil passion works, under the all-commanding influence of selfishness. The sermon may be excellent but it is soon forgotten. In a few passing remarks such as *he spoke well*, the impressions evaporate. You must teach before you preach. If you do not; like St. Antonio, you may as well harangue the fishes of the sea, or lecture to the fowls of the air. Nothing morally grand can be accomplished without knowledge. Now, what is knowledge? Is it a thing which may be gathered like shells upon the rock, or purchased like green tea and molasses? Not at all. In geometry there is no '*royal road*,' I assure you. Knowledge must be acquired by constant application. It is a gem embedded in the hard clay. It must be dug for. Like truth, it lies at the bottom of the well: and *Veritas in puteo*, is an adage which ought to stir up our thousand clergymen to do more towards the diffusing of science, and raising the schoolmaster to that rank which their knowledge and usefulness demand, than is done. But it is notorious that they have, in all ages, been infinitely more alive to what will render the church a grand object of attraction than to rendering the school an object of admiration. The school is good, they say; but it must not be too splendid, else the old fellows will get proud on our hands: we must keep them down: the task is irksome: let poverty work: necessity is the mother of exertion;—and so the poor dominie has to battle away wi' his *twa fire-rooms, wee hail-yard, bits o' dreeppings* frae the session, and sic like provision as *the act* prescribes. *Horrendum!* And this is the reward of knowledge! Our ministers, sir, complain much of human folly; but were they to attend to the instructing of mankind in the animal, the scientific, and the political departments of knowledge, as well as to the moral and religious, they would soon become the terror of demagogues and tyrants, the eradicators of oppression and rebellion, the guides of philanthropy and justice, and the dispensers of a sound practical philosophy. They would soon have cause to rejoice

over the people; but, with a few exceptions, they rather seem afraid of dipping into the economy of legislation; and hence ignorance, being at all times a gull, has induced tyranny, in all lands, to adopt *certain measures* for the consolidation of its power—a thing it would not have attempted, had the people been shown the difference between servile obedience, and that sacred attachment to authority which arises from the enjoyment of rational freedom. I am a teacher, sir, as well as Mr. Maenab, and I must say that the teacher is not only the more useful man, but that it is a scandalous shame to see so much done for the church, and so little for the school. From the way in which the clergy are taken by the hand, one would suppose that the onus of instruction lay upon them; and by the manner the dominie is received, that he was only a literary turnkey to open the gate of knowledge, that the minister, when he pleased, might, undisturbed, enjoy the pleasures of the vineyard. But I repeat it, and with emphasis too, that a piece of greater unfairness cannot be well conceived, than to give the one from four to six hundred pounds in the year, and the other only at most some ten, twenty, or thirty, with his chance of school fees to be sure, but which, by-the-bye, are not always so regular as the wind, which, in some parts, continues to blow in one direction for six months! To make so much provision for the less, and so little for the more useful man, is out of all reason; and were it not that I am now much enfeebled with misfortune, I would be one who would march to the British Parliament to-morrow, with a memorial expressive of my eternal indignation at the way in which three-fourths of the dominies of the land are used—I would show them the absurdity of saddling the schoolmaster with pluralities, which add nothing to his dignity, but rather expose him to the bitter gibes and taunts of a perverse world—I would bid them take their militia lists and army of reserve rolls into their own hands, and not humble the teacher to the rank of a messenger—

at-arnis, scouring the country for the ballot-box and the army—I would call upon them to reduce the pensions of the noble lords and the incomes of the prelates, and scatter the savings amongst the poor curates and dominies, who work the vessel of the state, in as far as knowledge is concerned, and get buffets for their pains—I would say, make the teachers what George the Third made the judges, that is, independent of fees and offerings; and retard not the progress of civilization, by keeping up a system which enables the capricious to hold up this man as a non-such to-day, and to-morrow to bring him down to the level of an ass—I would implore them to begin the grand work of reform, and to begin at home first, and in sincerity too, and not to leave it to the schoolmasters themselves, who, too dependent for reformers, would, with the exception of a few noble souls, rather bear the ills they have than run the risk of offending their superiors—and I would——But I am old and broken down, and must submit to my fate, though, with King Lear, ‘I have seen the day’”——

“An’ what’s wrang wi’ you noo, Mr. Meek?” said Mr. Luggiehead, still on the scent of discovery.

“Are you asking that, Mr. Luggiehead?” replied the old man of verbs, surprised at the question.

“Ou, sir, I’m only speiring gif ye’re no sae weel noo, as when ye cam to Glenbuckie.”

“You know that very well, sir,” responded the other, looking seriously at Mr. Chalmers. “You know very well, sir, that times are not with me as you have seen.”

“Ou, sir, I hae heard an inkling about you,” answered the retailer in spirits. “But, sir, ye ken my way o’ gaun to wark is, that let me sell a bit gill, an’ eorn a bit horse, an’ settle a bit dispute amang the neibours, I meddle naething wi’ naebody. In I hae committed ane offence, I staun corrected.”

“The offence is not great,” replied the ineumbent of the Green Oak. “With the indulgence of the chair, it only compels me to state a few things illus-

trative of the numerous evils attendant on that useful but ill-rewarded profession to which I have been attached these thirty-three years."

"I rise to order, Mr. President," said Maenab, afraid of personalities.

"I should be extremely sorry," replied Mr. Meck, "to advert to myself in support of my argument. You know I am otherwise inclined; but since you object, I shall finish by giving you the story of Mr. Andrew Geddes, schoolmaster at Wickum. Shall I proceed?"

"By a' means," replied the Deacon Bailie.

"Well, sir; when Mr. Geddes came to Wickum, he was affirmed to be the cleverest tellow that had taught there for half a century. His school was *crowded to excess*: so much so, that he was under the necessity of employing an usher; and so joyful did he become, that really, one night after supper, as he sat in front of the fire, with a foot on each side of the grate, he imagined that the muses had flung their *inspiring mantle* over him, in order to make his happiness complete; for, wonderful to hear, he all at once, and without the slightest effort, composed two verses, which intuitively went off to something like the tune of '*Begone dull care*:' and who so happy as Dominie Geddes—the second man in the parish, and all the people's children at his school! But this is a very curious world, sir; and so it fell out that he was invited to *spend the evening* at Blind Battery, recently taken possession of by Mrs. Bleek and her daughters, who, though all ingenious in their own way, were, as a back balance to their excellence, exceedingly prone to catch a slip, and tear it to tatters at their convenience. Flushed with success in the world, and animated with souchong and the smiles of kindness and beauty, he gave full scope to his fancy, and sung, both 'loud and clear,' three songs to the piano-forte, which raised him so high in his and their estimation, that friendship, the 'sweetener of life,' enrolled his name amongst the favourites of fortune; and love,



always at the elbow of the young, whispered in Miss Julia's ear—a *Match!* Poor Geddes! he was happy in their company; but he had better been at home construing Horace; for on departure he dropped from his pocket the scrawl of his poetic bantling which, picked up by Miss Julia, and eagerly read by all the other Misses, produced such a fit of excitement, that for some time Blind Battery rung with laughter. 'And O, Mamma! do you hear this?' said Eveline, scarcely able to articulate a word for laughing. 'Here is grammar for you:'

'Stay, fortune; O stay;—  
O stay, O stay with me!  
To-morrow is quarter-day,  
And the people are all kind;—tehee!  
One will send me a ham, and another a boll,  
And another a good fat cheese,  
And a can of honey to sweeten the whole,  
My appetite *for to* please!'

'An't that proper stuff for a schoolmaster? Two prepositions to an infinitive! Murder in the Hebrides!—But listen to this:'

'Go, Cupid; O go,  
And ask neither the why nor the how;  
But go and let my love know  
That I'm ready to marry her now!  
My chairs are made, and my desk is paid,  
And all the et ceteras are come!—  
Hie, Cupid, and fly,  
And bring my bonnie lass home!'

'Just so, Eveline,' replied her astonished Mamma, scarcely believing her ears. 'Just so; like all the rest of the fraternity; engaged, before engagements are meet!—Ha, ha, ha!—Well, didn't I tell you that, Julia, when you spoke so highly of him? Why, woman, the man's over head and ears in love's delirium!—that's his singing!—Ha, ha, ha!—A teacher!—a fool going to sink himself for ever with some poor thing of the factories!—But he'll sing no more here.' And thus they descanted, till the day arrived when



Cupid, in a chaise and pair, brought home to Wickum parish school, Jean Macpherson, the bonny lass of Colington, to crown and make perfect the felicity of Dominie Geddes. It is said, that in matrimony there is a season when the happy lovers receive a complete indemnification for all their disappointments at the prying thorn. Whether there is any truth in this I shall not say, sir, but it seems Geddes thought so, on the ever-memorable night, when, all glowing with love and hope, he soared to Parnassus for

‘Thoughts that breathe and words that burn,’

and, in a fit of pure inspiration, conceived his inimitable verses, worthy of a better fate. But oh! the luckless bard! The said moon had not run its curriculum, when to his astonishment he found his good name,

‘The immediate jewel of his soul,’

much down in the thermometer of public opinion. What Mrs. Geddes was in reality, I never could learn; but the story ran, that she was come of ‘parentage obscure;’ and that was enough for the Bleeks, who, ‘noble race!’ could boast of ancestors, and show portraits large, and eke in miniature, of messengers-at-arms, slave-drivers and commissioners of supply, for two hundred years back, down to the late Mr. Bleek who fell on the heights of Abraham, under Wolfe, in the character of an ensign. Disappointed in love, the young ladies now directed the fire of their artillery against the parish school: and who, my Lord, in the course of a few weeks after the marriage, should be *wa frae the schule*, but Tommy Bleek, and Jasper Bleek, and all the Bleeks of them, with about a dozen others, who did as they did, however much they differed in opinion; and away they go to a new school, where, *mirabile auditu*, they made, in some eight or ten days, such rapid progress, that the mothers of the disaffected circle went from house to house, persuading all who did not wish to have their little ones ‘spoiled,’

to take them away, and send them to the learned Mr. Primrose, *alias* Pancake, whose fate it was now for a season, to ride on the summer cloud of popular applause. When the ice is broken, or rather when one sheep gets into the fold, the rest soon follow. It needs only a few cups of tea to complete a school-master's happiness or ruin. Let but a person of some tact and influence raise the hue and cry, and farewell to his usefulness. It does not signify a green wither what his talents may be. He may be an Archimedes or a Socrates in ability, but all will not save him. Prejudice, once grounded, worketh deadlier far than the yellow fever. His doom is sealed, and down he must come, either by the strong hand of persecution, or the slow, lingering torments of starvation. Poor Geddes awoke from dalliance, and strove to check the epidemic, but in vain. 'The game was roused; fleet Towler led the cry;' and so you see, sir, it was not long till every hair in the place was made a tether, to lead the dominie to destruction. About a certificate he quarrelled with the laird of Moshandry, and—*awa frae the schule* goes Jamie Moshandry, and Rab Moshandry, and all the Moshandrys of them too, with all under *their* influence. He has an examination of his school, and envy works him wo. One of the Fordyces expects a prize, but is disappointed; in consequence of which, both Jean Fordyce and Nell Fordyce, and all in their interest, *come nae mair*. Irritated at the petulance of one of the Gows, he uses the birch one day rather severely, and *awa frae the schule* goes Rory Gow, and Blinker Gow, and Whinny Gow, and all the Gows in the parish. The minister at last interferes, and summons him to the Presbytery. *The decision of the Presbytery is final*. The minister is right, and the dominie is wrong—and down went the bard."

Whilst he was thus humorously indignant, giving vent to his feelings, the maid-servant came with a letter from a stranger at the door.

“And what’s this?” said the Deacon, laying one leg over the other, and assuming an air of importance.

“*To the benevolent and lovers of learning, the petition of John Findslater, late schoolmaster at Dunboggie, humbly sheweth, that*”——

“That the man’s needin’ siller, Bailie—that’s a’;” observed Mr. Luggiehead.

“There’s not a word about siller as yet, Mr. Ready-head,” retorted the President, not well pleased at his coadjutor’s remark.

“Sae be’t, my Lord,” responded the vintner. “I nae nac objections, sir; but read on, an’ ye’ll see.”

“*Humbly sheweth, that he has spent upwards of thirty years in the instruction of youth; was at one time in goodly circumstanees, but, by a long train of untoward events, is now compelled to solicit the aid of the generous, who, he fondly hopes, for the sake of learning, will spare him a little to enable him to reach the place of his destination—the grave!*”

“I tell’t you that, my Lord Deacon, but ye wadna believe me: bring up the puir man an’ gie him a tastin’.”

“No so fast, Mr. Luggiehead,” replied the Deacon gravely; “we must look a little to our dignity. What, sir! Bring up a beggar!”

“Dignity!” exclaimed Luggiehead, rising to his feet, and raising his right arm in the attitude of indignation—“Dignity, my Lord!—and will helping the needy tak awa oor dignity? Will the sitting i’ the company o’ a puir man be ony disgrace to us, wha are a’ sac puir that we canna get our debt pay’t? Gae wa wi’ your high-flown kicks frae Flamborough-head, and bring up the puir chiel frae the caul door, an’ warm his inside wi’ a wee drap o’ what we wcel an spare.”

“Hooly! Mr. Generosus,” said the Bailie in dudgeon; “let the stranger step into the kitchen. We can send him a few coppers.”

“That’s a’ vera gude,” returned the master of the man. “But copper, ye ken, Bailie, ’ll no eat, an’

the shops are a' steekit by this time; an' wha ken sir, but the man's at the last gasp? Gae wa, s' What! refuse quarter! You an auld volunteer! Bring up the body, I say, this minute. Better kee in the life when it's in, than blaw't in when it's out.

"Aweel, sir, since ye will hae't sae, I've no objections. I have always been a frien' to humanit But we shall take the sense of the meeting fir What do ye say, gentlemen?"

"O, by all means," said Connybarns:

"The heart benevolent and kind  
The most resembles God."

At this the heart of our young hero rejoiced with him; for he had tasted a little of the bitter cup, and knew what it was to find a friend in distress; and being convinced that true character can never suffer by succouring the needy, he supported Mr. Cruikshanks, and said,

"O yes, sir, by all means. My landlord is right. Bring up the stranger, and let us never be ashamed of acquiring that dignity which lies in humanity, and of aspiring to that reward which follows goodness of heart, and acting upon the golden rule."

Agreeably to unanimous consent, the stranger made his appearance, leaning on a staff, and shaking with the infirmities of old age.

"And you are Mr. Findslater, late schoolmaster at Dunboggie?" said the Deacon, somewhat magisterially.

"I am," replied the old linguist, humbly but firmly, his eye speaking the language of honest worth and ability.

"And hoo lang is it since you gave up your profession?"

"Six years, sir."

"And did you leave the situation of your own accord, or were you puttin' out for dereliction of duty; that is, for being, as we say, *aut culpam*?"

"I was ousted, sir, not for a fault of my own, but

for being, like the dog in the fable, worn out in the service."

"Then you would retire upon a decent allowance?"

"Yes, sir, I retired—but"——

"But what, sir? Hoo much did you retire upon?"

"Upon the third part of the maximum."

"And hoo much does that come to?"

"To about seven pounds sterling."

"And do you still enjoy your salary?"

"No, sir."

"No! And hoo comes that to pass?"

Here the old man heaved a sigh, and then went on:—"Why, sir, people tire in always giving away; and old age is but an incubus at best. My annuity was small, but it was grudged. My successor grumbled; and so it fell out, that on making my annual calls, I perceived that my presence gave displeasure. It was, *there he is again!*—and, consequently, having taught others to use every lawful means in their power for an honest subsistence, rather than eat the bread of charity, if accompanied with insult, I resolved to call no more for that which, though good in itself, embittered all my enjoyment."

"You are too proud for this world, Mr. Findslater."

"Perhaps I am, sir: but I have always thought, that if there were more pride in the world, there would be less iniquity."

"Do you say that pride is good?"

"I do, when connected with honesty. To be proud of our wealth is not good; but to be so proud as not to stoop to ignominy, is certainly laudable. A proud rich man is generally an oppressor, but a proud poor man will never be a slave."

"Just so. And have you a wife?"

"I had."

"Any children?"

"I have."

"And they allow you to go about in that state? They must be void of filial affection. Are they in learned situations?"



"Some of them are, sir; but far is he who brought them up to the light of knowledge from their friendly roofs. Seas roll between, else old Findslater would not this night have sung out *date obolum*."

"And why do you not go to them? A man able to give his children a classical education is surely entitled to their gratitude," said Mr. Weems, rather tartly.

"It is not worth my while, sir, to leave the land of my fathers. Scotland gave me life, let it also give me a grave."

"And do your children not remit you a few pounds to help you in your auld days?" said the Deacon.

"They do not know, sir, that I am in distress."

"You should let them know."

"I do not wish them to know, sir."

"Why that?"

"Because poverty dissolves the ties of friendship. Like Cadmus in the cave, sir, the moment the horns of want are placed upon your head, that moment all the dogs of the pack are at your heels. O'er rocks and shelves, and craggy mountains you fly. In vain you cry, 'I am Actæon, dominum cognoscite vestrum!' In vain you look for help. They who knew you, know you no more. Therefore, I deem it better to be esteemed, though poor, than to be rich and despised."

"You have a strange notion of the world," said Maenab. "You will not apply to those who know you, yet you come to those who know you not. What reason can you assign for such conduct?"

"Why, my young sir, the reason is obvious: They who knew you, in relieving wound your feelings by telling you what you might have been had you been wise; but they who know you not, in bestowing only pity and forget that such a poor old fellow exists."

"Then you would be a philosopher?"

"I would be happy in myself, sir: free from the censure of mankind, above meanness, and fit for a better world."

“ But you should make the most of this world that you can. Were you to throw away pride, and make your wants known to those who are not only able, but entitled to serve you in need, you might yet be comfortable and happy.”

“ Ay ! were this world our rest, I might. But my father was a true Scotsman, sir; and all true Caledonians would rather die than beg from them who add insult to their charity. But this world is not our rest. Therefore, though prosperity may strew our path with flowers for a season, and make others believe that we are happy, yet eall no man happy before death; or, in the words of the poet,

‘ *Dece nemo beatus ante obitum.*’ ”

“ Well replied,” said Connybarns. “ Rem titigisti acu ! you have hit the nail on the head. Sit down, my old hero, and make yourself as happy as you can. We are all marching in the same track in which you have travelled, and unless we are better provided for, I know not what is to be the finale. Yet, whilst we live, let us live—*dum vivimus, vivamus.* ”

The stranger's health being drunk with respect, Mr. Luggiehead arose, and thus closed the debate :

“ My Lord Deacon,—It is noo high time that we come to a conclusion o' this lang discussion. We've heard a great deal anent the usefu'ness o' the dominies an' the elergy, the burden of which may be comprised in these few words—*every man for himsel'*. That the schoolmasters are mair usefu' than the ministers in many things, canna be denied. They mak men as it were, sir, by teaching them knowledge in youth, when the mind is tender and easily impressed wi' either gude or evil. I shall not, however, allow them the supremacy a'thegither. The minister speaks to men, sir, an' therefore is entitled to higher honour than him that speaks only to childer. But there is ne thing which I see in a' that's been said, an' that is this—the doonfa' o' the Established Kirk. Noo, my Lord, I ken yer an aul' antiburgher i' the heart,

though a kirkman in profession ; and I ken ae thing an' that's no twa, that free as the dissenters are to elect their ain ministers, they whiles gae wrang a wheel's ither folk ; and I ken also, that were it not for the glebe, and the steepens, an' the steeple, there are thousands wha wadna be antiburghers aucht days—their narrow-contracted discipline being sae foreign to liberality. But to be brief. In the first place, staun firm an' fast by ane established kirk. Gae wi' yer *voluntary support*. Its a' a dream—a maggot—a thing that'll never do i' the warl'. I keep : public-house, my Lord, supported by the public, an' open to a' bodies for payin' for what they get : but my Lord, though I keep an' sell the vera best o't, an' can ding ten times Glenbuckie for decent accommodation, there will be for weeks, sir, I'll no weet a stoup, except to a chance travelling body. Noo, my Lord Deacon, wha's to pay my leeshens, to pay my servant, to keep the hoose in coal an' can'le, an' mysel wi' a coat on my back ? In I hadna ane establishment o' my ain, I micht, as Mr. Chalmers has observed about learning, dicht my neb an' flee up. I'm no a learned man, my Lord ; nor can I soom amang law vrits, an' aul acts o' parliament, like you, for documents to prove this an' tither thing that may please the fancy, but I ken common sense, and common sense wi' common experience teaches me, that if kirks an' schules were left to voluntary support, the ministers an' schulemasters wad come but hooly on. They micht be unco popular for ance ; but whare staur they, when they happen to tak a bit wife that disna please ; or differ in opinion, or cast oot wi' the laird, or turn aul' ? No, my Lord, I hae seen owre mony societies blawn up i' my time, for puttin' muckle trust in man's voluntary endeavours. I hae scen subscription-schules rise up to knock a' afore them, and disappear in twa year,—I hae scen dissenters come about us, makin' a great ado about the parish kirk, and vanish in sax month,—I hae seen honest men persecuted by rogues, who cried oot loud an' lang against

persecution,—I hae seen the bottom o' the human heart, in as far as relates to pounds, shillings, and pence,—and I hae seen that a' that the dominies an' the dissenters want, is mair siller; and a' that the parish ministers desire, is to keep the grip o' what they hae;—which leads me to remark, in the second place, that takin' into consideration the great importance o' knowledge, I wad say that they wha spen' their days in drivin't into the youth, should be amply rewarded; and therefore I say, that if ye gi'e the minister four hun'er a year, ye should gi'e the dominie twa hun'er. Or if they, the clergy, think that twa hun'er's owre muckle for the teachers, let them come doon twa hun'er themselves, an' gi'e the schulemaster ae hun'er; but no ae farden less wad I gi'e the dominie than the half o' the minister. An' as regards the dissenters, I wad put them on a level wi' the established kirk; that is, I wad establish them too,—they're a' servin' ae Master, an' as deserving o' support as ony. And in the third place, I wad sen' patronage, wi' a' its pagan philosophy, to the bottom o' the Red Sea. Noo, Deacon, I'm done."

"But, Mr. Luggiehead," said the Bailie, "wad you give the schoolmaster the half of the minister's stipends in salary, and his chance of fees and Candlemas offerings at the same time?"

"Let schules and kirks be free to all," replied the vintner. "Awa wi' yer capricious offerins—siller's gude at a' times, but make it sure. Let knowledge abound in the lan'; let religion flourish, unshackled wi' seat-rents, and let them wha will not tak' them on thae terms, just big schules an' kirks to themsels, an' then sook the sap o' their bounty. I say, mak a' men learned and free, and the Millennium is come."

Luggiehead having finished his speech, O'Bradly requested the President to change the subject, adding, "let as now have a song."

"A recitation," said Macnab, "fools can sing at home."

"Let it be on something apart, then, from schools



and divinity," replied the Doctor, heartily sick of parochials. "Give us something national."

Connybarns was then requested to recite the Patriot's Dream.—

From Craigie's hoary battlements, where  
Wallace once stood, in armour clad,  
Methought I saw the Barns of Ayr  
Blazing over foemen sad ;

And knew by the light that ascended bright,  
Horse and rider in frenzy flying,  
And heard on the gale the groan and wail  
Of belted knights, in furnace dying.

And then I thought o'er those who died  
In Freedom's cause. I wept aloud,  
And kissed the clay where the heroes lay  
In their thistle, and heath, and violet shroud,

And prayed that Heaven, while time is given,  
Might Scotia in his bosom carry ;  
Might bless her rills, her heathery hills,  
Her long deep glens, and mountains airy.

Then I looked above to the land of love,  
And saw Fame from her bright throne bending ;  
Her smile, her air, Aurora fair,  
And godlike bands around her standing ;

And cried aloud on a passing crowd  
Of airy forms, like patriots seeming,  
To bear me up to th' ennobled few,  
Whose robes with pearls of heaven were streaming.

That I heard then exclaim an immortal Graham,  
Whose forehead beamed with love and glory,  
Ho ! fly to the combat—fly to your chief—  
To the field that shall be yours, and gory !

That near me then stood, in awful mood,  
Wallace the champion, bold and true,  
His broadsword dyed with foeman's blood,  
And flowing locks empearl'd with dew ;

And step, the giant's, firm and grand ;  
And eye, the hero's, bright and rolling ;  
Love, the love of his native land,  
And deeds above the world's extolling.



And as he raised his arm and sighed,  
And pointed to the South and frowned,  
Methought a host, on clouds of fire,  
Appeared, and formed the chief around ;

And drawing each a glittering sword,  
To right and left extended far,  
And, towering, gave the dreadful word,  
That 'gins the rush and the clang of war.

And pointing spear, directing steed,  
Liberty's guardians, frontmen all,  
Towards the Tweed they rushed, with the speed  
Of hurricane blast when cedars fall.

And as the sky resounded deep,  
And echoed back each loud huzza !—  
My chanticler awoke from sleep,  
When my dream like a vision passed away.

The meeting was now hilarity. Songs and recitations followed in rapid succession. Every one strove to make another happy. Even old Findslater forgot his sorrows o'er the nectar, and gave specimens of wit and learning that more than once set "the table in a par." At length the witching hour arrived, when, mellow with enjoyment,

"Each took off his several way ;"

He Bailie and his friends to their apartment, and  
Juggiehead, Geordie, and the stranger, to the inn,  
Rejoicing over that intelligence and goodness of heart  
Which distinguishes all the true sons of Caledonia.

## CHAPTER X.

*Love.—Rivalry.—Domestic News.—Popular Opinion.—  
Dreadful Interview.—Discarded.*

THE sun of Geordie's prosperity was now in its meridian, and Thornybrae fled as far from his mind as the sorrows of a fond father do on the return of a long-lost boy. What Hogg compares to a dizziness he felt in all its witching forms. Miss Dawson! All was delightful anticipation. When he walked out in the morning,

———"To view the corn,  
An' snuff the caller air."

every gem—every dew-drop reflected the image of his darling! When he lay down to dream—for he was not to sleep soundly—her charms and qualifications danced before him like as many elves in a couranto of fairies. Like Tityrus of old, while Galatea held him, he had neither care about freedom nor concern for his stock. Love, and love alone, reigned paramount; and, under its all-enchanting influence, he conceived that the heavens and the earth had united to render him the happiest of mortals. But as in madness there are lucid moments, so in love there are intervals which bear a strong resemblance to the opaque,—moments of jealousy when rivals, detestable as gorgons, haunt the imagination. Sometimes, when he saw in her the features of an angel, an involuntary sensation of horror would creep alongst his nerves, at the thought of another supplanting him; and sometimes, when he could have kissed the flowers that bore her "state-tread," as they walked by moonlight on the green, he would turn his head away, as the idea of dependence shot athwart his mind; and these, added to the presentiment that nor bell nor beadle would ever

warn a congregation to hear the word from his lips, often drove him to the verge of distraction. To love, and not to anticipate the sweets of wedded joy, was an idea too abhorrent to be entertained for an instant; yet, to propose marriage in his present situation, was, he perceived, to meet at once with the decided negative of her father, who, though he indulged him with his company, had higher notions of the worth of his daughter, than cast her away on one who, though respectable to-day, might be down to-morrow—a beggar, at the mercy of every father and mother who had a child to send to his school. Thus predicated, in the more sober moments of reflection he would resolve to withdraw from her company, and betake himself solely to the acquisition of knowledge and preparation for the college. But his resolutions were as fruitless as the attempts of the bird to fly from the fascinating serpent. The moment he cast his eyes on his beautiful maid, though at the distance of vision, that moment his soul was on the tiptoe of another fond embrace; and no sooner was she again encircled in his arms, than rivals hid their “diminished heads” in the blaze of his felicity; and presentiments of dark and frightful calibre resolved themselves into the full assurance of happy days not far distant, when, all joyous, in the possession of a warm manse, and sixteen chalders of oats and barley at least, he would, above the reach of want, send care and sorrow to the back of beyond,” and dance with Nancy Dawson. And thus, while poverty on the one hand would open her canine jaws and rattle in her skin before him, would raise a fleshless arm, and with one stroke of her clattering fist prostrate all his hopes—love, which can brook no delay, and storms at the sound of restraint, would, on the other, manœuvre her light troops so rapidly in his view, that in every revolution he beheld the finest movements of the houris, which wrought upon his passions, that, as if under the fever and ague, combined with the dance of St. Vetus, he felt himself frequently electrified; again,

as if in a furnace, now fidgety as impatience, and now cold and frosty as the hand that plunges itself into the salt sea brine in the depth of winter. And thus he spent a portion of his invaluable time,

“Unstaid and skittish in all his motions,  
Save in the constant image of the creature;”

opening and closing his school more like a man under the power of lunacy, than a sober and laborious teacher of the rising generation.

But the fit was too intense to continue, and prosperity too good to last. The sun of his glory had now travelled into the vicinity of clouds; the *blue whaups* of mischief were gathering fast around him, and Geordie's heart was doomed to sigh once more over the mutability of fortune.

Rivalry—the fellest nurse of every slanderous thought, was now on the look out. Macnab and Meek, though long enemies, were now friends; not indeed cemented in love, for that was impossible, but tacked together for a season, for the sole purpose of recruiting their schools at the expense of the Cross Keys. Meek, a soft but artful man, wrought himself into the favour of Luggiehead: and Macnab, whose component parts were cunning and address, got round the weak side of the Bailie; and having, partly by flattery and partly by intrigue, undermined the only two strongholds he had in the parish, with anxiety they lay upon the watch for his halting, in order to spring their mines and blow him into ruins. And thus they laid him out:—When they saw him speaking to poor persons on the street, “it was low”—reported to the proper quarter. If he took an early walk in the morning, “it was because he had a bad conscience”—reported to the proper quarter. If seen going home from the house of an employer in the evening, say about nine, “he was *bacchi plenus*, and nine was construed into one in the morning”—reported also to the proper quarter. If absent from church for a day, whatever might be the cause, “he was either a hypo-

ite or an infidel"—reported also to the proper quarter. If he punished a boy for petulance or neglect of duty, "the boy was half killed, and every blow was nine"—reported also to the proper quarter. If a child was dull in the intellect, and required incessant labour to make him understand the difference between w and z, "the child was neglected, and no attention to"—reported also to the proper quarter. In short, think or say, or do what he would, was broken on the wheel of detraction, and reported to the proper quarter. But these were only drops before the storm, preludes to greater calamities, that dread succession fell on his devoted head. The cry of his encounter with the dog, on his first visit to Greenbank, took wing, and set the whole village laughing. Meek, whose school could only muster a few paupers, rejoiced over the occurrence, and gave all the effect in his power, carefully concealing his delight under the disguise of such phrases as, "what a pity,"—"disgrace to the profession,"—"I am really ashamed to speak of it:" and Macnab, whose tongue was sharper than the viper's sting, was in ecstasy, appending to it, wherever he went, the idea of "an attempt at burglary," by way of a hooker. And, O Musa! some highly-gifted son of Apollo set his poetical engine to work, and, to the infinite joy of Greenbuckie, composed ten verses of peculiar metre on the subject; in the first six stanzas of which, he was ridiculously drawn in the attitude of a thief caught in the act, the Bailie standing over him with a stick, applauding the fidelity of his mastiff. In the remaining four, he had the honour of drinking tea in the parlour, and giving the worthy Magistrate a few slaps between the shoulders, in order to relieve him from tedium, in consequence of his having, rather heedily, endeavoured to swallow a *bouchee* of tough substantial ham: and that the event might have all the eclat which the genius of evil can give to defamation, several copies of the inimitable production were carefully written, in a hand like his own, and for-



warded to the Edinburgh post-office, from whence on wings of speed, they came flying, directed to the Deacon, Luggiehead, and others, and among which one under cover, and triply sealed, was addressed "Mr. George Chalmers, Esq., Rector of the Academy, Glenbuckie."

And now, all was wonderment and inquiry.

"An' did you hear o' this awfu' story that's happened?" said An'ra Whinmouth to his wife, as he took off his clogs, and sat down by the fire to enjoy his pipe and tobacco.

"What awfu' story?"—interrogated Merran, his wife, stopping her wheel, and turning round in breathless anxiety to hear the report.

"Ou, Merran," he replied, "in a' be true that I've heard the nicht, it's time we were leukin oot for a new dominie."

"What is't?—can ye no come oot wi't at ance, an' no had a body waitin' an' wun'er in' this way?"

"Ou, it's aneuch to pit schule-keepin' oot o' fashion'."

"Can ye no say awa?—what is't i' the name o' wun'er?"

"Ou, it's, as I un'erstan', that young fallow Chalmers, at Luggiehead's, wha's been tryin' the strength o' Bailie Dawson's door."

"The strength o' the Deacon's door?—what mean ye by that?" returned the wife of the canny reporter.

"Ou, Merran, I juist mean that the Deacon Bailie, an honest man, as I un'erstan', has cotchen the vile loon breakin' into the hoose; an', as I un'erstan', in it hadn't been for the dog, he wada been aff wi' Miss Dawson as clean as a tow-gun. But, as I un'erstan', being cotchen in the act, he begged a thoosan pardons, as I un'erstan', and the daft young lassie—keep us a' frae scaith! for there's no ane o' you to be trusted—as I un'erstan', being, as *they say*, deeply concern't i' the ploy, skinn'd up a fair story to her father in his behalf; an' the Deacon, as I un'erstan', for the sake o' peace, an' no vera weel up to rogues, took him into the parlour, an' treated him, as I un'erstan', wi' the

best i' the hoose. But the vile scoonrel, as I un'erstan', instead o' behavin' as a gentleman o' his coat should do, began, as I un'erstan', to shuit oot his birses; an', as I un'erstan', to grow proud an' angry baith, an' contradicket the simple honest man amais't an ilka word he said; an' whan he coudna ruffle his temper i' the least, he, as I un'erstan', at last lifted the poker frae the ase-hole, an' fell'd him to the floor!"

"Preserve me, nicht an' morning! An'ra Whinmouth, my man, is that possible!" exclaimed Merran, letting the spectacles drop from her nose, and her right hand swing powerlessly by her side, like the doople of an old flail. "I think——the like o' that!"

"Ou, Merran, the scoonrel's owre lang aboon the grun. In I had thocht my lad was to turn oot what he is, I wad sooner a broken wee Tam's leg than ga'en him awa' frae Mr. Macnab."

"The like o' that I never heard sin' the hour I was born! An' are they no gaun to tak him in task for't? They made an unco ado aboot aul' Mr. Cameron langsyne, for takin' a bit drap wi' his betters. I think we *hae* gotten a dominie!"

"Ou, I was wi' twa-three o' the neebours speakin' to Mester Luggiehead anent the matter, an' the Deacon baith, an' I un'erstan', in it were na mair for the thing than anither, he'd never sleep an hoor i' the Cross-Keys. But I am determin't to pit the law o' Glenbuckie in force mysel, for it'll no do to haud the an' stinkin' wi' abomination!"

"An' what does the Bailie say about it ava? Is he nather to haud nor bin? Shame fa' me, in I was soople as I hae been, I wad thraw the neck o' um for his pains. A dominie! he should be thrown owre the heighest part o' the glen. Dookin's owre gude for an. Tam—are ye there Tammy?—what was the master like the day? Was he no swearin' owre you?"

"I hinna min'," replied the little urchin, to whom Geordie had given the penny on a former occasion.

"Ye hinna min'!" replied his mother, stamping

with her foot, and working up her passion into a rage. "My faigs, it leuks a wee like it! In Mr. Macnab had you, he'd gar you min' things better. Did ye read ony ava?"

"I hinna min' what I did," replied the spoiled child of depravity, who now flew to the door, as his mother, assuming the features of a hag, when about to cast some cantrip fury, exclaiming, as she returned from the fruitless pursuit, "In I had the vile dominie here by the neck, I'd tear him to spawls for spoiling wee Tam!"

And thus the storm raged, every one more clamorous than another—some suggesting cruel torments, and others tauntingly expressing their grief, that a man of his profession should be so far left to himself, as to merit the reproach and vengeance of a virtuous people.

He now saw that he who solely depends on the public, to use the language of Shakspeare,

—————"Swims with sins of lead,  
And hews down oaks with rushes;"

and that the "*profanum vulgus*" are at the disposal of every passion, wheeling round with every ascendant party,

"Calling him noble that was now their hate;  
Him vile that was their garland."

But all this he disregarded, so long as his "much-loved one" was within a few minutes' walk of his dwelling.

Accordingly, a few evenings after he received the poem, he went down to Greenbank to enjoy the company of his sweet enchantress. But every step was big with disappointment. The "amiable accomplished girl" was not at home, but in her room sat the cockatrice waiting his arrival. When he entered the house, instead of meeting with the usual reception—open arms and a smile—he was shown into a closet, where stood an old chair and table, on which burned

a dirty old lamp, to render visible the lumber that lay at every corner; and, "sit down there, if you please," said Miss Dawson, evanishing from his view.

He sat down, and gazed for a moment at the mock luminary casting its beams athwart the apartment, thinking within himself that this was one of the freaks of love—that frisky thing, that delights to tease for the sake of augmenting the felicity of courtship. But Geordie was too simple and honest for either love, women, or the world. In a few minutes she returned, and threw down on the table a copy of the verses, saying, "Will you read these beautifully penned lines, if you please? An't they charming—exquisite—sublime? Don't you admire them above all things? Methinks you might see the inimitable author trapt in thought, like another Milton, pouring forth exalted strains of heaven-born genius—

' His eye in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Glancing from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth.'

Not see"——

"Madam," said he, somewhat surprised, "I see nothing here that merits such a eulogium."

"Don't ye?" she replied, pinching her nether lip. "Strange! A man of your greatness of soul surely cannot be so blind to the beauties. An't that an exquisite specimen of the descriptive, in the fourth stanza? Look here, does not the young lady faint to admiration? And see, does not the Dominie figure enchantingly in this verse, and the Bailie in that? Upon the whole, is it not excellent—worth printing—being set in frames gilt with gold, to adorn the mantel-pieces of the great?"

"Why, Madam, I am really at a loss to comprehend your meaning;" he responded. "I see nothing here but low rhyme, composed by some diabolical scribbler."

"Yes!—I dare say you are not far wrong, Mr. Chalmers;" you doubtless, after all, see a good deal of the low genius of villany—'tis quite possible!" she



returned, folding her arms, and taking a step towards the end of the closet, to gather strength for a bolder attack. "Ycs!—low enough, especially when to the lowness you add the crime of ingratitude."

"My dear Miss D.," he replied, looking her steadily in the face, and forcing a smile, "I presume you have been reading Hamlet to-day, and particularly that part where he offers the musical instrument to those around him to play on?"

"No sir," she answered, "I have been neither reading Hamlet, nor Iago, nor Zanga, nor Judas Iscariot; but I have been reading you, sir!"

"Me!" he cried with astonishment.

"Yes—you, sir! Mr. George Chalmers, school-master, Cross Keys, Glenbuckie, from the unknown residence of Thornybrae, I have been reading, and admiring much to see how ravishingly he figures in that piece of inimitable poetry."

"Hold, Madam!" he indignantly cried, finding his honour attacked, "you are egregiously wrong."

"Am I?" she exclaimed, with an air of lofty indignation. "No, villain! I am not wrong. You are the diabolical scribbler. Had a stranger written these contemptible verses, I would not have deigned to look at them: but you, sir—you!"

"I will not tolerate this, Madam," he said; "I never wrote them."

"Defend not yourself, sir," she retorted, raising her voice to the terrible pitch of a termagant; "speak not a word in extenuation of your guilt. You not only wrote them, but you gave them the finishing touch too; and not only that, but you threw off several copies, and sent them to Edinburgh, that my father might have a sweeping postage to pay for the fruits of your rascality. Deny it not," continued the vixen, raging like a tigress, "your own hand-writing condemns you. 'Tis your own scrawl, as like as if a fac simile had been taken for the engraver. You have indeed ridiculed yourself, that you might escape detection. But think not, sir, that I, like your landlord



Luggiehead, am to be imposed upon. Young as I am, I know more of the trick and deceitfulness of the human heart than you are aware of; I can easily see through the flimsy veil of your hypocrisy. Villain!—fool!—ingrate! Was it not enough for you to blab the unfortunate circumstance that befell you and my father, on the evening of your first luckless visit, but you must add the indescribable foolishness of exposing yourself to laughter and contempt, for the sole purpose of enjoying the infernal pleasure of wounding the feelings of one, whose hospitality has often sheltered you from the cold winds of adversity? O, ye villain—scoundrel that you are—how durst you venture into my presence? Could you expect to escape the lash of my indignation, thus to sport your reckless trash to the dishonour of your profession, the discredit of your friends, and your own certain destruction?”

“Miss Dawson!” interrupted the astonished and confounded Dominie——

“Not a word from your polluted lips, sir,” she rampantly rejoined, “but out from my presence: fly—to your speed add wings; and learn this as ye go, that the fire of Glenbuckie will singe the wings of your ingratitude.” Thus said, she flew from the closet, and bolted into the parlour, making the door fly behind her till the house shook.

To sit in Rome and strive with the Pope may do; but to sit in a cold lumber closet, with nothing but a thin lath partition, between an aching heart and a mad woman, was out of the question; so gathering his scattered senses together, as well as the time and place would permit, he opened the street door, and made the best of his way home in a state of temporary derangement.

## CHAPTER XI.

*Despair.—Apprehended.—Value of the Latin Tongue.—  
Tried by the Laws of Glenbuckie.—Andrew Whinmouth  
tossed in a Coverlet.*

O that it were as easy to conceive  
What should be written, as it is to scribble,  
And that the people knew, or would believe  
How hard it is at stubborn thought to nibble;—  
How painful 'tis to angle in the brook  
Of novelty, expecting something grand,  
And after two-three tugs to pull the hook,  
And lo! to see a *minnow* come to land!

BUT to our hero—who, having now arrived at his lodgings, threw himself down on the 'bedside, groaning in all the agonies of discarded love. What consciousness of integrity is to the innocent, was to him of no avail,—for his heart burned within him, his tongue stuck like wax to the roof of his mouth, and demons grim and horrible danced before him in hideous array. Poor Geordie! He lay, he tumbled, he sat, and then sprung to his feet to make his *quietus*—but resolution failed him. Though reason was eclipsed, love's sun set in darkness, and passion, stormy as the north, made a wreck of every skiff of hope within him, still he could not forego that love of life which binds us to the world. "Miss Dawson!" he cried, then smote his hands together, and prayed that the earth would open wide, and swallow him up with the authors of his wo! What a prayer! But it was the prayer of a madman, and of a mad lover too; and who dare laugh to scorn the ravings of that man, who draws his madness from the fountain-head of impassioned delirium? "Oh! wretch that I am!" he groaned aloud, and wished that his heart would cleave in twain—but it would not do. Still he lived, and raved unseen. At one time, fierce as the hurricane, making chairs and bed clothes fly about the

room; at another, tame and suppliant, as Phœbus in pursuit of the flying Daphne, pouring out his sorrows in vain!

At length the fever began to wear off, and reason to resume her prerogative over the rebellious passions. 'Twas high time: another hour of such a fit would have been too much for nerves like his. Another such a paroxysm as the first would have unhoused that soul, which certainly was implanted in his bosom for a nobler purpose than singing love songs to poetry, and dreaming of unrealities. "What!" said he, taking out his watch, and winding it up, "have I lost three hours?—three problems of Euclid? Fool that I am, to sigh for such a bagatelle as love! Pshaw! 'tis naught—a gleam—a light on the wall, reflected by a lens held by an idiot boy! I'll think of the rosebud no more!"

Thus said, he rung the bell for a little water to quench his thirst, but he rung also in vain. His landlord was out, and old Sarah Macfadyen, the housekeeper, was fast asleep at the kitchen fire. Impelled by necessity, he went down stairs to help himself. He had better sought refreshment in sleep, for no sooner had he entered the place where cooks and gridirons rule, than the old creature, who had been dreaming of murder and robbery, started up, and gave a most appalling scream, taking him for one of the robbers she had seen in her vision.

At this critical moment, Luggiehead came in, and seizing him by the collar, roared out—"Ye vile notorious scounrel, will ye abuse my hoosekeeper next!"

"Unhand me!" vociferated the youth, now desperate on beholding so many evils conspiring against him.

"Unhan' you, ye limb o' Satan! No, though you were as big as Goliah. Rin, Sarah, and bring in the p'ler."

Seeing resistance vain, he endeavoured to convince his landlord that all was a mistake. But old Luggiehead was inexorable; and taking him by the breast,



forced him down upon a chair, saying, "Sit there, scoonrel, till ye see your betters."

In a few minutes the house was filled with his employers, with some of whom he had lately spent the social hour in friendship.

"An' what's the matter wi' ye noo, Mr. Chalmers?" said one. "Are ye gaun to play us the plisky o' ye predecessor?" "Hech me!" said another, "but the fo'k o' this warl's ill to ken!" "Will he ha'e tint his cleuk o' hypocrisy, thinks ony body!" said a third. "That's the wun'erfu' young man," said a fourth. "kythed at last in his ain colours!" And all evinced spirit towards him truly alarming.

Thus surrounded, and not likely to receive anything like fair play at their hands, the more especially as the general rule in Glenbuckie was, in all matters to trouble as few lawyers as possible, taking it for granted that the cheapest law was the best, and that none were so foolish as those who took twelve months to settle a case that might be decided in twelve minutes—I say, finding himself on the brink of destruction, every moment expecting to be elevated in the air, as others had been for less, he had recourse to artifice, and recollecting the admirable virtues of the Latin tongue—how it operates, not only as a key to unfold the treasures of antiquity, but as an excellent fulcrum for raising intellectual dullness in the world—he pulled Cesar's *Bello Gallico* out of his pocket and, with an assurance not unworthy of the Magian Smerdis, when he assumed the sovereignty of Persia, thus addressed the assembly:—

"I am very sorry, my friends, to see so many of you here, under impressions so foreign to our happiness. But I feel confident, that when you have heard my story, you will exercise your patience till truth unravels itself. I am your prisoner, and you can do with me as you think proper; but, my friends, though your law is perspicuous enough, I would beg leave to put you in mind of the eagle eyes and long arms of the law of the realm."—(Here they looked at each

ther somewhat seriously.)—"Recollect, I know something about it, and therefore would not advise you, in any case whatever, to take upon yourselves the administration of justice."—(Manifestations of fear in every face.)—"Meddle not, I say, with that, which, if irritated, could crush you all in a moment. You stare!—Then listen to what one of the greatest men the world ever saw says in his Book of Commentaries, written indeed in Latin, but not the less worthy of your attention."

"An' what may it import?" said one, a little more ingenious than the rest—curiosity mingled with awe sitting on his forehead.

"You shall hear *that*," replied the prisoner, assuming an air and tone corresponding to the gravity of the Roman tongue:—

'*Primo*,—Apud Helvetios longe nobilissimus et tissimus fuit Orgetorix. Is M. Messala, et M. Cicerone consulibus. Regni cupiditate inductus, conationem nobilitatis fecit; et civitati persuasit, ut de omnibus suis cum omnibus copiis exirent; perfacile esse quod virtute omnibus præstarent, totius Galliæ imperio potiri. *Secundo*,—His rebus adducti auctoritate Orgetorigis permoti constituerunt ea, quæ ad proficiscendum pertinerent, comparare jumentorum et carrorum quam maximum, numerum cœmere, sementes facere, ut in itinere copia frumenti appeteret; cum proximis civitatibus pacem et amicitiam confirmare. *Tertio*,—Hac oratione adducti, inter se fidem jusjurandum dant, et regno occupato per tres potentissimos ac firmissimos populos, totius Galliæ sese potiri posse sperant. Ea res est Helvetiis per indicium enunciata, moribus suis Orgetorigem ex vinculis liberam dicere cœgerunt. Damnatum pœnam sequi oportebat, ut igni crimaretur.'

"These, my friends, are the exact words of the greatest man that ever lifted the pen, and swayed the sceptre over a brave and warlike people. I will now read in English, as near the original as the idioms of



the two languages and our relative situations will permit. Shall I proceed?"

"By a' means," said his landlord, supressing a smile, "let us hear't, but gi'e us't in as braid Scotch as you can, for we're no vera weel up to their high-flown kicks a-sooth the Tweed."

"Well then," he replied, "pay particular attention as upon the right understanding of the translation depends your future safety. Mr. Luggiehead, I'll thank you for a mouthful of water."

"By a' means," he replied, "ye'se get that—ye ne'er wanted for ony thing in my house yet: see there's a drap o't new come in,—tak a gude sook o't but tak care it disna stick i' yer throat, like the Dominie in Bailie Dawson's door!"

At this the whole were convulsed with laughter, and exhibited powerful symptoms of proceeding immediately to the execution of their law; but Luggiehead, evidently regretting his untimely humour, and secretly anxious to save his young friend from destruction, insisted that no time should be lost in satisfying their mind anent the laws of the realm; and clenching his fist, commanded them all to silence at the peril of their lives.

"Then say awa," said Andrew Whinmouth, "we hinna time to wait."

"He canna do't!" said Gibbie Tanckerhaw, panting for the mainsail.

"No fear o' that," said Luggiehead, "get on, Mr. Chalmers, and binna fear't. Glenbuckie's no sae void o' reason as fling folk up i' the lift without a cause—say awa. But haud awae; some o' you had better rin down for Bailie Dawson—it's proper he should be here—we're no safe to proceed without him—he's a touchy body. Rin, Thamas Yowieson, ye're young an' soople o' the leg."

Like an arrow from a bow, off flew the obsequious messenger; but long he held not on his way, when, to his surprise and joy, he met the Deacon Bailie and

arah coming with all speed: the one resembling a London alderman, hastening from dining on turtle to give evidence at the Old Bailey; and the other like a famine in quest of food, or Hard-fate in caricature.

"Come awa, man," said Cross Keys, as the worthy Bailie entered the house, and looked around with an air of self-importance, mingled with astonishment. "We've had an awfu' biz'ness this weeock—yon's naething to this."

"I see you have gotten our young friend a prisoner amang you," said the Magistrate.

"That's true man, at which I'm very sorry; but it seems there's nae perfection here. Hoosever, Bailie, as we hae been deteen'd waiting on your Lordship, I think we had better proceed to an examination. Aiblins there's no sae muckle wrang after this, but we'll see. Tak a scat, Deacon: it's as cheap sitting's stan'ing. We was just hearing a wee thing about the Dominie here, anent the law of the realm, as regards takin' up folk; an' by his account, as far as he has gane on wi't, I rather doot it'll no be very chancy for us to proceed to the *ancient practice*, till we see fair in ill't. He has the law in his haun there, sir, which he says is the true commentary; but as it is written in that cramsheuch language, the Latin, we canna mak nae sense o't—but, Bailie, ye ken aboot these things; ye'll be pleased then, sir, to hear him out; an' for this purpose, Mr. Cha'mers, ye'll just begin again, an' read it a' owre frae the beginning."

Geordie began *ab initio*, and at every word, with the angle of his eye, marked the motions of the Bailie, who, excellent judge! appeared to be ravished with the sound of the classics, and kept up a constant whisper to his colleague, saying, "Naething like the old roots yet! that's the law in reality! very clear! just what I have often said. No safe after a'! we had better be cowtious! That'll do, sir,—quite eneuch—we may sit down."

Having finished the abstruse part of his defence, he asked the Deacon if he was satisfied.

“Ou, sir,” he answered, “I hae nae objections hear what ye can mak o’ the original; but for n part I am perfectly satisfied with what the law sa upon the whole, and consequently it is evident th we daurna use a prisoner ony ither way than as it specifical laid down in the act; and therefore, n friens and neebours, you will un’erstan’, as has be already clearly eneuch stated to my satisfaction, th it is our duty, as weel for oor ain safety as for his, use him weel till ance we get sufficient evidenc against him, and then after that to send him safe a soun’ under a strong guard to Grimkaskie, there stan’ his trial afore the lords o’ justiciar’, wha hae’t their power to hang, quarter, and flag, as they sha see proper, upon conviction, so to do. As regards translation I see nae occasion for’t, but Procurator what think ye?”

“Na, me, Bailie, ye ken I ken naething aboo Latin. I’m no like you that got a’ stappet in you langsyne, that wad stap. I’m pinched to mak oo some o’ the Proverbs; but to the point. I think Mr Chalmers had better explain what he has read, tha nane may plead ignorance.”

Accordingly, our hero, bowing respectfully, proceeded:—In the first place—And let it be enacted that if any of his Majesty’s subjects, or any foreigner or alien, trading or residing in the realm, shall utter words, or be suspected of having uttered words, or does actions, or shall be suspected of having done actions, derogatory to the peace and good order of society, or hurtful to the character and well-being of any of his Majesty’s leal and loyal subjects, or against his Majesty himself, or any of his officers in public trust or private station, or shall offend in any way, manner or shape, amenable to the established laws of these realms, *it shall not* be lawful to arrest, seize, or apprehend said persons so offending, or supposed to offend, without first application being made for a warrant legally written, and signed in the King’s name by a magistrate, justice of the peace, or public

unctionary, empowered by royal charter so to do. In the second place—And let it be further enacted, that if any of his Majesty's subjects, foreigner or alien, trading or residing in the land, shall be arrested by virtue of a warrant, as aforesaid specified, *it shall not* be lawful for those who hold him in custody, to assault or abuse him in any shape, form, or manner whatsoever; and any one so violating the laws of these well-governed dominions, shall come under the penalty of five hundred pounds Scotch, if a gentleman,—but if a poor man, that is, one whose judgment is defective, he shall be sent to the house of correction for ten months; and any one failing to pay his fine within six hours after the passing of his sentence, or absconding from justice, shall, upon apprehension, be sent to prison, there to lie *ad Kalendas Græcas*—that is, till the king shall deem it proper to deliver him from bondage. In the third place—And let it be firmly and clearly enacted, that no person apprehended as aforesaid, shall be examined in a rude and illegal manner: Every judge, bailie, deacon, fiscal, constable, or private denizen, proceeding in breach of this article, shall suffer seven years' transportation at the least; and no person shall be sent to prison, after due, legal, and proper investigation, but in such a way and manner as said person or persons shall choose; that is, if he or they fancy a coach, or chaise, or gig, or noddie, cart, waggon, or any other vehicle, it shall be procured at the sole expense of his or their accusers. And let it be further enacted, that if they, his accusers, or he or she, his accuser, shall refuse to provide such means of conveyance as he, or she, or they, the prisoner, or prisoners, shall desire, then *it shall be* lawful for them to accuse the accusers, or accuser, in order that they may be severely punished, according to a law passed in the reign of Queen Athelberta, entitled an act for the more effectual application of the scourge and brand. And let it be finally enacted, that all the while said person or persons is or are in custody, he



or they shall have full liberty to walk about without restraint or molestation—no one, under the terrible penalties above-mentioned, to press, tie, or halter him or them, either by the hands, arms, legs or feet, either with cotton, leather, hemp, silk, iron, hair, or withy and also, let it be perfectly understood, that all persons so predicated as above, that is, under seizure, shall have at their command, free of all expense on their part, all that is suited to the gladification of the body—such as bread, ham, butter, cheese, milk, tea, cordials of all sorts, with the moderate use of French brandy, and ”——

“ Stop, stop !” said Luggiehead, quite electrified with the last section. “ By my Hughly, that’s the best law ever was enacted since the passing o’ the law of ENTAIL ! Are ye there, Sarah ? Bring out the gardavine, and gie the prisoner a tasting. They had wise heads that made that code. Sen’t roon’—make nae stepbairn—it’ll quicken the judgment, and help on wi’ the trial.”

“ Nonsense, nonsense, Mr. Luggiehead. Liquor is an abomination in the hall of judgment. I won’t allow it. If you proceed in that manner, we’ll no get through the bizness the nicht.”

“ Then, what’s owre can staun to the morn,” replied the shrewd master of the inn. “ E’enin’ oats mak gude mornin’ fother.”

“ Let us come to a decision,” said the Deacon, eager to escape from the toils. “ From what I have heard in the original, and especially in the translation, which, by-the-bye, I think does credit to the learning of Mr. Chalmers ; it appears to me that we staun in our ain licht by deteening the people ony langer, as, by the law read and explained in our hearing, it is mair than our necks are worth to proceed farder in the *auncient practice*. You will, therefore, bodies, gae wa hame to your wives and bairns ; and Mr. Chalmers, your at liberty to retire *cum placivis*.”

“ An’ wha’s to satisfy us for a’ our toil, trouble, an’ alarm ?” exclaimed John Kilmaurs the cutler, disap-



pointed at the order of dismissal. "Are we, sir, to be raised frae oor families, an' exposed to the damps an' dews o' nicht for naething? That law, Bailie, 'll never do. We maun first hear what Sarah has to bring furret anent the robbery afore we gang hame. There was surely something no canny happen't i' this house, that sent the body oot like a skirret-bell to raise siccan a hurly-burly."

"Ou," replied the Deacon, "I canna see what mair ye can mak o't, unless ye mean to hold a racket aboot naething. But dinna be fear't. I want naething that's no fair. Get on wi' the trial. Truth's truth, an honesty never yet lost its reward."

"Yes, on wi' the trial," said Luggiehead, "an' let the kirk staun i' the kirk-yard. What say ye, An'ra Whinmouth?"

"The same—on wi' the trial, an' let the morn come wi' the meat wi't."

Sarah was immediately brought to the bar, and sworn agreeably to the *auncient practice* of Glenbuckie.

"Noo, my leddy, ye'll mind ye're upon aith," said her wily master; "of coorse ye'll speak the truth, the whole truth, and naething but the truth. Noo, tell me, did the prisoner at the bar lay haun on you, or offer to pit haun to ony part of the furniture, dishes, plate, or drawers whare the siller lies? Tell me what he did, that gart you raise siccan a wild eldritch squeel when I came in at the door;—mind ye're sworn."

Sarah began by saying, that a' last ouk they had been unco thrang wi' the drovers; that she intended to hae a washing on Foorsday, that the claes micht bleach on Friday, to be ready to dry and faul' on Saturday, to put on clean, for the kirk, on the Sabbath-day; but being wun'erfu' bizy, as she said, wi' the Galloway bodies, she had puttin' aye aff, till black shame drave her to set aboot the bit rubbin' this morning; an' sae, sir," continued she, "being forfouchten an' wearied a' day fechting amang coorse harn, I sat doon, after the duds were a' i' the boins,

to rest mysel at the ingle; but, being owercome wi' fatigue, I fell soun' asleep, an' syne adreaming, an' never kent whare I was, till my head took the jamb, an' my nose the lug o' the chimley."

"An' what did ye dream about?" interrogated the Deacon.

"Ou, sir, I dream'd I saw twa awfu'-like men killing ane anither on the floor."

"An' what mair syne?" said Luggiehead.

"Ou, what mair can I say about it?" she replied. "I saw naething, an' heard naething mair, till ye had Mr. Chalmers by the cuff o' the neck, misca'ing him for a scoonrel; and then, sir, I thocht it time to rin an' get in the neebours, for fear he wad hurt you—for ye ken yoursel, quatelywise, ye're no very chancy; and as unhappy fish gets unhappy bait, I juist said to mysel, if I dinna get some o' the bodies to sin'er you, the ta'en o' you micht be kill't, if no baith, and then I wad be ta'en up for the murder."

"Sarah, Sarah! that'll no do," said the Laird of Greenbank, "ye maun be explicit."

"She is right," said the prisoner, "in part of the drama; in part she may be wrong."

"Then show us wherein she is right," returned the chief of the assembly.

"Why, my Lord," replied the youth, "since you give me the honour of addressing you—a gentleman, whose erudition commensurates with his sagacity, I shall state to you in few words the whole of this affair."

"Can you do it upon oath?"

"I can, my Lord; I am ready."

"Gae wa wi' yer oaths," said Luggiehead, "nane o' yer swearing here. I see it's been a' a dream thegither. Come bodies, just step into the big room there, an' I'll gie you your e'ening afore ye gang hame."

"Nae sae fast, Mr. Luggiehead; nae sae quick, sir," interrupted Andrew Whinmouth, longing for an exhibition of the *auncient practice*. "Nae sae fast. We hae anither craw to pluck wi' him than a' that

comes too, afore we gang hame. What about breaking the Bailie's hoose, an' knocking folk down in their ain parlour, after being honourable enterteen'd wi' the best o't? Is there naething about that faldral o' a poem, whilk has set the hale toun in an uproar, to bring furret? Wha wrote yon letter that I saw this mornin', direcket to 'Mr. Andrew Luggiehead, vintner, Cross Keys, Glenbuckie,' aboot whilk oor worthy Bailie here was stamping, an' sayin' that if he had the rascal by the neck that did it, he'd break the best bane o' his body for't? Is a' thae wechty matters to be leuket owre? Is justice to be screwed oot oor hauns a'thegither? An' are we to be imposed upon by a wheen upstarts, wha, for ony thing we ken, may be scoonrels run awa frae the gallows? I'm no saying he's guilty; but it's an' aul' saying in Glenbuckie, in ye bena a thief, bena thief-like. He may be perfectly innocent o' robbery, an' what he says about the law may be a' vera gude, for ony thing we ken, sae easy it is to impose on honest folk. But wha, sir, can doot yon letter? Wha can disbelieve his ain een? An' wha can deny what every body says to be true? Ye may tak his part, sir, because he's aiblins awn you a trifle; an' trifles are no easily redeemed, I acknowledge. Ye may say what ye like, but in I coudna gie him a hitch just noo, that wad break the neck-bane o' the body it is, my name's no An'ra Whinmouth. Speak oot there, folks, an' do something for the honour an' credit o' aul' Glenbuckie. He has nae spunk that wadna tak the neuk o' a mainsail when a rogue louns i' the middle o't."

"Wait awee, An'ra, an' bena sae quick aithers," replied Luggiehead, pinching his lip, and darting from his eyeballs the lightning of wrath. "Juist dinna be sae fast aithers. Yer young an' soople, An'ra, an' nae doot thinks yoursel' nae sma' ware; but in I were to ca' in quastion a' that's said aboot yoursel, there's no sae sooter i' the parish that wadna ding his elsin through you. But I dinna wus to wauken sleeping dogs, far less to see ony ane hurt that's no richly deserving."

Ye may hae been a wee thing tarry finger i' yer youth, but a' bodies are daft aboot auchteen an' twenty. Bridle yer passion, man, an' dinna forget yer ain infirmities, when ye see your necbour in the ditch. But it's an aul' sayin' o' Laird Brockly's, aul' thieves are coorse hangmen, especially muddlers o' potatoes, an' them whase ingle bleezes fine aboot Yule wi' peats they never coost. Gae wa hame, An'ra, an' tell wee Tam to wash his hauns afore he comes to the schule, an' no hae the folk's yird sticken to them, telling them wha stealt their potatoes!"

"D'ye hear that, folks?" said the Os'ler.

"Grip, An'ra!" roared out Tankerhaw.

"Oot wi' him!" cried Yowieson.

"An' gi'e him a near view o' the starns," said Tam Geddes.

"An' keep him louping there," thundered Fletcher the bauld, "till the Bailie's peat-stack tells An'ra Luggiehead's tattie-bing, hoo mony drappers it has wasted to the foul thief for naething! Get the main-sail ready without delay, and to the tune o' Glenairry let him caper an' dance till the sweat draps frae his beek, an' the tyrant nods to the lawgiver!"

Thus said, in a moment Sarah's bed was dismantled of its blue twilted covering, and poor Whinmouth dragged out to the stable-yard, where, amid hallooings and execrations too dreadful to mention, they tossed him up and down in the cold air for upwards of five minutes, till a hole burst in the centre of the coverlet, and left him sprawling senseless on the ground!



## CHAPTER XII.

*Observations on Cruelty.—Re-examined.—Acquitted.—More Pedantry.—Reform.—The Mob.—Court breaks up.*

HUMANITY blushes—and well it may; for who can read of barbarity without shame and horror? But what is tossing a man to flogging one? Come now, ye noble ones of the earth, who sicken at the word *mob*, and tell me honestly, whether tossing or flogging is the more brutal? The one is the work of the mob, the other of the aristocracy. Now say——Ha! a dance in the mainsail is elysium to the triangles! Yet where is the gentleman that would not shrug at the idea of raising a man shoulder-high on a pole, and parading him through the streets for dishonesty? O, I have seen a man quiver at the smoke of tobacco, who could stand composed and see his brother man excoriated till his heart broke down within him! Reader, study man—study the human heart. There is a noble duke, who has received a classical education, ordering the soldier to be scourged for neglect of duty!—there is that same noble duke villifying the people for only tossing his effigy for opposing their rights! There is a learned prelate exhausting theology in condemnation of barbarity!—there is that same learned prelate shutting his eyes to the infliction of the lash, the most barbarous thing in Christendom! And there is a poor man who rails night and day against the rich, accounting them all robbers and tyrants!—and there is that identical poor man grasping at last a petty office, and fleecing his poorer neighbour; or, as Solomon says, “like a sweeping rain, leaving him no food!” Reader, of whatever order and denomination of men thou art, study the human race. There is a levelling system which leaves no annuity behind it; and there is a system called the liberal, which has no liberality in it: but there is a



system which, for pride and cruelty, surpasses all others, and in its taet has no match—it is the feudal. Replete with every species of crime, and crowned with the tiara of oppression, it would bestride the world like a Colossus, and obliterate every vestige of freedom. It repenteth not of its enormities. With callous heart it tears the child from the mother's arms, and sends it to the Steppes of Siberia. With unrelenting cruelty it consigns the father to the knout, and the poor bleeding mother to the madhouse. It tears up old landmarks. Breaks up old libraries. Shuts up the halls of learning. Fills the dungeons with the sons of genius, and dycs the scaffold with the blood of the noble. It has no redeeming quality but one, and that is, it eneourages marriage, and patronizes dancing and singing. Oh! ineffable system! that smiles at courtship—that delights in love-songs—that prefers fiddlers to logicians, and eunuchs to the grand in soul! Feudalism!—But thou art dying: and die thou shalt ere long, and that without a tear. Ycs, the grave already yawns to receive thy elay, and hell thy hideous ghost. Before the torch of patriotism thy blaek banners will disappear. Knowledge will sweep every nook of thy degraded dominions. Humanity, untrammelled, will rise to its own angelic character, in spite of thy seourge, and knout, and bowstring. Truth, wedded to freedom, will laugh thee to scorn—will storm all thy towers, demolish all thy battlements, and fill the world with joy!

During the tossing of the ruffian Whinmouth, the Deaeon arehly interrogated Geordie concerning the poetie effusion, and the posting of the same from Edinburgh.

“An’ had ye not a hand i’ the pie?” continued he, coaxingly, as if he eared not, and yet felt a strong desire to know. “Many a ane, Mr. Chalmers, can do a thing, and yet declare wi’ a hassins clear conscience that they had nae hand in’t. Did ye no pit somebody up till’t; that is, did ye no first gie them

an inklin' o' the story, and then, when somebody said for a joke, that it would be a fine subject to mak a poem on, juist gie yer head a bit nod, as if ye had said, Weel, weel, since ye will hae't sae, I dare say I hae seen a waur thing in rhyme? Come now, be candid, and I'll gie you my haun on't there's no a hair o' yer head 'll be touched the nicht."

"My Lord Deacon," replied young Chalmers, "I wonder much to hear you. Your insinuating speech puts me in mind of the schoolboy who longs to know what his class-fellows take to breakfast, and so craftily asks them whether they like tea or coffee better in the morning. But, my Lord, however willing I am to gratify you in all things honourable, I must, in the present case, preserve my character, wounded as it is, from the stigma of meanness. I tell you, simply and honestly, that I am innocent of the crime. If my yea and nay are not able to remove doubt and confirm belief, then I must submit to the lash of your displeasure, for it is impossible for me to stoop to the capacity of your childish interrogation."

"Ou, Mr. Chalmers," replied the Deacon touchingly, "I want nothing that's not *bonum aut fide*. But in ye be touchy, we can be as quick. Diamond cut diamond, lad! In ye canna answer freely to what I hae propounded, ye can juist hold your tongue. I'm Bailie Hugh Dawson, born to administer justice within the bounds and precincts of Glenbuckie, and will fleetch wi' no one."

"I refuse not to answer to the question, guilty or not; but truth, my Lord, disdains to prostrate itself. They who are reckless of futurity may stoop to falsehood, when it tends to a momentary advantage; but honour, my Lord, that principle of the soul which shudders at dissimulation, is of too noble a character to tell lies. Death is an awful consideration, I acknowledge, and death, by the laws of Glenbuckie, is a trip to Castalia; but death, with all its accompaniments of tossing and flagellation, is life to dishonour."

"An' wha's takin' awa your honour?" he replied,

softening his tone, evidently afraid of the prisoner. "Is there ony here wishing to rob you o' the gowder hap? Not one, Mr. Chalmers. I only ask you in plain terms, are you guilty or not?"

"Not guilty," replied Thornybrae, emphatically.

"Can ye gie yer oath on't?" said the Deacon.

"I am ready."

"Nae swearing here," exclaimed Luggiehead. "In the tongue winna tell what the heart thinks without swearing, let it be ta'en oot by the root. What say ye, Bailie?"

"The tongue an' the heart baith, sir," replied the Deacon; "but we'll speir at him again, an' then watch his een. If the eelids pirl, he's guilty for a pound note."

"Shrewdly observed;" said Cross Keys,—"vera correct, sir, were it not that the greater the scoonrel, the steadier the ee. But say awa, Dominie, an' be quick, for if the mad bodies come in an' catch us dooting, ye'll be up i' the air like a robin. Did ye, or did ye not?"

"I never did, sir; I had neither art nor part in the composition. I am innocent."

As he concluded, Davie Dykes, the os'ler, came in, and desired to know what was to be done.

"Is that you, Davie?" said his master, turning half round, and placing a pen behind his ear, as if newly relieved from hard writing.

"Ay, it's me," replied the Os'ler; "an' what's to be dune noo? We're a' ready."

"Just tell them, Davie," said the Bailie, "that we hae fun' naething impeecheable to proceed wi'. Of course, ye ken, my word's your warrant, sae ye'll dismiss them for me."

"But what hae ye made o' the scoonrel, Whinmouth?" said Luggiehead.

"Ou, sir, he's at the peat-stack haudin' his shins, as quate as a lamb, for a' his blustering. We gi'ed um't!"

"Aweel, Davie, since ye hae dune sae weel," re-

ied his superior, "step into the barn, an' tak sooth sackfu' o' corn on yer back to Gilbert Mackeg's, the Straunfit, an' come back to me in the morning, I'll tell you what to do next. I had amaist forgotten that job."

The Os'ler, crestfallen and grumbling, retired to execute his orders; and the Deacon, rejoicing over the happy deliverance of his young friend, and eager to make a favourable impression on his mind, thus resumed:—

"Noo, Mr. Chalmers, ye'll maybe think that I hae been harsh wi' you; but no such thing. To me ye gae yer life. Gin I hadna known something about the law o' the lan', ye'd ne'er a crawled the day. Blessed be the hour that e'er I gaed to the grammar-schule o' the Corslan! Noo, is'nt a miracle, Mr. Luggiehead, that he's escaped? But I see mair an' mair into the need an' great importance o' the dead langidges! Gin I had three score an' ten men childer, they should be weel instructed in the roots and declensions o' the Latin verbs. *Ego amavi vel amaverunt, sum vel fui docere!* Hoo!—it's a' as fresh in my memory as the first day. Mr. Chalmers, I congratulate you on yer knowledge o' the auncients. Ye did wun'erfu' weel, upon the whole; but when I think, whare fell ye wi' the laws o' the realm in yon style? I hae nae mind o' seeing ony thing aboot ham, and cheese, and French brandy in Horace. By-the-bye, I dare say I do. Hoo, ay—I hae ye noo!—*Hamultum, cheeserunt, mandusi!*—*Hamultum*, spondee; *cheeserunt*, dactyle; *mandusi*, — I forget the way we used to gang on; but there's nae odds: at a' events we were a' weel grounded in the roots *vel radicimum* of the text. O man! auld John Gowdie was gowd to the heels. He hadna gang amang his pupils, like yer new-fashont pads o' the present generation, fear't to touch a hair o' their pows. Man, I hae seen him gar the bluid come like water frae a spoot, in ye had miscaw'd but ae word. Ye'll hae braw mind o' these things, Mr. Luggiehead?"



“ Me, Bailie !” he replied, “ I min’ naething aboot it. I wasna sae lang amang you ; my nose was ower soon puttin’ to the grunstone. If I hadna ta’en that when I grew up, an’ fun’ oot twa three things : mysel, sma’ wada been An’ra’s share o’ the licht knowledge. But self-learnin’, sir, is whiles no the warst, if ane may guess frae what they see. But that as it may, though I canna boast o’ my han’, for the way I began at first to shape the letters wi’ a burnt stick on the back o’ a tow-card, I can aye make a shift to convey the sense o’ what I’m at ; an’ for that’s awn me a trifle, ken brawly what I mean when I sen’ them a bit notice,—no craving you, Bailie, for yon, although siller’s aye welcome. What Gowd was, in regard to learning, I canna say ; but a ween nippet, birny body he was, an’ as crabbet’s an ether. My eroon bears the marks o’ the roller yet. But Bailie, since ye can turn sae mony braw words in English, will ye reverse the matter, an’ tell me jui noo, aff loof, what’s the Latin o’ *an aul’ cuif stickin’ up to the neck in glaur?* ”

“ Come, come, Mr. Luggiehead, ye’re aye on the tak aff,” returned the good-natured, self-important pretender to erudition. “ We maun noo turn our attention to mair weighty considerations. This warld sir, ’ll never do. I declare this is an awfu’ nicht.”

“ An awfu’ nicht, sir, atweel, an’ no to be lauched at,” said Luggiehead. “ I think, atween lang-nebbie words and daft folk, my vera head ’ll craek. But what can we say, Bailie? Ye ken when Satan has pow’r o’ the air, ye maun leuk for a storm. But it’s weel it’s nae waur. I wadna that our young friends there had danced to the tune o’ Glenairry for a’ the Latin in Fife. But hoo can ye reform us? It’s nae by giein’ us cheap whisky an’ saut. In a place like this, sir, whare it’s a’ knockumdown thegither, without the spread o’ knowledge, ye may as weel think to stop the course o’ the Warlock burn after a thowen as stop thae mad bodies in their career when they tak it in their head.”



“Leave that to me, sir,—leave that to me,” returned the Bailie. “A firm moderation, wi’ the wise administration o’ the law o’ the land, will do it. The kingdom o’ Satan maun be destroyed. It’s a’ nonsense to yield to the vapourings of ignorance. We maun grip the nettle hard an’ fast, an’ no let it stang us,—do our duty like men an’ like heroes; an’ what we canna achieve wi’ fair means, maun be left to a troop o’ dragoons.”

“A troop o’ deevils! What, Bailie, are ye mad thegither? Wad ye bring in a wheen redcoats to put an’ slash us doon like mice in we daur to cheep? Wad ye really loup oot o’ the frying-pan into the furnace—exchange the whip for the scorpion, an’ bring misery on yersel’ and successors to the fifteenth generation? My goodness, Bailie, but I think ye’re oo fairly daft. Dragoons! But ye’ll be ettling to get a braw young officer to board, nae doubt—some rich lord’s son or merchant-tailor’s clerk for Nancy to mak a man o’. Sae be’t. Hughy,—sen’ for the Hussars when ye like; but tak care, Deacon, ye dinna get a bonnie *wee officer* to bring up at the expense o’ your dochter’s reputation.”

“Luggichhead, you are too severe upon me,” reported the Deacon. “I mean well, sir.”

“Oh! so did Nicol Fraser langsyne, when they put him in jail for debt. The body meant weel meuch, sir, when he put up his sign, and selt to a’ bodies on credit, an’ brought himsel to ruin; but what signified a’ his weel-meaning, when he couldna get oot o’ the prison? Leuk afore ye loup, Deacon. Dragoons are braw strapping chieles, an’ far be it frae me to rin down the sodgers as men; but it’s no men yer to leuk oo, lad, when the dragoons come. It’s whittles, lad! carbines, my boy! pistols, ye aul’ fool, and a shoor o’ bother an’ lead, to shoot us a’ dead, in we dinna do as the prime minister bids us. If ye will reform us, Bailie, ye maun tak anither weapon than the sword.”

“Mr. Luggichhead,” returned the Deacon, “I don’t

mean to employ the military, except on the most urgent necessity."

"Juist so, Deacon—eat an' drink, an' fleece the kintra. Get a' your friens into office, an' this an' the tither law passed to keep the siller o' the lan' gaun a' your road; an' then, when the people begin to leul about them, an' growl', an' fling stanes at you for your prodigality, plead necessity, and then bring in the troopers to sen' us a' headlang to destruction! That'll never do, Bailie, in a reformed lan'. We maun hae nae sodgers to help us in oor legislation."

"An' what plan wad ye devise then, for the removal of the abomination?"

"Ou, Deacon, in ye wad fling awa yer aul' notions o' high descent, an' be regulated by an aul' simple carlc like me, I think I could pit you on a plan—though dinna be speakin' o't—a plan, sir, that if fairly acted upon, wad, I opine, banish for ever the unholy cantrips o' Glenbuckie."

"An' what gran' plan noo, Luggiehead?"

"Ou, sir, in ye hae a better I shall be glad to adopt yours and fling mine awa; but my plan is, with a' due submission, simply this—build schules—I say big schules, an' endow them, an' fill them wi' honest substantial teachers, an' let a' bodies' weans be free to gang to them without fecs; I say, let every quarter or district sen' to their ain schule, rich and puir, withoot distinction, that the one may improve the manners of the other, an' the other keep the pride o' the one in check: an' that the system may work as weel as human nature in its most perfect state will allow, let a reward society be formed in every town, no for ae schule, but for them a'—no for the gentle schules, but for them a'—no for the grammar-schules, but for them a'; an', moreover, let examinations be frequent, that emulation may abound, not only among the scholars, but among the teachers; an' that, not in wha shall hae the greatest number, but in wha shall hae the best boys an' girls, not only at the reading, an' the writing, an' the counting, but also at the

truth, an' the honour, an' the honesty; an' that the teachers may not be oppressed, let nane teach mair than fifty scholars; an' that the scholars may be weel taught, let the teachers teach them a' themsels; nane o' yer wee monitors gaun through the schules nipping the lugs o' the puir childer, an' takin' bribes frae the rich to get owre wi' half-learned tasks. Let every man, Deacon, do his duty—the teachers theirs, the parents theirs, an' the government theirs; and, to beautify an' ennoble the fabric, let patriotism go haun in haun wi' knowledge, knowledge wi' virtue, and virtue wi' religion—an' then wi' safety an' wi' confidence ye may lea' the rest to time an' a kind Providence, wha overrules a' things for his ain glory."

"Your plan, Mr. Luggiehead, is very good, but what are we to do in the event of a riot? Withoot sodgers they wad eat us up."

"Wha?"

"The people, sir."

"Nonsense, nonsense, nonsense. Instruct the people in virtuous knowledge, an' do as ye wad be dune to, an' they'll no touch a hair o' yer head—that's the crack o' the aul' feudal system. The puir canna think—the puir canna tak care o' themsels—the puir are a' daft; it'll no do, Deacon. Gie the puir learning, an' then ye gie them a' things richt. Fools will say be fun' to act as a back balance to reform, but the generality will prove themselves worthy of honour—I say, get on wi' the schulemasters, an' ye'll soon see Glenbuckie as far ahead o' her neebours in worth, as she's noo in the rear o' civilization."

"But, Mr. Luggiehead, I have one objection to your plan. Would you really have genteel people to sen' their children to a school where poverty an' rags abounded, to smit them with disease an' vulgarity?—I don't like that item."

"An' wad ye, Bailie, hae the puir people to rin an' staun i' the front o' the hottest battle, that genteel people may live in peace an' enjoy the fruits o' their industry? Man, Deacon, but ye hae queer concep-

tions o' mankind. Do ye really think, sir, that your weans, sitting i' the same class wi' the childer o' Thamas Yowieson, for instance, wad be ony thing the waur when they cam to render ane account to Him wha made them a' o' the same dust an' ashes? Oh Hughy! think on yer descent. Are we not a' come o' the seed o' Adam? Are we not a' fallen creatures? And are we not a' needing redemption? And will ye throw an obstacle i' the way o' improvement, merely because your weans can put on a better sark than some they sit aside? Wad ye keep the line o' demarcation for ever, Deacon, between the rich an' the puir, and never allow honest poverty to wing its way from want to a better sphere? I do not, sir, imagine that ye wad, but I presume yer notions o' supremacy are rather owre muckle attached to the aul' feudal system in its worst day an' generation."

"My notions, sir, are, simply, keep the clean frae the unclean."

"That means, I suppose, Bailie, keep the puir frae the rich, or, in other words, keep the puir man's nose to the grunstone, an' the rich man's at the lily an' the rose; that is, let the tane's ride in his gig, an' the titther's break stanes; that is, sen' Davie Dykes to hell when he dies, an' Hugh Dawson, Esq. to heaven, that the rich an' the puir may see the line o' demarcation drawn on baith sides o' the grave."

"Mr. Luggiehead, I don't know whare ye get a' yer wit, but I simply mean to let every one send his children where he pleases. Recollect, sir, this is a free kintra."

"O then, just so, when ye tire o' this schule, gae wa to the next; an' when ye want to raise ane at the expense o' anither, get on the kettle, invite hauf a dizzen o' nacky bodies to something substantial, an' then open up yer artillery, till a' the schules i' the parish are demolished, but the ane ye want to uphold. Come, come, Hughy, we must fa' upon the richt plan—build schools; I say, big schules, an' let the people be countenanced in their choice o' their mas-



ers; and, to prevent altercation, let the teachers get a decent allowance aff the state, an' then ye'll hae, in ten year, less abomination to complain o' by a thousan' degrees."

"I quite agree with you, sir, in regard to provision for the teachers; but I cannot fall in with compelling the rich an' the poor to go to the same school. If I want my childer better bred than others, am I not to be allowed?"

"Why, man, Bailie, I don't object to that. What I mean is this, sir: Let a bodies' weans gang to their ain district schule, till ance they're a' weel taught in sefu' knowledge, such as reading, writing, counting, truth, honour, and honesty; an' then, if ye want yer childer initiated into ony thing better—ou, then, let 'em at full liberty to sen' them to Constantinople if ye like. I dinna oppose travelling in search o' wisdom."

"An' what would you have taught in those schools which you wad build?"

"Religion and morality i' the first class; honour an' honesty in the second; the A B C in the third; and as muckle after that as ye like."

"But what are we to do with the mob that will not be instructed? How are we to force that unruly pest to learn?"

"Build yc the schules, Bailie, an' tak nac thocht to boot the mob. The mob's a queer chap, can turn at ony time. Use him weel, an' ye'll mak him as quiet as a lamb."

"I doubt that, Mr. Luggiehead."

"Ou, if ye wish me to be preccese, Bailie, I maun allow that a more divor, ugly-leuking rascal than John Mob, is no to be foun' in his obstreperous state; but I dinna know, Deacon, I whiles think that if he got fair play he wadna be sae despcrate. But get on wi' the schules. Human learning, I know, cannot prevent rascality at times; great scoon'rels are sometimes weel learned; but whare learning joins wi' aegre, it links itself wi' ten honest men."



“ You are more partial to mobility just noo, M Luggiehead, than I’ve heard you.”

“ Ou, Bailie, ye see we’re aye learning. Th morning I fell in wi’ a piece o’ poetry which opene my een a little. Wad ye like to hear’t?”

“ Why, if it’s no too long, I don’t care. Let u hear it, and then.”

“ Here then, Mr. Chalmers, ye’ll be so good a read it for me, as my sicht’s no sae gleg’s I’ve seen.

“ But let us to the lawn, where old Glenlivet  
Had all his jars and barrels in array;  
And where a scene, if mortal can believe it,  
Ensued, which calleth for a louder lay.

“ To please the mob, and get the people’s benison,  
Six tables long and broad were richly spread,  
With pudding, fish, and fowl, and ham, and venison,  
Corn-beef, grass-lamb, sweet-cake, and mutton-fed.

“ At which the poor and nabbrie of the parish  
Sat down, their wives and daughters plump and weddable  
And ne’er were appetites more keen and garish,  
Or viands better *cookey*, or more laudable.

“ Round went the wine, the aqua followed after,  
And disappeared Sir Mutton and Sir Lamb,  
Splash went the gravy, causing peals of laughter,  
And off went bodily Sirs Loin and Ham.

“ And now the green groan’d ’neath the pattering feet  
Of artizans, and barrowmen and haulers;  
And rung the welkin with the *hoogh*, and beat  
Of tambourines, and kettle-drums and squallers.

“ And here you might have seen John Dobbie’s rib,  
Fat as a seal, lead off with Andie Wilkie,  
A knight as sly, cadaverous, and glib,  
As ever lay in camp, or tower, or hulkie.

“ And there, conspicuous and ’yond compare,  
The Deacon of the hatter’s daughter jumping,—  
Adown the middle, back, and every where,  
The clodpoles of the dance before her thumping.

“ And down within the pretty thriving village,  
The men of science, and the fortune-chacers,  
Exhibiting their nimbleness at pillage,  
With badgermen, and cockers, and ass-racers.

- “ And all around the potency of whisky,  
Commingling with the effect of goggling pride,  
The young delirious, the aged frisky,  
And *sober* leaning much to folly's side.
- “ All pouring forth their prayers from brae to bank,  
That old Sir Francis might live long among them;  
And that the heir apparent, little Frank,  
Might never with his eyes see one to wrong him.
- “ And thus they danced, and fought, and roar'd, and smatter'd,  
And rent the air with many a loud hurra;  
And father Francis and his dame they flatter'd,  
And celebrated till the dawn of day.
- “ But this is nothing new, for a propensity  
To flatter wealth's in every lowly hind;  
And there's a love of praise, which, to intensity,  
Glows in hearts of almost all mankind.
- “ We hate the vulgar—that is, call them low,  
When nothing we perform to win their praise;  
But where's the king and queen that will not show  
Much approbation when the shout they raise?
- “ The mob's not always such a hideous creature,—  
It would be very noble were it not  
Its charcoal hue, tobacco breath, ill-nature,  
And aptitude to overturn and plot.
- “ But men who sweep the streets, or dive for pearls,  
Can't, like philosophers, their talents ply;  
They cannot dress like noble dukes and earls  
They must do something for their bread, or die.
- “ And when they cannot, for their occupations,  
Think nobly, live in style, and rise in fame;  
The fault lies solely in their humble stations,—  
None can deny't—at first all are the same.
- “ The children of the beggar and the queen,  
Are six and half-a-dozen when brought home;  
You could not draw an oaten straw between  
The difference, all are of one clay or loam.
- “ That which distinguishes the two's the care  
Paid to the one, on every side respected;  
The other, left to face the peeling air,  
Half fed, half clothed, untutor'd, and neglected.”

Geordie having finished, after mutual congratulation the court broke up.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*Morning.—Whinmouth in Ruins.—Dialogue.—Important Letter.—Sarah in haste.—Breakfast.—Dialogue.*

ACQUITTED, but not relieved from pain, Geordie retired to his room, but not to enjoy the sweets of repose; for the last words of Miss Dawson still rung in his ears, and the pleasure arising from his fortunate escape from torture was blotted out in the ink of discarded love. With the first beam of Aurora he left his bed, and went into the garden to breathe the “sweets of morn.” After hurrying round the walks for some time, he stepped into the stable yard, where Whinmouth had received the full infliction of that punishment which the wretch intended for him. The sight was distressing. Blood stained the pavement in every direction. It was Whinmouth’s, who but a few hours before was bold as a lion, but now, having caught the Tartar, lay in his own net like a wolf in the toils—the rudest of the rude, and the most deserving of punishment of all the disturbers of Glenbuckie. Disgusted at the scene, he hastened to his apartment, there to hide himself from the hideousness of the world; but he had not proceeded above ten paces, when a hollow groan broke upon his ear, given by the savage, who, with a broken arm and several deep cuts on his head, lay at the corner of the hay-stack in a state of dilapidation.

“And have I found one more wretched than myself?” Geordie exclaimed, giving him a look of horror, mingled with contempt.

“Oh, help a poor unfortunate!” he said, raising his eyes, and then looking down abashed with shame.

“And who are you,” was the reply, “that dares to seek help from any one, in such a place, and at such an hour?”

“Oh, sir, I am An’ra Whinmouth—forgive me!”

"Forgive you!" he cried; "and why seekest thou forgiveness from me?"

"Oh, sir, ye ken"——

"What, wretch, do I know?"

"That I was against you—but I was deceived."

"And who could stoop to deceive such a ferocious  
 ger as thou art?"

"Oh, I am murdered, sir! Forgive me—I was  
 rong."

"Yes, vilest of the vile, I do. But why here so  
 arly?"

"The villains left me for dead, sir, and fled."

"Then instantly be off, or my landlord finding you  
 ere will flay you alive."

"But my arm is broken, sir."

"Be thankful it is not your neck. Begone, I say,  
 ou rudest of the miscreant race, or by the next  
 owing of the cock an extinguisher will be put upon  
 our twinkling taper."

At this he gathered his mutilated limbs to the  
 centre of gravity, and like a genuine coward slouched  
 away, the express image of baseness in ruins.

To a sensitive mind, every thing apart from hu-  
 manity is distressing. The fall of an enemy was to  
 him no source of joy. A tear trickled o'er his cheek,  
 and in the anguish of his soul he hied himself back to  
 his lodging, sighing all the way over the sad depravity  
 of mankind. When the mind feels its sorrow in-  
 creasing, there is no antidote like patience, and no  
 friend like Him,

"Whose voice commands the tempest forth,  
 And stills the stormy wave."

His early culture had been deeply imbued with re-  
 ligion, and the pious injunctions of a beloved father  
 were not forgotten. In his distress, he flew to the  
 "stronghold" and sought for aid. The effect was  
 seering. A light from heaven burst in upon his  
 soul, and inspired him with the firm resolve, to trust  
 more and more in the all-wise administrations of

Providence. Soothed with that emollient which comes from above, he resumed the task of the day, eager to cultivate the understanding of those under his charge and stem the current of juvenile barbarity. But this world is not our rest. His endeavours were outdone by the efforts of envy and detraction. And——

“Havers,” said Pate M’Ilroy, as his children were repeating an outline of what they had been hearing at school, “that’s a mere taking up o’ time.”

“Atweel,” quoth Elspa, his wife, no less displeased, “gin that’s to be the way o’t, we maun juist keep them at hame. It’s needless to be paying twiee for preaching. Anee i’ the week is eneuch. What does he say ava, weans? Does he hearken you ava?”

“Ou ay,” quoth wee Jamie, “he hearkens us.”

“An’ what do ye do when he’s telling you a’ thae havers about doos an’ bumbees?”

“We staun.”

“Ye staun?”

“Ay.”

“An’ what mair syne?”

“Nae mair syne.”

“Preserve me! did ye ever ken the like o’ that?—an’ ye juist staun an’ hearken to um?”

“Uhu.”

“An’ does he no bid you sit down, whan ye’re wearied?”

“I was never vera weariet yet.”

“An’ what’s his taws like?”

“They’re like a wee bit stiek, ye ken, about the length o’ that, (holding out his hand) wi’ a wee bit string at the en’ o’t like that, ye ken, (projecting his forefinger.)”

“Awae like the man! An’ hoo often does he lick you?”

“I’ll no tell you.”

“Hoots, Elspa,” interrupted Pate, “the callan’s wiser than either you or him; ye see brawly the way they’re gaun on—hooghin’ an’ galravagin’ the hale o’ their time; ye maun juist tak them awa, an’ sen’ them to



week. He's no very active, but he's better than nobody."

Thus moral and religious instruction was construed to idle speechification, laying aside the brutal lash to the losing of authority, and leading them on by conciliatory measures, into the forming of habits of disobedience. And thus against the stream he struggled, often suffering the most pungent disappointments, and all for the sake of improvement, and one day realizing the main object of his ambition—a kirk! But some, like Roger in the Gentle Shepherd, are born to a "thrawart fate." Though he had silenced his accusers in one point, there still hung over his head a cloud of suspicion, which no effort could dispel. The elegy, formerly alluded to, operated against him; the more so, as there were none in the place supposed capable of putting a few lines together but himself; and, taken in connection with the proverbial waywardness of the muse, it was universally believed that he was the sole author of the lampoon.

But time rolls on, and worketh miracles moreondrous far,

"Than changing people into daffodils."

One morning, as he lay hesitating whether to rise or indulge himself with an extra half hour's repose, Sarah came into his room, and approaching the bedside, whispered softly in his ear,

"Are ye sleeping, Mr. Chalmers?"

"No, Sarah," he replied, looking her full in the face.

"Here's a letter for you, sir."

"Ay, ay, Sarah,—a letter for me! What can this mean, think ye?" he said, rising on his elbow, and turning it open.

"Ou, sir, it'll aiblins tell you the sel o't. It was the Hardy Whinmouth that fesht it in, an' he'll no be awa till he gets a penny; but I'll juist gie um't if ye rise, an' then ye ken that'll juist mak thirteen pence happenny ye're awn me a'thegither. Is't frae the bro', sir? Losh, sir, tak care o' the post-mark."

“No, Sarah,” he returned, “this fellow has n travelled so far.”

“Aweel,” quoth she, “see it be sae. It’s a g fine mornin’ this ootby.”

The letter ran as follows:—

“Green Oak, Wednesday.

“SIR,—You will no doubt be surprised at m freedom, but if you will take the trouble of walkin this length to-morrow evening, something connecte with Miss D——n and Macnab, involving much o your present and future interests, may be elicit from

Yours bona fide,

JAMES MEEK.”

“To Mr. Geo. Chalmers, Schoolmaster, Cross Keys.”

“Just so, Meek;—walk to the Green Oak, an dance to the tune of Glenairy,” said he to himself, folding the letter, and laying his head down on the pillow, to consider whether he would tear it in pieces or show it to his landlord. “What!” he exclaimed “Meek write to me!—there is a snake in the grass *Something involving much of my present and futur interests may be elicited from yours bona fide!*” ’Tis al a manœuvre—a conspiracy false as the pit, to entrap and destroy me. But the old boy is too weak for the chase.”

Whilst thus ruminating, in bolted Sarah in great haste, crying—

“Losh me, Mr. Chalmers, ye’ll hae to rise an come awa fast, for there’s ane o’ the bairns bluiding like a sheep’s hause, wi’ a stane that naebody flang!”

“I’ll be with you, presently,” said he.

“Na, ye’ll hae to come enoo.”

“Well, well, go away, and I’ll follow. What nonsense is this?”

“It’s nae nonsense ava, sir. It’s wee sleeky Brodie maist kill’d; come awa an’ see, an’ then ye’ll surely believe your ain een.”

He sprung to his feet with the rapidity of lightning, but had not, half dressed, reached the bottom of the

air, when the old pest met him with a smile on her p, saying, "Ye may gang up an' pit on your claes, r. He's no sae ill's they said. It's naething ava, Mr. Chalmers. Vile dirt! for a body's never oot the icht wi' them. Hae, there's a line frae my master."

Happy to find matters no worse, he returned and read the card. It was an invitation to breakfast. Accordingly, dressing himself, he went down to the parlour, where sat his landlord anxiously waiting his appearance.

"Come awa, Mr. Chalmers," he said, stretching out his hand, and showing him a chair, "I'm blithe to see you. This, sir, is my son Rabby's birth-day, and I'm juist gaun to wus him weel owre a wee trap o' the best o't. Puir chiel! there's nae saying what he's about this morning. Draw near the ingle, Mr. Chalmers; and Sarah, as Bailie Dawson wad say, set down the dishes, an' let us hae something substantial. Noo, sir, ye'll aiblins no hae heard o' my son, Rabby?"

"No, sir," Geordie replied, "I never knew that you had a son of that name."

"Did ye na? A braw strapping chiel he is, if in life. Muckle I did for him; but there's nae wisdom in a green horn. He took a notion in his head, sir, to see foreign parts, and naething wad ser' him but be off to Jamaica to herd the black folk. I advised him air against it, leukin', aye as I did, on slavery as the cause o' nine-tenths o' the plagues that sweep the warld; but, sir, ye may as weel turn the win' o' the aft, as wyse roun' the will o' a youth o' saxteen."

"And did your son go to that island?"

"Ou, sir," he continued, raising his hand to his forehead, as if a painful idea had crossed his mind, "he changed his plan, sir, an' took the short road to glory."

"And what road is that?"

"Ou, sir, as to glory I canna say, critically speaking; but takin't up in the sense o' the warld, there's e mony kinds o't. First, sir, when a man like your-

sel wons up to a kirk and a braw young leddy won three hun'er a-year, we say that siccan a man has won his glory. Secondly, when a king is honoured wi' triumph for obteening, for his beloved people, knowledge, liberty, and plenty, we say that he has arrived at his glory. In like manner, sir, when daft young callan tak's a notion o' the red coat, and sells himself to be shot at for a shilling a-day, we say that he has likewise come at last to his glory—especially when he fa's i' the field wi' a ball through his heart! Mony roads to glory, Mr. Chalmers."

"Your son went to the army then, I perceive. I hope he rose to eminence in his profession."

"Ou, sir, he raise to the rank of a drill-sergeant."

"No higher?"

"Ou, Mr. Chalmers, you that's a schulemaster nicht ken that commissions in the army are no gotte for merit, like leeshenscs to preach. In ye ber connected wi' the great folks, as they ca' themselves, ye'll ne'er win past a halbert. It's no cleverness, talent, and bravery, man, that raises folk i' the service. Its bluid, lad—siller—corruption."

Here a pause for a moment ensued. A tear trickle over his manly cheek, and a deep sigh followed the tear. At last, recovering himself, he went on—"Ou, sir, my son Rabby was ane o' them that cam' into the warl' when the moon was at the licht; an' sae, sir, atween reading story-beuks aboot giants an' lddie hingin' by the hair o' the head in aul' enchanted castles, an' getting owre muckle o' his ain will in a' things, he thocht that his name wad aiblins shine i' the page o' history; an' sae, sir, Glenbuckie couldna contain him, but aff he gaed, when he fan' that Jamaica wadna pay, an' listed wi' ane Sergeant Macdonald recruiting here, at that time, for the Highland Watch."

"Well, sir, I hope you do not think the less o' your son for so doing—the army is surely not so bad as they say. If he does his duty, he has nothing to fear."

“Ou, Mr. Chalmers, as to that I canna venture in opinion. It may be a’ very gude, for ony thing I ken. Nae doot, sir, a bonnet and feathers leuk weel, an’ I daur say a bonny clear-headed halbert, slopit owre the shootheer o’ a ticht-legged sodger, is a dainty sight; but I’m no sure o’ the halberts, sir, when the sodger lies slopit on them—tie’t haun an’ fit like a dog, half-naked, in a caul’ frosty morning, and yon things they ca’ the cat-o’-nine-tails coming crack owre his bare back, speirin’ at every lash hoo he likes that. There’s nae doot, in the chiel does his duty, he has nae less to fear; but it’s no easy, Mr. Chalmers, to rin at their ca’s without offending some o’ their honours. My lad, in ye hinna a pair o’ gude metal hauns, or a gude pouchfu’ o’ Latin, ye’ll hae ill winning through the warl’. There was juist yestreen, nae farder gane, when cam Nance Logan for twa gills o’ the best. I gied her a tasting to mak sure wark. But what’ll ye mak o’ mistakes? the creature, in setting doon her bottle to haver a weeock, forgot whare she set it, an’ in gaun awa the vile stupit body lifted the wrang ane, in whilk was some cadger’s draible, an’ then, after she gaed hame an’ fan’ oot her mistak, she cam back an’ misca’ed me for a pickpocket—a far less mistak, Mr. Chalmers, they say, has gotten a sodger five haun’er lashes afore noo. But mak yer breakfast, sir. I’m happy to see you. It’s a gae while noo since we met. Here, haud your plate. Noo, hoo’s the schule coming on? I see ye hae a goodly num’er attending. Ye’ve an unco task o’t. I wadna be a dominie for a gowd. I couldna thole the din. I wun’er hoo ye can staun’t. Gin I were bother’t like you, I’d stick the hauf o’ them in a month. But a’s weel ordered—folk fitted for a’ things. Sarah, bring the brandy; it’s fully better after troot. Noo, Mr. Chalmers, here’s to you wi’ a’ my heart, an’ may the wee spark i’ the sin’er box o’ honour an’ honesty soon bring to licht the dark, loopy design o’ the fae. Help yoursel.”

Geordie obeyed reluctantly, for spirits in the morn-



ing are only suited to corrupt habits, and drank long life and speedy promotion to his son Rabby.

“Noo,” resumed his landlord, “can ye fish ony that is, could ye draw a troot to the bank wi’ a heu in its mouth, in ye had a gude line an’ a wan’ at the end o’t?”

“A little,” was the reply.

“Then, come awa, my boy, an’ we’ll see hoo the breeze pirls on the water.”

“But the school you know, sir.”

“Ou, that’s true; I hadna min’ o’ that next. But juist gie them the play for ance. He’s a puir Dominie that daurna tak a day by a time to recruit his spirits.”

“But, sir, I am preparing for an examination.”

“Ou, then—then ye wish to hae a’ yer fauts made public, an’ a’ your beauties made known.”

“I wish, sir, to make as fair an appearance as possible.”

“So did the scribes an’ pharisees langsyne, dominie; but little to their credit.”

“That’s not what I mean: I wish to let the people see that I am not an idler.”

“Ou, sir, ye may soon do that, an’ no see the schule this month.”

“How?”

“Hoo? Ou, sir, juist tak a stick an’ rap on the sneck o’ the door frae ten to four, an’ I’ll lay you my lug there’s no an aul’ wife i’ the parish ’ll accuse you o’ idleness, though they’ll maybe say yere unco keen o’ wark.”

“You take me up sharply, sir; but I mean that all may see that I have done my duty to the children under my direction.”

“That’s a different story. Weel, since ye will be ta’en through your facings, wha’s to do’t?”

“The minister and the people.”

“Aweel, sir, be steady; they’ll nae doot roose you in ye be deserving. But tak tent, sir: “Trust not in princes nor men’s sons.” It’s no juist what’s said

in yer presence that ye maun depend on a'thegither. Praise is sweet; an' he's a mule that's no alive till't; but beware of congratulation, and dinna let it puff you up owre muckle. The great dash of an examination soon passes away. What's common remains, an' by it ye stan' or fa'. Be ye therefore cautious, an' build not too much on what ye can bring furret on that day. I hae witnessed things o' the kind afore noo. We had a teacher langsyne, wha ne'er gaed wrang till he got his schule examined. He thought to gain popularity, but he had better been wileing a troot frae the burn. He got muckle praise, an' a proud man was he owre the proficiency o' his scholars—but what did that signify? Three weeks didna pass owre his head, till he had a hole in his first class that wada haudin a score. Envy took the alarm, sir, and the examination o' the Green Oak schule followed,—a push, of coorse, was made to eclipse him. What is last is aye far best ye ken, if it be ony thing like the thing ava. Accordingly, the scholars began to emigrate, an' then there wasna a parent whase wean hadna gotten a prize, but misea'ed him far an' wide for partiality. In vain he referred to the examination. Frae a *gran' teacher*, sir, they made him *nae teacher ava*; thereby proving the truth o' the aul' observation, that a man may be clever to-day, and an ass to-morrow. No, Mr. Chalmers, mak nae extra wark aboot it; mak every day alike, an' a' bodies welcome to see your progress. Juist do your duty conscientiously, sir, in the sight of God an' yer scholars, and leave your fame to their decision. Your pupils'll no ken muckle aboot yer abilities while they are young, but when they grow up to the years o' discretion, if ye hae been faithfu', they'll lay their hairs amang your feet."

These observations struck him foreibly. He admired his good sense, and though he could not help laughing frequently at his oddities, that shrewdness of intellect which appeared in all his words filled him with awe, and threw his aequired knowledge into the shade. Nevertheless, he still thought that an

impartial scrutiny would do him no harm with the public, whose approbation he desired above all things in the world; but not wishing to go direct in the face of his friend's admonition, he waived the matter by showing the letter he had that morning received from Mr. Meek.

"An' what's the next?" he said, taking out his snuff-mull, and turning to the window to have a full view of the mysterious epistle. "A letter from Meek!—then, sir, ye may rely upon't the man has something important to communicate; but pit the letter i' yer pouch, an' we'll awa to the fishin', an' see hoo the troots relish the bait."

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## CHAPTER XIV.

*Angling.—Luggiehead in Deep Water.—Visit to the Green Oak.—Comforts of the Dominie.—Conversation.*

It has been said, that of all the amusements in the world, angling is the most trifling; suited only to convalescents, idle boys, and thriftless mechanics,—at best a mere kill-time expedient to relieve the mind, without exciting one idea above the predatory animal that lurks for its prey and kills it. And sure enough, to see a rational creature devoting his leisure to trout-catching, is by no means calculated to yield any other sensation than those of the semi-barbarical. 'Tis a childish pleasure; and were it not that fishes were made for men, and not men for fishes, he ought to have his ears cropped who leaves the more important duties of his station for the solitary pleasure of angling. But such things are, and men of high rank in the literary world have felt, at times, no small pleasure in leading a trout to land: not that the pure air of the country was exhilarating, but because their minds, relieved from study, left them nothing to think

upon but the undulations of the water, and the extracting of the cruel barb from the mouth of the unfortunate captive of the brook.

Be these things as they may, Geordie looked upon the excursion with a doubtful eye, and, but for the interest his landlord took in his welfare, would not have complied with his request for all the salmon in the Dee. But friendship is overpowering, and schoolmasters in general are too dependent to refuse a friend's solicitation, especially one whose patronage guarantees to them the half of their existence. Accordingly, swallowing his scruples, he dismissed his school, and now, free from care, away he sallied with his invaluable friend, to give the finny race a fair chance of proving their sagacity.

Journeying along with their creels by their sides, their rods in hand, and now and then pulling up a tuft of grass for worms to add to the variety of their bait, our novice began to make some inquiries relative to the aqueous fraternity, and the proper season for catching them.

"And is not the month of November the best month in the year for catching trout with the fly?" said he, quite ignorant of the science.

"The month o' November, ye gowk! What! you a dominie, an' disna ken the time when the troots like to be catched. My word, but ye're a pretty director o' youth! No, Mr. Chalmers, November he'er saw a trout loup at a flee yet. But in ye wish to be instructed, I'se gie you twa lines to help yer memory—

' Frae March to Michaelmas fish for trout,  
And when they nibble twice, slip them out.'

"But sure," said he, "I've seen people angling in all seasons of the year."

"Ay, but no for trout. Graylings and pike 'll tak at any time, in ye gie them ony thing to tak: an' frae June to October ye may hae some chance wi' gudgeon. But, Mr. Chalmers, in ye want a gude

fat trout to yer supper, ye'll hae to chuse the cream o' a gude May morning."

"And whether is it better to use the fly or the worm in the taking of them?"

"Ou, sir, in ye wish to be particular," he replied, "baith's best. They'll snap at a gude bog-worm like a cock at a grosset; an' a flee, made o' the tail o' a wasp, they'll no cast out wi'. But the time, Mr. Chalmers, is the principal thing to be attended to. Thus, in March, use a flee made o' the feathers o' a black drake; in June, ane made o' a white drake;—in clear weather use a clear flee, and in dark weather a dark—and sae on: but the best way to catch them ava, is to staun wi' yer back to the sun, a dainty bittock frae the lip o' the burn, takin' braw care to let the flee touch the water afore the line, lest ye should frighten the creatures; and then, sir, when they begin to rug, an' pook, an' splutter to get awa, just say naething, but, as canny as ye were stealing, slip them out, bit an' bit, like a reform bill, an' in to the creel wi' them."

They had now reached the Warlock Burn, a pretty large stream, in which "the silver trout and mottled par" skimmed the liquid element, unconscious of their approaching fate.

"Noo, Mr. Chalmers," said Luggiehead, "lowse out yer tackle, an' a goose to a hen bird if I dinna triple yer num'er."

"Done," replied the youth; "a hen to a wren if I do not count fish for fish."

"I tak ye up at yer word, sir; but mind, there's to be nac minnows amang yours."

"Trout for trout, and a minnow to the bargain," replied Geordie.

"Sae be't," chuckled his landlord, and to work they fell.

The day was delightful,—a gentle breeze ruffled the surface of the streamlet, the banks and braes were decorated with flowerets wild and beautiful, and the skylark, whose sprightly note knows no equal



mongst British warblers, serenaded them from the summer cloud, which, sailing majestically through the sky, at intervals intercepted the scorching beam, and gave to their mind all that buoyancy which arises from variety and amusement in the carnation moments of boyhood.

Our hero now, for the first time in Glenbuckie, cast his line upon the water, and in about three minutes received a tug, which, made by a beautiful car, induced him to change its limpid habitation for one of earthly fatality.

After he had disengaged the deceitful hook from its quivering gills, and in his hand held it up for a little, beholding simplicity in distress, a pang of remorse thrilled through his soul, and made him sigh out, "Poor innocent—and have I deceived thee? How is thy bright day darkened! But a minute ago, and thy parent lake afforded thee life, health, and liberty—now doomed by cruel man to die, and all for the gratification of insatiate appetite! But thy task is done—thou hast no hereafter!" It ceased to live—and into the creel it went. At liberty to resume his rod, he, suppressing his feelings, sent forth his caterers once more into the wave, and with better success than before, for scarcely had the hook pierced the surface of the water, when a large trout leaped up and swallowed what it did not digest. Its aim was the destruction of a creature of another element. It was also disappointed, and found its way into the osier bed, to sleep with its unfortunate junior. Flushed with success, he began at last to draw out his victims with the exultation of a messenger-at-arms, who, supported by the *posse comitatus*, enters the abodes of sedition, and hands over the disaffected to the guard. In the meantime, his landlord, leading the van, gave ample proofs of his superior tact, eagerly bent on tripling his number. Like Sir William Wallace, by the banks of the Irvine of old, when "Lord Piercy and his court rode by," he "fished most successfully," and chuckled at times so loud and

heartily, that, maugre Geordie's exertions, he could easily see that his chance of gaining the wager was certain.

"An' hoo are ye coming on noo?" he frequently exclaimed, as he looked over his shoulder, rejoicing over the number of his captives. "Will ye dooble the bet? To your cutty wran, a goose an' the gander wi't—I'll do for your dominieship!"

But the tower of prosperity in this world is often the trench of adversity; and that Luggiehead found to his cost, for, pulling out what he denominated a *non-such*, and holding it up by the tail with both hands, and roaring out in the ecstasy of his joy, "Do ye see that?" the bank on which he stood gave way, and down he rolled headlong into a deep pool, ycleped "Meg Clapperton's Plumb-hole;" and there, like Cæsar in the Tiber, he wampled and plunged, and cried, "Help, help me, Dominie, or I'm over!"

Not above twenty yards from the spot, Geordie instantly ran to his assistance, but not in time to save him from sinking, for gravitation had prevailed, and carried him to the bottom like a stone. But to his unconquerable bravery and presence of mind, Luggiehead owed in a great measure his escape from a watery grave. Disdaining to die such a puny death, as he called drowning, and still retaining wind enough to hold out for a few moments, he threw himself right upon his back, and putting his hands behind his knees, holding fast what breath he contained, rolled like a hogshead, or as like one as a man in his circumstances could be; he gave a stone that projected from the bottom a smart touch with his toe, and up he came snorting like a wind-galled horse, upon which, Geordie, seizing the branch of a willow that shot across the pool with his left hand, and stretching out his right, caught him by the creel-belt, and drew him to the side; where, finding air and solid ground to stand on, he, after three tremendous gasps and sneezes, wiped the water from his eyes, and, to his inexpressible delight, once more got his foot upon the gowan.

Young men, in four cases out of ten, may run the risk of a wet jacket; but men over forty must look to their health—no sporting with life's decline. Accordingly, winding up their tackle, off they set from the scene of labour and peril, to procure dry clothes and a little reactive cordial.

"Noo, Mr. Chalmers," said he, as they stood in hesitation to which point of the compass to direct their march, "we mauna gang hame in this state, a' wat an' drooket: that wad keep the place in clish-naclaver for a week. We mauna juist let oor enemies see oor sair feet. We'll awa sooth to Mr. Meek at the Green Oak. He's an honest man, as far's I hae seen, an's gude to puir folk when he can. Hegh! for I wus I had my shooters in a dry sark. Hoo did it happen? Come, come, nane o' yer laughing; it's rather past joking this. What's my fate may be yours yet. Did ye see me fa' in?"

"Yes, my dear sir, I did," said Geordie, suppressing a laugh at the catastrophe.

"It's an unco music this in yer knapper. What's come owre ye noo? Are ye thinking on mair Latin for us?"

"I am thinking on the goose and the gander wi't."

"Aweel," said he, "ye'se get baith; but in I hadna fa'n in, ye'd as soon gotten the toor o' Lun'on. But what was I saying or doin' when the bank shot in?"

"Roaring as loud as thunder, sir, exulting o'er the capture of a trout."

"An' what was it like? It surely was a *non-such*."

"It was the largest caught to-day, sir, except one."

"What ane?" he interrogated.

"The one I caught by the creel-belt," replied the excited Dominie, unable to restrain his risibility at the peculiar appearance of his landlord.

"I see, Mr. Chalmers, yer a wee thing fond o' the marvellous, but tak your fill o't, I can staun a laugh. Ha, ha, ha! Get on. Ha, ha, ha! That's the way. Laugh an' grow fat; but tak care o' yer jaw-waggers, an' dinna spoil the trump o' yer Latin."

When a man's misfortunes are so ludicrous as to produce laughter, the best way to do is to join in the laugh, and if possible out-laugh the laugher. Luggiehead did so, and soon made his *protege* as grave as a friar. After the tug of laughter was over, they found themselves not above a hundred yards from the Green Oak.

"Noo, Mr. Chalmers, yonder's the body howing his custocks—Gie him a cry."

"Hoa! Mr. Meek, this way, sir, if you please. A man in distress."

"No sae ill's a' that na, wi' yer vapouring—only unco needfu' o' a pair o' dry stockings, an' something to warm the inside. Gie him anither shout. He disna hear—deaf body."

"We had better step up to him," replied the Dominie. "Teachers do not like to be cried on like flunkies."

"I believe yer right," he returned, "yer a punctilious set; but its a' needed." Thus said, they went on.

Of all the proverbs in the world, from Solomon's down to Allan Ramsay's, *necessity is no law* is the most remarkable; not that it bears in its construction any thing odd or singular, but that, in its application to human life, it invariably forms an excuse or plea for almost all the faults, blunders, and inconsistent transactions of mankind. When we perform any tolerably good, great, or noble action, no matter how, when, or where, or to whom, not the slightest doubt is entertained, on our own part, of the wisdom, prudence, and talent that led to its accomplishment. But when any thing foolish, illaudable, or fatal is done, then instantly we take shelter under the cover of this singular adage, and say, when oppugned by conscience or otherwise, "What could we do? You know *necessity has no law*." This is a truism that admits of no refutation. It speaks to every bosom. What but necessity can make a nation submit to chains—can force a proud oligarchy to yield to the voice of the people—



compel a voluptuary to retrench—or induce an injured individual to solicit aid from the hand that smote him? It would be carrying matters too far to stand aloof from one who has offended, or hurt us, through inadvertence or passion; but to keep at a proper distance from him who has long, coolly and deliberately, used his every endeavour to expedite our ruin, is not only prudent in practice, but highly commendable in principle. For what are we to expect from the serpent that stung us, when we again receive it into our bosom, but a renewal of its ingratitude? Can we reasonably believe that it will lie a harmless participant of our love? No, verily. It will impart its deadly poison the instant it finds an opportunity. In the same manner, he who has planned and matured our degradation can never be trusted. He may pretend conversion, and promise great things, in order to be admitted into favour, but as sure as the *sparks fly upward*, so will that man betray his trust whenever the lucky moment arrives of his doing so with safety to himself. It is an old saying, that *he who has been an enemy can never be a true friend*. What then are we to think of those who, for a momentary hurra over a momentary feast of momentary dainties, in the face of experience and of heaven, run to the arms of their old enemies, and give them the power of making their laws, of draining their purses, exhausting their fields, and exercising the lash upon the tender flesh of their sons and brothers? Or what, I say, would we think of that man who had ten *brothers*, three of whom were cruelly flogged, one for being absent from tattoo, another for being overtaken with sleep, and a third for writing a patriotic letter, if, when an advocate of the lash, and an advocate of its disuse, came and solicited his friendship, he turned from the latter to the former, and preferred the flogger of his brethren to the friend of humanity? Would we not say that such a man was either mad, or stupid, or bribed, or impelled by dire necessity?—But let us follow our hero, who, led on, now reached the spot where stood his brother



knight, like the king of the Vandals, drawing a little fresh mould to the roots of his kidney beans.

On seeing them approach, he placed his hoe in an angle of forty-five or thereby, and gave them a friendly reception.

"An' what's this yer about the day?" said the drooping innkeeper, eager to get over the hedge of empty formality.

"Just feeding the stem, sir, by way of assisting nature in the great work of vegetation."

"A' richt, Mr. Meek, the hoe maks the potato."

"It helps," replied the old man of syntax; "but nothing like plenty of manure."

"Wi' plenty o' wark," replied Luggiehead.

"And fine weather, you know, sir."

"After a gude sappling o' rain, ye ken."

"Just so, old boy. And where's this you have been? A-fishing?"

"Ou, sir, we have been that an' sooming baith," returned Luggiehead, archly.

"Fine day for bathing—I had a plunge this morning by five. Excellent weather for the black fly—*saltem sic discunt piscatores.*"

"I see ye hinna gi'en owre gabbing thae Latin havers o' yours yet, Mr. Meek. But come awa and let us see the inside o' the hoose. Ony thing in the black cock the day?"

"As much as will make the old cock crow at any rate. Happy to see you Mr. Chalmers—this way, gentlemen."

As they passed the threshold of the abode, Luggiehead encountered about a score and a half of ducks, hens, and chickens, in terror, making their way from the kitchen, *magno clamore.*

"Vile dirt!" he muttered, as one of them flew straight in his face, and scratched him with its toes. "I wun'er ye keep siccan a vermin aboot you, Mr. Meek."

"By these we live, sir," replied the Abecedarian softly, yet loud enough to be heard. "These are not the worst of Meek's scholars."

Great are the effects of parochial schools in Scotland, and "*highly meritorious*" are the learned gentlemen who superintend them; at least so saith the press, that great "palladium of all our civil, military, and religious liberties." But great and venerable as the press is, it is sometimes silent when it should speak out. The press has crowned itself with immortality of late, for its noble exertions in the cause of freedom. It has levelled tyranny with the dust, and raised degraded humanity to a rank from which it will never fall. The soldier's cause it has gallantly espoused, and nearly banished from the ranks the detested lash. But why so little on teaching? Are the schoolmasters *too well off*? If there exists, within the confines of Caledonia, a more envied and unenviable race of mortals than a great number of them are, I'll forfeit the use of my right hand. You say ample provision is made for them. 'Tis false. What! is the maximum enough—fifty-one pounds amongst three or four incumbents? The whole would not make a dinner for a lord! But see how the maximum is divided: The allocation-day arrives, and one lays in his claim, and hopes that the heritors will give him as much as they can, seeing his session-clerkship is small, and his school crowded with paupers. Another presents his claim, and prays that he may have as much of it as possible, his district being so very poor, and fees not half paid. And a third brings forward his, and begs that they will let him have at least the half of it, as without that, or a *voluntary subscription*, his school will go down. Poor amply-provided-for dominies! How the land lies! All things are considered. One gets twenty-five, another fifteen, and another eleven! O legislation! And thus they sum it up, and thus poor Mr. Meek did live, a man whose whole life might be compared to a siege within the walls of economy; a perfect model of pride and poverty—pinched, yet showing biscuit, and bare, yet exhibiting robe! But though misfortune had in a great measure "marked him for its own," learning

had made a channel in his heart, amongst which ran the milk of human kindness; and that noble love of independence, which enables thousands to spurn the charitable boon, had also so fortified his mind, that searching the records of history, from Stilpo downwards, you would not have found a greater philosopher, if cheerfulness of temper, and a wish to do good, can entitle a man to that appellation. Meek had his faults, but he was an honest man, such as Luggiehead described him, and such as Geordie found him to be, after all his doubts and surmises.

They were now shown into a little room "*off the kitchen,*" capable of holding a bed, six chairs, a table, and writing-desk. In the corner clicked a cuckoo time-piece, the only relic of his father. Around the walls hung the "Prodigal Son," in all his stages, from the receiving of his patrimony to the killing of the fatted calf. The history of Joseph, also in little cuts, was pasted above the mantel-piece, which, composed of a plain fir board, supported at the ends by two long nails driven into the wall, held his mathematical instruments, and a few books connected with astronomy, logic, and the Latin tongue, et cetera.

"And sit down, gentlemen," he said, "and partake of the joys of the domicile; schoolmasters are not very able, but they are willing. Draw near the ingle." Then opening the window that once could boast of six little panes of glass, now minus two, their places supplied with old copies, he called aloud on old Babby Gemmel, his housekeeper, to come away.

Babby appeared in quick time, and set about the work of refreshment. A southland kebbock, plenty of oaten cakes, and a bottle of old malt whisky, the gift of the laird of Lochbroggan, were produced. And now, snugly seated by the "blazing hearth," and Luggiehead, enchased in a suit of comfortable grey, once the pride of the Green Oak, care fled for a season, and left them in full possession of hilarity.

*They say* that a mind, conscious to itself of rectitude, can smile at the reproach of the world. 'Tis

true, in the presence of rivalry, without feeling any of those qualms which often, in spite of every effort of self-command, betray the secret workings of hypocrisy, he had wittingly given him no offence, (save in the taking away of his scholars, and that was not his fault, but the effect of changing popularity,) and therefore spoke to him with the freedom of one who, though injured, forgives, and in forgiving, forgets his real or imagined wrongs; meeting his looks with eyes that flinched not his stare, and towards him exhibiting as much of the *suaviter in modo* as his gentlemanship could afford, every moment expecting when the grand touch would be given to the letter sent him in the morning.

But whether Mr. Meek did not wish to advert to the subject in the presence of a third person, or wished his rival to do it—a good move in the game of life—we shall not determine. Be that as it might, he seemed cautiously to avoid the matter, by expatiating at great length on the Roman antiquities, and the beauties of Virgil—an author to whom he was peculiarly attached.

“And what do ye think, Mr. Chalmers, of Queen Dido?” he said, taking out his snuff-box and handing it over to Luggiehead, to relieve him a little from that pain which naturally arises in the mind of one who finds himself shut out of the conversation. “Was not Æneas right in wresting himself away from the beautiful enchantress? And was she not a great fool to die for love, and a greater to die *per mem?*”

“*Aquæ multæ*, sir, cannot quench love when once it is fairly kindled. They who never felt its powerful influence, will no doubt wonder at her folly. But love, sir, is the queen rampant of all the passions; and the object of admiration, sir, which excites it, is not like a good story which may be read, laid aside, and forgotten. It is like a fever caught by infection and fed by predisposition, and must be conquered by some powerful antidote, or death is the



consequence. That Æneas was right in absconding from allurements I believe, seeing effeminacy would have been the result of further dalliance. Perhaps he ought to have informed her of his purpose, in gratitude for the handsome reception she gave him after his escape from so many woes; but he was the child of destiny, and therefore, *nolens volens*, could not resist the decrees of the mighty Jove, who had promised that in future years the Romans, descending from the blood of Tencer, would rule over the sea, and carry civilization to the ends of the earth."

"Right," he replied—

‘ *Pater Omnipotens,  
Certe hinc Romanos olim volventibus annis,  
Hinc fore ductores, revocato sanguine Teucri,  
Qui mare, qui terras omni ditione tenerent  
Policitus.*

Perfectly correct, Mr. Chalmers. To Æneas, I say, we are indebted for much of our national glory."

"Right," replied young Thornybrae, striking in for a share of the honour of quoting a portion of classic lore, not willing to let him thus run off with the palm.—

‘ *Certe Pater Omnipotens dixit, ut non solum  
Cernes urbem promissa Lavine,  
Mœnia sublimemque feres ad sidera cœli.  
Magnanimum Ænean!  
Sed lapsis ætatibus* ’——

"Hand, haud your jabbering tongues, ye fools baith, an' no the tane!" roared out Luggichead, unable to endure the torment of listening any longer to an unknown tongue. "Nae mair o' yer *pulkra domina* maggots for me. What aboot yon letter, Mr. Meek, that ye sent to my daft young frien' this morning? Let us hear aweeock on that subject in ye please, sir; an' no deave us wi' yer blethers preserved frae the ruins o' auld mither Babalon, to mak fools pass for great men, an' asses for scholars. Say awa, sir; let the cat oot the pock, an' then we'll be stepping."

Here Meek, taken by surprise, looked a little dis-



concerted at the interruption, but seeing the company quite on the centre of expectation for an explanation of his mysterious card, he, giving two or three hems to clear his voice, thus honestly began.—

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## CHAPTER XV.

*Meek's Declaration.—Plot Discovered.—Luggiehead on Marriage.*

“GENTLEMEN,—Having been taught from my earliest years to speak the truth, I would not now tarnish my reputation with falsehood. I know that there are circumstances which, when viewed through distorted mediums, make us often take good men for rogues, and villains for people of integrity; but I know also, that the world, full of guile as it is, cannot deprive virtue of its laurels, nor truth of its reward. When I wrote to you this morning, I was deeply impressed with the idea that he who has it in his power to do good and does it not, is unfit for the enjoyments of a better world; and I thought, when I finished my card, that though you might impute false motives to the writer, you could not attach to him that pain which arises from evil intention and self-reproach. You will, therefore, excuse me if I have erred, and listen to my story.—You are aware, sir, I presume, that a rhythmical production has for some time past been running its curriculum in the parish, and that you have the honour of being its distinguished author. Now, sir, from what I saw of you the night we met with the literati in the Deacon Bailie's—your modesty, and attention to poor old Findslater—I resolved to afford you a cue by which, if rightly managed, you might unravel the mystery, and give virtue a triumph over the machinations of deceitfulness; or, as our friend Mr. Luggiehead has observed, ‘lay the saddle on

the right horse, and put an end to the bruilzie.' Be it known unto you, therefore, that Mr. Macnab is the composer of the lampoon—a species of writing antipodes to true genius, and, in the present sample of its composition, worthy only of the flames. He, sir, is the author of that trash which had well nigh raised you '*ad sidera cæli*.' Popularity, Mr. Chalmers, is very sweet to the mind of man. '*Fama petita est*;' but popularity, sir, has been the downfall of thousands. There is an envious spirit in the world—a demon—now fair as an angel, now grim as hell, that seems to have nothing to do but to watch over the exertions of merit, for the diabolical purpose of destroying what it has neither the genius, nor the skill, nor the inclination to produce. Yes, sir, that evil spirit exists; and but for the opposing influence of truth, every vestige of good would from the world be speedily uprooted. But there is an angel, whose name is Rectitude, that often thwarts the labours of the fiend, and to whom you are indebted for your safety, else Mr. Chalmers by this time would have been sleeping with his fathers. Irritated, sir, beyond expression, at your success, he went from house to house, and, with all the artful plausibility in his power, strove to render you odious. You were his sore eye. You have your faults, and these were shot to his carbine and priming to his pan. With an industry that shoots beyond common endeavour, he got a-head of you in quarters where you were reposing on the pillow of confidential friendship. You spoke as fancy, or reason, or humour dictated, and dreamed not of a foe. You acted as friendship does when it sees friendly eyes to look to, and so you fell before him—a man whose sole aim was your destruction, from the first moment of your incumbency. Perhaps, sir, you will think that I am now actuated by the evil spirit to which I have alluded, and, like a man who has two enemies, supports the one to neutralize the other. But no such thing. Though old and poor, and beyond the pale of competition for the good

things of this life, I am happy to state that I am independent of the favours of mankind—the witching, precarious favours—the smiles, the deceitful smiles, of worldly friendship. I have a little which the Almighty has been pleased to send my way, and

‘ A little that a poor man hath  
Is more, and better far,’

When blessed by the benevolent hand of Providence, than the wealth of ‘either Inds,’ poured into the lap of those whose ‘stalled ox’ sends forth a goodly smell in the mansions of strife. I speak, sir, from no false motive. I am only sorry that circumstances prevented me from making a disclosure in time to save you from the brutal attack of a wild and furious people. But whatever you may think of me, of one thing be assured, that, maugre a considerable chagrin at the almost total emptying of my school since your arrival, I felt, and do still feel, a degree of detestation at the unmanly conduct of your brother teacher, that no epithet in our language can sufficiently express. When I heard, sir, of your sufferings, I said, Now will unfold the secret—I will not suffer innocence to perish, though in a rival. But there is, I believe, destiny in all things, and so, *fata sinuerunt*, the storm raged around you, and I had not the power to send out a life-boat. I saw your bark tossed on the foaming surge, but on the sterile shore of apathetic selfishness I stood, and made no serious effort to save you. I upbraided myself in secret, and in dreams of the night often started, resolved to inform you of the works of darkness; but, shame to philosophy! on entering my school in the morning, and seeing nothing but empty benches, and a few miserable paupers at the fire waiting my appearance, I always forewent my resolutions, and allowed you to plough on your way amid the breakers of detraction. Thus far I accuse myself. But to the point. The wonder will now be, from whom did Macnab receive the materials out

of which he spun his admirable ditty? And here answer, from Miss Dawson."

"From Miss Dawson!" exclaimed the young man confounded at the announcement.

"Yes; from Miss Dawson of Greenbank, the Deacon Bailie's daughter—a lady to whom you owe"——

"Hold, hold, sir. It is impossible. Every principle of honour is against it."

"Ha! my young friend," Meek replied, "you are but a scion in the weedy garden of life. You know not man."

"Nor woman either I think," said Luggiehead clenching his fist, and striking the table with indignant surprise.

"Yes," continued the incumbent of the Green Oak, "you know not man. But you will learn. Experience is a dear school, and you are at it. By-and-bye and you will know more of the inexplicable heir of immortality. You have only pierced the *cellular integument* of the tree. You have not come to the *wood*—to the *pith*, the reservoir of depravity and vice. But have patience, and you will see with whom you have to deal, when your eyes are open to the reduction of your seminary, and the rewarding of your labours with ingratitude."

"Whatever my fate may be I cannot say, but of this I am sure—I cannot believe what you advance relative to Miss Dawson."

"Then, sir, you can remain in your unbelief. But as true as that you breathe the vital air, so true it is what I have stated."

"And how came you to know?"

"How? Do you know Doctor O'Bradly?"

"I do, as to appearance."

"Did you ever see him with Macnab?"

"I have."

"Do you remember your first visit to Greenbank?"

"I do—to my grief."

"Did you ever see them there?"

"Once, I think."

"But that evening?"

"Not that evening; I saw nobody but my landlord, with the Deacon and his daughter."

"I dare say you are right. Villainy, like Juno, is often behind a cloud. But villainy, like electricity, in the concentration of its particles, as often bursts in thunder. No matter, Macnab and his coadjutor were on the premises when you called, and your adorable, at the same time, was"——

"Was what, sir? What was she doing?"

"Erecting a platform."

"A platform! I don't understand you."

"Don't ye? Then, sir, she was laying down the materials of a stage, on which she meant to exhibit you to the ridicule of the world."

"Your language, sir, is ambiguous. Be explicit."

"Why, sir, she was neither more nor less than wishing to play off her vanity at your expense, as she had done to your predecessor."

"And what motive could she have for such conduct to one who never wronged her?"

"There's where you are out again. Why, Mr. Chalmers, you really know not the world. You take all for good, without considering that the human heart is 'deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' and that none are so base as the envious, and those to whom a little learning has imparted the curse of artfulness and pride."

"But Miss Dawson is a lady of religion and politeness."

"Ay, of religion, when she meets with the holy; and of politeness, when she sits at the tea-table, or walks a-la-mode in the streets. But Miss Dawson is also a lady of hypocrisy, and that your character knows."

"Do you hear that, Dominie?" said his landlord, his eyes protruding with wrath.

"Yes, but like Dydimus I am doubtful. Now, sir, was she really within at the time?"



“She was, sir, and said, as you first touched the door with your cane, That’s his honour—now for a laugh.”

“Then they set the dog upon me?”

“They did, and would have kept you longer in thralldom, but for her father’s unexpected arrival.”

“But she said she was in the garden.”

“True. She went the length of the bower to show her accomplices the way to the fields; but, till the Deacon’s voice disconcerted her scheme, she was standing behind the stair enjoying the indescribable felicity of laughing, under breath, at your distress.”

“Weel, of a’ that ever crossed my five senses, by nicht or by day, that taks the wunward,” said Lug-giehead, throwing himself back in his chair, and holding up his hands in the ecstasies of astonishment and laughter. “My word, Mr. Chalmers, but ye hae been in love wi’ a vengeance. A ledy! A spunkie incarnate, shining owre the bog o’ deceit, to decoy young chiels to their ruin. Wha wada thocht it? But what can we say, sirs? The foul thief’s i’ the human heart. Aul’ fools an’ young fools may laugh at ane anither, but he laughs at them baith, an’ seems determined to rule amang us, as lang’s he can fin’ a skelp and a daft young callan to match. A ledy! Rub oot the word for gudesake, and talk nae mair about it.”

“With all my heart,” said Meek.

“One word mair,” said Geordie, not yet satisfied.

“Pray, what hand had O’Bradly in the affair?”

“He copied and posted the stanzas, that’s all.”

“But I cannot conceive, admitting all this, how they could arrive at such accuracy. Miss Dawson, surely, could not be such a fool as give them every incident; and without that, how could *they* know?”

“Not conceive! Why, sir, the next morning the Doctor was sent for, to whom the Bailie, honest man, told all that happened on the preceding evening; then sir, O’Bradly, after a few *wise remarks*, goes away and meets with his friend Macnab, to whom *he* relates the

misfortune, with all the additional items of a second-hand informant, declaring, for certain, that you had used too much freedom with a man of the Deacon's high rank. Then, by nightfall, they both glide down Greenbank to inquire after his health, when Miss Dawson comforts them with an assurance that all was now well, adding, that her father *was always so kind to strangers*, that, give him something substantial, and he to dispute with, there is no saying, said she, how far he would go; of which predilection we had rather an unpleasant example last night, when that booby, Chalmers, from the Cross Keys, entertained him with a long rhapsody on the difference between ancient and modern learning—of which, however, he knew no more than I do of what is spoken in the moon. And thus they wrapped it up. Dost thou not see?"

"Why, sir, I see a very simple plot indeed, and extremely plain in its development, needing neither genius to form nor talent to unravel it; but no matter, though the wicked may flourish for a season—simplicity yet!"

"That's right, Dominie," applauded his landlord. Honour and honesty to the ends o' the earth, an' death to the rogue that wad deceive a woman!"

"To the woman that would deceive a man, you mean, Mr. Luggiehead," replied Thornybrae, not aware of all his peculiarities.

"Na, na, sir; to the man that wad deceive a woman. The women are no gude, I'll allow; but the head's no in existence that's capable o' throwin' licht on the tricks an' vapourings o' some o' our young whiels. I dinna mean to tak Miss Dawson's part—he's a deep ane, an'll break the heart o' the puir fellow that gets her; but no sayin' ony thing oot o' point, ye ken yersel, Mr. Chalmers, ye were mair like a fool than a teacher â' the time ye were in wi' the rosebud."

"Not quite so bad, Mr. Luggiehead—only in love, sir; a thing you have been in yourself."

"Ou, sir, I'se no deny that. He's nae man ava

that's no in love ance i' his life, either in the carnal, or doctified state. But it's no that that gang mad at: it's the vapouring they mak aboot it—the fiddlin' an' the dancin', an' the loupin' the winnoc at nicht—setting trysts to meet on the Hollows ro the tae nicht, atween the Mill-dykes the neist—*my dearing*, an' *my lambing*, an' *my seraphing*—keeki frae 'neath plaids an' mantles when a body gaes b like as mony chickens frae 'neath the wings o' a he —makin' set dances, an' galravaging awa ilka Saturday for cruds an' cream, sour plooms an' grossets—vowing eternal love—and then, after they hae ruined them, haudin' up their hauns, an' swearin' by a' that gude that they ken naething aboot them! That's what I fin' fau't wi'. Awfu' wark that, Mr. Meeks stealing a horse is naething to that,—no imputin to my young frien' ony thing that's no decent. But wha, Mr. Meek, can hear an' witness sic iniquity, an' no be baith vexed an' angry? Puir women bodie led to ruin by a wheen dreaming, vapouring young scoon'rels, is aneuch to sink the kintra as laigh as Sodom and Gommorah. Gae wa wi' yer ca'f love Mr. Chalmers, it's a feast an' a famine—a month o' joy an' a lifetime o' misery. Wait till yer feather are a' oot, afore ye rin to the arms o' matrimony. It's no a kiss an' a clap, an' a rug an' a rive, that's to pay after yer married, lad! It's whare's the meal to come frae, an' the peats, an' the brats o' duds, an' the rent an' the ilka thing belangin' to a hoose. It's hoo ye to pay yer debt, lad—keep the croon o' the cawsie, an' preserve yer integrity frae scandal. Folk's unco gude when we're no awn them ony thing. Do as I did, sir,—no praising mysel the mair I say't,—wait till yer banes are hardened, till yer beard tak a grip o' the razor, till yer purse can stan' its lane, an' a body can step into yer dining-room, an' count mair in't than twa marrowless chairs. I was seven-an'-twenty year aul' afore I ventured oot amang them, as the saying is. By that time I had galore, a weel-stowed hoose an' clacs o' a' dimensions, forby a trifle

the bank to keep a' straught on a rainy day; and being thus provided for, I thought it nae sin to mak some decent quean the better o' me. Sae, sir, I juist mannily leuket about me for twa-three days, an' waled not ane to my mind—an' that had clever hauns, an' a trick for carefu'ness,—an' no lang about it athers. Leazy Haldine o' Cornhapper was my choice: I sent her a bit note—nae doot in the best style I was able—telling her that I wanted a wife, an' that I had fixed upon her, an' that if she liket to tak me, gude an' weel, if no, there was nae ill dune. I juist gied her eight days to think on't—rowth o' time in a' conscience, Mr. Meek, to wheeffle. I like aye to see folk clever about their bizness. She took me at my word; an' blithe the body was, nae doot, to get the offer. Our names were gi'en in to the session-clerk, and in less than three weeks I had her on ahint me at the full gallop, and into the Cross Keys like a lintie! But nae mair about it; let the wab rin to the wab's an'. Here's a hale skin, an' a way o' doing, an' honour an' honesty for ever."

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## CHAPTER XVI.

*Departure from the Green Oak.—Luggiehead on the qualifications of a Teacher.—Character of his Father.—A few hints on Religion.—O'Bradly.—Remarks on the Impudence of the Base.—Attacked on the way Home.—Defeat of the Ruffians.—Observations on War.—Triumphant entry into Glenbuckie.*

IT was now about nine o'clock, in one of the finest summer evenings imaginable, when, after a moderate refreshment, they gathered up their tackle, and taking their departure from the Green Oak, entered the glen of Yomrawdun, talking over the adventures of the day.



“And what do you think of your dominie now?” said Geordie to his landlord, somewhat elated with the disclosure.

“Ou, Mr. Chalmers, to be plain wi’ ye, I ne’er belived ye were capable o’ sie a ploy; though I was angry that nicht we fell out aboot aul’ Sarah, ye were nae weel doon on the ehair till I saw you as elear as the sun o’ things bordering on the guilty. Your plain, blunt face, man, on which sat the flush o’ conscious innoeence, gied the lie to a’ things like trickery or design; an’ sae, sir, you may remember that I was nae sma’ help to you at the latter en’ o’ the trial. No, Mr. Chalmers, I ne’er saw ony thing aboot ye that wasna fair an’ square, except yon queer way ye explained the law to the fools, wha took it a’ in for truth, though I maun juist tell you I didna believe ae word ye said on the subject. But ye were sae far richt, inasmuch as ye didna juist say that the English was word for word wi’ the Latin, but that it was a version o’ yer ain like, whieh, to be sure, was as gude to the folk o’ Glenbuckie as if it had been a’ literal an’ true frae en’ to en.’ But, sir, necessity has nae law, and sae it’s whiles no amiss to use the cunning o’ the serpent wi’ the harmlessness o’ the dove, though I wad rather prefer the straught road yet. Boot-gaits are taiglesome, and near-cuts are seldom elean. No, sir, though I got mony an onset aboot you, it aye ran i’ my head that truth wad prevail, to the disadvantage o’ them whase soople tongues were lood in yer deduction. I couldna say, I aften telt yer aecusers, whether ye wad ride the fuird o’ honesty triumphantly at the last or no; but o’ this I was eertain, that ye were aye quate an’ diligent, an’ as far frae the gaits o’ them wha teach their bairns to steal an’ tell lies, as the ewe on the knowe is frae the trieks o’ the fox wha slips into the barn-yard an’ rins awa wi’ the hens. But, Mr. Chalmers, ye hae ehosen a precarious trade, if a trade ye may ea’t, to win yer bread by; therefore, ye mauna be surprised if yer aften blamed for things ye ken nacthing aboot. I wadna be a



dominie for the warl'. Blessed wi' the licht o' knowledge, yer notions o' things are as far aboon oors as the tap o' Benlomond hill is aboon the loch, an' sae, sir, yer supposed to ken a' frae the A B C to the stars that roll i' the lift. They dinna ken what they tak in haun wi', that set oot to be teachers. It's no learnin' a'thegither, sir, that maun distinguish them frae the rest o' mankind. They maun be sober, steady, an' vigilant; patient, forbearing, an' forgiving; a' things to a' men for wrath's sake, as weel as for conscience's. They maun be able to bear adversity without a grudge, an' prosperity without being lifted up. They maun gang oot amang the folk, an' crack muckle wi' the aul' wives; get the fair side o' the ledies—men are silly bodies. They maun ca' on the great folk also, stay muckle at hame too; eat little when invited to dine, drink less, keep oot o' the public hooses, an' be a saxpence only when decency requires. They maun be able, sir, to tell queer stories; hae a fund o' anecdotes, an' be rich in proverbs. They maun be kindly, coothy, an' commanding—also severe. Carry sweeties i' their pouches as weel as taws, an' gie them fairings as weel as pandies. In short, they maun be able to endure privations of every sort. Gie their employers a' their ain will, an' no that athers, for they maun be able to fecht them also, else, by my Hughy, they'll be a' up, an' aboot their lugs, like as mony town terriers i' the neck o' a kintra collie."

"You have a very peculiar opinion of the qualifications of a teacher, I think, Mr. Luggiehead," said Geordie, not a little amused with his humour. "But, sir, I do not think you are so correct in your ideas now as you werc in the morning, when angling was the theme of our conversation."

"Correct here or correct there, I'sc no say, but my young frien', in ye live twenty year langer ye'll see the warl' in a different licht. But happy may they a' be. Far be it frae me to add a link to the chain that tethers sae mony uscfu' men. If I could mak them a' better I wad do't. But keep up yer heart, my son;

nae despairing. I ne'er liked the piper that played aye wi' the drone; far less the coward that couldna face a storm, an' him least of a' that ran awa frae his ain shadow. There's muckle in perseverance, an' mair in haeing the richt cause to defend. Dinna be coost'n doon at ony thing I say. I'm aye as plain's I'm pleasant, fond o' fair play, an' ne'er could gae roun' by the wast seeking the east yet. Ye'll maybe think that I'm a wee thocht raucle-tongued, that is, a kenning loud, and barefaced in my way; but that was the way o' my father afore me, sir, a man whase candour bade defiance to misconstruction an' mistak. Ye kent aye what he meant frae what he said. In he promised you a thing, ye got it. Nae cowing o' heads an' no a shear on them. He detested pretension, an' fause loons he ne'er could bide. Gie him an' honest man to deal wi', an' ye had him for time and eternity. My father's aim, sir, was the glory o' God an' the happiness o' a' around him; an' sae, sir, I learned aff him, an' wadna break ane o' his gowden rules for a' the wealth o' the Indies. Dinna then be offended at my freedom. I'll likely hurt yer tender feeling by a time, but bring up yer feelings to the standard o' aul' John Luggiehead, an' then ye'll be proof o' shot, hae plenty while ithers want, an' rejoice in heart while the warl' is distracted aboot you. Courage then, my boy, an' tak a noble mark to shoot at—aim weel, hit fair—down wi' yer bird, an' the feathers 'll saften yer pillow. If ye be destined for the kirk, ye'll win to a poopit though a' the powers in hell were up in array against you."

"You are a Predestinarian, then, I perceive," replied young Thornybrae, more and more astonished at his friend.

"Ou, sir, what I am as regards religious affairs is naebody's business. My name's An'ra Luggiehead, your frien' an' patron, an' farder than that ye needna care."

"Why, sir, in the speaking of our religious opinions to one another in sincerity, what danger?"

“Ou, sir, if time an’ place be convenient there’s nae danger ava, provided the heart’s soun’ in its principles; but religious matters, Mr. Chalmers, I’m a wee dootfu’, are mair a subject o’ speeulation, noo-a-days, than real godly practee. No dooting your sineerity the mair o’ that, sir; but I see owre muckle pride an’ selfishness aroun’ me, to wauken my suspieion o’ the purity o’ nine-tenths o’ professing Christians. I see many, sir, that mak a great wark about charity, who, for a little, wad stane you to death for a heretie, if ye differed from them in the least tenet o’ their faith. Yes, Mr. Chalmers, I see some that wad fling you owre i’ the glen, man, in they durst, in order to get into your berth; an’ yet wha sae pious an’ sae grave—gaun to the kirk like Christians indeed, an’ sighing there as if every word they heard eam frae the lips o’ an angel? I dinna like thae folk ava, man. It’s no infidelity, man, that brings disereit on religion;—it’s the warldly-mindedness—the panting desire after self-aggrandisement, manifested in the lives o’ too many o’ its professors, frae the Archbishop down to the lowest Dissenter, that does it. Infidelity wad soon dieht its neb an’ flee up, if a’ that profess to be Christians wad put on the spirit o’ meekness, prefer their neibour’s interest to their ain, an’ do as they wad be dune to. But that’s no to be expected, as lang as depravity has a seat i’ the human heart,—it’ll be *gie me this, an’ gie me that, an’ fecht for yoursel, to the end o’ time*. There will be great improvements made, nae doot—great reformation in kirk an’ state—great alterations in discipline an’ order—great profieiciency in art an’ seience, an’ wun’erfu’ strides towards civilization and grandeur. There will be fewer privileged orders, an’ mae independent communities—fewer puir hooses, an’ mae comfortable dwellings—fewer licensed robbers, and mae honest men; but, till the old man, wi’ his deeds, is uprooted and cast into the lake, there will be eneuch to disturb an’ distraet us, do or say what we will. But persevere ye in the gude aul’ path o’ uprightness. Let yer religion,

Mr. Chalmers, flow into yer heart, straught frae the saered fountain itsel, like a stream o' water frae the sooth, an' never tak it, at second haun, frae the lips o' controversy. Let it support you, rather than you it. It's a puir religion, man, that needs prapping. My father, wha died rejoicing i' the hope o' glory, honour, and immortality, could never endure the thocht o' bolstering up religion. His religion, sir, was the religion that tells i' the dying hour, when the soul, lookin' baek on a weel-spent life, exults in the prospect o' eternal rest. But what puts predestination in yer head? Do you mean to depart frae the religion o' yer fathers, an' become a sectarian? I'm no sure o' that phrase, *Ye're a Predestinarian, then?* But quateness is best. Wheesht! Do you see wha's ahint you?"

At this Geordie looked over his shoulder, and saw close behind him O'Bradly, mounted on a black mare; than which a more miserable brute never carried apothecary. Its haunches stood up like the horns of a lady's saddle; its baek was bent like the inside of a eirele; and all its parts in due proportion suited exactly to the taste and genius of one of the most obsequious and peeculiar sons of Eseulapius.

"Let your words be few an' weel ordered," whispered Luggiehead.

"O! How do you do, gentlemen?—How do you do?" saluted O'Bradly, drawing in the reins, and setting himself back in his saddle.

"Pretty weel, Doctor," replied the lord of the inn.

"Fine evening this,—fine evening, an't it?" replied the former.

"Ou, the e'ening's fine eneuch," rejoined the latter.

"Have ye been walking far, gentlemen?—I say, have ye been walking far?" interrogated the one.

"Hae ye been riding far, sir?" questioned the other.

"Not far, gentlemen,—not far; only from the village to the top of the hill, and from that to this."



"Then ye haena been far travelled?"

"O, that's a good way, you know, sir,—that's a good way."

"Ye hae been farder awa frae hame in yer day."

"Sometimes, sir,—I say, sometimes. But where's this you have been? Have you been fishing?—I say, have you been fishing?"

"Ou, sir, hae ye been hunting?"

"No, sir,—not I, sir. Have ye been successful?"

"Ou, sir, hae ye been prosperous in what ye've been after?"

"I have not been after much, Mr. Luggiehead,—I say, I have not been after much: only taking the air, sir,—only taking the air."

"Juist na; takin' the air like, for the benefit o' yer lungs."

"Just so, sir,—just so; recreating the muscles a little."

"A very gude plan; especially in a time like this, when there's naething doing amang the kirkyards. Hae ye been doing onything that way this whileoek?"

"Not a fair question,—not a fair question. Can't say,—can't say. How is the whisky selling? Have ye been tasting any of late?"

"Ou, sir, in ye be unco keen to ken, ye ean step back to Mr. Meek at the Green Oak, an' he'll tell you for a word o' yer mouth."

"Too far out of the way, sir,—too far out of the way."

"Ye've been farder oot o' yer way afore noo."

"Don't remember,—can't say,—don't think it."

"Then ye ne'er was at Embro'?"

"Can't say that,—ean't say that."

"I mean, ye ne'er was there on business?"

"I never go,—I say, I never go, unless I have business."

"But business o' importance."

"What do you mean, sir,—what do you mean by business of importance?"



“Ou, sir, I juist mean by business o’ importance, sic as putting a bit letter i’ the post-office, and”——

“What more, Luggie?—I say, what more?”

“Ou, nae mair, Bradly; but juist afore ye pit it in, sit doon on the road side, or in Macnab’s schule, an’ direct the same to Mr. An’ra Luggiehead, vintner, Cross Keys, Glenbuckie.”

“I never do that, sir,—I never do that.”

“No, I daur say ye’ll do’t nae mair; but ye did do’t.”

“I never did,—I say, I never did.”

“Yer a liar!”

“What! Mr. Luggiehead?—What now, Mr. Luggiehead?”

“I say you are a lying scoon’rel.”

“Do ye say so to my face?—I say, do ye say so to my face?”

“I do: as great a scoon’rel as ever opened a vein.”

“Then you threaten me,—I say, then you threaten me.”

“Threaten you! In it wasna for the sake o’ that aul’ beast below you, as the sign’s aboon my door-head, I’d gar ye sleep i’ the laighest part o’ the glen!”

“Your best, old boy—your best, old boy, on some future day—I say, on some future day. Man to man, and let the glen rock the sleeper!” Thus saying, he put spurs to his Bucephalus, and scampered away.

Relieved from their intruder, Geordie could not help remarking to his friend the ease with which guilt assumes the air of innocence.

“Ou, sir, that’s the reward of iniquity. That’s what vice yields to her children for their labours—a hard cheek an’ a face o’ brass, to enable them to get on boldly to the end o’ the tether. But by their impudence ye’ll ken them. A simple chiel fa’ing into a scrape will blush on detection—will seek forgiveness, an’ strive to mak amen’s for his fau’t; but the real hardened wicked will leuk you as braid i’ the face wi’ a lie on their tongue, as ye’d leuk yersel’ i’ the glass after being dressed an’ ready for the kirk.

It's an awfu' world this, Mr. Chalmers. Rogues in a' directions, an' honest men ill to be had,—ane here an' ane there, like Hamilton lamps langsyne, casting a wee bit glimmer whare they are, but doing little rude to the place. Hoosever, my aul' father had the best way o't yet."

"And what was that?"

"Ou, sir, it was aye in the first place to seek Gude to guide him; in the second, to ride the fuird as he can't; and in the third, to staun fast by honour an' honesty."

"An excellent way, indeed. Would all men were like your father!"

"Ou, Mr. Chalmers, my forbear was mair indebted to his Bible than Latin poems. Many a braw book he had, an' mony a gran' hero he read about, but the aul' Bible bore the gree, an' Joseph and Job eclipsed a' the great men he fell in wi'. O man, Mr. Chalmers, what a field ye hae afore ye! Gifted wi' talents an' invested wi' authority, what gude may ye do amang the rising generation! Latin is unco rude; a bonnie han'o'write's unco pleasant, an' counting an' grammar are wun'erfu' usefu', but truth is worth them a'. O man, strive to mak them sterling as weel as clever; lay open the heart afore them; gie them a sight o' their depravity; instruct them deeply in the soun' principles; mak heroes o' them a'; an' O weary not i' the glorious cause, e'en though the foolish should use ye ill. Ne'er mind that; ye'll get pennyworths, man, for yer pains, in ye be faithfu'. Yer ain conscience'll reward you; the bairns will bless you when they grow up, an' the Lord of hosts'll no forget you when ye turn aul' an' stiff, an' no fit for the duties o' yer station."

During this conversational oration, they had imperceptibly got out of the glen into the main road, and were close upon the Crag where the Whin-bushes of old used to reside in lawless security, and hold their midnight revels over the spoils of many a luckless traveller, when, dreading no harm, a band of

ruffians, with O'Bradly at their head, in mask, sprung from behind an old turf-wall, and with horrible imprecations demanded their money or their lives.

Their appearance was dreadful: Geordie trembled in every joint, and knew not what scheme to fall upon for deliverance, seeing money he had none, and inclination to fight as little. But what he lacked in chivalry, his landlord had in full possession, being one who, to the milk of human kindness, added these two noble qualities—undaunted courage and strength. Indeed, Luggiehead was a man of a thousand—shrewd, generous, and brave—in all situations collected and humorous; exemplifying the simplicity of the lamb in the tranquil hour, and the heroic virtues of the war-horse in the hour of danger; and thus eying them with fearless indignation, and unclasping his jockteleg, replied—

“Ye scoon'rels!—your names, or your neck-banes!”

“Your purses, or feed the crows,” returned one of the band, in rather a tremulous tone, evidently impressed with the heroic enunciation of Luggiehead's retort.

“To wha, ye hobgoblins!” said the hero of the inn, shaking his gully in their faces.

“To us, who preside o'er the destinies of Glenbuckie!”

“When your num'er is triplet—an' no then, ye sons of perdition!”

“Then you wish to be sacrificed?” said they.

“I wish to be hame to my ain hoose,” said Luggiehead.

“You pass not our line!”

“Through your line I will drive, an' wo to him that offers resistance!”

“One moment we give you to surrender,—I say, one moment we give you to surrender!” said a well-known voice.

“One moment I give you to flee,” Luggiehead replied.

“ We come not to flee,” said they.

“ Then ye staun to repent o’ yer folly,”—upon which he sprung in amongst them, and in half a minute laid three of them sprawling at his feet; the others fought desperately, and brought him at last to the ground, when, thinking that a blow would annihilate the Dominie, two of them directed their cudgels at his corpus, but he, judging it safer to retreat than stand and be slain, skipped back a few paces, and pulling out his patron’s snuff-horn, which he had by chance in his pocket, scattered the whole of its blinding contents into their unsuspecting eyes, and turned the braggarts into fools, stamping and roaring in all the distortions of agony.

“ What’s that yer about there, Mr. Chalmers?” roared out his unconquerable landlord, as he rallying sprung to his feet, and turned from his victims to behold the distress of Geordie’s antagonists.

“ Only giving them a pinch to clear their optics a little,” he replied, emboldened at the success of his weapon.

“ Ye had better open a bit vein too,” his friend humorously returned. “ It’ll help to let oot some o’ their ill nature, an’ mak them soopler for the cowpin’. My sooth! but they had a gude stock o’ impudence. Lie there, ye scoon’rels three, till I see what’s the matter on the left. An’ ye wad rob us too! ye wad, ye hottentots, becoomed wi’ the gum o’ the coal-hill. I’m thinking I’ll learn you anither road to the well for yer pains.”

Thus said, he seized the two wretches by the neck, and made their heads strike against each other like dum-bells in the hands of an awkward recruit. The other seeing the defeat of his accomplices, surrendered at discretion.

The victory was won, but the consequences that were to follow were beyond their calculation; yet such is the nature of man, that, however appalling the scene, he can smile with an approving conscience on the havoc he has made, when such is the result of an at-

tack upon his honour and liberty. No gory rill bedims his joy—no groan of the wounded and of the dying damps the rapture of his soul when fighting in the cause of existence. The field of battle is then the field of glory. The enemy of his freedom is the enemy of his God. His arm is raised to revenge an insult offered to his honour. Every loading of his musquet is a shot rammed down to extirpate a despoiler of his virtue. His soul burns, his eye flashes, and gallantry blazes with the living fire of indignant patriotism. No fear of death has he in all his thoughts. In fancy he plucks the thunderbolt from the cloud, and hurls it, flaming, into the deep ranks of the foe. He walks over the slain with the light tread of the charger, counts the number of his captives, and exults o'er the glory of his triumph. No wonder, then, that men revere the name of hero; that *Te Deum* is sung over the slaughter of thousands; that our cities are illuminated over a "glorious victory," and that every heart, susceptible of national honour, feels a continuation of electric shocks over the details of victory and freedom!

"And what's to be done now with the prisoners?" said Geordie, forgetting his timidity, and assuming the bold part of the valiant.

"Ou, sir, we maun juist do wi' them what the king does wi' deserters—haun-cuff the idiots, an' march them into the jail," replied Luggiehead, chuckling immoderately, unmindful of the blows he had received in the conflict.

"But, Mr. Luggiehead, one is apparently slain, what's to be done with him?"

"Juist pit him on O'Bradly's back, Mr. Chalmers, and gar the tae rascal carry the tither."

When kings command, subjects must obey. So yielding to fate, tied two and two, with the exception of the Doctor and his patient, they marched into the town, to the utter astonishment of the people.



## CHAPTER XVII.

*The Bailie surprised.—O'Bradly's Soliloquy.—Protestation.—Luggiehead's Account of the Battle.—Important Hints.—Examination.—Macnab's Objections.—Geordie's Reply.—Trial Proceeds.*

“WHAT'S this noo?” exclaimed the Deacon Bailie, as he lifted the under sash of his parlour window, and beheld the people in motley crowd assembled at his door. “In the name of wonder, what's this ycr aboot the nicht?”

“Speir nae questions,” said Luggiehead, “but come awa wi' the keys o' the castle, an' help us to lodge thir gentry.”

“I canna come oot the nicht, sir,” replied the Deacon, alarmed at the tumult.

“Then haun us oot the keys, an' let him that canna staun on the head o' his commission resign his trust to anither,” responded the victorious vintner.

“I never refused to do my duty yet, sir,” returned the tardy Bailie; “but I must first know how many gentry ye hae to lodge?”

“Five living an' ane dead, my Lord.”

“Mercy on us! an' what has been the cause o' his defunction?”

“A whittle i' his win'pipe, my Lord, please yer honour; come awa, an' let us get their beds made.”

At this the crowd, which was rapidly increasing, set up a loud shout, which Miss Dawson mistaking for the signal of an immediate attack upon the house, foolishly let loose Geordie's old acquaintanec, the dog, who sprung furiously on O'Bradly, and bit his leg to the bone. Geordie saw in this the finger of retributive justice, but said nothing, trusting himself solely to the direction of Providence. In a few minutes the Deacon, in company with Macnab, who had that evening been paying his addresses, reluctantly ap-

peared, and gave orders to face to the right about, and march to the castle—an old ruinous building in the centre of the town, occupied in the days of other years by haughty Barons, but now converted into a lock-up-house for delinquents; in the meantime directing their leal and cautious steps to the inn, to take possession of that chair, out of which authority was about to tumble, to the discredit, for once, of Greenbank.

On entering the gloomy mansion of repentance, O'Bradly, relieved from his load, sat down upon a stone that had served as a chair to many a wo-begone predecessor, and there calling for a little water to quench his thirst, thus wickedly planned his escape. "Water is delicious,—water is delicious," said he to himself, "and Luggiehead must be thirsty—good. After I am slaked, that is, after I am slaked, I will offer him the cooling beverage, and whilst he is drinking, up-set the whole in his face—in his face—excellent. The moment then—the moment then, he feels the water in his eyes, I will throw a handful of gunpowder—of gunpowder, on the candle which he holds in his hand, and at the same time tread smartly—I say tread smartly, on this detonating ball; a tremendous report will mingle its reverberating roar with the flash—with the flash; and the water, fire, and explosion, operating, as it were, *in commune*, that is, *in commune*, will so astound and stultify both him and his man Geordie—man Geordie, that they will not know where they are—where they are, till I am down the long stair; and then—and then, O then, a pill for his authority. Most admirable!"

What will not low villany conceive! The water is brought, the culprit drinks, thanks his benefactor, and offers him the flaggon. Poor Luggiehead! he dreamed not of the trick. He raised the vessel to his head with avidity, and received the whole liquid contents into his face and bosom, at the same moment sees a bright flame through the watery particles that glided past his confounded organs of vision, and to

utter astonishment hears a loud crack at his side, as if the main beam of the roof had sprung from its centre, struck by the talismanic wand of enchantment. In the meantime the Doctor was up, and gliding towards the stair-head with the nimbleness of a London thief scared in the act; but Luggiehead, whose presence of mind never forsook him, in the sudden rallying of his senses, sprung after him like an arrow from a bow, and seized him fast by the coat-skirt, just as he was in the act of closing the great iron door behind him, and securing his retreat. In a moment he was back to his den, and, "Lie down there, ye scoon'rel," said his redoubtable captor, "an' min' ye no riding on Rosy wi' the howe back, setting trysts to meet folk at the Crag."

The unprincipled quack now saw that neither scheme nor open war would avail him anything in the contest with honour and honesty, and consequently, as a dernier resort, he had recourse to falsehood direct, in order to obtain his freedom—the first ingredient of the cordial of life; and thus he went on:—

"My dear Mr. Luggiehead,—I say, my dear Mr. Luggiehead, I beg that you will not proceed farther with me at this rate. I declare—I declare upon my soul and conscience, sir, that I had no active hand in the attack. You may think it strange, sir,—you may think it strange, I say; but, upon my honour, sir, I was assaulted myself by the ruffians, knocked off my horse, robbed of my gold watch and money, and compelled to join with them entirely against my inclination. I do assure you, my dear sir,—I say, my dear sir, I do assure you, that though you found me at the Crag, you only found an unfortunate prisoner. One, sir,—one, sir, who had been severely abused before you came up, and who only saved his life by signing a compliance in the waylayment. Proceed, proceed no farther then, I beseech you. You know, you know it was I that parried off several blows aimed at your head when you were down. Let me out, let me out, sir, if you please,—I say, Mr. Luggiehead,

if you please, let me out. You know I am a public character, and would not, for the world, have my good name sullied or traduced. Good Mr. Luggiehead—I say, good”——

“Haud yer jabber, ye chief o’ a’ the scoon’re that ever hung at the tow en’ o’ a gallows,” replied Luggiehead, scarcely prevented from strangling him with his hands for his audacity. “Ye was compelled by the ruffians! Wha wast that raised this dloor o’ my pow—that dashed the water i’ my face—that raised a lowe till the prince o’ darkness cam up, and snappit his fingers, I suppose, till the hale jail rang. Ye had nae haun i’ the attack, ye villain! twice dyed i’ the ultra-marine blue o’ the evil one. My sooth O’Bradly, but ye hae a gude stock o’ impudence to rin awa, after putting us to sae muckle trouble to bring you here. Believe you! Lie doon there till ye come to yer senses, an’ let the glen rock the sleeper.”

Necessity is the mother of invention. It is also the mother of submission. It is just do or die, without regard to either king, country, or kindred. The prisoners being now secured with bolt and bar, Luggiehead and his party adjourned to the inn, to report in open assembly, the adventures of the day.

And “Come away,” said the Deacon Bailie, who sat in the great elbow chair, in the council chamber waiting his arrival. “Happy to see you, Mr. Chalmers. Noo, Mr. Luggiehead, after your refreshment, ye’ll be so good as let us know a’ aboot this affair. I know, sir, we hae nae charter to direct us in oor legislation; but we hae *use an’ wont*, which, by the-bye, I am of opinion, has this nicht received its death-blow, for this wark cannot be tolerated langer. Five living an’ ane dead! Say awa, procurator: I am anxious to know, for the sake o’ humanity and justice. I doot, Mr. Macnab, this wark’ll bring us a’ to a bad box. Hoo did this bruilzie come to pass? I ask you, Mr. Luggiehead. Be brief.

“Ou, my Lord,” said the master of the inn, rising



to his feet, and helping himself to another fortifier, "I say, my Lord, gin ye had been whare Mr. Chalmers an' I was the nicht, ye wadna been here sae croose. Sax to twa, sir, was nae joke. But to be brief. This morning I got up at my usual time, sir, an' recollecting that it was my son Rabby's birth-day"——

"Mr. Luggiehead," interrupted the Bailie, "that roun'-about way o' telling a story 'll no do. Ye must come to the point at once. How did the affair happen ava?"

"Ou, my Lord, it's easy for you to sit an' get a' dune to your haun, but it's no sae easy, sir, to do the wark o' the parish, an' then be compelled to tell what's dune in words suited to the learned ears o' the schules. My sooth, Bailie, but it's a wee thocht chawsome to fecht an' rin the risk o' being slain, an' then, after the victory is won, to be knocked i' the head for want o' brevity in gazetting the battle, by a parcel o' snip-nouns, whase appearance in the field wad only add to the dead wecht o' the conquerors. By a' that's atween me, sir, an' John-o'-Groats, Bailie, but it's no easy to thole the criticeesing snash-gab o' yer cooardly grammarians, wha wadna pass a bulldog in a tether for their lives. Gin I wadna, sir, rather fecht the battle o' the Crag owre again, than be obleeged to skrew up the important manœuvres o' the conflict into a few weel-set, braw, shining sentences to please the ledies, my name's no Luggiehead. Confound yer grammar! But to the point. Ou, sir, they thocht to frighten us oot o' oor siller; an' sae, sir, juist as we were comin' awa hame at oor braw leisure, frae Mr. Meek's, at the Green Oak, whare we had been hearin' a wheen gay queer stories aboot ae thing an' anither, an' were talking owre the impudence o' Doctor O'Bradly, wha had passed us at the oak tree, after gieing us a lock o' his slack jaw, an' were turning the corner o' the troch-stane, at the en' o' the glen that leads into the main road, an' were within a cat loup o' the Crag whare the Whinmouths langsyne used to knock oot the brains o' the travellers, an' fatten



on the spoils; wha, my Lord, should spring owre the dyke upon us, but sax ugly ill-faured scoon'rels, wi' white sarks on aboon their claes, an' clubs i' their hauns, an' their faces coomed wi' ink or lamp-black, demanding, wi' loud an' terrible imprecations, oor money or oor lives! But in they didna get it in earnest, they ken themsels. Here's the order o' battle, my Lord:—At first they ranked themsels across the road, an' swirled their cudgels roun' their heads by way o' a flourish; then they a' leuked at me, an' swore they'd hae my precious spunk or my siller; but, sir, no being verry willing to part wi' what I had wroucht sair for, I juist says to mysel, I can only die ance, but may I be slain at the first blow if they'll tell a cowardly story about me after I'm dead. Sae, sir, I juist brocht out my bit jockteleg here out o' my pouch—an excellent weapon for short quarters—an' letting them see what they had to encounter, telt them frank an' plainly to gie me their names or their neck-banes; upon which ane o' the gang roared aloud, 'your purses, or feed the crows;' upon which, on the ither haun, I felt my bluid boiling wi' perfect anger at being sae insulted by ony unhanged blackguard like him; an' sae, sir, as gude or ill luck wad hae't, I sprang in amang them like a teeger, an' brocht him to the grun'. Then, sir, the collyshangie began in earnest, an' down comes cudgel after cudgel on my aul' pow, like drumsticks on the head o' an aul' kettle at a bear's dance. Then in amang them gangs my weapon, an' doon comes anither—then smack plays a rung richt ahint my left lug—then doon I go mysel, richt owre the tap o' him that had fa'en first, garren his mooth tak in as muckle stoor as wada filled a pepper-box—then up gets a fleesome roar on the left, as if ilka scoon'el had been seized wi' the colic in a man-trap—then up I get to sec what's ado, an' wha think ye's making havoc amang them but Mr. Chalmers here, wi' my snuff-mull in his haun as toom's a whistle—then forth I go an' grip twa o' them by the cuff o' the neck, garren their stupit heads play crack against ane anither

ke curlin' stanes takin' an inwick at the tee, on a  
 ank o' goord ice on Rankin's dam—then they plead  
 r mercy—then I let them alane—then ane rins awa  
 -then I after him like a theeker, an' fetch him back  
 prisoner as quate's poosy—then, sir, the battle was  
 on, but no improved, for, though they were beat,  
 hey micht rally again—nae trusting to scoon'rels.  
 ae, sir, in quick time we haun-cuff the idiots, twa  
 n' twa, their hauns ahint their backs, the dead  
 ne on O'Bradly's shouther; an', ordering them a' to  
 attention, like roving grenadiers, come marching into  
 the town to fill a corner o' your stronghold for ance."

"Weel, as I am a living man," said the Bailie,  
 olding up his hands in admiration, "if it's in my  
 power ye'll be Sir Andrew Luggiehead in a month.  
 ut who is this O'Bradly that figures sae much in the  
 reground? It is surely not our doctor."

"The identical same, my Lord. Him that's coortin'  
 Miss Dawson."

"Coortin' my dochter!" exclaimed the Deacon,  
 dignant at the eevenin' of his daughter to a Welsh-  
 an.

"Ou, Bailie, ye seem to be owre muckle ta'en up  
 i' the auncients; but tak tent, my frien', an' dinna be  
 owket a'thegither. There's mair wrang in Glenbuckie  
 an ye're aware o'. Aul' heads, sir, are nae matches  
 r the young taps o' the rising generation. But tak  
 nt, sir—inquire better into things—see mair o' yer  
 n hoose—watch the aul' ane, an' dinna be wiled aff  
 our feet by a gilly-gawkie."

It is impossible to describe the Deacon's surprise  
 these home thrusts. They were like drawn swords,  
 d pierced so keenly, that all present, save Thorny-  
 ae and his landlord, were lost in amazement. After  
 ey had looked at each other for a moment in deep  
 ence, Luggiehead turned to Macnab, and thus  
 owingly addressed him—

"What! Mr. Macnab, no a word? Naething to  
 lish? Nae story to tell us? Hoo's the muse com-  
 g on? Nae word frae Embro' this morning? Ye'll

be vexed for O'Bradly, nae doot? He'll no can rin your errands nae mair. Puir fallow! ye'll be thinking, to be so roughly haun'led by ony aul' ignoramus like me. It's an awfu' warl' this, Mr. Macnab! It's no sittin' on a stuff-bottomed chair, lad, wi' yer slippers on, yer feet on a fender, a book i' yer haun afore a gude fire, in a bonny room wi' pictures on the wa's, an' a bell-string at yer lug, to ring when ye want ony thing that's to pay in

“ This aul' bow'd-backet sphere o' spheres.”

We maun do something for oor bread, lad, i' the fechtin' line, as weel as in the cocherin' oursels at the ingle. Naething to sen' to the Embro' post-office the nicht?”

“ Sir,” returned the incumbent at the Easterhaugh, summoning up all his fortitude, “ I did not think that I, or my learned friend, the Bailie, was to be insulted at this rate, by one so devoid of politeness, when we condescended to come to your house to hear the report of the fray, which you have so immoderately vaunted over. But what can we expect from one who seems to set no value on Christian manners and decorum? Good night, sir.”

“ No sae quick, sir, if you please;—sit doon, sir, an' let us begin in earnest. Yowieson, steek the door; an' Dykes, ye'll walk sentry, an' keep a' in that's in, an' a' oot that's oot.”

“ What, what!” exclaimed the Deacon in wrath, “ do you intend to make us prisoners?”

“ Every mither's bairn o' ye,” replied the lord of the inn, “ till ance this waefu' hasp is unravelled, an' the saddle is laid on the richt horse.”

“ Then you resist my power?” said the friend of substantial.

“ Power here or power there,” returned Luggie-head, “ from this hoose ane o' you shall not go this nicht, till the truth is established to my satisfaction. Mr. Chalmers, ye'll come forward an' answer the following questions:”

“Is your name George Chalmers?”

“It is.”

“Do you keep a schule in my barn?”

“I do.”

“Do you ken a’ the hooses in Glenbuckie?”

“I know the greater part of them.”

“Do ye ken Greenbank?”

“I do.”

“Ony body there?”

“I do.”

“Do ye ken ony hooses about the parish—kintra hooses I mean, sir—such as the Troichles, the Whin-  
ness, an’ the Quoigs?”

“I do.”

“Then you have seen the feck o’ the parish. Weel, was ye ever at the Green Oak in your  
hvels?”

“Once, sir.”

“Juist na;—it’s an awfu’ job this examining o’  
tnesses, Bailie. Noo, Mr. Chalmers, will ye tell  
e whan you was there?”

“This evening, sir.”

“An’ wha was a’ there when you was there?”

“Yourself for one, Mr. Meek, and Rosie Mac-  
teen.”

“What is the use of all this nonsense?” inter-  
upted Macnab, looking more and more serious at the  
approaching storm. “This is downright mockery.  
*nomine juris*, I protest against such a course of  
cedure.”

“And so do I,” said the Deacon Bailie. “*In  
nen juribus*, I protest against you, Luggiehead.”

“Then you twa’s in earnest,” replied the shrewd  
aminator. “Sae be’t;—I like sincerity. It fin’s  
the truth, an’ lets folk ken what they’re doin’.  
ing may ye be earnest after what’s richt. What’s  
ang’s wrang, an’ what’s richt does ill to naebody.  
me awa wi’ yer bit shillings, gentlemen. Mr.  
Chalmers will write oot as mony protests as ye like.



They're no ill to do—twa-three wide lines, ye ken an' awa ye go. Lawyer's fees, mind."

"Mr. Luggiehead," replied the Deacon, softening his voice, "you must really alter your tone, sir. This work will never do."

"Ou, Bailie, that's the truest word ever ye spoke man. This work 'll never do ava."

"What wark do ye mean, sir?"

"Juist hae patience, Deacon, an' ye'll see't unravel itsel as plain as the nose on your face. Say awa, Mr. Chalmers. Whan saw ye Mr. Meek?"

"A few hours ago."

"Did ever you speak to him before?"

"Never."

"Did ever you write to him?"

"Never."

"Did ever he write to you, then?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"This morning."

"Then ye'll be sae gude as read what he wrote."

"If I were you, Bailie," said Macnab, "I most certainly would resist this procedure. It's quite irrelevant, and altogether nonsense."

"And if I were you, my Lord Deacon," said Geordie, "I most assuredly would proceed with the letter instanter, as it is a cue to the mysterious concatenation of events, which not only this evening but for a considerable time past, have destroyed the peace of several individuals in the place. It may not be relevant, in the opinion of my learned brother Macnab, who seems more inclined to quash than to expedite the ends of justice; but, with all due reverence for his inimitable cleverness, in my judgment unless we begin *a radice*, we had better not begin at all. It is true, the persons in custody are not to be affected by the grammar and eloquence of this paper which I hold in my hand; but, my Lord, if facts can be adduced, tending to throw light on one of the



oulest plots on record in the annals of Glenbuckie, then, my Lord, I say you will be guilty of a gross dereliction of duty, if you suffer any sophistry on the part of my brother in letters to divert you from the purpose."

"I oppose not the ends of justice, my Lord," replied Macnab, assuming an air of defiance with embarrassment, "I only speak in behalf of expediency. You have been called away at a late hour to make such arrangements relative to the prisoners as humanity and justice suggest, and not to enter into a labyrinth of Quixotic stuff, which, however grammatical, eloquent, and divulgent, cannot by any means tend to the liberation of the prisoners, brought in, *coup de main*, by the redoubtable Luggiehead & Co. I say, my Lord, we may as well enter upon the topic of the origin of evil, as upon any card, letter, or letters, apart from the direct attack upon their invulnerable *corpora dura* this evening at the Crag. What connection, I ask, has Mr. Meek with highwaymen—a man of unimpeachable character, and one too, who, from his well-known habits of retirement, could not possibly have the most distant idea of this act of violence? Mr. Chalmers may plume himself over his successful encounter, *per sternutamentum*, but, with all due respect for his unrivalled abilities, I would have him to be less ardent in his pursuit of butterflies, and more sedulous in the acquiring of a competent knowledge of himself, before he dares again to give his opinion in the face of common sense and expediency."

"My Lord," said Geordie, in reply, "a mind conscious to itself of rectitude, is at all times above fear. I know it is rather a late hour to sit in judgment, and time is too precious to waste *in rebus nugatores*. But, my Lord, it is neither time nor inexpediency that he is afraid of. He is quick enough sighted to see at one *coup d'œil* what is before him, and therefore has no wish that truth should interfere with his *otium*. He knows what a desperate struggle he has had in

ascending Parnassus, to cull a few of the ambages of poetry for the entertainment of the vulgar. He knows that Meek, however retired, is not a stranger to the causes which have led to the events of this evening, else he would not have laid the onus of his argument upon the unimpeachability of his quondam. If he were conscious, my Lord, that Meek was a stranger to what has happened of late to the disgrace of humanity, would he, I ask, oppose the reading of two or three lines of simple prose in detection of crime? No, my Lord, he would snap at the intelligence, and consider it a laurel in his blue bonnet to have the honour of condensing the same into rhyme, and sending copies of it, too, to all whom he wished to honour with a reading of the fruits of his original genius. But I will not encroach upon your time. I will only say, that though the origin of evil is a mystery, this card is clear enough, and will, I pledge my veracity, lead to a discovery of villany too long practised amongst us."

"Weel spoken," said John Gowdie, "get on wi' the trial."

"I protest," said the Deacon.

"I insist on't," said Luggiehead.

"Then you do it in the face of my authority."

"I dinna care it was in the face o' the king himself—read, Mr. Chalmers."

"Then he does it at your bidding, for which you shall lodge a section of dragoons ere a week goes by," replied the Bailie, in dudgeon.

"Sae be't," chuckled Luggiehead. "Sen' them a' to me. I like red coats. They pay weel for their haudin'. The mac the merrier. Sen' me a troop, an' when my stables 'll no haud their cattle ye'll len' me your byre."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*Truth.—Geordie's Protest.—Socrates.—Luggiehead.—The Deacon.—The Ostler's Opinion.—Luggiehead's Reply.—Fletcher and Yowieson—Gowdie's Speech.—Despatches.*

“READ, read!” resounded now from all quarters, except from the opposition benches, where sat the Deacon and his *protege* in the depth of wrath and imbecility. Agreeably to order, our hero arose, though not without a few secret qualms about futurity, for sweet is revenge to the vile, and largely it draws on the bank of remembrance. But truth is invulnerable; and they who take shelter under its wing, will ultimately triumph over all the machinations of deceit. Come what will, there must be no temporising. He who does so, is sure to run aground on the shore of infamy. The apples he flies to will turn out ashes; gall and wormwood will mingle with his wine; and the stings of an upbraiding conscience will pursue him to hell, unless repentance comes to his aid,—a thing not to be looked for from those who set no higher value on veracity, than as it suits the gratification of power, place, and self-aggrandisement. Geordie looked within, and found truth all-powerful as the wave that rolls on towards the shore, reckless of opposition. He glanced in fancy to the heavens, and saw there a holy One clothed in honesty's unspotted robe, pointing to eternity. He recollected his father's uprightness, and threw himself entirely on the protection of Providence. He flung from his soul the deadly damning fear of vacillating man, and read the letter aloud, to the surprise of the Deacon, and the visible confusion of his enemies.

“Noo, folks, what say ye to that?” said the master of the inn, as the other resumed his seat. “Does na that speak volumes—show you a plot as dark an' deep as the Loch o' Lamlash—the vera corbies that hae

sae lang hunted the bird o' the Cross Keys? What say ye a'? Speak yer minds. Fear nae man's gloom. This is a free kintra, recollect. Out wi' yer sentiments, and let fear an' pride gae bang up the lum, like a spark frae the tail o' a viper."

"It's as clear as the sun at twal-hoors," said Davie Dykes, the ostler, taking out his spleuchan, and twisting off a quid of more than ordinary length. "By my sang! in they had dune as muckle to me as they hae dune to Mr. Chalmers here, as the head's on my body their wigs should be cow't for it, and no lang till't aithers."

"Nobly observed," said Rab Ferguslie the carrier, looking at Macnab with an eye of indignation. "By my sooth! in they had dune as muckle to me too as they hae dune to oor Dominie here, puir fallow! as my name's Rab an' no Rory, their lugs should be snedded for't, and no mony minutes aboot it."

"Weel expressed, Ferguslie," said Tam Tutap the horse-cowper. "Weel expressed, Tam! By my Hughy! in they, also, had dune as muckle to me as by this yepistle I see they hae dune to oor schule-master here, as the moon shines best at the biggest, they should hae the honour o' louping twa minutes i' the lift for't, and let the best i' the parish prevent it if they daur."

"They're guilty, they're guilty, they're guilty," cried several voices; "sen' for O'Bradly, an' oot wi' Macnab, and gie him a dance in the mainsail, till his ribs ben' like the banes o' an umbrella in a stormy day. Come bodies, leuk sharp. The nicht's gude. Oot wi' the scoon'rel—hurra!"

"Stop, stop, I beseech you," interrupted Geordie, quite shocked at their ignorance and brutality. "In the name of all that is dear to humanity, sit down, and think on what you are about. Let not a torrent of intemperate folly lead you into the whirlpool of destruction. Consider the danger you are in, not only from the strong arm of the law, but from your own consciences, in the event of innocence suffering



for the guilty. Guilty or not, let justice rule with cool deliberation. Remember poor Andrew Whinmouth, who, in his frenzy to have others punished, was himself nearly destroyed. Had you proceeded in your first intention, what, let me ask you, would have been your feelings when time developed the truth, and brought you to your senses? Would you not have abhorred yourselves, and fled from the scene of your barbarity? If you are men, then, endowed with but one particle of reason, and capable of doing but one action above the beasts that perish, desist from your mad intention. I do not exonerate the object of your displeasure; but I say that you have no right to award punishment, till once the crime of which he is charged is clearly and fully established; and not even then, for punishment belongs to the law; and by the law of the land, he, and you, and I must stand or fall. Bethink yourselves. Think on the many that have been ruined by intemperate zeal—on the thousands that have been sacrificed at the shrine of circumstantial evidence—on the many thousands that have perished amid the racks and tortures of a cruel and disgusting tyranny. You may not know what dreadful havoc ignorance has made in the world; but the earth can tell what streams of blood she has sucked in, shed by the indiscriminating hand of ignorance, and what tears of woe she has also imbibed, dropped from the eyes of anguish and remorse. But take not my words alone. Listen to what history says in support of my argument. There was a man lived in Greece, in the days of the Thirty Tyrants, whose name was Socrates, than whom a better never visited this globe. He was, indeed, born of mean parents, had a forbidding bodily appearance, and for a long time laboured under all the hardships of poverty; but his mind was fair and beautiful, possessing all the charms of virtue, and the elegances of knowledge. By a great strength of intellectual parts, improved by study, and rendered attractive by a winning deportment, he soon found a number of admirers, and was esteemed as the greatest



philosopher of his day. What he did was distinguished for wisdom. He did not, like many, confine his usefulness within the sphere of his particular friends; but wherever he went he scattered the elements of his learning and philosophy around him. In the shop of the artizan he would talk on subjects suited to the improvement of the mind in morals—when at his meals, he would also, at every sop, make some remark calculated to fan the flame of virtuous emulation in the bosoms of those who sat with him at table—when walking in the fields, or by the wayside, he lost no opportunity of giving instruction to all whom he happened to fall in with—nay, in the camp of the soldiers he would forget the toils of war, and enter upon subjects of philosophy with as great readiness as if he had been in the assembly of the learned. He was always at his post; always doing good; never supercilious; in all things gentle and kind; patient in adversity, and in prosperity never lifted up. In fact, my friends, a nobler being never breathed. When others would shrink from the heat or the cold, he would stand in the sun without reluctance, and give lessons with pleasure; or, barefoot amongst the frost and snow, walk up and down, and pour forth wisdom from his lips. In all situations, and in all hours, save when asleep, of which he partook sparingly, he was Socrates, the first of philosophers, the best of parents, the worthiest of men; beloved by the young, admired by the old; the pride of the statesman, the delight of the man of business, and the friend of all good people. But great as this man was, he had his enemies. Because he was brave, the tyrants hated him; because he was honest, the deceitful were offended; and because he endeavoured to save six brave admirals from death, they called him an enemy to the state. Socrates was a reformer, and that was enough. When he told them of their prodigality, they looked upon him with eyes of malice. When he opposed their arbitrary measures, they resolved upon his ruin. Every mean and dastardly scheme was resorted to.

What they could not achieve themselves, they left to their ladies; and they—oh! shame to female worth!—they, departing from that tenderness which distinguishes the sex, went about from place to place, and filched from him his good name. In the malignity of their tattle, they added slander to slander, and returned to their husbands, who, brimful of rage, sat panting to hear what they had acquired in their unhallowed rounds of gossiping and traducement. The Grecian ladies immortalized themselves at the expense of virtue; they blew the live coal of detraction; good was converted into evil, and the working of a heaven-born mind construed into the baleful machinations of the demon. Because he laughed at the number of their deities, they called him unholy, unprincipled, atheistical; and because he railed against their voluptuous madness, they said he was too long upon the world, and every way worthy of death; and by little and little they accomplished their object. A great poet—Aristophanes by name—to his eternal disgrace, was by corruption influenced to write a poem, or comic satire, upon him, and to have it acted upon the stage, and set off with all the art in their power, to his discredit. The people shouted to hear the good man reviled—they could not say, they said, whether he was really guilty or not, but they took it for granted, because Aristophanes said so—and so they laughed the philosopher to scorn, and would have tossed him too had Athens been Glenbuckie. For a long while their anger raged against him. They thought to gag him with threats; they tried to ridicule him out of countenance;—but all would not do. Conscious of his integrity, he went about as usual, smiling at their efforts, and blunting the edge of their satire with the best of good humour. Indeed, I should tell you that good humour was one of his great crimes. Horrible to laugh at envy, and unpardonable to joke over persecution. And his humour drove them to madness. ‘O the villain!’ they would cry, ‘see how he laughs!—how impious!—he is too

long living !' And they watched him twenty years, expecting to find him guilty of some crime that would enable them to put an end to his existence. When I say twenty years, my friends, I would have you to understand, that as long as honesty lives it will be attacked by the deceitful, and all because worth eclipses the base—yes, twenty years they dogged him through every path and avenue of his life, and they hit upon a scheme at last. Not pleased with one God, the Athenians, it seems, must have thirty thousand of them; and so, you see, Socrates could not endure so many; and because he treated them as things of mere imagination, they accused him of Atheism, and, what with the help of Anytus, an eloquent sophist, and Melitus, a young man of specious abilities but no principle, they brought him to a trial, condemned him without justice, and sentenced him to drink a strong potion of hemlock, and he died, murdered by his enemies ! But what followed ? No sooner had the cold hand of death sealed up his eyes, than they all began to see their folly. Some wept aloud, and said, ' What fools we have been !' Others, wrung with remorse, shrunk from the face of day, and wished the deed undone. Distress sat on the foreheads of the good. The venerable Plato wept a flood of tears over his grave. The lonely silence in the streets, in the workshop, in the field, in the camp, and in the assemblies, that took place after his death, so awakened the people to a true sense of their ignorance and cruelty, that they could not look upon themselves but with abhorrence. They repaired to his house of clay, and kissed the dust that covered his murdered remains. They upbraided one another with every condemnatory epithet. They cursed his persecutors with every guilt-detesting execration. They flew upon Melitus, and killed him without a trial. They banished Anytus for ever from their city, and afterwards stoned him to death. Now, my friends, from this you will see the great folly of judging rashly. I do not say that Mr. Macnab is innocent; but I say that we must first prove

him guilty by the most indubitable evidence, before we can award any punishment whatever; and not we, as I have already mentioned, but those empowered by legal authority so to do. I therefore protest against your rampant mode of legislation. I throw myself between you and the persons accused. I demand a fair and impartial trial; and I insist that nothing shall be done or said, that is not warranted by order, justice, and truth."

"These are the sentiments o' my heart," said Luggiehead, rising to his feet, and eyeing the assembly with a commanding air—"what I hae aften said in substance, though no juist in the same learned style. My opinion is yours, Mr. Chalmers. Cruelty I hate, villany I abhor, an' hypocrisy I abominate aboon a' things. I hae therefore only this mair to say at present, that may the man that wad speak anither word aboot dooking an' tossing, be sent to the hills to herd sheep in time o' snaw, wi' naething to cover his shoothers but what taits o' woo he fin's sticking to the bram'le. Come, my Lord Deacon, what say ye to that?"

"Why, Mr. Luggiehead," answered the Deacon, fullenly, "frae the way ye hae persisted in defiance of my lawful authority, I maun just tell you, that, were it not for aul' frien'ship, I wadna deign to open my mouth to ony thing ye micht, in the depth o' yer policy, bring furret this nicht. I hoosever never liked to be bucksturding, being always of opinion that dour heads brought often sair hearts, an' therefore, waiving yer contempt of my hitherto undisputed power, I frankly go on with whatever tends to the general order and prosperity o' the place."

"Thank ye, Bailie, for yer say," congratulated the chief of the inn. "I like to hear ye noo. That's speaking like yersel. Despise your authority! No, Bailie Dawson, as lang as ye wauk i' the even path o' justice an' truth. But wha, sir, wadna oppose you when ye gang direct i' the face o' inquiry?"

"I oppose not inquiry, sir," retorted the Deacon,



smartly. "I like to see fair play as weel as you, sir, or ony dispenser o' law an' equity in the realm. But what kind o' time o' nicht is this to be sitting in judgment?"

"Ou, my Lord," replied his colleague, "it's a wee thing late I must alloo, but caul' airn ye ken, Bailie, disna beat weel. Naething like catching the heat. But what does my os'ler say?"

"I dinna ken, sir, weel what to say. I'm no vera weel seen in law matters, sir. What's best, sir, is surely best. I'm no sure, sir. But, sir, I dinna fa' in wi' alterin' the law o' the place ava, sir. We may gang a wee gleet by a time, sir; but, sir, I think I wad rather see a man sooming i' the loch yet, than hingin' by the neck in a rape, sir. But I'm no a judge, sir. I dinna ken weel what to mak o't, sir. Tossing's nae better than it's ca'd, sir, an' dooking's a gae caul' job when the win's i' the north. Ye can juist, sir, do what ye like. Ye ken yer my master; an' sae, sir, what ye say I'll no oppose."

"No amiss, Davie, a' things considered," replied his master, "only juist a wee thing owre tame for a true Scotchman. Your opinion, Davie, micht please them who pretend to like independent people, but persecute them for their honesty. But wi' a' my regard for you as a gude servant, I canna swallow that thocht about siding wi' me because I'm yer master. That's no clever wark, Davie. The servant has nae richt to yield to the master, except in those things which belang to the wark engaged for. Servants are no bun' slaves, man. They maun exercise their ain min's as weel as ither folk. It's a puir sign o' a man that says ay or no as his master bids him. Man, Davie, I wadna that ye had said that for dooble yer fee. Never say't again. Min' yer a Scotchman born, an' by richt o' privilege hae i' yer ain haun the gi'ein' o' yer opinion free an' conscientiously, without regard to any man's gloom, or smile, or reward. Tell the Turks an' the Italians to say as their masters bid them, but tell it not in Glenbuckie. Aul' Watty



Mill, man, wada knocket ye doon for yer pains, an' Wallace wicht comin' amang us wadna let ye staun within a hawk's flicht o' his presence. Side wi' me, because I'm yer master ! What next ? Get a new master gin Martinmas, an' side wi' him to cut my throat. Hoosever ye'll learn i' the course o' time. What say ye, sooter Fletcher ? ”

Why, sir, I say my name's Fletcher, come o' as rude a race as ever swirled a cudgel owre the head o' a smuggler, an' sae frae that ye'll observe that my min's made up on the subject. I want nae alteration o' the gude aul' system sae lang practised by our forefathers ava, sir. In ye mak oot folk rogues, gie them the rogue's loup. Ae dooking's worth ten hangings at ony time. Come Yowieson, help me, an' dinna let a parcel o' misleart lawyers wheedle us oot o' oor richts.”

“ Bravo, Fletcher ! ” his quondam replied—“ Glen-uckie for ever ! The cheapst law's the best. Hanging 'll no pay. I ne'er kent ane do weel that was hanged yet, but ane, an' that was mair by chance than gude guiding. In ye mean to correct folk for their misdeeds, let it be seen on them, an' no sen' them awa to their lang hame like as mony dogs, without benefit o' clergy.”

“ That's something like men wha speak what they think,” said Luggiehead, couching in a smile the feature of dislike. “ That's speaking wi' birr. Ou, sirs, hanging's a coorse job, I must acknowledge, an' can only be defended on the principle o' necessity. Thus, sirs, when scoon'rels wad tak awa honest men's lives, what can the law do but tak theirs awa for't ? It does the rascals that's hanged nae gude, but it helps to keep on your heads an' mine; whare, if it were na for the loop, they micht be gotten some morning trintling soon the syvor. Leuk intil't folks a wee better, an' dinna be led awa by the licht o' yer opinion. I like to hear men speak what they think. It shows a man'sness, gies ane confidence in them, an' lets us see how far they are to be trusted; but Thamas, lad, ye

maun recollect that speaking what ye think sers na gude purpose, unless ye first think on what is richt. Fools say ony thing that comes i' their heads, but wise men consider weel what they say. But, John Gowdie, we would like to hear your opinion."

"Ou, Mr. Luggiehead, it's no for a puir unlearned man like me to occupy yer time expatiating at ony great length on the gran' subject o' reformation. Suffice it to say, that it needs but ae ee to see the necessity of something to be dune, an' that immediately, for really an' truly we're a century ahint oor neebours in civilization. We, sir, hae steecket oor een owre lang to the improvements gaun on in the kintra, an' wi' a pagan zeal hae followed after the vile tricks o' oor fathers, withoot carrying along wi' us those principles which made them respectable abroad, and honest an' frien'ly to ane anither at hame. Noo, sir, this is a crying sin, and if no soon potten an end to, will, I am afraid, ding us back to the days o' the aul' Romans, when, naked and wild, oor forefathers wan'ert amang the hills an' glens like savages, an' never kent what it was to live in peace, or tak a hearty meal withoot bloodshed. I therefore ca' upon a' hearing me, to staun up in defence o' liberty, as it lies in doin' what we would be dune to. I'm no skilled in lair, like Mr. Chalmers, nor am I able to crack like Mr. Macnab, for whom, I must say, I entertain a better opinion o' than some; yet rude in speech, and ungrammatical as I am, I protest against a' those customs, viz.:—tossing, dooking, staneing, stang-riding, effigy burning, window breaking, an' the jugs; customs, sir, which hae naething to recommend them but ignorance, an' the loud gaffa o' party spirit wrought up into madness. What though the law i' the lan', sir, be severe, when it darena, for its existence, touch the button o' oor coats, unless we be guilty? What though they hang villains, when they darena touch the hair o' the head o' an honest man? I say, my Lord Deacon, what though the law is dour and sulky, and unbending, when the wee finger o' an

honest man can bid it defiance, in spite o' a' its guns an' swurds, an' jails an' gibbets an' a', man? It can do us nae ill as lang as we abide by the truth, an' walk i' the paths o' freedom. What folly, then, to haud up the aul' system! If the law taks up folk on suspicion, it uses them cannily till ance they are fun' guilty; an' if twal or fifteen honest men see't proper, after due deliberation, to condemn a criminal, is the law to be despised for putting the sentence into execution? I do not say that a's gowd that glitters on the statute-book. Mony a leaf ought to be torn root an' gien to the flames; but still, justice maun be supported. In it were na for the law, murder an' robbery wad be the order of the day; for such is the depravity o' the heart, that our schules an' colleges are but a wean's prattle to the stopping o' corruption. I say, the wickedness o' man is so great, that but for the terror o' the law, the rich wad eat up the puir, the strong the weak, and the ill-disposed every thing gude amangst men. We maun therefore be up and be doing—unite and be free—walk forth in the majesty o' reason, and bring doon the strongholds o' vice and barbarity; no winking at folly, but watching its movements, correcting a' abuses, establishing a' thing fair and square, and a' rejoicing in the licht o' knowledge, until the heevens can leuk doon upon the earth, an' no be offended at the scene. I needna say mair—I'm but a puir wark man, despised for my calling it is true, but no the less a man the mair o' that: you will therefore put doon my name as a staunch supporter o' a' that's gude and honourable, frae the dung-hill to the throne."

"My word, Gowdie, but ye hae read something i' yer day," said Luggiehead, eyeing him with looks of congratulation; "that, man, is worth a' we have heard the nicht. Weel, I declare, in I were the Deacon Bailie, as I am only puir Andra Luggiehead, ye should be my town-clerk in a fortnight. Can ye write an' count ony, John?"

“No muckle o’ that, sir; but gude be thanked I can read.”

“O, never mind that,” replied the procurator; “ye’ll soon learn after ye get the situation. It’s the berth that qualifies. A wee hue to begin wi’ is nae doubt necessary; but dinna be feart, practice maks perfiteness. I ken some wha were but sae an’ sae when they began to set up for themsels, wha in a short time becam perfect dons. Ye’d sune learn, man, to draw oot a *sesseminorum*. But to the vote—Law, or nae law? What say ye?”

Deacon Bailie—“Let the law hae its sway.”

John Gowdie—“The same.”

Dykes—“Ou, the same.”

Fletcher—“Oh, the same.”

“The same—the same—the same.”

“Then, Davie, ye’ll tak Fletcher an’ step owre-by to the jail, and bring here O’Bradly wi’ a’ despatch; an’ Yowieson, ye’ll tak twa or three wi’ you, an’ rin to the Green Oak, an’ fetch aul’ Meek here directly; an’ for you, Bailie, an’ what’s left o’ us, we maun juist remain whare we are till the bodies come back, an’ the licht shines on the darkness.”

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## CHAPTER XIX.

*The Messengers Arrested.—Ducking Scene.—Retribution.—The Town in an Uproar.—Attack on the Inn.—O’Bradly once more Defeated.—The Mob Dispersed.—Remarks on Rascality.—A Jail Scene.—Despotism and Anarchy.*

As runs the serf at the nod of his superior, so ran Dykes and Yowieson to execute the orders of their commander. But it is oftentimes much easier to receive than to carry our commissions into effect. And this the two messengers found to their mortification; for that night “Satan had business” on hand, not



with wind and rain, or thunder commingling its growls with the groan of bending oak, but with the elements of the human heart. It was a charming night. No sombre cloud, with fiery fringe, appeared in the blue ethereal: the electric fluid lay harmless in the floating circumambient. The moon and stars sailed serenely through the peaceful heavens, and all was suited to happiness—all save the ill-taught sons of violence, who, now gathered from all quarters, arrested Dykes and Yowieson, with their attendants, and bore them aloft on long poles to the loch of ablution, and there immersed them, amid the shouts and yells of triumphant barbarity. And nine times they plunged them in the wave, and pulled them out again. And as they stood upon the bank and prayed for mercy, three loud cheers rent the welkin. And as they wiped the water from their eyes, the long poles were again in requisition, and up they rose, like Indian chiefs in palankin upborne, and at double-quick time were conveyed to the jail, to exchange places with O'Bradly, who, now relieved from durance vile, sprang down the long stairs into the street, rejoicing over the mutability of fortune. But, though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not escape punishment. Every day's experience affords ample proof of the truth of the declaration. Dykes and his associates were cruel men, and though they dreamt not of retaliation on the night they almost destroyed the wretch Whinmouth, yet the eye of retribution was upon them; and, to awaken them to a full sense of their savageism, it was necessary to award them measure for measure, and by none so effectually as by those amongst whom they lived and wantoned in ignorance. The legitimate laws of the land they despised, and consequently a bit of their own bit was the best thing to convince them of their folly; for, though docile minds will ply to instruction, the real hardened wicked will not, but must be taught by the rod of correction, and that rod must be their own, else half of the correction is in vain. Caught in their own

snare, and tormented by their own ferocity, they began to execrate the habits that undid their happiness; and thus, mutually convicted and convinced, they addressed each other—

“Oh! Yowieson,” said Dykes, “this is a terrible parish—it beats Dunkeld fairly.”

“Ay,” said Yowieson, “it beats Tipperary!—Tyrone on the twalsh o’ June is a Sabbath-day to Glenbuckie.”

“That’s true, man,” replied the ostler, “but we canna deny but what we hae gotten oor deservins. Whinmouth, ye ken. Wheesht! they’re there. I doot they’re no dune wi’ us yet. Leuk through the stenchers, and see wha it is.”

“Hoy! Mr. Luggiehead,” roared out Yowieson, forcing his head through between the iron bars. “I’m Thamas Yowieson, sir.”

“Yc’re wha?” exclaimed the lord of the inn, now on the patrol.

“Thamas, sir, yer auld frien’; and Davie’s here tae, an’ the rest o’ us—a’ incarsert on the head o’ oor duty.”

“Lie doon there, ye soon’reel, an’ be thankfu’ yer under a roof. I ken you in the aul’, wi’ yer fause voice.”

“As sure’s death, sir, I’m Thamas Yowieson. We were a’ attacket, the keys ta’en frae us, docket i’ the loch, locket up here, an’ O’Bradly’s oot, an’ a’s wrang thegither.”

“O master, master!” vociferated the ostler, forcing the side of his head past Yowieson’s cheek, to get a word of his protector. “It’s me, sir, yer faithfu’ servant. Let us oot if ye can.”

At the well-known voice of his horse-dresser, Luggiehead stood speechless, and for a moment believed himself in the land of enchantment.

“And wha did that?” he exclaimed, smiting his fists together—“Tell me quick, that I may physie the toon for ance.”

“It was the smugglers, sir—the mob, sir—the

scoon'rels, sir—the rascals, sir, that keep the toon for ever in het water.”

“Then compose yersels a weeock, till I see the Deacon Bailie,” he replied.

But his astonishment was wound up almost to suffocation, when he entered the judgment-hall, out of which he had not been above fifteen minutes, and beheld John Gowdie lying at the foot of the table, rolled in blood, from cuts and blows received in the short but terrible contest between rebellion and fidelity.

“What can this mean?” he said, as he looked around ‘on desolation dire.’ “Is the pit of perdition broken lowse? Fire an’ havoc! what’s this noo? Sarah, ye aul’ tavity! whare are ye? My swurd, my swurd!—my Wallace wight, bring’t here. Hoy, Sarah! what keeps ye?”

“What keeps me?” she cried, as she came running in in a state of desperation—“are ye speiring that, an’ the hoose robbed, Gowdie kilt, Macnab fled, the Dominie sticket, an’ the Deacon Bailie noozzlet i’ the pon’!”

“The Dominie sticket! Then bring my Wallace wight wi’ instant speed, for, by its blade an’ tempered steel, I’ll no leave a head stickin’ on the shooters o’ a tinkler in Glenbuckie this nicht!”

Sarah ran, and Luggiehead roared, but no sword came. In the meantime, escaping from his enemies, Geordie flew into the kitchen, and was received into the open arms of his landlord, who, overjoyed, exclaimed—

“Is this you, Mr. Chalmers? Man, is this you? Whare are ye sticket, man? Wha did it? Are ye mortal?—

Tell me quick, an’ tell me true,  
That I may tak the vengeance due.

“I have escaped unhurt, sir; thanks to the good hand above. But what news from the jail?”

“Ou, Mr. Chalmers, the jail’s a wec like my hoose,

a hantle o' coming an' gaun in't. I gaed oot to get a pickle snuff, an' daunert doon the length o' the muckle biggin', to see hoo the os'ler was eoming on; but guess my surprise, sir, when Yowieson an' he cried through the stenechers to let them oot, an' that O'Bradly and the prisoners were at large."

"Then it is high time that we were on the *qui vive*, for murder is just now eommitting on the body of the Deacon Bailie. O'Bradly is the hero in eommand. His voice I knew, and but for the improbability of his escape would have ealled him by name."

"Then eome, my boy, an' to the battle once more. Sarah, bring my Wallacee wight. Sarah! I say, Sarah!—ye aul' wheezling, histeeriky belwether, this way. Will the fashious body be sleepin', thinks ony body? I'll step up an' see." He said, but seareely had he turned himself round, when the whole front windows were driven in with a tremendous erash, and down bolted Sarah from the garret screaming in distress; and then, as if Pandemonium had been let loose, the whole front of the house was beset by the smugglers in furious array—some battering the door, others throwing in missiles by the broken panes, and all shouting for Luggiehead, and threatening destruection to the man that dared to defend him from the lash of their legislation.

"An' wha did that to you next, ye aul' pagan?" said Luggiehead to his housekeeper, as he received her into his arms, bleeding profusely from a stone sent through the attie. "Get doon to the eellar an' hide yoursel, an' no be slain ootricht."

"That I'll never do, while Sarah's my name," she indignantly replied. "No, feekless as I am, I'm thinking ye'll hae need o' my helping han' afore ye sleep, to red up this bruilzie. There's awfu' wark gauu on juist noo at the pon'. I saw them through the sky-licht noozzling the puir aul' Deacon owre the head; an' if I'm no far mista'en, O'Bradly was on the head o' the raseals. Here, tak this rung, for Wallace wight's invisible."



“Then stan’ wi’ yer back to the door, an’ let nane o’ them in till I see wha’s to be king o’ the castle; and, Mr. Chalmers, here’s my snuff-mull to you, supplied wi’ fresh ammunition; here’s also the pepper cannister—ye fecht best wi’ poother. An’ noo for the combat in earnest!”

Thus said, roused to the full pitch of his gallantry, and armed with a huge oaken stick that had once served as a sleeper to the kitchen bed, he sallied forth with his wily friend, and challenged them in fives to come on.

“In tens, ye scoon’rels—advance!”

“We come at your bidding—we come at your bidding,” replied the Doctor, panting for vengeance—“man to man, sir,—man to man, and let the glen rock the sleeper.”

He spoke, and received a blow from the old retailer in British spirits which levelled him with the dust. The rest of the ruffians, seeing their leader fall, betook themselves to flight. Running to the pond, they pulled out the Bailie, and found him within the pale of resuscitation. Meantime Sarah was suffering all the horrors of bombardment; and, fearing lest the house should go to wreck, they returned to the citadel, to defend it to the last extremity.

“O come awa fast, an’ help me,” cried the warlike old maid, “for I’m near aboot dune.”

“Clear the way there!” thundered her master, “an’ let me oot to them.”

“Stay in, sir,” she entreated; “O stay in, sir, I beseech you, or they’ll murder you in a minute.”

“Get oot o’ my gate,” he replied; “I say, unhand me, ye aul’ hindoo, an’ spoil na the glory o’ the day. Noo, Dominie, courage in the evil hour is the gift o’ Heaven; be not alarmed, the valour o’ the rabble is soon cooled—be steady.”

“I will die by your side,” he replied.

“Na, yer no to die—yer to fecht, lad, an’ that stootly, or ye needna gang oot.”

“I will do my best, sir.”

“Sholder your hup then, and Glenbuckie to a cherrie if I dinna let you see fun that’ll no tyne i’ the telling.”

In an instant the door was opened, and out rushed the invincible hero, like a giant from his castle, making his weapon tell in every direction, and “Fire yer piecc noo,” he commanded; “the wind is up, an’ straught in the face o’ the fae. Fire yer musket, my brave boy, an’ let the scoon’rels taste the poother o’ Jamaica.”

The order was no sooner given, than Geordie scattered the contents of the snuff-mull and cannister amongst them, which produced such sneezing and confusion, such yelling and howling, such spasmodic din, commingling with the lion-like roars of his landlord, as onward he advanced triumphant, that, in the time the reader takes to read this page, not a solitary braggart remained to dispute his authority. Virgil sublimely adverts to a seditious multitude standing appalled at the approach of a man of piety; but never did furious mob feel the power and influence of single individual, as the fools of Glenbuckie felt those of Andrew Luggiehead—a lamb in the social hour, but, when by villany aroused, a lion of Numidia. But rascality is always cowardly. Patriotism it knows nothing about. A warlike dash it sometimes makes indeed, as in the revolution of a state, when a long system of oppression has uprooted every noble principle; but never yet could it stand before the arm of the brave, when invested with the sword of justice, and supported by the all-inspiring acclamations of the do-or-die sons of liberty and virtue. And how can it be otherwise? That love of glory which burns in the hearts of all those who love their country, and claim a birthright portion for their pains, is to the base unknown. Low in thought, and rude in speech, they find it impossible to do an action that amounts to true national gallantry. “The patriot Tell, and Bruce of Bannockburn,” appear neither in their reveries by day, nor dreams by night. They are all anti-heroic. Their “lack-lustre”

eyes beam not with honour; spoliation is their aim, and braggadocioism the language that speaks in every one of their achievements. And thus, Luggiehead, imbued with nationality, integrity, and truth, was more than a match for half a hundred of such cowardly wretches, as that night disturbed the peace and order of Glenbuckie.

The rioters being dispersed, Geordie and his patron directed their steps, the one to the inn to assist the Deacon Bailie, and the other to the jail to liberate his men from the horrors of incarceration.

"An what's to be dune wi' ye noo, lads?" said Luggiehead, slyly looking up to the stauncheons, through which they were anxiously gazing. "Has any o' you a pick-the-lock aboot you?"

"No, no, no," was the reply.

"Then juist content yoursels, lads, whare ye are for a nicht," he replied, "an' be thankfu' ye're oot o' danger."

"An' are we to be left here, in a free kintra, de-coored wi' vermin, an' naething dune for us ava?" said Davie Dykes, panting for liberty.

"Ou, Davie, what can I do for you without the key? Juist lie doon, Davie, an' compose yersel as weel as ye can—it's no lang till morning."

"But wha can lie here, sir, amang dirt an' rattons?" responded the ostler.

"Juist be doing, Davie, for a time; as gude has it in there afore you."

"I'm no sure aboot that, sir."

"That's naething strange, Davie; fools are a' big themselfs."

"But will ye no let us oot though?"

"I canna, Davie: Hoo can I withoot the key? Juist exercise a little patience, Davie, an' see what a new day 'll bring aboot."

"O, sir, gang doon to Michael Scott the smith, an' get his big fore-hammer—twa raps aneath the back'll do the bizness."

"Ay, but Davie, ye ken, that wad be hoosebreak-

ing, which is death by the law, ye ken. Juist coor doon yerwas, an' do what your master bids you."

"O, never min' the law, sir: there'll naeboddy ken wha did it: juist let us oot, an' we'll do what ye like syne."

"Ou, Davie, though we should staun clear o' the law, what are we to say to a court o' conscience? It'll no do, Davie, ye maun lie doon, lad, an' learn to thole as weel's cheat."

"But I'm no weel though."

"There's mae o' us that way, Davie."

"But I'm a' bluiding aboot the temples."

"Yer no your lane, Davie; juist gae the strae a bit turn owre, braw an' heich at the stock, ye ken, an' tak the bairns i' yer bosom."

"O, sir, dinna make a fool o' us."

"In ye hadna been fools, ye wadna becn there."

"Folk wad get better usage in Turkey."

"Ay, but Davie, ye ken, this is Glenbuckie."

"An' can naething be dune for us ava?" said Tam Geddes, forcing his head through the only hole vacant in the window, quite alarmed at the idea of remaining in durance.

"Ou, Tam, what can I do for sae mony? I'm but puir Andra Luggiehead, ye ken. Wad ye like to be a sodger? If that's yer aim, then I'll no grudge to speak a gude word for you to the Deacon Bailie, wha's been speaking this some time back about a troop o' dragoons. Aiblins he'll promote you to the halberts."

"Confound your tackety shoon, Yowieson," said Fletcher, lending him a blow behind the ear that sent him back reeling upon the floor.

"That's the way, Fletcher," roared out Luggiehead, ironically. "That's the way, lad. Suspend the *habeas corpus*, and have at them."

In a moment all was battle-royal within the gloomy mansion. That spirit which works in the bosom of rudeness, on account of an accidental tread upon the toe, now broke forth in all its fury, and for several minutes exerted itself in blindly buffetting whatever



came within the range of its violence. And now Glenbuckie jail had been the scene of murder, had not Luggiehead by chance found the key of the prison on the street, and getting in, reduced them to order and obedience.

O despotism! how execrable, how unholy, how damning thou art! All men hate and shun thee as they would the gulf of perdition. But anarchy! What words shall we use in setting forth thy character? Alas! no epithet can sufficiently mark the outlines of thy infernality. Thou puttest the former to the blush. Despotism proceeds systematically to the ruin of millions: but thou hast no rule of action in thy all-demolishing career. If despotism comes like the withering blast in spring, thou comest like the hurricane in autumn: and if despotism may be compared to a long season of rainy weather, souring and rotting the seed, thou must be likened to a day of waterspouts and thunder, blasting and uprooting vegetation. To the lenity of the one, O God, entrust us not—from the tender mercies of the other, Good Lord deliver us.

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## CHAPTER XX.

*'Bradly Retaken.—Sarah in Power.—Confession by Torture.—Luggiehead Addresses the Assembly.—Court breaks up.*

ON re-entering the hall, Luggiehead, with his rescued servants behind, held up his hands and exclaimed, "This is Glenbuckie noo."

"Get the wounded dressed immediately," said Geordie, half dead with terror.

"Catch that thief!" returned his landlord, as Macnab, who had from prudential motives concealed

himself in a corner during the struggle, made towards the door. "And lie there," said his captor, laying hold of him, and saying, "Tak a snuff o' the caller air, my boy, coming through the broken panes like the zeephyrs o' the wast, to kittle up yer muse, and wauken yer sleeping lair. But I hinna time to crack wi' yer honours. Yowieson, assist the master; Fletcher, ye'll wauk sentry; and Sarah, be steady till I come back."

In a few minutes the lord of the inn, with O'Bradly on his back, returned, and "Here, Dominie," he said, as he came into the room puffing under his burden—"here's anither rank an' file for you. In ye'll no gang for the Doctor, ye'll surely no refuse him when he's brocht to yer han'. My shooters! but thae drugs weigh weel. It's nane o' yer 'pothecaries' wecht this, folk—yer three scruples to the dram, an' aucht drams to the ounce. It's dead wecht to the gude, wi' a' the tare an' tret to the bargain. But mak o' him what you please, I'll fecht nae mair the nicht."

Thus said, he sat down in his elbow-chair, and apparently fell asleep.

The command of the citadel now devolved upon Sarah, who, proud over a "little brief authority," seemed as light of heart as a young Miss in the halcyon days,

"When Ceres gives the schools the play;"

or when the sun, careering through Cancer in the months of June and July, suggests to Latin-lord and sampler-lady, the propriety of vacating for six weeks, in order to enjoy the salubrious air of the sea coast, and renovate the system. Lady paramount, she gave her orders with the precision of a duchess honouring her maids with a kitchen visit. And,

"Mr. Chalmers," said she, "ye'll juist be so good as min' yoursel; Yowieson, ye'll haud your jabbering tongue; Os'ler, ye'll keep a sharp leuk oot; Gowdie, ye'll gae wa up to the garret, an' lie doon on the sodger's bed—it's no vera clean, wi' their pipe-clay,

an' their dirt, but it's better than sittin' afore a caul' winnock to raise the rheumatics; Bailie, if you please, sir, ye'll be sae gude as step ben to the wee room oot the gait, an' no sit an' haud your haffets there like an' aul' hermitie in a bourock; Mr. Macnab, ye'll juist coor doon on yer hunkers or yer groof, ony o' them ye like; an' as for O'Bradly—ou, he maun juist lie whare he is till he comes to himsel'—it'll no be lang—he's nane o' the kin' that'll traik. Let—me—see—losh me, Dominie, when I think, we hae something i' the hoose that's gude for sair banes. It was gotten for Tam Tutap, the horse-cowper, the nicht he fell aff his horse, and lay sae lang dead wi' the fa'. What think ye, Mr. Chalmers?"

"Let me see it," said he.

The powder is produced, and conceived to be a simple emetic. Trusting more, however, to Sarah's account of its intended use, than to his own knowledge of medicine, Geordie dissolved it into a table-spoonful of water, and poured the whole into the mouth of the Doctor. But O'Bradly was too old a cock to be caught with chaff. Like a quaker suddenly moved, he sprang upon his elbow, and ejecting the dose, cried, "Poison—murder—barbarism—oh! I am poisoned."

Sarah, at her wits' end, exclaimed, "Will we hae pushioned the Doctor, thinks ony living? O, sirs! for scoon'rel as he is, I wadna be accessar in pushionin' him for the warl'—rub his temples."

"What's this next?" thundered Luggiehead, starting from his pretended slumber, and fixing his eyes, flashing with anger, upon the deceitful operator. He's pushioned! Let me to him, and I'll bring up the arsnic. Get up, ye scoon'rel, an' say your questions."

"Oh! Mr. Luggiehead, I am a murdered man—Macnab—Macnab—Macna"—

"Ye're a murdered man! Speak oot, ye fause in heart an' rotten in principle, or I'll speet you like a

rabbit. What about Macnab, ye mentioned twice owre there?"

"Oh! my heart, my poor heart."

"Nane o' yer oh-in'. What put *him* i' yer head?"

"He—he"——

"He what, sir?"

"Wrote—wrote"——

"Wrote what, sir?"

"The—the"——

"The what, sir?"

"The Po—the Po"——

"What mair after Po?"

"E, sir, e"——

"E!—that's no a word ava—that's only P-o-e."

"Oh, sir, I—am—very bad—very bad."

"Sae be't. As lang, hoosever, as the pulse beats and the lungs play, ye'll juist tell me what followed e, or I'll nail you decently to the floor whare ye lie."

"It was—m, sir, m,—O yes."

"That's the vile word at last. P-o-e-m, poem. An' could ye no hae said that at first, ye thrawn-mouthed son o' Apollyon? Ye're owre lang livin'. An' wha was't that took it to Embro'?"

"A little water if you please, sir—a little water—my poor head!—oh!"

"Come, come, sir—wha took it to the post-office?"

"A—u—m"——

"Nane o' yer gaunting. Wha put it i' the slit?"

"Um—ah"——

"Rin, Sarah, an' bring in Towser."

"*Di pis en pis, di pis—ne bougez pas, ne bougez.*"

"What's that ye say, sir?"

"He's speaking French, sir," said Thornybrae.

"What! French in Glenbuckie!"

"Beg pardon, sir—beg pardon—I mean no harm."

"Ye mean nae harm! Tell me, then, wha took the poem to Embro'? Wha was't, I say?" pinching him by the ear till the house re-echoed with his roar.

"It was—O murder—I myself—*egomet, un miserable!* But it was Macnab that—have mercy!—that



advised me, and—O horror!—and Miss Dawson said it would be a good laugh to the people. Do not kill me! And as I was going to Edinburgh on business of importance, I thought I might do worse. But I protest I meant no harm, sir. I assure you, I meant no harm at all, at all.”

“A very fair confession, I needs must own,” said Luggiehead, relieving the culprit from his finger and thumb. “A very fair confession after a’. Man, Doctor, but ye had little ado. Had ony ignorant body like me thocht on siccan a ploy, it wadna been strange, seeing ignorance is aye ill-bred, an’ ready to rin into a’ mischief;—but a doctor o’ medicine! Fie on yer lair! Hoosever, what can we say? It’s no easy to mak a silk purse oot o’ a sow’s lug. Macnab, what think ye? What think ye noo aboot expediency? Noo, Deacon, look at yer twa learned friends. Do ye *see* them?”

“I do that,” replied the honest Bailie, humbled at the sight. “But what can we say after a’, Mr. Luggiehead? The warl’s ill to ken, sir. It’s a’ a system o’ knavery and hypocrisy thegither. Fair play has nae chance. A smooth tongue and a fair address will travel farder in an hoor, than honour an’ honesty will do in a twalmonth.”

“A vera true observe, Bailie. Fair words mak a deep impression on a’, frae the king to the cottar—sweet lips please the sugary. Nevertheless, gie me honesty yet. It seldom has a het face. Rogues may flourish for a time, but what they mak aff roguery at the en’, they may lick aff a het girdle. But to the bizness. And noo, Mr. Chalmers, I am glad that for your sake the truth is laid open; I wadna hae dune sae muckle for mysel, deeming it better to dispise than hunt after slander. But ye’re a public character, sir; an’ as ten can hurt you for ane me, I hae stood up for the truth to the last. Perhaps you’ll think that I hae owrestepet my commission; but as I ne’er could thole to see ony ane run doon that wasna richly deserving, I hope you will excuse my

want o' politeness, and also what roughness I showed you on the nicht o' oor quarrel—the mair especially, as that e'ening I had juist come in frae an attack o' the neebours, a' praying me to kick you about yer business, for doing that, Bailie, which ye a' see was the wicked, cruel, and felonious contrivance o' ithers. Rejoice then, my young friend, an' never depart frae the path o' integrity, though the wealth o' the Indies were laid doon to your haun. I never saw an honest man beat yet. He may suffer, and that severely, for a while; but, sooner or later, an arrow frae the bow o' uprightness will come an' lay his enemies low. Be strong then for the truth, an' warsle for the prize that lies far in the lan' o' peace, whare knavery shall never enter, nor envy fin' ane abode. Ye hae great reason to be thankfu' to your great Preserver for moving the heart o' Mr. Meek to write you a letter, which ye thocht was an insult to your honour, but which lets you see, that aften that which we consider as an evil, is for oor gude at the last. Retire, then, to your rest when it suits your convenience, and when ye next fa' in love, remember Miss Dawson an' the battle o' the Crag.—Next, to you, Bailie, I hae twa words to say: Ye're my aul' frien', sir, an' will be, I hope, as lang's we're permitted to live on this side o' time. We ne'er had an ootcast afore, in ye ca' this ane; but I canna see what reason ye hae to ca' this ony ither thing, than a mere doin' o' the duty incumbent upon honour an' honesty. You see vera weel, Bailie, that there was great need for a close examination into the bizness. It wasna an ordinar case. It was your honour an' mine, no to speak o' Mr. Chalmers', that lay at stake; an' sure I am, Bailie, if we hadna persevered when the airn was het, to bring oot the sparks o' truth frae the metal o' deceit, it wad hae been waur for us, no to mention the dereliction o' duty. You may sen' for the dragoons, sir, an' I'll no oppose you in that, as sodgers are gude spen'ers; and though they whiles lea'e a trifle ahint them, they generally spen' a' they win, which, quatelywise, is

better than taking a' an' lea'ing naething; but, sir, in ye tak my advice, ye'll let the king keep his guards to himsel, an' watch wi' mair circumspection for the future. Ye hae gotten a lesson which may be o' great use to you as lang as ye live; a lesson to be jealous o' them wha, gifted wi' fair speech, impose on credulity, an' then rin aff wi' the fair gude name o' them they hae deceived. Your dochter, sir, is a braw lass, but she's owre fond o' the marvellous for the aul' Latin scholars o' the last century. Latin, Bailie, is nae doot unco gude to them wha can mak a gude use o't; but, Deacon, I much fear it's turned a wee like the aul' Scotch, especially when opposed to the heich-heeled French an' high-flown English o' the day. It's an awfu' langidge the French, Bailie—an' awfu' folk they are that use't. But tak care o' the *bon ton*, Bailie. It maks an awsome soun' in the nasal organ. Beware o' the words, sir, that mak a noise after they're spoken, like a toom barrel after a knock. Beware o' bossness. See that the keg's fu', sir, afore ye strike it. It's a puir gill that comes frae a toom cask. Labour, sir, to be a wee better informed in a' things. Leuk weel aboot you: on wi' the specks o' discernment, an' then the clips o' the fashion will hae less to say, when the tea reeks i' the track-pat, an' the honest man's sent roun' the table like a Dalap cheese for dissection.—To you next, O'Bradly, I would address a few words, although words spent on a scoon'rel are a wee like dung laid upon puir lan'—yet suffer a word o' exhortation. Ye're an' awfu' scoon'rel, sir—the greatest I ever beheld—an' therefore sma' is the hope o' reformation. Nevertheless, in ye wish to be happy hereafter, ye'll immediately forsake the error o' yer doin's, an' staun fast by the physic o' truth. Gilt pills an' bonny poothers, are nae doot, at first sicht, unco gude; but mark the operation. It's no a' ogowd that glitters. An ill dose maks a sick heart, and a sick heart is the drying up o' the banes. Let temperance then be your chief prescription, and honour an' honesty yer knives for lopping aff the proud



flesh o' deceitfulness, o' which your mind seems to be in ample possession. Repent, sir, withoot loss o' time, an' reform to the root, an' beware o' the gleg ee an' wauket loof o' unfailing truth. It's impossible to ride lang on the sharp howeback o' the deevil's sheval; sae mak for the fair roun' riggin' o' the am'ling pad pony o' sterling uprightness, which, though it may not carry you on sae fast for a while, will bear you through a' the dubs an' mire o' a weary life, when the tither lies win'-galled i' the tan-yard o' destruction. Up then, ye scoon'rel, an' be aff, an' be thankfu' I didna skin you alive. Yowieson, gae wa hame to yer wife an' bairns, an' learn to be civil. Geddes, gae wa wi' um too; ye'll men' when ye grow better. Up, Fletcher, an' be gone, ye had need o' a dooking to slocken yer thirst for cruelty: an' Gowdie, ye can juist remove at yer leisure; ye're an honest man, sir, I'll no forget you—hae, there's five shillings to yer fairin; tell the wife to come owre and speak to me the morn's afternoon—puir fallow! yer wordy o' a better fate. An' noo, Bailie, suffer a word, as the representative o' Miss Dawson. Your her guardian, sir, an' ought to ken better than let sic folk gang aboot yer house as that scoon'rel O'Bradly, to wile awa the wits o' your bairn. Miss Dawson's a bonny quean—the flower o' the parish; an' I am very sorry to hae't i' my power to say, black's the ee o' her head; but I maun do my duty. Had ony o' the Logans or the Bauries been guilty o' the like, I wadna thocht it strange; but a young ledy like her, no yet oot o' her teens—in whase cheek the hue o' the lily mingles wi' the rose, an' the rose wi' the sweetness o' the pea-bloom—in whase ee the wee black gem sparkles like the ee o' the blackbird—on whase forehead sits the beauty o' the divine haun that polished, an' adorned it wi' sae mony braw sweeping curls, which, whether in papers or new aff the curling tangs, adds grace and loveliness to the hale tap concern o' her person, is really an' truly dumfounderin'. Wha wad hae dreamed it—wha conceived that siccan a snake



was i' the snood—that siccan a squint was i' the ee—that siccan a worm was aneath the rose an' the lily? That the star o' Glenbuckie should hae lent her haun to the cooking o' a pie, in which every pushionous ingredient was put, frae the tincture o' vanity to the spirit o' envy an' hatred, is to me the subject o' the greatest astonishment that ever befell me, putting a' the griefs, losses, crosses, gurry-wurries, an' surprises into ac humplock. But I spare her, an' for your sake draw a veil owre the remaining portion o' her folly. This, hooever, I maun say, that ae gude sentence wi' honesty in't, an' weel acted upon, is worth a' the falderal havers and learned gaffaws in the universe. Gae hame, then, my worthy aul' collogue, an' tell your children that hauf lair is nae ornament, an' that a young ledy's reputation, ance broken, is no easily men't.—An' noo, to conclude, ye'll staun up Mr. Macnab, an' listen to yer character an' sentence: An' ye wad be a great poet too—get a monument erected to yer memory, an' hae yer name extolled amang the great immortals, wha soom to fame through seas o' poverty an' rags! Juist sae, Mr. Crambo! could ye gie us twa verses, think ye, juist noo, clean aff loof, that is, extempore, as you learned folks wad say, alias ane impromptu; showing forth, hoo Dominie Meek gied Dominie Chalmers a cue, to lead to the discovery o' Dominie Macnab's genius for rhyme. Come, say awa. A great man like you canna be at a loss for twa or three stanzas. But I waste precious time. Tak then your ditty—Go an' seek the path, sir, that leads to repentance. Mak reparation for the past, and never try to father yer tricks upon innocence. When ye tell a lie, never say it was your neebour that raised it. Never mak a midge a mountain, or a mountain a midge, to gar yoursel be thocht clever. Never mak a fool o' yer best friens. Never sport wi' misfortune. Think on wha hears you when ye shoot owre the mark, an' wha taks notice when, led awa by the sparks o' yer vanity, ye gie wit to falschood, an' falsehood to the warl' to crack aff to the

disadvantage o' yer fellow-creature. Be wise, be prudent, an' forbearing; and let a' yer doins be founded on the basis o' honour and honesty, an' then great will be your reward when ye arrive at that place where naething entereth that 'defileth or maketh a lie.' "

Thus said, he opened the door, and in two minutes the house was clear.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

*A Morning Visit.—Geordie resumes the "Delightful Task."  
—Luggiehead Examines the School.*

SWEET is the serenity of the waters after a storm, but sweeter is the hour of calm repose, when, all-conscious of having done our duty, we lie down to forget the turmoils of the day. Worn out with exertion, Geordie sought his pillow, and soon was fast in oblivion. The morning dawned, and journeyed the sun one fourth way up the sky, ere he awoke to receive the congratulations of his landlord, who, entering, stretched forth his hands, and, chuckling joyously, thus opened in his usual manner:—

"Hoo's a' wi' you this morning?" he said, clapping and rubbing his hands, as if eager for another *melee*. "I trow we dressed the droddums o' the gentles for ance. Yon's the way to gang to wark in Glenbuckie. It's no Latin an' Magna Charta, employing writer chaps, an' sendin' them slips o' paper by the hauns o' a beagle, tellin' them to appear at a certain place, an' by a certain hour, to answer for their conduct: it's grip them fast by the cuff o' the neck, an' down wi' them. Ae gude clout ahint the lug's worth ten summonses. What'll the Deacon be sayin' till't this morning, thinks ony body? But get up, and see hoo the lan' lies. Hoo did ye sleep?"

“As well as ever I did in my life, sir.”

“I’m glad to hear’t,” he replied; “happy to hear o’ yer weelfare by nicht as weel as by day. But ye see, Mr. Chalmers, a gude conscience sees nae bogles. An honest man, sir, could sleep on the tap o’ a mast, in it were braid eneuch to lie on; an’ sae, sir, though I hae nae honesty to spare, I never sleepit better i’ my life. I think it’s no ten minutes since I lay doon yet.”

“And what’s the house like this morning?” said Geordie, rising on his elbow, and looking serious.

“Ou, sir, the house is in gran’ fettle for the glazier: as weel as can be expected after siccan a bruilzie. But get up, an’ no lie there like a sluggard,—it’s within a cat-loup o’ the time.”

After his landlord had left the room, our hero arose and prepared for the duties of his station; but not with the usual delight, for a deed was done, that, on resuming the task, he found had left him minus a good long score of his scholars. This, however, he expected from the fracas, giving to the young another occupation than committing words to memory; and therefore, though he felt all that lowness of spirits which arises from a near and clear view of the adverse, he took comfort from the thought that none who could read the day’s, or rather night’s, disaster in the “morning face” of the Dominie, would venture out in a state of unpreparedness to meet with him, who, though an enemy to the diabolical system of flogging, was nevertheless, in other punishments, not a whit behind the most rigid disciplinarian. And thus, judging others from what he had felt in the days of his boyhood, when, unable for his task, he was glad of an excuse for non-attendance, he commenced, and finished the labours of another day, nothing happening worthy of notice, save the being necessitated to break the roller over young Whinmouth’s *caput durum*, in order to subdue his stubborn spirit, and preserve authority from being trodden under the feet of perversity.

It was a reckless blow, and I mention it with detestation; for no crime committable at school can warrant brute punishment. The great art of teaching lies in skill and patient assiduity. When a pupil is so perverse as to set the instructions of his master at nought, the sooner he is excluded the better. But some there are who think and act otherwise—whose birch supplies the want of patience, concealing their lack of talent in austerity, and ignorance in gravity—great men at the roller and the thong, and famed for order and excellence instead of being doomed to the bastinado for their inhumanity. Am I wrong? Nay. Thousands have been flogged into downright haters of learning,—thousands into block-heads,—and tens of thousands into great and petty tyrants.

In eight or ten days the whole of the absentees returned, and gave new life to him, who, now looking forward to the day of examination, spared no pains in preparing his great guns for the combat. To rise to the top of his profession, and wear the laurel of supremacy, was his ardent desire. But the laurels of Glenbuckie were like the laws, and the laws like the people, and the people like the gourd which Jonah blessed and cursed in the course of twenty-four hours. The long-anticipated examination never took place; but in its room an event occurred which the reader will perhaps tolerate, if not for its importance, at least for its peculiarity and influence in expediting his departure.—Teaching one day, and more than half-way through the work of the forenoon, who should enter but his old friend Luggiehead, dressed in a suit of black clothes, and wearing a wig that would have graced the First Lord of Justiciary in the days of Queen Anne. And,

“Hoos a’ the day, Mr. Chalmers?” he says, bowing respectfully, and marching up to an old chair at the corner of the school. “I hope, sir, ye fin’ great pleasure in your usefu’ calling? It’s a great charge ye hae, sir. Bairns, I hope ye’re a’ doin’ weel? I



see ye haud them weel til't. Naething like diligence. That'll do.—Noo, Mr. Chalmers, ye ken my way; that I hae na muckle to sae about naething, being aye readier to do than say. I hae juist ta'en't i' my head to examine yer schule afore the minister comes, that I may hae't i' my power to say something to the bodies anent yer proceedings. I hae heard muckle about yer new plans an' improvements, an', I maun confess, it's no vera pleasant to stan' an' hear the folk gaun on about this an' the tither palaver, an' no be able to corroborate what *they say*. Will ye, therefore, let me hear them a' owre frae the beginning?"

"With all my heart, sir, I shall be most happy to have the honour of making them exhibit before you."

"Aweel, sir," he replied, "I shall be most glad to bear testimony. Noo, ye wee senseless bodies, leuk sharp, an' do what the master bids you."

"By-the-bye, Mr. Luggiehead," observed our incumbent, "you had better take the book, and begin the work, *ad aperturam libri*, as we say, *in lingua scholarum*. They will do better with you, perhaps, being a stranger."

"Gae wa wi' your nonsense, sir," he returned. "They ken me owre weel. I wad frichten them oot o' their senses. Begin there. I ken naething about your *arums* an' *eebrees*. Get on. He's a puir professor that canna stan' on the head o' his ain bizness."

"But it would add a little to the variation of the duty were you to oblige us thus far," replied the other, eager to see the extent of his erudition, of which he conceived him in possession of more than he was willing to acknowledge.

"Ou, Mr. Chalmers, I dinna like to refuse you ony thing reasonable. What maun be, maun be, as saith the byeword. It's lang sin' I cam aff the airns. I'm sair roosted noo; but an aul' swurd's nane the waur to be scoored up. Ye'll help me when I gae wrang? What o'clock is't?"

"Twelve, nearly, sir."

"Then it's high time we were beginning. Stan'

up here, Gibby Macgown. We'll begin wi' you first. A braw swurly tyke ye are. Whare's Pate the day?"

"He's at hame," answered the boy.

"An' what's he doin' there?"

"He's keepin' the wean."

"He's keepin' the wean! An' whare's Meg?"

"She's at hame too."

"An' what's she doin' next?"

"She's doin' naething."

"I believe you—helping Pate to hunt the gowk for want of a job. Mr. Chalmers, do ye allow the like o' that wark to carry on? That's a' rank herisy. They'll never learn at that rate. I'd gar them attend."

"Gar wood's ill to grow, Mr. Luggiehead."

"Grow here or grow there, I'd gar them attend," he replied, "in there was as muckle ben leather i' the parish to mak a whip o'. Nonsense! Bigging schules, an' raising salaries for their benefit, an' no takin' the gude that's offered, sae freely an' sae cheaply, for their acceptance! Fie! An' what's yer mither doin' then, Gibby, when she needs sae mony servants?"

"Proceed, sir, if you please," said the teacher.

"Mr. Chalmers, I'm on the head o' my duty, an' I'll no be putten aff't for nane. I say, Gibby, what's yer mither about?"

"She was baking bunnocks when I cam awa," replied the boy, trembling like an aspen.

"A vera needful job for a family I must own, after a'. But, Mr. Chalmers, that's no learning Meg an' Pate to read a' the while. Hoosever, say awa. What's that?"

"That," said the little fellow, looking up in Luggiehead's face, the express image of innocence in dread.

"Ay, that—what do ye ca' that?"

"That's A."

"Say Aw, sir."

"Aw."

"That's the way. Nane o' yer high-flown anes for me. An' what's that?"

"Is't that?"

"Yes, it's that—what do you ca't?"

"That's Z."

"It's no that, laddie—try't again."

"Is't K, then?"

"Not at all, sir—it's X."

"An' what do you say this is?"

"I'm thinking that's W."

"Ye're a great blockhead, sir—that's J. Mr. Chalmers, that callan canna read a word. What's the reason o' that?"

"He is just commencing, sir. This is only his second day."

"O, then, we canna expect a green saugh to lowe. Hoo aul' are ye, Gibby?"

"I dinna ken: I'm thinking I'm gaun i' my seven."

"Weel aneuch answered; but ye dinna ken ye're boorn yet. Whare's yer father herding the year?—But sit doon, ye do unco weel for the time. Staun up here, Gibson—what's this ye hae gotten?"

"It's the wee Spell."

"The wee Spell! what kin' o' book is that?"

"The second step up the ladder, sir," answered the Dominie.

"Juist so, Mr. Chalmers; up the lether an' doon the lether, and break yer neck at the fit o't. Isna that the way, Dominie? But get on wee body, an' let us see hoo ye clim."

"A sounds a; c-a-t, cat; a-n-d, and; d-o-g, dog; t-o, to; l-i-c-k, lick; t-h-e, the; c-o-g, cog; A sounds; f-i-s-h, fish; c-a-n, can; s-w-i-m, swim; a-n-d, and; sounds a; d-o-g, dog; c-a-n, can; d-r-e-a-m, dream."

"Noo, Gibson, let me hear you put a' that thegither—ye rather beat me."

"A cat and dog to lick the cog;  
A fish can swim, and a dog can dream."

"Juist so—fine improvements. Aul' langsyne

gaun to the block in a hurdle drawn by a wee Spell! Mr. Chalmers, when I was at the schule, the first book we got after the A B C was the Carritches. What we learned oot o' them, was o' some use to us in after-life. But what's the use o' a' thae havers aboot cats and dogs? Every ane kens that a fish can soom."

"Not every fish," said Geordie, somewhat nettled at his remark.

"Ay, man!" said he, "an' can ye tell me the name o' the fish that canna soom?"

"Enough of that, sir, if you please—proceed. David Symington, this way." David appeared, and passed the following ordeal:

"An' hoo lang hac ye been at the schule, Davie?" interrogated his examiner.

"Is't a'thegither?" replied the urchin, looking up with a countenance as simper and sly as unpolished hypocrisy.

"Yes, a'thegither, to be sure. I ken hoo lang ye've been the day."

"This is my second quarter."

"That ye're awn the master, like?"

"I'm no awn him naething."

"Then ye'll be awn him something, Davie—ye ken twa negatives mak ane affirmative? Am I right, Mr. Chalmers? I'm no vera sure aboot thae things noo; I glinted whiles at an aul' grammar that gaed aboot the hoosc langsyne, an' got some queer hints oot o't. But my mcmory's sair failed me, since the toothache began to torment me—I declare the tae half o' my teeth's awa. Hoosever, say on. What's this ye hae gotten?"

"The Proverbs."

"So, so; that's a gude beuk. Let me hear hoo ye can read it."

"A wheep for"——

"Say whup, sir."

"A whup for the borse"——

"Say horse, ye blockhead."

"Horse, and a bridle for the nass"——



“What do ye say, sir? Say ass, an’ a mishanter to you.”

“Ass, and a rod for the fool’s black.”

“Spell the last word, sir.”

“B-a-c-k, back.”

“Ay, that’ll do—but black aneuch in reality. Did ye wash your face the day? Man, ye leuk as ye hadna seen water this twalmonth. Sen’ that dirty hay-poll to the spoot.—Wha’s next?”

“This girl newly come in, sir, with the large Primer.”

“Stan’ up, then, my braw lassie, an’ tell me what’s keepet you the day.”

“I coudna win nae sooner.”

“Ye coudna win for ferlies on the road. An’ whare came ye frae?”

“I come frae the Stepens.”

“O, then, yer a dochter o’ Robin Teuch’s. Isna yer mither’s name Jean Sooter? A braw soncy quean she is. My ledy, in tu be like thy mither, thou’ll no hae thy tale to seek. An’ what’s this ye hae for us?”

“The large Primer.”

“E’en sae—wee Spell’s brither, I suppose. Ye’ll ken hoo to prime and load, then. Say awa.” Reads.

“There was a man lived in C-a-n, in Canterbury, who sold a horse to a man who lived in S-i-l, in Silverhill; and the man who lived in Silverhill, gave the man who lived in Canterbury two pounds and a shilling for the horse.”

“What! twa poun’ an’ a shillin’ for a horse? That wadna buy a gude stirk. Leuk owre’t again, an’ correct the word *man*; the way ye pronounce it, sounds like the plural number. By-the-bye, Mr. Chalmers, I’m no in wi’ thir new kicks ava. Can ye no, man, introduce the Crook i’ the Lot, or the Pilgrim’s Progress, amang yer scholars? Ae gude story oot o’ the Afflicted Man’s Companion, is worth a’ the horse atween this an’ Canterbury.”

Here they were interrupted by a loud rapping at

the door, as if given by one in distress; upon which, going out, Geordie found Sarah in the greatest perturbation imaginable. And,

“Oh, sir, did ye see my master?” she cried, wringing her hands. “He gaed oot a weeock syne, dressed a’ in black, wi’ the aul’ brown wig on, an’ I canna set my een on him. I wus he bena bye himsel.”

“Take no fear, Sarah,” said he; “your master is in the school, examining the scholars.”

“Aul’ haveral!” she replied, brightening into joy; “mony a fricht he gies me.”

On returning, Geordie found the Testament class on the floor, and his landlord, like a true knight of the birch, belabouring the posteriors of the dux for laughing at his wig and costume; saying, as he gave the last stamp to the breech,—“I’ll learn you, you wee blackguard, to laugh at me!”

“What’s wrong, Mr. Luggiehead?” cried out the young Dominie, astonished at his freedom.

“Naething ava, sir, but juist keeping order in your absence. He’ll be the better o’t, elf o’ a thing. But come, Mr. Chalmers, we must get on. Say awa, sir.”

The dux endeavoured to read, but was stopped, his voice having sunk into a kind of sob and howl.

“Get on the next.” Reads. “Stop, sir; yer either wrang or I’m no richt. Pronounce that lang word owre again.”

“Caper’naum.”

“Is it no Capernawm, Mr. Chalmers?”

“No, sir, it is pronounced Caper’naum.”

“Caper’num be’t then. But, Mr. Chalmers, in I was in Jerusalem, an’ had folk awn me a trifle in Capernawm, an’ wanted to settle scores wi’ them in their ain hooses, personally, an’ didna ken the road vera weel, an’ speir’d at ony ane that I happened to meet wi’, which was the way, according to your pronunciation, to Caper’num, I doot I’d hae lang seekin’ afore I fand them oot. But proceed. Next.” Reads.

“Ye may stop in time, Geddes. Really, Mr.

Chalmers, I think ye're a' baith daft, eraek-brained, an' delirious thegither!—No saying yer daft, sir, but juist that the English language is gaun aff at an' en' entirely. Hoosever, say on, the next." Reads.

"My sooth, Hughy, but ye elip clean, no to hae been sax weeks in Lun'on, like—was ye ever in Piccadilly? Next." Reads.

"Ay, that's nearer the tone o' oor fathers, wha stood to the knees in bluid for the glory o' aul' Scotland. Weel dune Rab! Ye'll speak to me afore the sehule skails. By-the-bye, I dare say it'll be as safe to tell you juist noo: Ye can juist tell yer father, Rab, when ye gang hame, that I was gi'en you a bit hint aboot yon that I was speaking to himsel anent, concerning the pickle eorn he coft frae me last year, afore this time a weeok, an' hasna pay't it yet. It's an awfu' thing this siller, Mr. Chalmers—ye'll no forget, Rab?"

"I'll try an' no forget," replied the astonished tyro.

"That's a clever fallow! get up to the tap o' the class, man, an' ne'er let the gude aul' Scotch tongue die for want o' a Cameronian."

"Noo, Mr. Chalmers, after a' joking past, I think yer scholars do surprisingly weel. I maun eongratulate ye, sir: ye surely take great pains, an' feel great pleasure i' yer line. But, sir, as I haena muckle time to stop, juist let me hear twa or three o' yer big guns, as ye ca' them, an' then I'll be steppin'. We'll hear the Collections, if you please."

The class came forward and read as follows:—

The sublime includes all that is simple and grand, in so far as words and ideas are concerned. The sublime needs not the aid of artificial beauty; veiled in a robe of nature, it engages all eyes, and astounds every heart that comes within the range of its attraction. The sublime shines by its own light, scattering beams of glory wherever it appears; and the longer it blazes, the more is the soul imbued with a deep sense of that heavenly splendour, which lies obscured behind the visible irradiations of its brightness. The sublime has dignity and majesty for its heralds, who walk before the mind's eye, like two angels, whose outward appearance resembles the human form, but whose voices, when raised, chase away every earthly association, and

fill our bosoms with that kind of astonishment which the parents of Samson felt, when they beheld the stranger whom they took for a man, ascending in the smoke of their sacrifice. The sublime delights in obscurity. When we look at some lofty mountain, and see far up its dread acclivity, but perceive not its summit on account of mists that brood there in density, we instantly feel its power, not from the prodigious elevation, but from the thought that something wondrous lies there concealed; perhaps some lawless band, or hoary-headed minstrel tuning his harp to anthems whistled by the wind. The sublime also delights in terror—in something like the dismal, grand, and appalling scene which the lightning and the thunder make in a gloomy wintry night, when alone in desert-tract we wander, far from home, despairing and unfriended. But the sublime is not confined to objects perceptible by the organs of sensation. It lives with imagination. Now bounding o'er the golden battlements of heaven, chaunting those airs that know no earthly measure. Now diving through the gloom profound of darkest hell, listening to the roar and hurricane of despair's eternal war. Now in the dance and gallopade of vapouring self-conceited vanity, and now dead!—or with the dead, feigning the calm repose and recklessness of death. The sublime is connected with all that is vast, terrific, mysterious, and omnific. It stands at the head of all that is tremendous. When we contemplate its eternity, we are agitated beyond expression. We feel our souls locked in wonder, and see no outlet to our emotions but in the simple breathings of astonishment.

“Very well read,” said Luggiehead, “but juist rather lang for people in a hurry. Mr. Chalmers, we’ll no hae time to gang through them at this rate; ye maun cut a wee thing shorter. Let us hear twa words on ignorance. Next.” Reads,—

Ignorance is intellectual blindness—the mole’s eye of the soul—the screech-owl of perception. Ignorance is the mother of superstition—the shield of infamy—the sword and buckler of oppression. By it tyrants rule, and slaves bow the knee. Ignorance delights in folly. Unable to read, it knows not good from evil. It covets wealth, and spoils enjoyment. Ignorance is proud, haughty, and cruel; rides on a beast of its own making, and falls into the ditch at the first plunge. Would you believe it? Ignorance is an ass—it is also a mule. Pleased with an extra morsel, it will carry the panniers of a villain; and lured with a little flattery, it will yoke itself into a coach and substitute the horses. Or, in other words—

A king is lauded, next the people yoke  
Themselves into his chariot! Noble horses!  
He smiles approval—looks beyond the joke,  
And, in return, begins to draw their purses!



They who were horses of their own accord,  
 Cannot consistently refuse to pay tax;  
 And thus a people praise a flattering lord,  
 Till yokes of iron are laid upon their dray backs.

Ignorance is easily gulled, and foiled, and fettered. It has no penetration; no knowledge of ethics; of that art which shows those rules and measures of human actions which lead to true happiness,—and so the devil rules on earth.

“Very weel. Let us hear a sentence or twa mair. Next.” Reads,—

Within the boards of the Lexicon, there is not a word more abhorrent to an intelligent mind than ignorance. To it is allied every thing uproarious. It is all of a colour, black as pandemonium; yet some defend it, and to its antipodes, knowledge, impute infidelity and rebellion. This is owing to selfishness—to that love of power and place which distinguishes so many of the sons of order. Ignorance in their souls, they loathe and look aghast when it arms the mob with brick-bats and stones; yet, strange to tell, they will not increase the power of learning. Every thing literary must be taxed, lest, in the mirror of the press, the vulgar throng should see the beauties of truth, and fall in love with intelligence.

“Very well. Next.” Reads,—

But search history, ye friends of fetters and subjection, who bestride common sense, and vent your anathemas against the diffusers of knowledge, and tell us if one solitary fact can be quoted in support of ignorance. Have you no historian of veracity to unfold? Ay, but they are all against you. They show you the lands that have been depopulated, and who have been the depopulators. The torments that have been inflicted, and who have been the tormentors. The lies that have been told, and who have been the liars. They show you the brave military fathers, with the sapient horse-police coming in contact with the great enlightened canaille, and the stewards disgorging their abomination, and the lanes their offscouring, and the jails their adepts in villany. Historians sometimes err in chronological statement, but they all agree in their accounts of the deplorable effects of ignorance. They bid you count the number of your cut-throats and bandits, and, if you can, rejoice over your amiable brutality. They bid you estimate the extent of fanaticism and folly, and chaunt over your delightful madness. They bid you go into the camp, into the flect, into the seraglio, and boast over your grand delineations of depravity. And whilst you ask them who it was that strewed the streets of the eternal city with the dead bodies of every age and sex, they tell you it was Gesneric the Vandal, and Alaric the Goth;—that reduced the land of bards and orators into a frightful scene of plunder and misrule; and they tell you it was the monks and the friars,

and the children of the prophet,—that erected the goddess of freedom in Paris, and, in proof of their devotion to liberty, set the untaxed guillotine to work, and deluged “beautiful France” with blood; and they tell you it was tyrants with mathematical heads and savage hearts, infidels infernal, and scoundrels demonised.

“That’s something, Mr. Chalmers. Next.”—  
Reads,—

Oh! what is it that sinks the man beneath the brute—that induces him to leap into the Ganges—that makes him worship the tiger—that turns a fruitful land into a waste—a nation into a tribe, and a tribe into a savage individual? Ignorance;—ignorance the lascivious, the oppressive, the vindictive, and the base! Oh! baleful monster, procreated in hell, and nourished by the step-dame of delinquency! Who would not hate thee? Thou art altogether animal—there is no soul in thee. Thy food is superstition; thy drink is intemperance; thy clothing is barbarity. When thou rattlest in thy chains, humanity bleeds and blushes; when thou sittest in authority, the very angels weep. In the ascendancy of thy star, all the other lights are obscured—conflagration is the order of the day, and horror is the cry!

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## CHAPTER XXII.

*Examination continued.—Prejudice.—Evil produces Good.  
—Liberty.—Poetry.*

“WEEL,” said the shrewd and generous examiner, “I wad gie twa an’ a plack if my son Rabby could read as weel. Ye deserve great praise, sir, for your attention. Hae, Tam, there’s a bawbee; but I shouldna do that aithers when I hae min’, for ye’ll a’ be for ane the piece—gie ane, gie a’, as the sayin’ is. Hoosever, let us hear twa words on prejudice, an’ then I’ll be stepping.” Reads,—

Of all the creatures of God there is none so universally detested as the toad. Old and young, learned and unlearned, shudder at its appearance. And why? Is it because its hue is dark? That cannot be. The mole is black, and so is many a beautiful bird. It cannot be its eyes either, for these are brilliant and fascinating. Neither can it be its malignity, for of that it has none—of poison none—of cruelty none. How then comes it that we feel such a shrinking of nerve on beholding it?

I will tell you. It proceeds from prejudice, early implanted, and matured by education. "She is as black as a toad," says one. "He is as ugly as a toad," says another. Every thing low, vile, and disgusting is likened to the toad, and so prejudice makes toads of us all.

"Weel dune, Hughy—that's to the point, but juist rather dark o' the complexion for white folk. Get on the next." Reads,—

Evil, sometimes, is productive of good. From the persecutions of the Romish Church sprung the Reformation. But for Queen Mary, Knox would not have been the idol he is. Bacon, the only luminary of a dark century, was greatly indebted to scandalous treatment for half of his imperishable fame. A jail expedited the labours of Cervantes. Shakspeare, had he not been driven from the Avon to the Thames, would, in all likelihood, after singing a few strains to the pretty maids of Stratford, have sunk into the grave, as little famed as the author of Gilderoy; and Pope's inimitable Art of Criticism, but for the scribblers of Grub Street, would never have appeared. We should not then despair in the midst of discouragement. Prosperity does not always keep the best school. Adversity tries the genius. Gold is gold, and honest worth is invulnerable. Galileo was condemned for a necromancer, but who that sees in the starry heavens a God, can cease to admire the inventive genius of Galileo? And where is the friend of humanity—the true lover of his country, who does not laugh to scorn the evils which surround him, when he thinks on the angel of veracity, who is ever at his right hand sustaining, and shall, when the storms of life are past, transport him into yonder fields of glory, where, linked in love, the spirits of the great career, immortal and triumphant?

"That's what I like, sir, perseverance in a righteous cause is sure to conquer. Let no man, Mr. Chalmers, be fear't to do his duty. Oppression stares the virtuous man i' the face the moment he begins to act, but let us be up an' be doing. A few short years will end oor battle, an' then, happy is he that has dune what is richt. Say awa. Next." Reads,—

Liberty is the glory of man, but it must be tempered with reason; wear a few links; not be licentious. Her light and frolicsome air is delightful, when on the green lawn the sons and daughters of simplicity assemble to welcome the return of May; but her manner is vile, when, reeling with full cups, the sons of Belial issue from their dens, and prostrate law and justice. Her deportment should be gravity mingled with smiles; her actions honourable, blended with humility. Liberty must be

able to read. No tax on knowledge within her dominions. No irresponsibility. No bill of indemnity. All must be intelligent that they may be virtuous, and virtuous that they may be happy. The doctrines of Rousseau, Ovid, and Puffendorf, who prefer barbarism to refinement, will not do. The tone of the Sabbath-bell is surely preferable to the growl of the tiger.

“Beyond a doot,” said Luggiehead, pleased with the little fellow. “Next.” Reads,—

My native land I love, and would not leave it for the world. The gold and pearls of warmer skies may induce the speculative and the base to forsake us, but give me Caledonia with her schools, her halls, her psalmody, and grand associations. One sprig of heath is more dear to my fancy, than all the orange groves of Iberia. Scotland is not so fertile, it is true, as France, nor so beautiful as Italy, but it is the land of freedom.

The thing, when poor, that makes our little great ;  
That charms and beautifies our whole estate ;  
The only jewel valuable on earth ;  
The only legacy we have by birth ;  
The eye of learning, and the bard’s best theme :  
The flame, the wing, the trump of lasting fame ;  
The balm that soothes, that makes a blest abode—  
The sweetest, purest, noblest gift of God.

They who do not love their country can leave it. The world is wide, and America is not far distant. If they prefer the green woods of Columbia to the land of their fathers, off let them go, with all their goods and chattels, with all their anti-national propensities about them. There they will

Find trees for felling, neectarines, the plum,  
Racoons, and turpentine, and frozen lakes ;  
The humming bird, and humming man—a hum !  
Clear skies, polecats, chaetaws, and rattlesnakes.

I will not oppose their departure. All I have in view is to combat the doctrine of irresponsible or absolute freedom.

“Ye may sit down, Willie ; ye’ve dune very weel. We’ll hear the next.” Reads,—

You all hate a tyrant—so you ought. It is a noble hatred, and draws down the blessing of Heaven. Had some of our ancient legislators made it a rule to hate tyrants instead of witches, many a poor wrinkled widow of the glen would have escaped the faggot and the pool. But you all hate a tyrant ; and why ? Because he thinks himself irresponsible, doats on absolute freedom, does what he pleases, robs you of your liberty, and condemns you to pains and penalties—his will being a law, and from his decision there being no appeal. Can true liberty exist here ?



“Next.” Reads,—

But bring the matter home: Suppose that I am one of those who believe in this doctrine, it will naturally follow that my desires must be gratified. Now, suppose that I have the power to enforce my orders, you know without power I cannot be a tyrant; I may be one in the heart, but lessen it, my tyranny will be like myself—a little nothingdum. Well, the point settled, I proceed thus: To get money, I oppress my subjects; and to quiet their murmurs, hang a few of them. Again, in walking abroad I covet my neighbour's house, and to make sure of the property, shoot the proprietor. Again, in order to extirpate the enemy, I command all my vassals to bear arms; and to make them run at a nod, flog them. This does very well for a time, and would always do, did not soldiers, fighting, and tyranny beggar my dominions. Well, money must be had—soldiers won't fight without it; but there is no cash, the banks are run, and all who have it, hide it in holes rather than let me have it. What next? Rebellion against me; I march my troops against my people, they oppose me, and as they or I succeed, so am I a confirmed despot or a victim. If I triumph over them, one goodly tenth head at least must go for it. If they conquer me, my career is over; and thus a world of misery is created, through the stupid and contemptible belief in irresponsible freedom.

“Get on the next—that's the stuff for the young generation. That's far afore yer cats an' dogs. Say awa.” Reads,—

Beware of such folly. It was licentious freedom that brought Greece to slavery, that ruined Carthage, and sapped the energies of mighty Rome. It was this irresponsible conceit that drowned Pharoah in the Red Sea, brought Alexander from the top to the bottom of all greatness, and Cæsar to the dagger. We are all links in the great national chain—no one has a right to oppress or enslave his brother. In judging, we must be cool then; and in awarding, impartial; party spirit is unworthy of freedom. Where it reigns, all goes to wreck; therefore, let us live for one another, not suffering the love of power to supersede the love of country, nor passion to govern reason, but keeping up a regular discharge of intellectual artillery, till religion is stripped of the pomp of pageantry, knowledge is put within the reach of the poorest hind, humanity is delivered from the debasing lash, and liberty, like a mountain nymph, dances before the heralds of peace, who, hand in hand, lead on mankind to the joys of millennial glory.

“Noo, Mr. Chalmers, will ye let me hear a few sentences on that thing they ca' poetry? It has made great noise i' the warl' first an' last, without contri-

buting, in my opinion, ae strae to the benefit of either aul' or young. Next." Reads,—

We shall now take a short ramble into the fields of poetry, and behold the glorious operations of the sons of the Nine. Look not with indifference. To the bards of morality, the world is indebted for nearly all its civic, military, and moral improvement. From Homer, did not the Greeks take their laws? Did not Solon take the great outlines of his work on jurisprudence from the Iliad and Odyssey? Pausanias and others of equal note, disdained not the bards of Ionia, but took from them all their ideas of grandeur and generalship; and who so ignorant as not to know that the Romans copied from the Greeks all that was excellent in knowledge, and gave to other lands the fruits of their sagacity and genius?

"Next." Reads,—

But you will say, Has poetry, that mere kill-time, like Eve-line's guitar, accelerated the progress of civilization? Assuredly it has. Step into the drawing-room and listen to the sweet voice accompanying the piano-forte, or go into the camp and hear the martial song of the soldier, and you will feel the power of the one in emotions of refinement, and of the other in throes of gallantry; making gentlemen and heroes of us all.

"Next." Reads,—

"Show me the songs of a nation and I'll show you the people," said Fletcher of Saltoun; and sure a more accurate criterion cannot be. If we look at the songs of our own country, we see, in *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*, and *Up amang yon clifff rocks*, the genius of Caledonia. If we look to England, we instantly perceive its forte in *One bottle more*, *The Tempest*, and *Rule Britannia*. For Ireland, the divinity that stirs within her is seen at one glance of the eye, in *The Sprig of Shillela* and *Wedding of Ballyporeen*.

"Next." Reads,—

But I speak not of bad poetry; but of that which, raised aloft on the pinion of exalted virtue, sings the glories of the Deity, the charms of nature, the beauties of morality, and the sweets of innocent love. That kind of poetry which has in view the contamination of chastity, should be trodden under foot. When it attacks Christianity, it deserves our abhorrence; for chastity is the fairest flower in the garden of virtue, and Christianity the base on which resteth all our hopes of eternal happiness. To take the one from the world, then, is to present us with a lascivious picture of depravity, and to discard the other is to hurl us back to the worship of Woden and the Mistletoe.

“Next.” Reads,—

But there's a stream in poetry, that flows  
From heaven to earth, and thence to heaven again;  
Imparting in its course a thousand sweets  
To them whose taste and purity are one.

In defence of this I speak; not for its imagery, but for its matchless efficacy in furthering the happiness of the human race. Can good poetry be useless? O give me truth for my staff, morality for my lamp, religion for my guide, and liberty for my glory,—for

Truth makes the genuine gold of man appear;  
Morality illumines the darkened soul;  
Religion wipes with lily hand the tear,  
And freedom stamps *celestial* on the whole.

To rail against virtuous poesy, then, is in the vulgar ignorance, and in the learned ingratitude; since, in its agreeable dawn, ignorance received its first light, and learning its decorations.

“Next.” Reads,—

History has done much by example, geometry by quantities, logic by reason, and chemistry by composition; but to poetry belongs the glorious prerogative of giving instruction both by precept and example—of presenting a glowing image to the mind, of that which philosophy only gives a description—of improving the memory, refining the wit, enriching the understanding, enlarging the fancy, exalting the judgment—of making men honest, generous, and brave; and compelling them all, from the peasant to the prince, to lay aside their other delights, and join in the general admiration.

“Next.” Reads,—

And thus has poetry, by uniting in herself the aim and properties of all the sciences; the uses and elegancies of all philosophy; the gems and garniture of all nature, and the fire and wit of all eloquence, contributed, in a pre-eminent degree, towards the knowledge, freedom, and independency of man.

“Next.” Reads,—

“Write for the ladies,” said a friend of mine,  
Whose heart had caught the captivating flame  
Of purest love—“The ladies please and shine;  
None ever yet without them rose to fame.”

I love my friend, and would the ladies please,  
With strains as tender as a *petit maitre*;  
But then I would be very ill at ease,  
If Caledonia I loved not better.

The ladies whom good sense and virtue crown,  
Are altogether lovely as the rose,  
And worthy of our love—but oh! when down  
Virtue lies pressed beneath a crowd of woes;

When Truth is spiked by the villain Lie,  
Hypocrisy whines from a cloak of knavery,  
And Liberty, unhoused, lies down to die,  
Beneath a dark, cold canopy of slavery;

A lady's smile is then a poor exchange  
For strains that dealt in melody and sighs—  
In nods and looks, brown locks and raptures strange,  
Lips dipped in cassia, and sloe-black eyes.

I do not say old England is in chains;  
Thank Heaven, she has a wise and noble King,  
A Magna Charta, and a Press that brains  
The little tyrants as they forward spring.

I only hint it, should she ever rank  
With slaves, and draw her freedom like a lottery,  
She much will have to attribute every blank,  
To poor, insipid, nerveless lady-poetry!

So ye to whom I write, expect no verses,  
Drawn out to suit our petty belles and linnets;  
The bold rough line that through corruption pierces,  
Is worth a ship-load of your songs and sonnets.

Let not the ladies stare or count me mad—  
None love them more, and none have greater cause;  
The fair, when in their robes of virtue clad,  
Are worthy of the seraphim's applause.

But when the tinsel of Parnassus claims  
Their admiration, patronage, and leisure,  
'Tis time the patriot muse should give to flames  
The syren ballad and Italian measure.

Were poetry like prose, I would not stoop  
From my own selfishness for brother man;  
I'd take my wine, ragout, my tea and soup,  
And snugly wrap myself in Number One;

But when the muse has captivating charms,  
Either to woo to bliss or lure to ruin,  
I'd be to blame indeed, when vice alarms,  
To court the muse that is my country's ruin.



Most surely I'd deserve both stripes and chains,  
The hero's frown, the freeman's castigation,  
Were I to exercise my few weak brains  
To ope the floodgates of effemination;

To give my numbers to the elfin train,  
To feed my muse on dwarfs and wizard chaff,—  
To stuff with cruel love my artless strain,  
And sigh to death to make the ladies laugh.

O Poetry! what art thou?—fire from heaven,  
Celestial metaphor, angelic speech,  
In dreams and ecstasies to mortals given,  
The wild, the savage, and the tame to teach.

Would I, then, for some trishy-trashy lays,  
See Caledonia stretch her hand in rage,  
And snatch indignant from my brow the bays,  
There planted by a half-ennobled age?

O! never, never let me stoop for fame—  
Exchange the patriot's for the gossip's praise;  
Add youth-corrupter to my humble name,  
And wormwood to the evening of my days.

But while the stream of life flows in my veins—  
While thistles round me wave or lie along;  
While blackbirds charm me with their mellow strains,  
And murmuring rills delight me with their song,

Still let the glory of my country be,  
Next to my God, my aching soul's delight,  
That all who Caledonia love may see,  
That poetry is not a monster quite;—

Not what a few dull, heavy fools assert,  
A mere kill-time, like Eveline's guitar;  
But that it is in verity an art,  
That makes, unmakes,—all arts transcending far!

“Next.” Reads,—

“My country!—O my country!” Pitt exclaimed,  
When 'bout to leave the helm he long had steered;  
And well he might, for when that word he named,  
He saw corruption, and destruction feared.

But Britain had resources in her song,  
And sang aloud “Britannia rules the waves;”  
Erin her strains heroic poured along,  
And joined the chorus, “Never shall be slaves!”

France heard the well-known song across the brine,  
And, execrating, smote her hands together ;  
France knew the prowess of the British Nine,  
And turned—her wreathes in other lands to gather.

For well she knew they ne'er could conquered be  
Whose strength lay in associations grand,—  
Whose care and prayer was to be great and free,  
'Mid all the vials that poured round the land.

She saw that though the world in arms should rise,  
And gather round our isle, with flags unfurled ;  
Though Hell should lend her hand in the emprise,  
And join the standard of th' invading world,

The child more easily could wield the oak,  
Uproot Ben Nevis, quench Vesuvius' blaze,  
Or scoop the ocean, than it was to yoke  
A free-born people to dominion base !

Hail to the Muse, then, with the bright, full eye ;  
Fame to the song that leads to glory's field ;  
Joy to the people that would rather die,  
Than one iota of their freedom yield ;

And glory to the land of cakes and heather,  
Fair maids and ruddy swains, and deeds of fame ;  
Strong be the ties that link her sons together,  
And stronger still her patriotic flame.

May love that chases from the soul despair,  
And plants a smile in every wrinkle deep,  
Them elevate above the reach of care,—  
Them ever in the bonds of friendship keep.

May the first beam that ushers in the day  
Behold them rising vigorous from repose,  
And the last setting occidental ray,  
Rejoice to see how plenty round them flows.

And when adversity shall spread her gloom,  
And o'er her dwellings vials dreadful pour,  
May that which springs immortal from the tomb—  
Bright hope, support them in the evil hour ;

And knowledge, ever glorious and sublime,  
The goodly thought and grand idea raise,  
Till the last moment of revolving time,  
When all shall end in universal praise.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

*Examination continued.—Thoughts on the Love of Country.*

“MR. CHALMERS,” said the lord of the inn, “I maun confess that what has noo been read pleases me weel; and leads me to remark, that if we had mair patriotic poetry, and less trash i’ the love an’ bacchanalian kind, we wad hae a better warl’. Hoosever, let us be brief. What hae ye next for us?”

“A few thoughts, sir, on the love of country; which, if you please, this class will read.”

“Say awa then.” Reads,—

In perusing the history of mankind, there is not, amid all the victories and triumphs which adorn its pages, a subject more truly interesting than the account of the life and death of the true lover of his country. A plot happily discovered, a plague appallingly depicted, and a sweeping revolution pourtrayed in all the horrors of its character, are no doubt calculated to rivet our attention; but these, with all their darkness, terror, and destruction, fall short of yielding that interest which arises in our minds in the contemplation of a mind endowed with the rare qualification of genuine patriotism.

Cæsar was a great man, and spread his conquests far and wide; and Isaac Newton was a greater, for he drove his discoveries to the barriers of the universe; but these also, with all their splendid abilities, move not, when compared with the individual who offers himself a sacrifice for his country.

“Next.” Reads,—

I know that patriotism is held in little estimation by the supporters of a tottering dynasty. But there is not a more fallacious conclusion to arrive at, than to suppose that the real patriot is only to be found in the busy haunts of politics. The political world does not produce the greatest examples of great men. You will often find more of the spirit of exalted character within the confines of the hamlet, than in the thoroughfares of self-interested and would-be patriotism. I know also, that all that ever shone in Tempe’s Vale, or glittered in the tournament or tilt, are poor indeed, compared to the godlike patriotic workings of a country’s boast and saviour. Yes! one

throe of the heart of a Wallace wight, does more for humanity than all the sweet delineations of the love-sick muse. War is admired by some; and war, I acknowledge, has sometimes the spirit of justice hovering o'er its banners, in order to cover its atrocities with the palliating mantle of necessity. But speak not of arms glittering in the sun—of horses clothed with thunder, pawing for the charge—and furious onset of pride, and power, and gallantry,—when all that we gather from the darings of ambition, amounts to no more than a painful detestation of him or them, whose game is havoc, and dice the bones of slavery.

“Very well. Next.” Reads,—

There are many things in the world around us of great pith and moment, which have claims upon our attention, and warrant the devoting of many hours and days to the acquiring of a competent knowledge of them. Music is grand, and Paganini is immortal; and painting, too, is precious, and so Raphael has a niche in the temple of fame, too honourable to be passed by with sour or flippant disdain. There is the chemist and the mathematician, how useful and invaluable in preparing our food and dyes, and modelling our aqueducts and railways; and the merchant, and the banker, and the sailor, are beings who at all times tell upon the human heart, and hold helpless ignorance in gaping, gazing wonderment and worship—the calculating of eclipses, the measuring of the spheres, and the ascertaining the specific gravity of fluids, compel us, in spite of our dear-loved ease, and hole-and-corner selfishness, to come forth and say, Well done, Newton—well done, Copernicus—and well done, Archimedes. Philosophy is glorious, and I love philosophy, and would not put the poorest of its professors on a level with the muscular unlettered sovereign that ever led on barbarity to victory. But what of all these things, when the moment we fall in with a Hampden or a Sydney, or a Wallace or a Tell, we lose sight of them all, with all their retorts and tresses—with all their alkalis and essences—with all their scales and models, and with their shades, and trills, and glacis, skrews, tubes, and calculating regulators, and stand with awe, with veneration, and with love, as the worthies of the world pass by with simplicity in their looks, fervour in their eyes, expressive of that love of country which dares the tyrant to the beard—which laughs at barnacle and fetter, and has no higher aim on earth, than to save a people from ruin, or perish in the conflict!

“Next.” Reads,—

I know not what the sage philosophers of the bit-and-bit, or antipatriotic school would say to this. Perhaps they would say



nothing at all, thinking it beneath the dignity of wisdom to notice the ravings of folly. It is likely they would not say much for the first stepping aside of frailty; for he that passeth by and meddleth with strife, is like him that taketh a dog by the ears, they might say, and consequently, would only look as a man would at a lap-dog, when it sits in the open parlour window, and barks at all that pass. Perhaps the reiteration would not move them, or rather, perhaps, they would not understand one word of it, so dull is man in comprehending what is not only patriotic but Christian. I cannot say, but this I am bold enough to assert, that no man, blessed with a competent share of knowledge, and one remove from the influence of piebald party spirit, can deny that the love of country is next to the love of God; that it is even founded on religion—on that sum total of all Christianity, the fear of the Deity, and on “whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them:” that the love of country does not consist in early association, or in predilection, or in fancy, or in convenience, or in being born in the land of our fathers, but that it lies deeply fixed in every spirit of truth, justice, honour, integrity, of all the graces that can influence or adorn the character of mankind, and render life delightful.

“Next.” Reads,—

There is a season in every one's life to which he can look back and say, I was then happy. That season is youth, when, unwrinkled with care, we drew life and joy from every thing around us. In these halcyon days, the mind is insensibly impressed with images which please, and give a certain cast to man, never after thoroughly forgotten or destroyed. Every hill and dale, hawthorn bush or rowan tree, is peculiarly esteemed. The burn and the dam, or the braeside, have all their charms; and the minnows leaping in the brook, delight more effectually than the gallopade or the dance in manhood; and so we get in love with the places that gave us birth, and cannot forget them, go where or do what we will. The days of yore, as we may say, are sweet to our remembrance; yes, sweet is the contemplation of the pranks at school—of the sprightly aberrations of our boyhood—of the wanton stories of simple youth—of the mewlings even of infancy, and of all the hopes and fears, and merry feats—the games and sports, and battles fought, when youthful incarnation prompted all. The events of last year we may suffer to slip out of our mind, but we cannot forget the days of gay fifteen, when time with us was jubilant. Never; we return to the time with inexpressible delight,

That saw us raise our thorny spears,  
Our bonnets plumed like warrior gay,

And marshal on the flowery lea  
 Our little patriotic band,  
 Who, big with fancied chivalry,  
 Would march and wheel in order grand;  
 When young exploits our fancy warmed—  
 And the top, the hoop, the marble charmed.

“Next.” Reads,—

But all these reminiscences, though part and parcel, constitute not the love of country. There is something else which must woo us to the land of our nativity. There must be a devotional feeling kindled in the heart, before we can assume the patriot; a charity, a disinterestedness, an absolute love of justice, and detestation of every thing tending, directly or indirectly, to encourage or to trammel the liberties of our fellow-associates. That mushroom patriotism, which grows so rapidly around the demagogue, proceeds no more from the sincere love of country, than the donations of the tyrant who fleeces his people proceed from generosity. Self-interest has no place in the soul of the patriot. He lives for his countrymen; he despises not the fame and immunities of his station. Like Fabricius of old, he puts on the robe of state, but, like Daniel, he puts it on only that he may serve his brethren. No pilfering of resources—no flattering of ignorance—no fawning for promotion—no padlocking the mind, shackling the press, and trembling at every dirty piece of paper that comes from the printing office. Encased in honesty, he fears no foe. Like Belisarius, his eyes may be put out by some credulous Trajan, but his fame will cope with time—his memory will be embalmed in every heart capable of feeling, and, in the day and hour of danger and despotism, his name will be the talisman that will conjure up ten thousand energies to thwart the prowess of oppression.

“Very well, sir. That’s speaking to the point. Next.” Reads,—

Can banks and braes constitute the love of country, when the barbarian is at our door? No, verily. The “paidlings in the burn, when summer days were fine,” may do very well over a cup of strong beer or old massie, but “auld langsyne” must give way to a higher order of attachment when the enemy is at the gate. Boyish associations will not do in the moment of danger. There must be a looking forward to futurity, a dependence on the God of our fathers—a reliance on the justice of our cause—an indissoluble attachment to our wives and children—a loyal regard for our king, and unflinching determination to sell every item of freedom at the highest possible price—the price, the dearest blood in our veins. There must be a

putting away of all childish things, and a rising to the sublime in patriotic fervour. It must be the meeting of brothers—of hand in hand, locked in the grasp—of eye to eye, kindling into glory—of heart to heart, cementing and cemented. There must be the fearlessness of death, the hope of victory, and the noble coolness of intelligence and bravery. There must be a call from hero to hero—not the blustrous shout of the poor flogged, contraction-fed, regardless veteran, but the shout of the man of peace, who takes up arms for freedom's sake, and would rather die than yield to the forger of his country's chains. There must be an enthusiasm, too—a decision, a tact, an energy, a fidelity, a come on and fear not,—like the hurricane when cedars fall, or like the thunder when the sky lowers portentous, and threatens annihilation to the spoilers of your freedom!

Can the sprightly aberrations, and the incarnations of juvenile associations, inspire to such deeds of patriotism? Never. They may assist, but it is virtuous knowledge, combined with justice and the panting desire after liberty, that forms the true love of country.

“Next.” Reads,—

There is a thing called nationality, which, geographers tell us, is observable in all climes. We know there is a something peculiar in life and manners. A Hottentot, for instance, has a very peculiar cast of features and mode of living, and so has an Arab, and a Turk, and an Esquimaux. They have all national feeling, as distinctly depicted as any ancient Greek or Roman, or son of Alpine. But where is the patriotism—the *amor patriæ*? The Hottentot loves his filthiness as nationally as the Arab does his roving at large. Both think, no doubt, that none can be compared with them; both have their delightful juvenile associations of dirt and plunder. But, oh! tell us not that the love of country for which we contend, has a seat in their benighted bosoms, when virtuous knowledge, the spring of all patriotic movements, never vibrates within them.

“Next.” Reads,—

It is disputable among those whose investigations are directed to the science of mind, how far the diversities of disposition we meet with amongst men, are the result of innate distinctions, and how much of them may be referred to the influence of those circumstances which are incidental to life.

But circumstances render it impossible for us to enter minutely into controversy; our aim is to show, that no man, however learned and influential, can lay claim to the love of country, who does not act agreeably to that patriotic feeling which glowed in the bosoms of a Socrates and a Wallace. He

may have hankerings after justice, and longings after freedom, and misgivings over having a share in the causes of his country's disabilities, but genuine love of country he has none—not one iota that deserves the name. Consequently, such a man must herd with those who look upon self-aggrandisement as the acanthus of their glory, not with those whose felicity lies in seeing all men happy as themselves.

“Next.” Reads,—

But is not nationality and patriotism the same? They are not. The national man is pleased only with localities and associations, but the patriot must have liberty and truth to mingle with his predilections. Home, sweet home, is a darling theme to all; but home without freedom and justice, is to the true lover of his country a prison. Give him his rights, and you convert his hut into a palace. It matters not how cold his clime may be; he sees liberty smiling o’er him, and all is well. That from which the slave of warmer skies would shrink, yield him pleasure. Frost and snow terrify not the hardy Swiss and his Highland compatriot. The natural strength of their respective countries, whose fastnesses no foreign invader could ever penetrate, has bred in both an unbending and proud contempt for subjection, and cherished a sentiment of patriotism so lofty and devoted, that it frequently rises into enthusiasm. In vain do we look for aught of this amongst the Turks or Saracens. Their voluptuous clime gives rise only to enervating habits; and their passing so often under the yoke of oppression, leaves them no taste for freedom; their minds, inured to servitude, aspire no higher than animal gratification. Their *native land*, that touchstone to the patriot, is endeared to them by no generous association; and thus, amid the indulgence of passion, and the fostering of ignorance, they care not in what hemisphere they live, provided their favourite pleasures are from them not removed.

“Next.” Reads,—

But who can tell the feelings of the man who loves his country? Who can set limits to his devotion, or estimate his genuine worth? When seated in the family circle, his wife and children have no fear to speak, no cause to sit silent, lest a word should move his choler. With the volume of God before him, he instils into their minds the precepts which yield the real thousand-fold—the real happiness, the real crown of glory. And, my children, he says, “do you know this, that he who dearly loves his country, must first love the God of his fathers?” And hark ye, he proceeds—“that man who loves his Creator, will never hurt his creatures; and, moreover, I would have this



maxim deeply imprinted upon your minds, that he is a bad man who does not do to his neighbour what he would have his neighbour to do unto him; and consequently, my dear little ones, should any one ask you in time to come, what is the love of country—say, it is the love of Truth transfused through all the thoughts, words, and deeds of the honest man, who lives well that he may die well, and leave a name behind him that no rascally tyrant can mention but with anger and detraction, mixed up with fear and trembling.”

“Next.” Reads,—

In going the round of business, the true lover of his country buys and sells to the best advantage, but he stoops not to falsehood; he rises as far above the chicanery of commerce, as the genuine gold is above the counterfeited brass. Never, in my life, he says, will I stoop to baseness; I may be disappointed, and may disappoint others, but I will never cheat my creditor. I will never promise with the intention never to perform; as I live for my country, my country shall never say of me—there goes one who pilfered under the mask of honesty, and then left us to whistle on our cypher. The patriot is a true man; no broken vow and deserted lover to wring his bosom, when she dies to shun the reproaches of a perverse world.

*Virtus est sola, et unica nobilitas—*

is his motto. It speaks the sentiment of his bold discriminating mind; it offers no dissembled tribute of preference to the adventitious circumstances of character; it looks not to those who move in the lofty sphere of the world's admiration—to those who are only distinguished for their birth, their rank, and riches. Supported by his motto, he looks only to those simple unobtrusive qualities which rank cannot give, which riches cannot purchase, and which beauty cannot supply. His love is founded on no sinister motive; it is virtue alone which solicits his regard, which gains upon his esteem, not for its profit-yielding properties, but for its intrinsic excellence, which happily is destined by God to have a name and remembrance, when all other joys and honours have sunk into the oblivion of the grave.

“Next.” Reads,—

Rank and wealth are good in many cases, and we all aspire to them; their pomp and circumstance impose upon us, and too often draw forth our deference and applause, but they have nothing in themselves which can ennoble and distinguish the man. On the contrary, it is not uncommon to see them associated with characters, whom the very world looks upon with contempt, and stigmatizes as degraded and base.

“What can ennoble sots and cowards?  
Not all the blood of all the Howards.”

But virtue has that within itself which constitutes the true dignity of man—more than exalted rank, it raises to eminence.—Nature denied *Æsop* every outward advantage, but he had both virtue and patriotism, and these raised him far above his fortune. Born in obscurity, brought up in poverty, and sent abroad into the world with no patrimony but talent, and no guide but those virtuous principles which distinguish the patriot, he converted even slavery into freedom, and caught hold of immortality.

At first sight, we think that surely Providence is very capricious and cruel in its allotments, when we see the mean and the base revelling in abundance, and the grand in soul pinched for the necessaries of life. But this is not the case: the epicure may feast, and the gallopader dance, but all their enjoyments fall short of the virtuous emotions of the true lover of his country. Money answereth all things, saith the preacher, and we all struggle hard to obtain at least a competent portion of the good things which it buyeth; but in the scales of excellence and happiness, as held by the great Ruler of the universe, one particle of virtuous fame is worth all the stores of *Audley*—worth all that ever *Alexander* fought for, or *Bonaparte* achieved. Fame is laughed at by some, and well they may laugh, seeing little things like worldlings, and this little world itself, are one day to pass away with all their trumpets and temples, with all its towers, tombs, and tabulets. But let them not laugh too loud, for there is a virtuous fame—a patriotic celebrity, which printing types and musical tubes cannot celebrate—a fame which panting Time shall toil after in vain—a fame which shall be commensurate with eternity.

“Next.” Reads,—

When the true lover of his country shall have passed the bourne, then shall his fame be heard, not in jarring numbers, but in loud peans sung by the angels of light. That fame which he preferred on earth to worldly aggrandisement, shall not be exposed to the condemnatory hiss of the sycophant. In proportion as he sowed, so shall he reap. Having grappled with the tyrants of time, exposed their villanies, and rescued from thralldom those who were perishing in chains, his name shall be recorded in imperishable annals, and all the ransomed from fetters shall look upon him with joy.

Do I err in saying this? Is there one who supposes that this is carrying the matter too far?—then let him call me to account, but not before he has well considered his Bible, digested the Prophets, and gathered his precepts from the

hands of Jeremiah. But no one doubts that virtue, and patriotic virtue in particular, is the source of happiness in the true sense of the word; that its pleasures are congenial to man's immortal nature; that it exalts our mind, gives us a foretaste of the enjoyments which await us hereafter; and that, amid all the calamities with which adversity may surround us, it imparts an inward comfort which nothing else can effect.

But he who truly loves his country must suffer persecution. We have numerous luminous examples of patriotic martyrdom: our Wallace is one, who though dead yet speaketh. Wallace of Scotland! Oh, what did he not suffer for Scotland's weal and Scotland's independency! Envied by the nobles for his valour, betrayed by his associates, and quartered by his enemies. What a shame! But England wept for her cruelty; Monteith died in ignominy for his deceitfulness; and Bruce wiped off the stain of envy. That battle which was fought at Bannockburn redressed the wrongs of Wallace; his name was re-echoed from line to line, and was the main cause of the victory. Not to the united power of Scotland was that great achievement to be attributed. No; many of the clans of the north were leagued against their native land, with England, and with Ireland, and with Wales. It was the noble conduct of Scotland's champion alone, before the eyes of the handful of heroes, who scattered the multitudes of Edward in the dust, that levelled the pillar of despotism, and secured the liberty of Scotland. Wallace, a man in whom honesty, valour, and patriotism were alike conspicuous; in whom the worthies of the worthiest ages of antiquity have found their match; in whom we have seen realized all the virtuous qualities which even the imagination of romance can conceive; a man who, in the midst of a disloyal nobility, and a degraded people, could dare to oppose oppression, could assert the rights of country, and die in her defence—how was he persecuted!

“Next.” Reads,—

If there is any thing calculated to excite the “joy of grief,” it is the life and death of Scotland's patriot. The heart of sensibility cannot regard his exit from life, without being led into a train of melancholy, mingled with an emotion of pride—the sensations, in fact, are not to be described; but while the influence of uncongenial association uncontaminates the mind, and while honest national feelings prevail, we shall ever be alive to such sensations. If a stream of patriotism can agitate any bosom, if the remembrance of heroes can rouse any soul from its lethargy, it must be the remembrance of a Wallace, whose vengeance-whetted sword, not the sword of the rebel which delights in assassination, nor of the tyrant which delights to hack unarmed poverty to pieces, but the sword of the true lover of

his country, which carries glory in its escutcheon, vengeance in its steel, and liberty in every blow, and was thrown down when the office of its calling was accomplished.

“ At Wallace’ name, what Scottish blood,  
But boils up in a spring-tide flood ? ”

Foster, then, the patriotic feeling. You will suffer for its sake, but foster still. You need not turn round to a Brutus or an Epaminondas, to Thebes and Rome, for examples to copy ; turn to the gloomy ages of your native land, and you will see stars which would have blazed in the brightest periods of time. Though several ages have passed since Wallace and Bruce ransomed their country from chains, their names are yet green in your memories. And long may it be so ; long may they live in your hearts, in despite of all the charges of ill-placed enthusiasm which may be thrown out by the callous voice of indifference. It will be a humiliating era for Scotland, when she forgets to reverence their names. It will be a wo-begone period in our annals, when we shall cease to pronounce with affection their deeds of gallantry and of love. When Caledonia ceases to look with admiration at the portrait of her Wallace, her character will be low—low—low indeed, among the nations of the world.

But persecution has its counterpart. Impartial time, though slow, does his duty. The obloquy which political partisanship may heap upon the lover of his country will be removed. Nay, the brows of the undeserving will be stripped of their laurels, and those brows adorned which had not an advocate in life.—When sycophancy fattens on corruption, and persons of doubtful claims have their *nothings monstered* by adulatory biographers ; when personal pique, public clamour, and party bitterness entwine themselves into many folds, and proclaim their false pretences so boldly, that it is indeed difficult to distinguish, through their mediums, the right from the wrong, the true from the false ; when the poor political reptile, big in fancied importance, grips the fruit of genius and toil for his prey, and, besliming it with his own impurities, makes it offensive to the taste, and destroys that which might fairly have grown into beauty and excellence ; then the lover of his country’s rights and privileges has a poor chance indeed. What he says in correction of clerical abuses, is construed into blasphemy ; what he says in exposition of secular oppression, is represented as rebellious : in fact, what he says on any patrial point is all wrong—wrong in head and in heart ; wrong in principle and in conduct ; wrong in system, in genus, and in species ; in thought, in word, and in deed—in all things, from the spelling of the word freedom to the denouncement of tyranny !

But the mind of the true patriot rises above the terrors of persecution : he “ seeks it not, nor shuns it when it comes.”



“Next.” Reads,—

Fame, we said, was lightly esteemed by some, but surely the happiness which the true patriot, through the love of God, will enjoy in heaven, cannot be despised by any—the most fastidious stickler for quiescent reputation. He may despise the applause of the world, but he cannot despise that applause which a virtuous, patriotic spirit will receive in the happy land, where virtue reigneth amid the immeasurable delights of glory. If there be one who has no desire to render his country a service; no wish to see abuses reformed; no heart-longing to see justice established on its proper basis, and order restored; who has no relish for universal freedom, the diffusion of universal knowledge, and the still more glorious promulgation of Christianity, the foundation of all virtue in our land; but to whom the buzz of the insect tribe, the sting of the malicious, and the venom which displays itself, while its perpetrators shrink from chastisement under the anonymous occupation of slanderous personalities, are sweet, and joy-giving, and relishable—then, from such a man we would turn away with as much disgust as we would from the most loathsome and abhorred reptile that lives or crawls in the night.

Let no one, then, be afraid of identifying himself with the patriot. Our native land is worthy of being supported and defended in all seasons, and from all enemies, either foreign or domestic. By a sober devotion to its interests knowledge will spread, freedom will abound, and improvements of every kind cover the length and breadth of the dear-loved spot that claims us for its people, and will supply all our wants, with cheerful hand, till the end of time.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

*Examination continued.—The Corporal Flogged.—Observations.—Personal Poetry.—Its bad effects.*

“YER ideas o’ poetry, Mr. Chalmers, are very lofty; but, sir, I maun be stepping. Are ye maist dune?”

“You will hear this class, sir, if you please.”

“Say awa then, dux.” Reads,—

In the middle of the camp three long poles were set up in the form of a triangle, to which the poor corporal was bound hand and foot, naked to the trousers.

“Mr. Chalmers, is this a Christian or a Pagan story?”

“I believe it will pass for both, sir. Next.” Reads,—

The corporal being bound, ten drummers, who had been all morning practising mathematical flogging at the tree, ranked themselves behind the culprit, like reapers stripped for the sickle.

“What does a’ this mean, Mr. Chalmers?”

“You will hear, sir. Next.” Reads,—

All things being adjusted, the first drummer took a whip, composed of nine small cords, about a yard long, knotted at the ends, tied to the end of a shaft about a yard long also, calculated to inflict the most excruciating torture, and standing in a proper direction, with all his might gave the corporal twenty-five lashes over the bare back, till the blood ran in streamlets.

“That’s an awfu’ story, Mr. Chalmers. Whare did that happen?”

“I am not positive, sir. The story is just as you have it; but I believe, from what I have read in history, it happened in Germany, under the great Frederick of Prussia.”

“It’s a horrid affair that. Let us hear’t oot.”

The first drummer having given his quota, the second came forward, and with his left hand inflicted another twenty-five, at the end of which, the skin yielding at every lash, his cries resounded throughout the camp.

“My son Rabby! but that beats dookin’ yet.”

“Next.” Reads,—

After the second had performed what is called his duty, the third proceeded in like manner, and so on to the tenth, till two hundred and fifty were *laid in*, which completed the fourth part of his sentence.

“Was he to get a thoosan, thinks ony body? Glenbuckie ne’er witnessed the like o’ that. Let me oot.”

“Next.” Reads,—

The fourth part of his sentence being given, the doctor, seeing him pale and ghastly, gave orders to dash a pitcherful of cold water in his face, in order to bring him out of a faint into which he had fallen in consequence of the infernal cruelty.

“Let me awa, Mr. Chalmers.”

“Stay a few minutes, sir. It is only a story. We read of many acts of barbarity which never took place. Next.” Reads,—

The corporal being restored to a keen sense of his degradation, the drummers, each in his turn, bestowed another complement, showing great skill and humanity in the application of the lash to that part of the shoulders which, among military men, is supposed to be more callous than the rest of the back, and hence is derived the appellation of high flogging.

“High barbarism! The like o’ that I never heard. They mak a great noise, Mr. Chalmers, aboot the cruelty o’ the lower orders, their want o’ manners an’ the like, but the hardest heart amang us a’, frae Doctor O’Bradly down to An’ra Whinmouth, wad shudder at sic refinement. Five hun’er lashes an’ only half-gate! Let me oot frae amang you.”

“We will finish it just now, sir. Next.” Reads,—

The poor corporal groaned, and prayed for mercy—his back a hideous spectacle—but in vain. The reply of the commanding-officer was—“*Drum-major, do your duty. No scaring of flies. I’ll not be imposed upon.*”

“Is that possible, Mr. Chalmers?”

“Why, sir, I believe it possible enough. I have heard of an officer in the west, who would not *tie a man up* for less than five hundred lashes!”

“An’ what was he, thinks ony body? He must have been a scoon’rel, in every sense of the word, I think.”

“He was what is called a gentleman, sir—had a

good estate, as I've heard—was very polite to the ladies, and shuddered at the idea of meanness."

"What a gentleman! Hoosever, finish the story. Next." Reads,—

The sentence being nearly executed, and the officer in command perceiving that he was literally flogging a dead man, ordered the unfortunate soldier to be taken down—the bullet in his mouth chewed to flatness—his wrist cut to the bone by the cords—and carried to the hospital, where in two hours he died, his heart having broken within him.

"Weel, sir, it is needless to mak ony useless exelamations aboot it. But, Mr. Chalmers, I maun just say that I never really believed that sic pranks were played in a Christian lan'. Is na Germany a Protestant kintra?"

"Yes, sir, and so is England!"

"Aweel; lang may they be sae—lang may they rise on the wing o' reformation. But, sir, I can hardly think them Protestants that wink at sic wark. Puir fallow! to be flagged to death for taking an extra mouthfu'. What was his crime, by-the-bye?"

"Love, sir."

"Love!"

"Yes, sir, love—that passion which many waters cannot quench. He fell in love with a beautiful young woman, and was absent from duty."

"My son Rabby!—Oh, my wild boy! Wha can say but what he's hanging just noo at the halberts, in some corner o' their dominion, cursing the hour he was born, an' the shilling that wysed him awa! My puir callan! I wus he were oot frae 'mang them. But what can we do, Mr. Chalmers, i' this life, but juist do an' hope for the best? Great prudence, sir, is required. When ae man is flagged to keep anither's nose to the grunstone, it's marvellous to see us the way we are. O, sir, burn the taws. In ye canna keep order withoot flagging, gie up yer profession. Reform, reform; scoor oot the stain; wipe aff the abomination. Tell the minister, when ye see him, to preach loud an' lang against the cat-o'-nine-tails. He's a worthy man—let him hear this story.



Taen up wi' his Hebrew, like me wi' selling liquor, he'll maybe no ken that sic wickedness is in existence; but go to him, an' tell him frae me, that if ever he wad enter the kingdom o' heaven, he maun lowse upon cruelty, and chase tyranny frae the parish. Oh, did ever I think that men were flagged to death! Mr. Chalmers!—Mr. Chalmers!—Mr. Chalmers! what are ye? A teacher? Then, sir, be diligent wi' the young generation—O man, be faithfu'. Tell them a' to act frae principle. Tell the weans to tell their parents to burn their taws—to set a gude example at hame—to assist the masters—no to sit an' talk about this wee humphy body and that silly creature, but to speak reverently o' ministers an' teachers. When children hear their parents speaking lichtly o' their teachers, they never can learn; they may turn out blackguards, but honest men they never will, unless they come to see their folly, an' face to the richt aboot. Persevere, then, in your glorious career, an' tell them a' to do as they wad be dune to—to be honest, to be honourable, an' humane; an' if kings maun hae sodgers, let them get them frae 'mang the nobles an' gentry. Let him discharge a' the cooards an' the scoon'rels, an' keep nane but chaps that wad rather lose their heads than betray their kintra. Gae wa wi' yer flagging. It's a beastly punishment, fit only for the deevil an' his angels."

"I am afraid, Mr. Luggiehead," replied Geordie, wishing to soften his indignation, "that if you had the command of an army, you would find it difficult to keep them in subordination without coercive measures. The idea, sir, of gentlemen becoming soldiers is preposterous, as no man possessed of brains, fit to conceive the difference between logic and hydraulics, would sell his liberty for a shilling a day. The army, sir, is not a place for cultivating the freeborn thought; consequently, people of education spurn the honour of the gun and bayonet. Nothing less than a sword and epaulet will please wealth and intelligence; therefore, the fardel-bearers are the poor, the ignorant, and the foolish."

“Ou, Mr. Chalmers, when ye speak I’m at a loss what to say; but I ken ae thing, an’ that is, that if the cat-o’-nine-tails was burned at the head o’ every regiment, and mair encouragement gien to merit, there wad be mae gentlemen i’ the ranks, an’ fewer bastards in commission. Knowledge, sir, wad grow in the army as fast’s ony place, in it were na tramped oot o’ sight by the wee-sowled tyrants that spring frae the loins o’ corruption.”

“Why, Mr. Luggiehead, you cut deep. I am happy, however, to inform you that a great improvement has taken place of late in both the army and navy. No gentleman in commission thinks himself warranted now to put the lash in operation, except in cases of the most desperate delinquency.”

“I’m no sae sure aboot that, Mr. Chalmers, a bad habit is easily learned. Flagging juist needs a beginning. I speak, sir, frae nature. Tak ae glass, tak twa, tak three, tak seven, tak till yer fu’.”

“Yes, sir, but the public voice is against flogging; besides, libraries and other improvements are more and more encouraged.”

“Happy to hear it, sir; without reading, a man’s an ass.”

“Besides, Mr. Luggiehead, I am informed that the day is fast approaching, when merit will be rewarded with commission, however low in parentage the soldier may be.”

“Very glad to hear’t, Mr. Chalmers. Wha noo kens, after a’, but my son Rabby may be a cornal yet?”

“I wish he were one just now—not for his own sake, but for his whose wrath now burns hot against the debasing, unchristian, savage, cruel, and diabolical punishment of the lash.”

“Ye speak to the point noo, sir, which again leads me to request you ance mair to burn the taws.”

“I did so, sir—I stamped upon the ashes—I threw them into the river—I said, never more shall I degrade my school with the thong. But the people, sir, would

be flogged—be “ruled with scythes, not sceptres;” they gathered around me, and said, You must, sir, whip them—let them feel your nerves—keep them in terror. I remonstrated; they insisted, and threatened to take their children away, if I did not resume the lash. Therefore, to please them and save my distance, I purchased this thong, to wield as a proof of man’s terrible depravity.”

“Weel, weel, Mr. Chalmers, since they will be lashed, gie them’t—only dinna break the skin. But we must conclude. By-the-bye, atween wee Fender-claw an’ that dreadfu’ story, I can hardly say hoo yer big guns fired ava. They did a’ weel, I think. Stan’ up here then, bairns, an’ listen to a word o’ admonition before we part. Noo, pay attention. Ye’ve heard an awfu’ story, and an awfu’ story it is. It’s worthy o’ lamentation, o’ days o’ fasting and tears. But it juist lets you see, bairns, what man is—what he is by nature—what he is by habit—and what he wad be, if he durst. It is an awfu’ story, an’ cries aloud for reform. It speaks volumes, and demands the deepest consideration, and the most determined exertion to get it abolished. Noo what think ye, childer, is to be dune to get siccan a disgrace to society put oot o’ the warl’? I’ll juist tell you what I think’s to be dune. Ye maun a’ be diligent in learning, that ye may learn to see that your neebour’s skin is nae waur than your ain. Ye maun rise i’ the scale o’ civilization. Ye maun let the rulers o’ mankind *see* yer worth; dinna wait till *they* see—they’ll never see first—ye maun see afore them; and wi’ a’ yer seeing, see aye to keep a gude conscience. A man in a coach, wi’ an upbraiding conscience, is waur than a man suffering at the halberts for love yet. Be cautious, then, my young friens, I besecch you. Mind yer but stepping into life. Ae wrang step may ruin ye a’ yer days. Strive aye to be first in a gude cause, an’ last at a gude job. Never be beat at weel-doing; leuk weel afore you. Many a ane breaks his neck for want o’ a lang ee; keep a sharp look-out after truth. Fausehood detest;

an' jookery-paukery abominate. Never miscaw yer neebour ahint his back; never trust a rogue; never tamper wi' temptation. Render honour to whom it is due; be gude to aul' folk, kind to strangers, and obedient to your master. Recollect ye're a' his children, sae lang as ye abide under his instruction. He wishes you weel, an' has muckle i' his power. And in conclusion, I wad juist tell you to say nae ill words, divulge nae secrets, forge nae lies, steal nae pease, an' break nae man's fence for the sake o' an apple. Remember what apples did—they

“ Brought death into the world, and a' our wo.”

Mr. Chalmers, I quote that line frae John Milton; am I richt? Noo, childer, recommending ye a' to the care o' a higher Power, I wus ye a' a gude day.”

“ Mr. Luggiehead, I have a little fellow here who can recite pretty well, would you hear him before you leave us?”

“ Let it be lively, then,” he replied, resuming his seat.

“ It is on the battle of the Crag, sir.”

“ Wi' a' my heart. Say awa.”

In the midst of a glen, where the water runs clear,  
In the sweet month of May, the best month of the year,  
Two knights that were minus star, garter, or wives,  
Resolved to be happy for once in their lives.

The one, a retailer of gin and canary;  
The other, a chip of the school of Ringarie;  
With rods, and with hooks, and with flies of all hue,  
Went up by the Warlock the game to pursue.

On Nature they looked, and rejoiced o'er her charms;  
They pulled up the divots, and plucked up the worms;  
They fished for the trout, and they laughed o'er their speed,  
Till the knight of canary went plump over-head.

Then ran to his aid the young knight of Ringarie,  
And helped to pull out the knight of canary,  
Who twice at the bottom a landing had found,  
And but for his buoyancy would have been drowned.



Then, drooping and cold, they sojourned to the Oak,  
Where a knight of the ferula scarce a word spoke;  
They pulled off the wet clothes, and put on the dry,  
Till the skin that was cold grew as warm as a pie.

“Ye may stop, sir,” interrupted the lord of the Cross Keys, rising to his feet, and manifesting the strongest dislike at the rather unfortunate attempt at good humour. “Nae mair o’ that, Mr. Chalmers, if ye want to keep yer head abune the broo. That stuff, sir, ’ll no pay. I thocht ye had gotten as muckle as wada driven poems oot o’ yer head for ever. But, Mr. Chalmers, I maun juist tell you, that that trash gies my frien’ship for you a greater backset than a’ that’s happened yet. Tak care o’ yersel, sir. Yer a young man, an’ aiblins ye’ll think that I’m an aul’ cuif, only needfu’ in a strait, an’ no to be minded. But, sir, mak nane o’ yer slack gomeral rhyme on me. I’ll tak it frae naebody, far less frae ane whase life I hae saved in mae places than ane.”

“I beg a thousand pardons, my dear sir,” said Geordie, grieved for what he had written. “I assure you, my good friend, I had not the most distant thought o’ wounding your feelings.”

“That’s naething to the purpose,” he replied. “It maks nae odds to the man that’s killed, whether the blow was ettled or no. It may save the life o’ the slayer, but it never brings back the slain.”

“I acknowledge the force of your argument,” the Dominie responded. “But you know, sir, a taste for poetry will sometimes lead even the most wary into improprieties.”

“A taste for poetry!” he exclaimed. “A taste for aul’ Nick’s organical balderdash, kirk’d i’ the toom skull o’ youthfu’ vanity, for the purpose o’ buttering up the mind wi’ the hope o’ making a fortune, an’ being talked aboot when ye’re dead. Na, na, sir, keep back frae the jingling trap o’ the havalal muse, an’ dinna get your neck broken in fa’ing frae the tap o’ the hill whare the Nine Dreamers sit scraiching like peasweeps amang the heather. I ken naething aboot

yer poetic raptures, an' whiskified balloons in which yer bardships tak sae mony trips to the stars i' the hour o' midnicht, when sensible folk are resting, preparing for the labours o' the day. Gie me plain common sense, a brat o' duds, an' a shilling i' my pouch to pay my way through the warl' like an honest man, an' let the rhyme gang wi' the flying artillery. Ae gude aul' say is worth a tun wecht o' mislaert poetry. No denying the cleverness necessary in carding an' spinning the stuff that maks up the thread o' yer battles, an' hawering love sangs, I wad advise you, as a frien', to learn to shape as ye mean to sew; that is, to tak care o' yersel. Your attention to thae things will be mair to your comfort, an' a thousan' times mair honourable, than sitting on Parnassus like a fool, distilling your tears to keep the kintra in het water. Baggage!"

Thus said, he walked out of the barn, leaving poor Geordie in a greater dilemma than ever.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

*Friendship.—A Morning Walk.—Quarter-day.—Blowing up of the Establishment.—Luggiehead the Friend in Need.—His Consoling Speech to Geordie.—Finis.*

"O FRIENDSHIP!" said Geordie to himself, as he retired to his chamber, to sigh out another night devoted to misery—"how lovely thou art in the hour of confidence! Is there in heaven a joy equal to the open salutation of the man we love? He comes with a smile on his forehead; he stretches out the hand, not to touch, but to grasp; he inquires into our state, feels as we feel, censures our enemies, and applauds the objects of our love. Can wealth, can fame preponderate? They sink in the balance. Every smile is worth Potosi; every word is sweeter than

Melona. We take him into our arms; we press him to our bosoms; we bless him; we rejoice, and are happy. But oh! can hell send forth a curse more dreadful than the bitter dislike of an old friend metamorphosed into an enemy? Impossible. Acquainted with all our associates, he seduces them with persevering malignity; learned in all our affairs, he supplants us wherever he can; and versed in all our foibles, he plants a dagger into every one of them. Friendship! oh, baseless fleeting vision!—thou art all a lie—a mere child, pleased with a feather, and offended at the moving of a straw. But stay—I have erred,” he continued; “though my landlord can give a jest, he can also take one. But this is beyond jesting—it is placing his good name at the mercy of all who delight in the amusing of themselves and others at the expense of misfortune. Oh! my old friend, Luggiehead! would my brains were of granite, and imagination struck off the list of the intellectual faculties!”

He now saw the evil effects of personal satire in a worse light than ever. That a man will sooner forgive the violator of his wife or daughter's honour, than him who, in a few verses, however doggrel, attacks his foible or his fault. He saw himself undone, but he strove not to avert the blow which a fit of poetic humour was hastening upon him. Had Luggiehead been like thousands, whose god is gain, and weakness ingratitude, he would not have vexed himself, well knowing that, however displeased for a season, he would easily have been induced to brook the provocation over a flowing bowl, in the presence of a few peace-making friends. But Luggiehead was too generous to court the shrine of dirty mammon, and too jealous of his honour to suffer an attack with impunity. Cheat him, feed upon him, you might, but no slighting; no placing him on the right hand of convenience, and on the left of ridicule. He knew well his place in society, and what claims he had upon the respect of his fellow-men; and though not graduated

in the halls of learning, he was deeply read in the human heart; and would, rather than stoop to a selfish or unmanly action, have forewent his existence. Our hero knew this, and therefore resolved to brave

“The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,”

from the daggers of poetry to stern poverty's icy grasp, rather than solicit forgiveness. “No, misery!” said he; “fetter me as you will—freeze me to the cold earth, and rain upon me all thy vials, I will beg his pardon no more,—

’Tis but a day at most this weary life,  
And it may close ere noon.”

Thus armed with the dreadful resolution of secluding himself from the haunts of men, he passed a few weeks of his pilgrimage in retirement, devoting himself to his studies, and speaking to none save his scholars and old Sarah, who, kindly creature, never entered his room without looks of pity and affection.

“An’ hoo are ye the nicht, Mr. Chalmers?” she asked one evening as she brought him up a roasted hen for supper. “Ye’re no juist sae ruddy as I hae seen you. I doot things are no richt. Is there ony thing wrang atween you an’ my master? I never speak about you to him but he tells me to leuk after the hoose, syne blows his nose, an’ taks a snuff that wad set the hale parish a sneezing. Tell me, sir, what’s the matter; an’ if it’s a secret, though my head should be chappet aff on a block, I’ll no tell a livin’ creature.”

“Sarah, I am much obliged to you for your kindness,” he replied. “But, by-the-bye, how is my landlord? I have not seen him above five times since the examination, and that only at a distance. Is he well enough?”

“Weel aneuch!” she responded; “I never saw him leuk waur i’ my life. I think he’ll gang clean owre taking meat. Na, sir, in ye saw him, ye’d



threep that I was gi'en him vinegar to his parrich instead o' porter. He's three stane lighter within this fortnicht. I doot something no canny has come owre um. 'Tweel they say there's nae witches an' warlocks noo o' days; but I dinna ken. In he's no witch'd, he's at least gotten a sair foun'er. Sleep never closes his ee; an' then he's up by the screich o' day, keeping the hoose a' in a fiz till he lies doun again."

"I must be down and see him some of these nights," he replied. "But you know, Sarah, I am very busy with my books."

"Ou, sir, folk maun attend to their duty. You dominies hae muckle to learn, an' muckle to cram into the wee noddles; but ye maun come doun, sir, an' see us, an' no sit poring there like a hermit."

"Is he at home to-night?"

"No the nicht, sir, he gaed awa this morning to Bilgoran to leuk after some bits o' trifles that's awn um; but atweel I telt him he micht save his pains, for the folk in Bilgoran's awae like the folk in Glenbuckie, dead sweer at the payin' for ony thing, though wun'erfu' brisk at the buying."

Here the bell rang, and put an end to the dialogue. He had now the pleasing prospect of clearing scores with his landlord, and proving his honesty. The quarter-day was at hand, and all were served out with lines, and strictly enjoined to bring their wages: but the last vial was charged, and the angel of disappointment stood ready to pour its overwhelming contents upon his devoted head. The day dawned, but not "heavily in clouds." It began in all the loveliness of June. The lambs and the young foals frisked and ambled on the lea. Not a bird was mute—not a bee. The flocks were unpenned, and the shepherds were up the hills, lilting away like the pipers of Lorn, when some happy heiress is about to be wedded to "the lad she lo'es." Sweetly sang the burnies clear, wimpling their way amang the green braes. The zephyrs blew softly on the cheek, and the smoke from the

village arose in long white columns, straight as the poplar trees.

In such a morning, and at an early hour, he arose from bed, and went into the country to enjoy the sweets of nature. But as he mused along, in fancy far above the world, comparing the scene before him to one of those

Of earth's first week, when music knew no jar,  
And every leaf stirred at the sound of praise;

as if by inspiration given, the following verse darted across his imagination—

Though the skylark sings aboon,  
And sweetly rows the rill below;  
Morning bright has cloudy noon,  
And noon-day bliss has e'ening's wo!

“Ay, true; cloudy enough sometimes,” said he to himself, as he repeated the lines, and gave them over to memory. “Still, He who makes the beautiful morning, can make the noon and the evening to smile also.” He paused—when lo! a hawk seized, over his head, a lark in the midst of its carol: and as he followed the rapacious bird with his eye, he saw a hare that hirkled its timid way adown the green slope, ensnared in one of those traps which the idle and predacious lay for unsuspecting innocence. He stopped, and felt a secret horror thrill amongst his nerves. It was presentiment—that emotion which many feel on the approach of some signal good or evil. It had its effect: not that he was a dupe to superstition, but that he had often seen the full realization of his forebodings. He turned him round, and in dubious mood retraced his steps back to his lodgings in one fourth of the time he left them.

After breakfast, and the necessary preparations of the day, he went round to the school to uplift the hard-won fees, agreeably to notice. Now, all ye who “teach the young how to shoot,” and live on wages, listen to the sequel. When he looked up to the

green knowe—a piece of ground where the children used to play, till the long roll on the desk called them into their lessons—one here and one there were all that could be seen. He took out his watch, and made himself believe that it was going too fast; or, in other words, that the expectation of a full purse had brought him too soon to school. He thought, and oft revised his thought; but in vain. The die was cast, and the cloudy noon was come.

In difficult matters, it is good to preserve a proper temperament,—at least so saith Horace, and so also said Geordie, as he plucked up his spirits, and stepped into his corner, expecting every moment to hear a rush at the door, and to realise the joy of him who says—

When the pay-day comes, what joy!  
Looks aul'-farrant, smiling, winking,  
When each clever girl and boy  
Enters in wi' siller clinking.

But six abreast, striving who should first touch the door, disturbed him not that finishing, eventful day.

The Green Oak, and Macnab's mutilated classes, with his own, now appeared before him, drawn to the last trait and touch of perfection. The roll dropped out of his palsified hand. He stooped to lift it, and in stooping heard one of the boys saying to another—“I say, Jock, do ye ken that John Wheeler's ta'en awa his weans frae the schule?” And in reply heard the other saying—“I ken. Donald M'Nab's ta'en his awa too.”

This roused the dreaming Dominie. Wrath lent her aid to his fortitude, and set him to the calling over their names, to ascertain the extent of desertion.

“George Gunhead.”

“Awa frae the schule,” exclaimed three voices.

“Andrew Warnock.”

“Awa frae the schule too.”

“James Todderson.”

“No comin' nae mair—awa frae the schule.”

“Humph!—Marion Yowie.”

“Awa frae the schule—no comin’ nae mair.”

“How do you know?” said the poor native of Thornybrae, the cold sweat trickling over his brow.

“I ken weel aneuch she’s no comin’ nae mair, ’cause when I gaed in this morning to see if she was ready, her mithther said she wasna comin’ nae mair.”

“Humph!—Gilbert Roughlock.”

“Awa to Macnab’s.”—“He’s not: he’s awa to Meek’s.”—“Ye’re a leear; for he telt me himsel he was gaun to Macnab’s, ’cause Meek’s schule was nae better than this ane.”

“Silence, sir.—Guffy Whinmouth.”

“Awa to Macnab’s.”

“Jasper Whinmouth.”

“Awa to Macnab’s.”

“Fletcher and Blecher,—are *they* here?”

“Fletcher’s here, but Blecher’s awa to Macnab’s.”

“Daniel Duff.”

“Awa frae the schule.”

“Elspa Dawson.”

“Awa frae the schule.”

“John”——. But here the phrase, *Awa frae the schule*, was become too pungent to be endured any longer; consequently, to draw matters to a close, he took them *seriatim* as they sat. But the first he brought up, whispered in his ear, by way of a secret, “My mithther canna pay you the day.”

The second announced that there was surely some mistake, by saying, “I hac only been sax weeks an’ twa days an’ a half at it a’thegither.”

The third said, “My father says the quarter’s no oot till Mononday.”

The fourth cautiously advanced, “My grannic’ll pay you hersel.”

The fifth, a sly little fellow, said, “There’s a sax-pence; ye’ll get the lave o’t the morn.”

The sixth responded, “We hac nae sma’ siller the day.”



The seventh replied, "Ye'll get them on Saturday."

The eighth wept out, "I hae lost them."

And the ninth most impertinently demanded his slate first, which he no sooner received than he ran out of the school, crying, "I'm awa frae the schule too. No coming nae *mair*."

In fine, some paid the half, a few the whole, and others a tithe; *in toto*, a trifle to what he expected. Thus disappointed, insulted, and reduced, he dismissed them for the last time, and went home in a state of mind bordering on derangement.

He in whose bosom glows the spirit of independency, may form a faint idea of what he felt on finding himself over ears in debt, and unable, after all his exertions, to liquidate one single guinea. But despair is the coward's last trick—the trick of all tyrants who, whether in the shape of kings or clowns, swim to power and wealth through seas of villany and blood. No honest man can despair. A fit of temporary madness may seize him, and take him out of the world; but despair, the result of guilt and hopelessness, can never arm his hand with the self-destroying dagger. That principle, which ennobles his every idea—that trust in Heaven, which forms the sheet-anchor of his soul—and that hope of immortality, which aspires to the joys

That bloom for ever in the bowers of heaven,—

can, and will, and do support him, amid all the storms and thunderings of adversity. Some honest soul, indeed, in weakly body, may take wing in the hurricane of wo. Yes, many a worthy heart has broken down under a long train of calamities; but he who has borne the tempest in his youth—has been deeply imbued with the love of virtue, and learned to know that every pang is but a sweetener in the cup of life, can look at the frowns, the threats, the deceiptfulness, and roguery of the world, as a giant would do at the barkings of a cur. Whether his early sufferings, his vir-

tue, and hopes of future glory, alone qualified him for sustaining undespairingly this sweeping catastrophe, I will not affirm. Perhaps his youth, that elastic thing of gems, that bends like the osier to the blast, and resumes its upright position with the first gleam of hope, assisted in the struggle to surmount his disasters. I will not say; but this I must, in justice to humanity, declare, that never was man so happily wrong as he was in his late estimation of friendship.

On returning to his apartment, his honest old friend, Luggiehead, met him, and thus broke silence:—

“Unco sune oot the day, I think, Mr. Chalmers. Are ye for a journey?”

“Not to-day, sir,” he returned.

“Is there ony thing wrang? Are ye weel aneuch?”

“Quite well, sir. How do ye do yourself?”

“Ou, Mr. Chalmers, I darena compleen. Only a wee bit touch o’ the caul’ that’s gaun roun’.”

“Ay, ay, I am sorry for that.”

“Ou, sir, thae things maun be borne wi’. We canna get a’ oor ain way in this warl’, ye ken. Can ye tell me what’s gude for’t?”

“Why, sir, I don’t know. They say a mustard blister applied to the throat is good for removing inflammation.”

“A mustard blister! Gae wa wi’ yer havers. But it strikes me, Mr. Chalmers, that ye’ve been getting mustard yersel the day, after yer parritch like.”

“Mustard enough, sir.”

“‘Ay, ay,’ as we say in learned phrase, what’s gane wrang wi’ ye noo?”

“The school is blown up, sir.”

“What! is my barn blawn i’ the air?”

“No, sir, your barn is where it was; but all my scholars have fled.”

“No! No a crickling left?”

“Not a rotten egg, sir. Not so much as a particle of down.”

“An’ did they pay you afore they left the nest?”

“There is the whole, sir,” putting his hand into his pocket, and presenting the receipts for his acceptance. “The whole I have received to a farthing. Take it. I can do no more. Had they paid me, you would have received in full all that I owe you; but Glenbuckie has put it out of my power. I will, however, pay you ere long, if there is justice to be found.”

“Aweel, sir,” he replied, taking out his snuff-box, and giving his nose a double charger, “it’s a mercy it’s nae waur. I dare say, Mr. Chalmers, when ye first thocht on becoming a dominie, ye imagined ye’d hae a braw easy life o’t;—teaching five hours i’ the day—gaun about the rest o’ your time—drinking tea wi’ this ane—taking yer kail wi’ that ane—your toddy wi’ anither—an’ getting a’ bodies to rin at your ca’. But this’ll open your een, lad. This’ll let you see the extent o’ man’s *voluntary support*. Weel, I canna help laughing at you—ha, ha, ha! But excuse me, sir. This story’s rather dark i’ the complexion, after a’, for laughing at. An’ is that a’ ye got?”

“Every farthing, sir,” he said emphatically, laying his hand upon his breast, an’ craving indulgence.

“Was there nae Irish harps i’ the count, think ye—nae raps? Let me see—ha, ha, ha!—I was sure o’t. There’s a saxpence, man, made, for a pound note, oot o’ ane o’ An’ra Whinmouth’s sleeve buttons. Hoosever, it’s but what I telt you at the first—plenty willing to tak, but unco few willing to gie. Nae odds; ye’ve a shrood to hang by yet. My barn’s nane the waur o’ your teaching, an’ my purse nane the lichter o’ your board. Gie yersel nac concern aboot me. Had ye ta’en the hills o’ Glenorchy without letting me ken, as yer predecessor did, I wada been neither to bin nor haud; but as ye hae cvinced a spirit o’ honour an’ honesty, I’ll say naething aboot it. Pit yer bawbees i’ yer pouch, Mr. Chalmers, an’ pit this trifle to them, an’ gae wa to some big toun whare yer improvements ’ll be mair thocht o’. It’s needless to

strive against the tide. Ye nicht aiblins get a wheen o' them back by the en' o' the next quarter, an' aiblins recover a sma' portion o' yer wages, but what's that to the misery ye'll hae to endure till that time? Na, na, sir, dinna big castles i' the air. Ye'll ne'er recover your feet here, that's flat; prejudice, lad, is owre deeply rooted amang the people. Yon nicht hewed the capstane. Folk wham ye hae accidentally or foolishly offended, may leuk owre the offence; but folk, sir, wha hae seriously an' carefully planned yer ruin, will never be pleased. They may smile i' yer face, an' speir hoo yer the day, an' say *oh! dear*, when they hear o' some dreadfu' calamity come yer way, but they'll never be your frien'—they'll cut you doon wharever they go. Your silly things they may praise, when it suits them; but your talents, lad, your learning, an' your assiduity, will never be recommended. They may say by a time, Mr. Chalmers is no an ill-inclined sort o' body after a': but have at your abilities, Mr. Chalmers—have at your income—have at the source o' your fame, ye'll never be a teacher in their estimation i' the wide warl'; ye'll never be a scholar; ye'll never be worth ca'in' oot o' a kail-yard. *Puir silly body*, will be first i' their thocht, an' last i' their min'. The tea-table will ring eternally at your expense; an' the story-tellers—that's the chaps that suit the action to the word—will never want a subject to ridicule you. They will ruin you to a' intents an' purposes, and at last pit you oot o' existence. Na, na, sir, ye maun tak a nobler aim than Glenbuckie. Puir aul' Meek maun stay, his can'le being near the doup; Macnab has a' chances to remain, for the sake o' Miss Dawson's tocher; but Dominie Chalmers maun tak to the wing, an' flee to a place whare the taste an' manners o' the people correspond wi' the temper o' laudable ambition. I was angry, vera angry at you, sir, for what ye brought furret at the en' o' the examination o' yer schule mysel. I didna like yon wark ava—it spoiled the glory o' the day; it was



making owre free wi' the weakness o' human nature. We're puir depraved beings, Mr. Chalmers; there's no ane to men' anither. Never sport, then, wi' the misfortunes o' erring man. If ye *will* write, write on general topics : gie a' kin's o' vice a dreadful lathering, but kcep back frae personalities. It leuks horrid ill, sir, to see a man laughing at his neebour's draff-pock, an' his ain trailing on the grun. Tak, then, this trifle frae me, an' be aff wi' the mornin' licht. Vex yoursel naething aboot it, but rather rejoice that ye can lay your haun upon your heart an' say, I hae dune my duty. Mak Embro' your station. There ye'll meet wi' mae friens an' fewer faes; mae comforts an' fewer wants; mae joys an' fewer sorrows. Tak my purse, I say; it is yours, freely an' cheerfully gien, no oot o' a vain show, but oot o' a sincere regard for yer honest intentions. It's no very heavy, but in ye guide it weel, it'll help to introduce you whare five hun'er recommendations wadna be heard. Noo, sir, ye can be sorting your things till I see you."

"Well," said the young man, as his generous landlord left him, "fame is sweet, and honour is delightful, but a true friend is worth the universe."

It was a considerable time before Geordie could set about the necessary preparations for his departure. The unexpected benevolence of his landlord quite disqualified him for thinking on any thing else than greatness of soul on the one hand, and eternal gratitude on the other. When he least expected a friend he found one; and one who, on numerous occasions, had given him the best proofs of his affection and fidelity; and, therefore, to think on him was his pleasure, and to bless him in secret sallies his delight. But, however pleasing it may be to ponder over the felicitous reverses of fortune, there is no standing still on this side of the grave. We must be up and be active; redeeming lost time, and preparing to meet with new trials and perplexities every day.

Geordie awoke from his reverie, and saw the propriety of looking after the probabilities of futurity. The money which Luggiehead had given him, and which he still held warm in his clenched fist, he put into his pocket-book, and, resolving to act up to the full tenor of his invaluable friend's advice, he, blessing and being blessed, spending the day in his company, departed early next morning for Edinburgh, after a residence of fifteen months and ten days within the braes of Glenbuckie.

FINIS.



