

CHAPTER XVII.

SANDY PETERKIN IS WARNED.

WHETHER the unceremonious home-thrust administered to the Rev. Andrew Sleekaboot by Johnny Gibb had anything to do with the matter or not, I am not prepared to say, but so it was, that very speedily after that occurrence, the patron of the parish and lord of the manor "had his attention directed" to the current state of opinion, and recent ongoing at Smiddyward School. Sir Simon was one of those lofty individuals whose attention requires to be directed to this or that; or they might for long overlook many commonplace events transacting themselves before their view; and in the present case, it was surmised, rightly or wrongly, that the Rev. Mr. Sleekaboot, in his own quiet way, had, on second thoughts, taken means to stir up the dignified baronet. Anyhow, Sir Simon was stirred up; and he made it known, through his ground-officer, Dawvid Hadden, that the "conventicle" held in Sandy Peterkin's school must forthwith cease and determine.

It would not have been in accordance with Sandy Peterkin's antecedents had he exhibited as much worldly prudence and policy as to jouk an' lat the jaw of Sir Simon's wrath gae owre. So, although the Rev. Alister Macrory was just about finishing a second spell of preaching in the school, and there was no immediate prospect of the place being further occupied in the same way, Sandy chose to return an abrupt and rebellious answer to Sir Simon's order

to have the conventicle stopped. Sandy, without consulting any one, replied that he was a citizen of a free country, and would give the use of the school to anybody he pleased.

"Yea, Saun'ers, man," answered Dawvid Hadden. "Ye'll better ca' canny; aw wuss that bit mou'fu' dinna craw i' yer crap or a' be deen."

"We'll tak' oor risk o' that, Mr. Hadden; for even Sir Simon hasna the poo'er o' pot an' gallows noo."

"Maybe no; but it'll be cheeng't wardles an he binna able to haud's nain wi' them 't's obleeg't till's leenity for ha'ein a reef o' ony kin' abeen their heids. I'se jist warn ye ance mair to be cowshus; or ye'll hear mair about it."

Along with an abundance of toadyism towards those he reckoned above him, Dawvid Hadden exhibited not a little of the spirit of the petty tyrant on the side seen by the people who, he imagined, came fairly within the compass of his particular authority, and it is not to be supposed that the version given to Sir Simon of Sandy Peterkin's behaviour toward Dawvid as Sir Simon's representative, suffered that behaviour to lose anything of its offensiveness. At any rate, Dawvid very speedily began to let mysterious hints drop about the general connection between attendance at the Smiddyward services and brevity of tenure on the lands of Sir Simon Frissal, and he did not scruple to let it be understood that Sandy Peterkin had put himself entirely at his, Dawvid's, mercy.

I don't know that either the souter or the smith, if they had been consulted, would have advised Sandy Peterkin to do the rash thing he did in contemning Dawvid Hadden; nevertheless, they were both roused at the idea that "the creatur" should insult a man who was so much his superior, as they agreed in considering the dominie of the Ward to be. Probably, however, their indignation would have subsided without any particular result, had it not been that just about the time when it was hottest, Johnny Gibb, who had been advised of Dawvid's general ongoings, but not of this particular act, came across to the smiddy on some lawful errand. The smith was going on at the hearth, for Hairy

Muggart, the wright, had come across from the Toon-en, carrying on his shoulder a plough beam, which he wanted the smith to strap. Hairry was a ponderously built man, with feet much bigger than they were shapely, and a bluish tint in the red with which his face was amply splashed. He was deliberate in his movements, and delivered himself of what he had to say with a certain copious and opinionative egotism which was rather enjoyable to listen to when Hairry was going on full swing. The strappin of Hairry's beam had been completed, when a breathing space occurred, during which the conversation turned upon Dawvid Hadden and his proceedings.

"Fat div ye say?" quoth Johnny Gibb. "Did the creatur raelly gae the length o' thraetenin' the maister?"

"Or, to dee 'im nae oonjustice, we sall suppose that he only deliver't the laird's orders," said the smith.

"Laird or nae laird, he ocht to keep a ceevil tongue in 's heid."

"Weel, I winna say but Sandy spak back in a wye't was lickly to gar the body cantle up. Ye ken we've a oor weyknesses, Gushets!"

"I maun see Sandy aboot this at ance. I'll tell ye fat it is, smith, things are comin' till a heid in this countra, 't fowk can-not pit up wi'. I'se be at the boddom o' this, though I sud gae to the Place an' see Sir Seemon 'imself the morn."

"Aw'm dootin' ye winna fin' 'im there, John," said Hairry Muggart, in an oracular way.

"An' fat for no?"

"He's awa' to the Sooth yesterday. Dawvid cam' up to me afore sax o'clock i' the mornin'. *She* was jist up an' the bar aff o' the door, an' was o' the road oot wi' the aise-backet, an' her nicht mutch nae aff, fan he comes roon by the stack mou' like a man gyaun to redd fire. 'Is the vricht up?' says Dawvid. 'Serve me, fat are ye on sic a chase for at this oor i' the mornin'?' says my wife. I heard the clatter o' them, an' throws on my waistcoat an' staps my feet in'o my sheen, an' gin that time he was at the door. 'Ou, ye've wun oot owre yer bed,' says he.

'Fan did ever ye get me i' my bed at this time i' the mornin'?" says I, an' wud 'a ta'en a bit fun wi' 'im, ye see. But Dawvid rebats, an' says he, 'That's nedder here nor there, Hairry, man; ye'll need to get your sma' borin' brace an' a fyow ither teels this moment an' ca' a bit framie thegidder, 't's wuntit to keep the loggage steady o' the cairt.'

"An' heard ye onything aboot Sandy Peterkin an' the skweel?" asked Johnny Gibb, who had listened not too patiently to Hairry.

"I'm comin' to that eenoo, Gushets. Ye see, they sud 'a been at me the nicht afore. Hooever, the butler forgat a' aboot it, an' the cairt hed to be awa' at aucht o'clock i' the mornin.' But I b'lieve gin Dawvid didna soun' them aboot it for ance. Weel, as aw was sayin', the cairt was a' in order in fine time. An' Dawvid was i' the gran'est humour 't cud be. Oh, he wud hae nae na-say, but I wud gae up by the Wast Lodge, faur Meg Raffan the henwife bides, an' tak' my brakfist wi' 'im. Aweel, this fares on, an' we hed oor dram thegidder, like ony twa lairds; an' syne Dawvid got rael crackie aboot this an' that. An' it was than 't he taul me that the laird was gyaun awa' to the Sooth aboot some faimily affairs, an' 't he wudna lickly be hame for a puckle months at ony rate."

"An' Dawvid was to reign in's stead, nae doot!" suggested the smith.

"Weel, he was gey lairge upo' that. 'Ye see it's nae a licht responsibility at nae time,' says he, 'till conduck the buzness o' an estate like this. An' it's aiven mair seriouser at a time like this; for Sir Simon has naebody but mysel'. But I hae full poo'er to ack accordin' to my nain joodgment.'"

"But he saidna naething aboot the skweel than?"

"He jist did that, John. Says he, 'They've been haein' a gey on-cairry doon at the Ward, wi' that non-intrusion meetin's. An' that creatur Peterkin gya me the grytest o' ensolence the tither nicht. But jist bide still, till I get 'im richt i' my poo'er, gin I dinna gi'e 'im a grip that he hisna gotten the like o' 't for some time.'"

"An' ye didna tell Dawvid't ye hed been a regular hearer at the meetin's yersel'?" said the smith, who was now going on at the light and easy job of sharpening the prongs of a graip for Johnny Gibb.

"Ou na," replied Hairry, with a fozy laugh. "Fan he didna appear to ken, I keepit my thoom upo' that. But I'm maist seer that he has nae orders fae Sir Simon to meddle wi' Sandy Peterkin, fatever he may thraeten."

"That wud only mak' maitters waur an' waur," said Johnny Gibb. "But at ony rate it's high time to tak' some decidet step to lat oor opingans be kent, an' tak' mizzours for gettin' the commoonity instruckit aboot the richts an' preevileges. o' the Kirk o' Scotland, as weel's fat belongs to the ceevil poo'er. That's gaen on in a hantle o' places throu' the kwindra."

"At public meetin's? Weel, foo sudna we hae a public meetin'?" asked Hairry.

The smith and Johnny seemed a little taken aback at the novelty of the idea. At last the smith said—

"We're nae vera public kin' o' characters, Hairry, an' mith mak' but a peer job o't—Wud ye tak' the cheer yersel'?"

"Eh—weel, failin' a better, aw dinna differ."

"Cudnin we get Sandy an' the souter in aboot, an' try an' saddle upo' something, as lang's we're thegither?" asked Johnny Gibb.

"Naething easier nor that, at ony rate," answered the smith, who speedily had a juvenile messenger despatched for the worthies named.

And so they resolved to have a public meeting. It was the opinion of Roderick M'Aul, the souter, that they should follow up the Rev. Alister Macrory's evangelical services by inviting some prominent members of the non-intrusion section of the clergy to address them on the principles involved in the great controversy now going on within the Church of Scotland. But while there was a general agreement that this ought to be kept in view as an ultimate object, Johnny Gibb expressed a strong opinion in favour of

some more immediate demonstration on their own account, as a sort of embodiment of their protest against tyranny and oppression, in whatever shape, or from whatever quarter. Hairry, as in consistency bound, supported his own idea of a public meeting. Of course, the only place where it had entered anybody's head that it could be held, was in Sandy Peterkin's school. The souther and the smith, in view of what had occurred, indirectly suggested a little caution on that point. This the other two deemed quite out of place in the circumstances—(Johnny, in his heat, even defined Dawvid Hadden as a "pushion't ted,")—the only point was, would Sandy Peterkin be willing to give them the use of the school?

"Weel-a-wat ye winna hae 't twice to seek," said Sandy, cheerfully. "I'm only sorry that my dask's nae a bit wider an' heicher. It does fine wi' me; but for a public speaker it's unco cramped; an' Mr. Macrory compleen't wil' ill upon 't. Only there's great principles at stake, an' nae doot the man that feels their importance 'll mak' nae words to speak in a gey hameo'er place. I'll be richt prood to think that I can accommodat' a meetin' for sic a gweed purpose."

So there only remained the duty of "adverteesin" the meeting, as Hairry phrased it, which was to be done by every man personally inviting those within his own circle, to attend at the proper time, when the day and hour had been finally agreed upon.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PUBLIC MEETING.

It would not be correct to say that the promoters of the Smiddyward meeting omitted preliminary consultation as to the order of business that should be observed when they had got the public assembled in the school; they deliberated and debated much thereanent, only their ideas on the subject were not very definite.

"We maun get the prenciples for which the Kirk o' Scotlan's conten'in' expoon'it in a wye't they can oon'er-stan," said Johnny Gibb. "It's a sair pity that Maister Macrory's awa'; but ye've heard a hantle o's discoorse, an ye've a gweed memory, souter, mithna ye try an' rin owre the heids o't?"

"I wud be richt willin', Gushets, to dee onything within my poo'er; but ye ken I'm nae gremmarian, an' cudna conneck it nae gate nor ither't the fowk cud follow me," said the souter.

"Get Sandy Peterkin 'imsel' to pit a bit narrative thegither," interposed the smith. "He's weel acquaint wi' the subjec' an' aiven though he war to jot doon bits an' read."

"I'm nae in wi' that ava," answered Hairry Muggart. "Fat expairience cud he hae? never oot owre's skweel door to ken fat's been gyaun on. 'Seein's believin',' as they say. Lat some ane't's been a wutness to the ootrages o' the ceevil poo'er, as Gushets says, tak' up the leems.

Gushets, I've seen you at vawrious Presbytery meetin's; forbye't ye was up at Culsalmon', tee, at the fawmous intrusion case.—Ay, yon knowe-heid saw a sicht that day 't I wanna foryet in a hurry. Fat for sudna *ye gie's* a word?"

"'Wa' wi' ye, Hairry; fa' i' the wardle wud ever think o' me makin' a speech? I mith haud in a back chap till anither; but to attemp' a discoorse—I wud be owre the theets ere we got weel streiket."

"Bless me; fat are we argle-barglin about, Rory?" said the smith, who saw the drift of things at a glance.

As the smith spoke, Hairry Muggart hirsled half round—

"There's Hairry, 't's to be oor cheerman. It fa's to him o' richt to apen the subject; an' fa fitter to gae owre the hail heids an' partic'lars?"

"Weel—no, I mith try a fyou remarks about fat I've seen; but I wanna promise to gae owre the hail subject."

"Never min', Gushets'll tak' up fat ye leave oot," said the smith.

The truth was, Hairry desired the opportunity of figuring as a public speaker, and had kept that enviable distinction clearly in view from the outset.

So the meeting was called. Johnny Gibb and all his household were there, with the souter, the smith, Sandy Peterkin, and other resindenters at Smiddyward, including Widow Will, her son Jock, now developing into a long, lanky loon, and her lodger, the mole-catcher, who had gone through his first campaign, and become a fully-qualified practitioner; also, Andrew Langchafts, the merchan', and a few people from the Kirktown. Mrs. Birse was there, and Miss Birse, with Peter junior. Peter Birse senior was absent, and the fact was sufficiently remarkable to warrant a sentence in explanation thereof; so Mrs. Birse, with affable frankness, informed Johnny Gibb that he "hedna been vera stoot, an' was compleenin war nor eeswal the nicht."

As was fit and proper, the meeting was opened with devotional exercises, the souter taking the chief part, and

Johnny Gibb precenting with edifying bair. Then a slightly embarrassing silence ensued, which came to an end when the smith whispered something to Sandy Peterkin, and Sandy, with his wonted readiness to oblige, stood up, and said he had much pleasure in moving that their respected friend Mr. Muggart take the chair.

Hairy, who was encumbered with his bonnet and a big stick, laid these articles aside, and, with some trouble, forced his way into the maister's dask. He did not seem to be very certain whether it was the right thing to sit or to stand, and ended by a sort of compromise in leaning over the desk. Without the usual prefatory acknowledgment of the honour conferred upon him "in asking him to preside," Hairy went into the heart of his subject at once—"As ye a' ken we've met this evenin' to be instruckt about the veto law an' the non-intrusion pairty, as far as oor nain expairience, an' the proceedin's o' the kirk coorts 'll cairry 's; all which it behoves this countra to lay to hert." Hairy then proceeded to give what summary he could of the principles involved in the "Ten Years' Conflict," referring, more or less lucidly, to the cases of Auchterarder, Lethendy, and Marnoch. "An' noo," he continued, "the conflick's comin' nearer oor ain door; the Garioch's seen the veto law tramp'l't oonder fut. My fader was an upper Garioch man, an' I've heard him tell o' a minaster o' Cul-salmon' i' the aul' time't gaed oot o' the Sunday aifterneens wi' a fup in 's han', an' fuppit the fowk up to the kirk; fan they wud 'a be sittin' in bourachs about the lan'stells o' the brig. Hooever, things maybe hedna gane far i' the wye o' men's. An' fat kin' o' a state o' haethen ignorance cud they but be in wi' sic a man as Ferdie Ellis i' the poopit? Ou weel, as I was sayin', the creesis cam', as ye a' ken', i' the en' o' the year; fan the Presbytery made a fashion o' sattlin' this Maister Middleton, that hed been helpener afore to Ferdie. But I'm occupyin' owre muckle o' your time, an' wud request John Gibb to fawvour the meetin' wi' his expairience o' that oonhallow't proceedin'."

"Ye'll dee't better yersel', Hairy," said Johnny Gibb.

"Ye was there as weel's me, an' kent a hantle mair o' the heid deesters. Say awa', an' I'se gi'e ony sma' help't I can i' the wye o' ekein't oot."

"Weel," answered Hairry, deliberately wiping his spectacles and putting them on, and thereafter pulling a somewhat crumpled piece of paper from the tail pocket of his coat. Up to this time the chairman had endeavoured to keep up a sort of didactic style; but he now, despite his notes, merged himself in what was more natural to him, and, I humbly think, more entertaining to his audience—whether more instructive or not—the direct narrative style. "Weel, ye see," continued Hairry, "there's naething, as the Presbytery-clark said, 'like dockimentary preef' fan ye come to particulars—I leern't that muckle fae the Presbytery meetin' on the twenty-aucht o' October last past. It was than that they met first i' the kirk o' Culsalmon', an' resolv't to gae on wi' the sattlement o' this bodie, Middleton; an' they carriet it, seyven to five. Hooever, I markit doon a fyou particulars aifterhin, to be siccar wi't—aw'm nae gyaun to read them, but jist keep the heids afore me. Aweel, this fares on, an' fan the day cam'—Gushetneuk an' mysel' hed hed the maitter throu' han'—says John to me, 'Mithna we tak' a stap owre to the kirk o' Culsalmon', man, an' see wi' oor ain een fat wye the bools'll row?' It was a slack sizzon, an' I hed promis't to gae up to Colpy to see some aul' acquaintances at ony rate. Oot we sets. Awat it was a snell mornin'; Benachie as fite's a washen fleece, an' oorlich shoo'ers o' drift an' hail scorin' across the kwintra. We wusna weel past the neuk o' the wuds o' Newton till we sees the fowk gedderin fae here an' there, some gyaun up the Huntly road afore's, some comin' fae the Glens, an' some hyne doon as far's we cud see, comin' fae the Ba'dyflash wan. They war feckly o' their feet, though there wus twa-three ridin' an' siclike; I kenna gin they war minaisters—(by their wye o' sittin' their beasts some o' them leukit fell like it no)—or gin they war lawyyers, or shirras, or fat.—But I doot I'm wan'erin' fae the pint immedantly oon'er consideration. Amnin aw, John?"



Shirra o' the coonty, Maister Murray, they tell me's been there sin' yesterday, an' the Fiscal, Maister Simpson, 's there; forbye Shirra Lumsdell, fae Pitcaple, an' I believe the Captain, fae Logie, tee. Of coorse, the Presbytery's legal awgent's up fae Cromwellside, an' they say anither lawvyer or twa. An' mair nor a' that, there's a batch o' that new rural constaabulary, as they ca' them, up the road, nae fyouer nor aboot foifteen o' them on'er their captain, ane An'erson, a muckle blawn-up red-fac't-like chiel, wi' a besom o' black hair aboot's mou', 't hed been i' the army, they say; an' fudder or nò *he* said it, some o' them was lattin 't licht 't he did say 't he sud saddle the minaister to them at the point o' the baignet.' Isna that aboot the rinnins o' fat the Cul-salmon' mannie taul's, Gushets?"

"Ye're weel within boun's, Hairry, man; an' fat we saw aifterhin clencht the feck o' 't to the outside."

"Ye maun aye keep in min', my freen's," continued the Chairman, inspecting his MS., "that fan the Presbytery met on the twenty-aucht o' October to moderat the Call—an' a lang meetin' it was: fat wi' objections and interjections, they war aff an' on at it for aboot a hail roun' o' the knock—fan they met ye maun recolleck 't a' the names pitten to the Call in fawvour o' the presentee was only forty-five; an' nae fyouer nor aughty-nine heids o' faimilies exerceeds't their veto against 'im. These were the circumstances oonder which the sattlement was forc't on wi' a' this mengyie o' shirras, an' lawvyers, an' constables.—It's a vera stiff brae, an' ere we wan up to the kirk, it was gyaun upon eleyven o'clock. 'Hooever,' says the mannie, 'we're in braw time; it's twal ere the sattlement begin, an' I'se warran they sanna apen the kirk doors till 's till than.' So we tak's a leuk roun' for ony kent fowk. They war stannin' aboot a' gate roun' aboot the kirk, in scores an' hunners, fowk fae a' the pairis'es roun' aboot, an' some fae hyne awa' as far doon 's Marnoch o' the tae han' an' Kintore o' the tither, aw b'lieve; some war stampin' their feet an' slappin' their airms like the yauws o' a win'mill to keep them a-heat; puckles wus sittin' o' the kirkyard dyke, smokin' an' gyaun

on wi' a kin' o' orra jaw aboot the minaisters, an' aye mair gedderin in aboot—it was thocht there wus weel on to twa thoosan' there ere a' was deen. An' aye a bit fudder was comin' up fae the manse aboot fat the Presbytery was deein—they war chaumer't there, ye see, wi' the lawvyers an' so on. 'Nyod, they maun be sattlin 'im i' the manse,' says ane; 'we 'll need 'a gae doon an' see gin we can win in.' 'Na, na,' says anither, 'a bit mair bather aboot their dissents an' appales bein' ta'en; muckle need they care, wi' sic a Presbytery, fat they try. But here's Johnny Florence, the bellman, at the lang length; I 'se be at the boddom o' fat they 're at noo.' An' wi' that he pints till a carlie comin' across the green, wi' a bit paper in 's han,' an' a gryte squad o' them 't hed been hingin' aboot the manse door at 's tail. 'Oo, it's Johnny gyaun to read the edick,' cries a gey stoot chap, an' twa three o' them gya a roar o' a lauch. It seems Johnny's nae particular scholar, so the Presbytery hed been in some doots aboot the edick. 'Noo,' says they, 'ye 'll read that at the most patentest door o' the church—the wast door.' 'Yes,' says he. 'Can ye read vrite?' 'An' it be geyan plain,' says John; so the edick was read owre and owre again till 'im, an' Johnny harkenin' 's gin he uner'steed it—(We heard aboot a' this aifterhin, ye ken). But they gae 'im a gey time wi' 's readin' o' 't. Johnny was far fae clear upon 's lesson. 'Speak oot, min!' cries ane. 'I think ye mith pronounce some better nor that, Johnny,' says anither; an' they interrupt 'im fan he was tryin' to read wi' a kin' o' haivers, takin' the words oot o' 's mou, an' makin' the uncoest styte o' 't 't cud be. 'Weel, hae ye ony speeshal objections to Maister Middleton?' cries Johnny, fairly dung wi' the paper. 'Haena we than! A hunner o' them, an' mair!' roars severals. Wi' ae put an' row, Johnny wan throu' the edick in 's nain fashion, an' syne cuts awa' back to the manse, wi' a lot o' them aifter 'im, leavin' 's faur we wus afore.—Sae far o' the edick," continued the Chairman, pausing to gather himself again. "Gin that was to be ca'd readin' 't, jeedge ye. Hooever, aw b'lieve the Presbytery wus content wi' the bellman's endeavour,

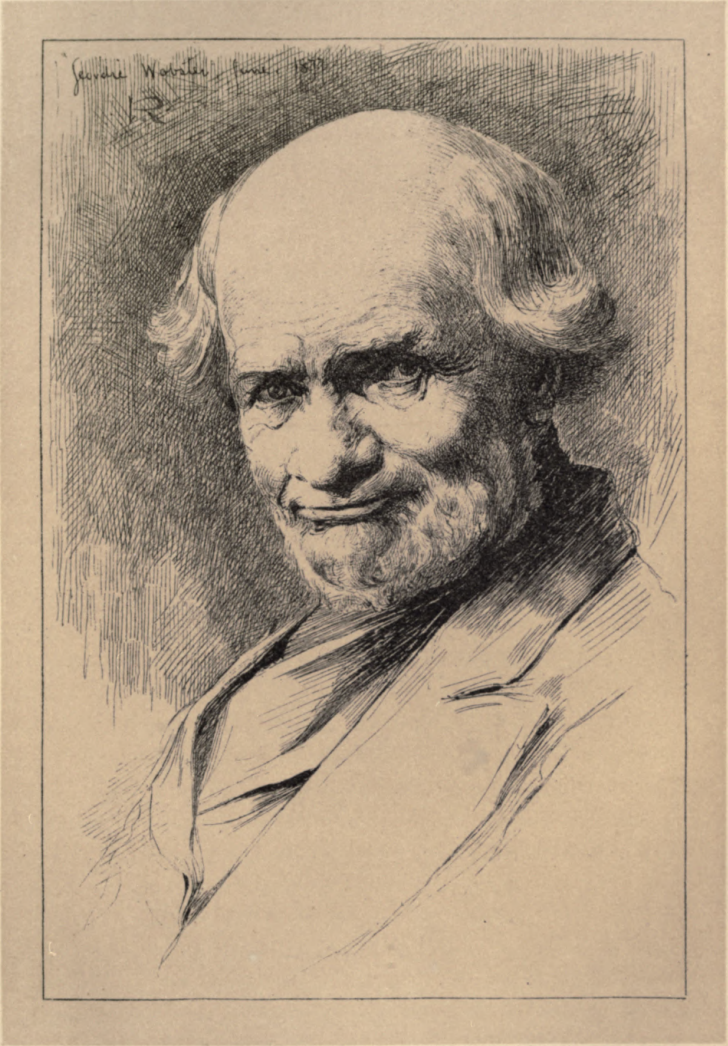
and pat it upo' their beuks that 'objections were called for an' none offer't.' The multiteed wus tynin patience gey sair fan the sough gat up 't they war 'comin'!' The Shirra o' the coonty, Murray, Shirra Lumsdell, the Fiscal,—an' neen there hed a mair maroonjous face that day—Captain Da'rymple, an' this An'erson, the heid o' the constaabulary, cam up wi' them, ackin' as a body-guard appearandly, to defen' the shepherds fae the flock oon'er their chairge. An auncient poet hath said—

The hurly burly noo began,
Was richt weel worth the seein'.

An' gin it war lawfu' to be vyokie ower sairious maitters o' that kin', it's a rael true wye o' descryvin the thing. Oh, they war a roch an' richt set gey puckles o' them, and a sad ongae they made o' 't; only they war but ignorant kwintraw fowk, an' little to be expeckit fae them, by'se fae the set o' leern't men 't hed ta'en 't upo' them to provoke them to mischief, tramplin' the richts o' the people oon'erneath their feet. They war makin' for the wast door; but several hunners hed congregat there, an' puckles at the tither door, a' ettlin for into the kirk fanever the doors sud be apen't. This Captain An'erson, wi' 's constaabulary, an' a fyow shirra's-offishers, triet to birze throu' an' mak' an apenin. 'Stan' back noo, my men: stan' back noo.' But, instead o' that, they're jammin tee at their heels, wi' cairns o' them rinkin up upo' the dyke. The Presbytery wus stoitin here an' there: ane gat 's hat ca'd owre 's een, an' Maister Middleton, though the Shirra was takin' speeshal care o' his safe-aty, gat a bit clink or twa, it was said, wi' bits o' snaw ba's; an' there 's a story, though I sanna vooch for 't, that fan they war fairly stuck'n for a minit or twa, a lang airm was rax't owre atweesh the shou'ders o' twa three o' them, an' a han' that naebody kent fa 't belang't till gat a grip o' the nose o' ane o' the heid deesters an' gya 't sic a thraw that it didna tyne the purpie colour nor come back to the aul' set for a file. But the trowth o' the maitter was, naebody wud 'a kent sair fat was deein or fa was maist to blame. Some o'

the ceevil authorities begood to reпреe an' thraten, but a chap or twa, naar grippit braid i' the crood themsel's, spak' back, 'Fat wye can we help it?' an' ithers, maybe nae owre weel inten't, roar't, 'Fat are *we* deein?' 'We're nae touchin' naebody; we're nae brakin' the law;' an' some o' them 't cudna see speer't gin the 'police hed strucken yet?' But aw wat they keepit their temper byous weel: though it was said that some gey roch and win'y words pass't atween ane o' the heid deesters an' some orra chiels ere a' was deen. Hoosomever, ae chiel wi' the key wins at the door in coorse, an' apens't, an' in they gaed, jist like the jaws o' the sea, cairryin minasters, shirras, an' a', like as muckle wrack, along wi' them. I tint sicht o' Gushets in a minit, an' hed muckle adee to haud o' my fit ava. An' fan I'm jist at the door cheek, fa sud be dirdit into the neuk fair afore me but Geordie Wobster, the shirra's offisher, fae Mel'rum. Ye'll min' upo' him, some o' ye, sin' the time't he hed sic a pilgit huntin' up aul' Lindsay for stealin' bees. The raither him nor me, for he gat a yafu yark against the door cheek. Wobster gi'es a guller oot o' 'im, and some ane cries, 'Ye're killin' a man!' But fa cud help it? ye mith as weel try't to stop the north win' comin' throu' the Glens o' Foudland; an' in they gaed. Only the like o' 'im's so weel ees't wi' sharries 't they're nae easy fell't—they say he gat a broken rib, or siclike. Aweel, in we gets to the kirk, an' I'se asseer ye I was blythe to edge into the first seat 't I cud win at. The shirras an' the fiscal manag't to win up to the laft, an' in o' the heritors' seat i' the forebreist; the Presbytery wus seatit at the fit o' the poopit. But sic a noise ye heard never in a kirk nor oot o' 't. Some ane said the moderawtor wud preach—that was Maister Peter, o' Kemnay, a weel-faur't young chap—but aw b'lieve he never wan in'o the poopit yet, nae mair nor he wud 'a heard's nain word gin he hed wun. 'Keep 'im oot, the Tory!' cries ane; some wud 'a jokit wi' this Captain An'erson to 'gae up an' preach,' 'cause he wud 'dee't better,' an' there was a gryte lauch that nane o' them hed brocht a Bible wi' them; and fan the shirras, first ane an'

syne ane, deman'tit quaetness, they only cried oot, 'Hoot, never min' 'im; keep up the din; an' a' the time they war flingin' aboot bits o' skelbs o' stickies and siclike. Weel, this gaes on for I'se warran' an oor, fan Captain Da'rymple—he's an el'er, aw b'lieve—he stan's up an' says, 'I noo claim the protection o' the shirra, the Presbytery being deforc't in its duty.' An' oot they forces the haill body o' them, awa' back to the manse, faur it was said a sermon was preach't fae the words, 'I have planted, and Apollos watered'—(a mannie says to me, 'Ay, he tyeuk the words oot o' Paul's mou', but Paul hed naething adee wi' sic plantin'; he sud 'a said *Peter* plantit at ance'—'t wusna that oonwutty o' the carlie). Weel, the din gaed on i' the kirk; oh, there was a set o' roch-like breets up aboot the poopit, an' ane in't haudin a terrible hyse; an' aw b'lieve ere a' was deen they war singin' sangs an' smokin' their pipes intill't. Ane cries oot o' 't, 'Will ye hae Culsalmon' psalms?' an' anither mak's answer, 'Gie's Holy Willie's Prayer.' Of coorse the Presbytery an' the lawyyers concludit the sattlement i' the manse again' a' sponsible objections; an' syne they drappit aff hame ane an' ane, some ca'in i' their gigs, some ridin'; but though bourachs o' fowk wus stanin aboot the place, nae a tell wud they tell gin it was a' deen or no. The fowk i' the kirk bade still; some thoct they wud come back; some said that they be't a pit the minaister throu' the kirk afore twal at nicht, or he wudna be richt sattl't; some said ae thing, some anither, but aye the reerie gaed on wi' a' kin' o' orra jaw. Fan it was beginnin' to gloam they war jowin' the bell like a' thing, an' declarin' they wud see the en' o' 't tho' 't sud be three o'clock i' the mornin'. An' aw b'lieve some o' them raelly bade till aboot midnight an' nail't up the kirk doors ere they leeft; the gey feck o' the lozens i' the windows hed been broken ere that time; an' fa sud be brakin' amo' the lave but ane o' the bellman's ain loons—so they said. But we thoct it time to be stappin hame-wuth afore we tint the daylight a'thegither, an' that wye sawna the hin'er en' o' 't."



At this point the Chairman again paused; and gathering his MS., attempted an enforcement of the "moral reflections" to be drawn from what he had so fully stated. It will not be a very serious loss to omit this part. He then called upon Johnny Gibb to follow up his speech; and Johnny did so in a brief address, wherein he recounted how the Justices called a great meeting at Pitmachie, at which Sir Robert presided, and how the Captain reported, *ad longam*, all the horrors of the day at Culsalmond; and that not only windows were broken, and seats torn up, but that the "rioters" had made considerable progress towards toppling down the gallery, body bulk!—"Jist like 'im to tell that," exclaimed Johnny, with vehemence. And how the Justices gravely agreed that "a riot" *did* take place; that "a spirit of resistance to the law" had been gaining ground in that unhappy region; and that the Justices considered it their duty to intimate all this to "Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department," and a host of other high dignitaries, including the Lord Advocate; and to request that "such measures should immediately be taken as will lead to the detection and punishment of the offenders, and the effectual prevention of similar outrages in future; as otherwise, the powers and influence of the Magistrates will be completely set at defiance, and the expensive establishment of the rural police, into which the county has lately entered, will be rendered worse than useless." "An' that 's the bonny upshot o' a meetin' o' a score o' Sirs, an' Generals, an' Captains, an' common lairds, heeld in Maister Cooper's on the thirti'et day o' November last past," said Johnny, throwing down a sadly chafed newspaper, from which he had been endeavouring to read. "A set o' brave birkies they are I'se asseer ye! Rinnin peeakin to the heid authorities o' the kwintra, like as mony chuckens 't hed tint their mither; an' a' for a bit stramash 't their nain deeins had brocht aboot. Jist jeedge ye noo fat kin' o' spiritooal guidance ye may expeck fae that quarter, fan ye see foo they ack wi' them that comes oon'er their merciment in ceevil maitters. Nae less nor five fowk

't was there that day wus ta'en to Edinboro', to gang afore the Lords, as ye're a' weel awaar. Of coorse, they wudna miss oot Dr. Robison o' Williamston, he hed come owre sair forrat o' the non-intrusion side, but the ither four, they mith 'a as weel ta'en up Hairry or me, I suppose. An' aiven at the trial afore this Lord Joostice Clark, the doctor, as ye a' ken, was pruv't Not Guilty; the lads Walker and Spence wan aff unproven, an' the tither twa, they war fley't till try ava. That's the wye that yer joostices an' kirk pawtrons wud rowle the kwintra—a bonny set or than no. But fat syne; gin the law o' the lan' alloo't, little to them wud jail ilka ane o' 's at their nain pleesour! That's nae maitter o' guess wark, but fairly pruv't by fat they've deen ere this time. Noo afore we sin'er, I've nae mair to say, but jist this, that it's vera necessar' for ane an' a' o' 's to tak' a side, the side o' richt prenciple, an' be ready to main-teen't till the Kirk o' Scotlan' establish her richts owre the croon o' 'er oppressors."

When Johnny Gibb had ended, there was a silence of some duration, till first Andrew Langehafts, and next Sandy Peterkin, expressed their sense of the high value of the speeches delivered. Very little more was said, and the meeting closed with the understanding that another would be called when circumstances seemed to demand it.

I may have occasion hereafter to note other results of this meeting. Meantime let me say that it served in reality as a sort of basis to such non-intrusion movement as distinguished the parish of Pyketillim. A few months previously the local newspapers had had the benefit of a very long advertisement, containing the names of a great many farmers in the Formartine district, and a few lairds, all zealous and godly churchmen, addressed in sympathetic terms to the noble brethren who formed the majority of the Presbytery of Strathbogie, and setting forth how the "Scripture" enjoins obedience to the law, and so on. Several of the leading men in Pyketillim, including Mains of Yawal and Teuchitsmyre, had thought it would be a creditable thing to follow this example; and they had spoken thereof

to Jonathan Tawse. Jonathan, being in ill-temper at the time, gave them little audiscence, and so the thing fell flat. But now this whole section of the community seized the occasion of the Smiddyward public meeting to turn the public laugh and scorn, as far as might be, against those who had attended it. And, in particular, every individual who had been there, young or old, had attached to him or her the designation of a "Non," which, of course, signified non-intrusionist, but was understood to carry with it a deal of rustic wit or sarcasm, inasmuch as the Non was accepted as a sort of weak fanatic, whom it was right and proper to sneer at, or affect to pity, according to circumstances.