

"Do I rightly understand you?" I said. "You look forward to a time when the patriot may safely expand into the citizen of the world; but in the present age he would do well, you think, to confine his energies within the inner circle of the country."

"Decidedly," he rejoined. "Man should love his species at all times; but it is ill with him if, in times like the present, he loves not his country more. The spirit of war and aggression is yet abroad; there are laws to be established, rights to be defended, invaders to be repulsed, tyrants to be deposed. And who but the patriot is equal to these things? We are not yet done with the Bruces, the Wallaces, the Tells, the Washingtons,—yes, the Washingtons, whether they fight for or against us,—we are not yet done with them. The cosmopolite is but a puny abortion,—a birth ere the natural time,—that at once endangers the life and betrays the weakness of the country that bears him. Would that he were sleeping in his elements till his proper time! But we are getting ashamed of our country, of our language, our manners, our music, our literature; nor shall we have enough of the old spirit left us to assert our liberties or fight our battles. Oh for some Barbour or Blind Harry of the present day, to make us once more proud of our country!"

I quoted the famous saying of Fletcher of Salton,—
"Allow me to make the songs of a country, and I will allow you to make its laws."

"But here," I said, "is our lugger stealing round Turnberry Head. We shall soon part, perhaps for ever; and I would fain know with whom I have spent an hour so agreeably, and have some name to remember him by. My own name is Matthew Lindsay. I am a native of Irvine."