TILLYLOSS SCANDAL

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649120390

Tillyloss scandal by J. M. Barrie

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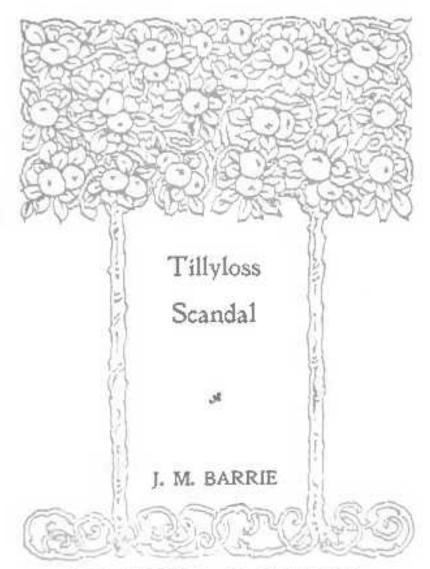
J. M. BARRIE

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H. M. CALDWELL CO., PUBLISHERS NEW YORK AND BOSTON .* .*

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A TILLYLOSS SCANDAL,

CHAPTER L

IN WHICH WE APPROACH HAGGART, HAT IN HAND.

According to those who have thought the thing over, it would defy the face of clay to set forth this prodigious affair of Tillyloss, the upshot of which was that Tammas Haggart became a humorist. It happened so far back as the Long Year, so called by reason of disease in the potato crop; and doubtless the house, which still stands, derides romance to those who cavil at an outside stair. Furthermore, the many who only knew Haggart in his later years, whether personally or through written matter or from Thrums folk who have traveled, will not readily admit that he may once have been an every-day man. There is also against me the vexing practice of the farmer of Lookaboutyou, who never passes Tillyloss, if there is a friend of mine within earshot, without saying :

"Grave-stane or no grave-stane, Tammas

Haggart would have been a humorist."

Lookaboutyou thus implies that he knew Haggart for a man of parts when the rest of us were blind, and it is tantalizing beyond ordinary to see his word accepted in this matter by people who would not pay him for a drill of potatoes without first stepping it to

make sure of the length.

I have it from Tammas Haggart that until the extraordinary incident occurred which I propose telling as he dropped it into my mouth he was such a man as myself. True, he was occasionally persuaded by persons of Lookaboutyou's stamp to gloss over this admission, as incredible on the face of it, but that was in his last years, when he had become something of a show, and was in a puzzle about himself. Of the several reasons he gave me in proof of a non-humorous period in his life the following seem worthy of especial attention:—

First, that for some years after his marriage he had never thought of himself as more nicely put together than other men. He could not say for certain whether he had ever thought of himself at all, his loom taking up

so much of his time.

Second, that Chirsty was able to aggravate him by saying that if which was which she would have married James Pitbladdo.

Third, that he was held of little account

by the neighbors, who spoke of his living "above Lunan's shoppy," but never localized the shop as "below Haggart's house."

Fourth, that while on his wanderings he experienced certain novel and singular sensations in his inside, which were probably his humor trying to force a passage.

Fifth, that in the great scene which ended his wanderings, his humor burst its banks like a dam, and had flowed in burns ever since.

During nearly forty years we contrived now and again to harness Tammas to his story, but often he would stop at the difficulty of realizing the man he must have been in his pre-humorous days, and remark, in his sarcastic way, that the one Haggart could not fathom the other. Thus our questionings sometimes ended in silence, when we all looked in trouble at the fire and then went home. As for starting him on the story when he was not in the vein, it was like breasting the brae against a high wind.

When the events happened I was only a lad. I cannot send my mind back to the time when I could pass Haggart without the side-glance nearly all Thrums offered to his reputation, and he is best pictured hunkering at Tillyloss, one of a row of his admirers. After eight o'clock it was the pleasant custom of the weavers to sit in the open against a house or dyke, their knees near their chins