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RUTLAND COUNTY HERALD,

[illegible] Wednesday Evening at Rutland, Vt.

By GEO. H. BEAMAN.

TERMS—PER YEAR

[illegible]

ADVERTISING

[illegible]

The Heir of Lynn.

BY WILLIAM E. ENGELING.

There is a Scottish Ballad by [illegible] that I never saw but once in my life, but it made a very strong impression on me. A Scottish ballad is said to be found I will endeavor to tell the story in prose.

The Laird of Lynn in Galway, was one of the richest landed proprietors in Scotland. He had his lands well disposed for, had flocks and herds and a good store of gold.—Moreover he was a man of firm and particular disposition so that the gentry of Galway attended his company, and the whole country stood shame on him. Nevertheless he richer grew, and increased to a mighty sum, and there was no telling what heaps of treasure he had secretly concealed.

The Laird of Lynn did not marry till late in life, and his wife died within a year after their marriage. She left him one child, a son, who was the joy and plague of his life at once. Though naturally of a [illegible] temper, he was wild and reckless and extravagant. Spending and squandering his hundreds every day, for his much of a temper and habits, he resolved within twenty months to be like him, and spent all the money he could lay his hands upon, among low and loose companions, in drinking and riotous living. So true it is that our extreme often produces the other. It was in vain that his father remonstrated with him. He only grew worse as he grew older and older.

At last the Laird of Lynn lay on his death bed. He had outlived all his near relations, and he had no friends, so that he was in a manner obliged to leave all his substance to his son, and besides, next to his child he loved his prodigal son. Previous to his death, he called the Heir of Lynn to his bedside and spake thus to him:

'My son, when my eyes are cold in death and my tongue silent in the grave, I know how it will be with you. You will spend all the substance of my ancestors, and all the gold I have got together, in dissipation and extravagance. Nevertheless I leave you my son to the mercy of your father's God. Be frugal, be prudent, be wise. Be not a spendthrift, a gamester, a drunkard, a profligate. Be not a fool, a rake, a libertine