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GRECIAN KNABBS,

From *Ovid's* *Metam.* LIB. XIII.

Confedere duces, & vulgi stante corona, &c.

Attempted in broad *BUCHANNS*,

By *R. F. GENT.*

To which is added

A JOURNAL TO PORTSMOUTH,
and a SHOP-BILL,

In the same *Dialect.*

With a KEY.

EDINBURGH:
Printed in the Year M.DCC.LIV.



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A J A X ' S S P E E C H

T O T H E

G R E C I A N K N A B B S .

THE wight an' doughty Captains a'
Upo' their doups sat down;

A rangel o' the common fouk

In bourachs a' stood roun.

Ajax bangs up, whafe targe was fhught

In seven fald o' hide;

An' bein' bouden'd up wi' wraith,

Wi' atry face he ey'd

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The

The *Trojan* shore, an' a' the barks

That tedder'd-fast did ly

Along the Coast; an' raxing out

His gardies, loud did cry:

O *Jove!* The cause we here do plead,

An' unco' great's the staik;

Bat fall that sleeth *Ulysses* now

Be said to be my maik?

Ye ken right well, fan *Hector* try'd

Thir barks to burn an' scowder,

He took to speed o' fit, because

He cou'd na' bide the ewder.

Bat I, like birky, stood the brunt,

An' flocken'd out that glead,

Wi' muckle virr, an' syne I gar'd

The limmers tak the speed.

'Tis better then, the cause we try
 Wi' the wind o' our wame,
 Than for to come in hanny grips
 At sik a driry Time.
 At threeps I am na' sae perquire,
 Nor auld-farren as he,
 Bat at banes-braken, it's well kent,
 He has na' maughts like me.
 For as far as I him excell
 In toulzies fierce an' strong,
 As far in chaft-taak he exceeds
 Me, wi' his fleeked tongue.
 My proticks an' my doughty Deeds,
 O *Greeks!* I need na' tell,
 For ther's nane here bat kens them well:
 Lat him tell his himself:

Which ay were done at glomin time,

Or dead hour o' the night,

An' deil ane kens except himsell ;

For nae man saw the fight.

The staik indeed is unco' great,

I will confess always,

Bat, name *Ulysses* to it anes,

The worth quite dwines away.

Great as it is, I need na' voust ;

I'm fire I hae nae neef

To get fat cou'd be ettl'd at,

By sik a menfless thief.

Yet routh o' honour he has got,

Ev'n tho' he gets the glaik,

Fan he's sae crous, that he wou'd try

To be brave *Ajax*' maik.

Bat gin my wightness doubted were,

I wat my gentle bleed,

As being fin to *Telamon*,

Right fickerly does plead:

Wha, under doughty *Hercules*,

Great *Troy*'s walls down hurl'd,

An' in a tight *Thessalian* Bark

To *Colchos*' harbour fwirl'd.

An' *Æacus* my gutcher was,

Wha now in hell fits jidge,

Where a fun-stane does *Sisyphus*

Down to the yerd fair gnidge.

Great *Jove* himsel owns *Æacus*

To be his ain dear boy,

An' fyn, without a' doubt, I am

The neist chiel to his oye.

Bat thus in counting o' my etion

I need na' mak' sik din,

For it's well kent *Achilles* was

My father's brither sin:

An' as we're coufins, there's nae scouth

To be in ony fwidders;

I only seek fat is my due,

I mean fat was my brither's.

Bat why a thief, like *Sisyphus*,

That's nidder'd fae in hell,

Sud here tak' fittiniment,

Is mair-na' I can tell.

Sall then these arms be deny'd

To me, wha in this bruilzie

Was the first man that drew my durk,

Came flaught-bred to the toulzie?

An'

An' fall this sleeth come farrer ben,
 Wha was sae dev'lish furly,
 He scarce wou'd gae a fit frae hame,
 An' o' us a' was hurly?
 An' frae the weir he did back hap,
 An' turn'd to us his fud:
 An' gar'd the hale-ware o' us trow
 That he was gane clean wod.
 Until the sin o' *Nauplius*,
 Mair usefess na' himsell,
 His jouckry-pauckry finding out,
 To weir did him compell.
 Lat him then now tak will an' wile,
 Wha nane at first wou'd wear,
 An' I get baith the skaith an' scorn,
 Twin'd o' my brither's gear!

Because I was the foremost man,
 An' steed the hettest fire,
 Just like the man that aught the cow,
 Gade deepest i' the mire.
 I wish the chiel he had been wod,
 Or that it had been trow'd;
 That Mither o' mischief had not
 To *Troy's* town been row'd.
 Syne, *Peen's* son, thou'd not been left
 On *Lemnos'* isle to skirle,
 Where now thy groans in dowy dens
 The yerd-fast stanes do thirle:
 An' on that fleeth *Ulysses* head
 Sad curses down does bicker,
 If there be gods aboon, I'm fire
 He'll get them leel and sicker.

This doughty lad he was resolved

Wi' me his fate to try,

Wi' poison'd stewgs o' *Hercules*,

Bat 'las! his bleed wis fey.

Wi' sickness now he's ferter like,

Or like a water-wraith,

An' hirplin' after the wil' birds,

Can scarce get meat an' claith.

An' now these darts that weeded were

To tak' the town o' *Troy*,

To get meat for his gabb, he man

Against the birds employ.

Yet he's alive, altho' to gang

Wi' him he was fu' laith;

If *Palamede* had been sae wise,

He had been free frae skaith:

For he'd been livin' ti' this day,

An' slept in a hale skin,

An' gotten fair play for his life,

An' stan'd he had nae been.

Because he proved he was nae wod,

He was sae fu' o' fraud,

He slack'd na' till he gat the life

O' this poor fakeless lad.

For to the *Grecians* he did swear,

He had sae great envy,

That gou'd in goupens he had got,

The army to betray.

An' wi' mischief he was sae gnib,

To get his ill intënt,

He howk'd the gou'd which he himsel'

Had yerded in his tent.

Thus

Thus wi' uncanny pranks he fights,

An' fae he did beguile,

An' twin'd us o' our kneefest men,

By death and by exile.

Altho' mair gabby he may be

Than *Nestor* wise and true,

Yet few will say, it was nae fau't

That he did him furhow.

Fan his poor glyde was fae mischiev'd,

He'd neither ca' nor drive,

The lyart lad, wi' years fair dwang'd,

The traitor thief did leave.

These are nae threeps o' mine, right well

Kens *Diomede* the wight,

Wha' wi snell words him fair did snib,

An' bann'd his cowardly flight.

The gods tho' look on mortal men

Wi' eyn baith just and gleg;

Lo he, wha *Nestor* wou'd nae help,

For help himsell does beg!

Then as he did the auld man leave

Amon' fae fierce a menzie,

The law he made, lat him be paid

Back just in his ain cuinzie.

Yet fan he cryed, O neipers help!

I ran to tak' his part,

He look'd fae haw as 'gin a dwame

Had just o'ercaft his heart.

For they had gi'en him sik a fleg,

He look'd as he'd been doited,

For ilka' limb an' lith o' him

'Gainst ane anithir knoited.

Syne wi' my targe I cover'd him,

Fan on the yerd he lies,

An' fav'd his smearless faul, I think,

'Tis little to my praise.

Bat 'gin wi' *Batie* ye will bourd,

Come back, lad, to yon place;

Lat *Trojans* an' your wonted fears

Stand glourin' i' your face:

Syne flouch behind my doughty targe,

That yon day your head happit;

There fight your fill, since ye are grown

Sae unco' crous an' cappit.

Fan I came to him, wi' sad wound

He had nae maughts to gang,

Bat fan he saw that he was safe,

Right souple cou'd he spang.

Lo! *Hector* to the toulzie came,
 An' gods baith fierce an' grim,
 He flegged starker fouk na' you,
 Sae fair they dreaded him.

Yet as he did o' slaughter voust,
 I len'd him fik a dird,
 As laid him arfelins on his back,
 to wamble o' the yerd.

Fan he spang'd out, rampag'd an' said
 That nane amon' us a'
 Durst venture out upo' the lone,
 Wi' him to shak' a fa' ;

I dacker'd wi' him by mysel',
 Ye wish't it to my kavel,
 An' gin ye speer fa' got the day,
 We parted on a nevel.

Lo! *Trojans* fetch baith fire an' sword

Amo' the *Grecian* barks:

Whare's eloquent *Ulysses* now,

Wi' a' his wily cracks;

I then a thousand ships did save,

An' muckle danger thol'd;

'Gin they'd brunt, de'il ane had seen

The land whare he was foal'd.

Bat 'gin the truth I now durst tell,

I think the honour's mair

To them, than fat it is to me,

Tho' they come to my skair;

At least the honour equal is:

Then fat needs a' this din;

For *Ajax* them he does na' seek,

Sae fair as they do him.

Then

Then lat *Ulysses* now compare

Rhesus an' maughtless *Dolon*,

An' *Priam's* son, an' *Pallas* phizz,

That i' the night was stoln.

For de'il be-licket has he done,

Fan it was fair-fuir days ;

Nor without gaucy *Diomede*,

Wha was his guide always.

Rather na' give him this propinc,

For deeds that feckless are,

Divide them, and lat *Diomede*

Come in for the best share.

Bat fat use will they be to him,

Wha in hudge mudge wi' wiles,

Without a gully in his hand,

The smeerless fac beguiles ?

The gowden helmet will fae glance,

An blink wi' skyrin briins,

That a' his wimples they'll find out

Fan i' the mark he sheens.

Bat his weak head nae farrach has

That helmet for to bear,

Nor has he mergh intil his banes,

To wield *Achilles'* spear:

Nor his bra' targé, on which is seen

The yerd, the sin, and lift,

Can well agree wi' his cair cleuck,

That cleikit was for thift.

Fat gars you then, mischievous tyke!

For this propinc to prig,

That your sma' banes wou'd langel fair,

They are fae unco' big?

An' if the *Greeks* sud be sae blind,

As gi' you sik a gift,

The *Trojan* lads right soon wou'd dight

You like a futtle haft.

An' as you ay by speed o' fit

Perform ilk' doughty deed,

Fan laggert wi' this bouksome graith,

You will tyne half your speed.

Besides your targe, in battle keen,

Bat little danger tholes,

While mine wi' mony a thudd is clowr'd,

An' thirl'd fair wi' holes.

Bat now, fat need's for a' this din?

Lat deeds o' words tak' place,

An lat your stoutness now be try'd,

Just here before your face.

Lat th' arms of *Achilles* brave

Amon' our faes be laid,

An' the first chiel' that brings them back;

Lat him wi' them be clad.

F I N I S.

A
JOURNAL

F R O M

LONDON to PORTSMOUTH.

S I R:

I Wou'd hae written you lang 'ere now, but I hae been sae eident writing journals that I hae been quite forfoughen wi' them: bat diel ane has glacked my mitten for as fair as I hae been nidder'd wi' them; fousomever, sin we're speaking o' journals, I hae been sae baul as sen you a sampler o' mine frae London to Portsmouth: An' first an' foremost, there was three i' the coach forby me; the first was a leiftenant o' a ship, a gau-cy, swack young follow, an' as guid a pint-ale's man as 'ere beeked his fit at the coutchack o' a browster wife's ingle: he was well wördy o' the gardy-chair it-fell, or e'en to sit ben inno the guidman upo' the best bink o' the house: I believe an honeste follow never brack the
nook

nook o' a corter, nor cuttit a fang frae a kebbuck, wi' a whittle that lies i' the quinzie o' the maun oner the cleath.

The second chiel was a thick, fetterel, swown pallach, wi' a great chuller oner his cheeks, like an ill scraped haggis: he's now gane back to London, an' I'm feer, gin ye'll tak' the pains to fin' him out, an' flay him belly-flaught, his skin wad mak' a gallant tulchin for you: bat I canna say I had ony cause to wish the body ill, for he did gaylies confeirin, only he connach'd a hantle o' tobacco; for diel belickit did he the hale gate bat feugh at his pipe; an' he was fae browden'd upon't, that he was like to smore us i' the coach wi' the very ewder o't: bat yet he was a fine gabby, auld-farren carly, and held us browly out o' langer bi' the rod.

The third was an auld, wizen'd, haave coloured carlen, a sad gyfard indeed, an' as baul' as ony ettercap: we had been at nae great tinsel apiest we had been quit o' her; for diel a maik to her that e'er you saw: for altho' you had seen her yourfell, you wou'd na' kent fat to mak' o' her, unless it had been a gyr-carlen, or set her up amon' a curn air bear to fley
awa'

awa' the ruicks: Jidge ye gin we had na' bony company.

But there was something war na' a this yet, the diel a drap guid ale cou'd we get upo' the rod; I canna tell you fat diel was the matter wi't, gin the wort was blinket, or fat it was, bat you ne'er saw sik peltry i' your born days; for it tasted sweet i' your mou, bat fan anes it was down your wizen, it had an ugly knaggim, an' a wauch wa-gang: an' syne the head o't was as yallow as bieft milk, it was enough to gi' a warsh-stamack'd body a scunner; bat ye ken well enough that I was never vera ogert-fu': bat for a that we came browlies o' the rod, till we came within a mile of Godlamin, a little townie upo' the rod; an' syne on a suddenty, our great gille-gapous follow o' a coach-man turned o'er our gallant cart amon' a heap o' shirrels, an' peat-mow, an' flang her upo' her bred-side i' the gutter; my side happen'd to be newmost, an' the great hudderan carlen was riding hockerty cockerty upo' my shoulders in a hand-clap: for the wile limmer was fae dozn'd an' funied wi' cauld, that she had neither farrach nor maughts; for she tumbled down upo' me wi' sik a reimis,
that

that she gart my head cry knoit upo' the coach door; I wat she rais'd a norlick on my crown, that was not well for twa days. By this time the gutters was comin in at the coach door galore, an' I was lying tawin an' wamlin under lucky-minny like a sturdy hoggie that had fallen into a peat-pot, or a stirkie that had stayer'd into a well-eye: faul man, I began to think be this time that my disty-meiller wis near made, an' wad hae gien twice fourty pennies to had the gowan oner my feet again; for thinks I, an' the horse tak' a brattle now, they may come to lay up my mittens, an' ding me yavil, an' as styth as gin I had been elf-shot: bat the thing that angered me warst awa, was to be fae fair gnidg'd by a chanler-chafted, auld runk carlen; for an it had been a tyddie, cauller, swack penny-worth, I might hae chanc'd to get a mens o' her, an' gotten a ride on her agen, gin she had been neiperly; bat to mak' a lang tale short, I gat out oner the wife, an' clam out at t'ither door o' the coach, as gin I had been gain out at the lum o' a house that wanted baith crook an' rattle-tree. Saul man, ye may laugh at me fan ye read this, bat I wat it was na' mows, for I was sidgen fain an' unco' vokie

vokie fan I gat out oner her, for as laggart an' trachel'd as I wis wi' tawin amo' the dubs; I believe gin ye had seen me than (for it was just i' the glomin) staakin about like a hallen-shaker, you wou'd hae taen me for a water-wreath, or some gruous ghaist; bat I'm seer you wou'd hae laughin fair, gin ye had seen how the auld hag glosed fan she fell down after I got out oner her; however twa or three o's winfree'd the wife, an' gat her out. Fan we wis a' out, the vile tarveal fleeth o' a coach-man began to yark the peer beasts fae, that you wou'd hae heard the fough o' ilka thudd afore it came down; bat a' this wou'd na' dee, sometimes the breast-woddies, an' sometimes the theets brak, and the swingle-trees flew in flinders, as gin they had been as freugh as kail-castacks; syne ilka a thing gaed widdersins about wi' us: at last we, like fierdy follows, flew to't slaught-bred, thinkin to raise it in a widden-dream; bat faul we wis mistane, for we cou'd na' budge it: at the last an' the lang, came up twa three swankies riding at the hand-gallop, garring the dubs flee about them like speen-drift, an' they seein us tawin an' workin fae eident, speird fat wis the matter wi' us; for fan they saw us a' in a
bourich

bourich, they had some allagust that some mishanter had befalln us; however they wou'd na' take ony fittinment wi' our business, till we speerd gin they wou'd lend us a hand to winfree our coach; faul the lads wis nae very driech a-drawin, bat lap in amo' the dubs in a hand-clap; I'm feer some o' them wat the sma' end o' their moggan: syne we laid our heads together, an' at it wi' virr; at last, wi' great peching an' granin, we gat it up with a pingle. By this time it wis growing mark, an' about the time o' night that the boodies begin to gang, an' as I was in a swidder fat to dee, I wou'd na' gang into the coach agen, far fear I shou'd hae gotten my harns kleckit out, or some o' my banes broken or dung a smash; on the tither hand I did na' care to stilp upo' my queets, far fear o' the briganers, an' mair attour, I did na' na' care to bachle my new sheen: however the lieftennant an' I ventured on the rod: for ye ken well enough, we, bein' wet, wou'd soon grow davert to stand or sit either in the cauld that time o' night: an' we cou'd na' get a chiel to shaw us the gate, alpuist we had kreish'd his liv wi a shillin; bat be guid luck we antered browlies upo' the rod, an' left

D

the

the auld gabby carly, an' the hudderren wife, to help the leethfu' leepit sleeth o' a coach-man to yoke his horse; for mony a time did he bid diel confound him frae neck to heel, or else sheet him styth, that he might na' dee o' dwinin. O man, an ye had seen how laggert the auld-farren body wis afore he gat the runk carlen hame to our lodgin; wae worth me bat ye wou'd hae hard the peer burfen belchs whoslin like a horse i' the strangle, a rigglenth e'er you came neer them; an' syne the auld wife complain'd fae upon her banes, that you wou'd hae thought she had been in the dead-thraw, in a weaven after she came in; guid feggs I wis fley'd that she had taen the wytenon-fa, an' inlakit afore sipper, far she shuddered a' like a klippert in a cauld day.

There happen'd to be i' the house we came to lodge in, three young giglet hissies, an' they were like to pish their houghs fan they saw how blubber'd an' droukit the peer wary-draggels war fan they came in; far ye wou'd hae thought that the yerd-meel had been upo' their face: There wis anc o' the queans, I believe, had casten a lagen-gird; the tither wis a haave colour'd smearless tapie, wi' a great hassick o' hair, hingin in twa-pennerts

nerts about her haffats; she looked fae
 allagrugous that a bodie wou'd nae car'd
 to meddle wi' her, apeice they had been
 hir'd to do't; bat the third wis a cauller,
 swack bit o' beef, as mirkie as maukin at
 the start, an' as wanton as a spenin lamb.
 I believe she was a leel maiden, an' I
 canna say bat I had a kirnen wi' her, an'
 a kine o' a harlin favour for her; bat did
 na' care for bein aur brouden'd upon her
 at first, for fear she shou'd say that I was
 new-fangle; however I took her by the
 bought o' the gardy, an' gar'd her sit
 down by me; bat she bad me had aff my
 hands, far I misgrugled a' her apron, an'
 mismaggl'd a' her cocker-nony: I canna'
 say bat I wou'd hae been content to hae
 a night o' her i' the kill-hole, altho' I
 had nae mair claife bat a spraing'd faikie,
 or a riach plaidie to hap our hurdies; bat
 I had not set her well down by me, till
 in came sik a rangel o' gentles, an' a
 liethry o' hanziel slyps at their tail, that
 in a weaven the house wis gain like Low-
 ren-fair; for you wou'd na' hard day
 nar door; syne the queans wis in sik a
 firry-farry, that they began to misca ane
 anither like kail-wives, an' you wou'd
 hae thought that they wou'd hae flown
 in ither's witters in a hand-clap: I wis
anes

anes gain to speer 'fat wis the matter, bat I saw a curn o' camla-like follows wi' them, an' I thought they were a fremt to me, an' fae they might aet ither, as Towy's hawks did, far ony thing that I car'd; far thinks I, an' I shou'd be fae gnib as middle wi' the thing that did nae brak my teas, some o' the chiels might let a raught at me, an' gi' me a clamehewit to snib me frae comin that gate agen. At last ane o' the hissies came an' speerd at me gin I wou'd hae a bit o' a roasted grycie, or a bit o' a bacon haam, (that is the hinder hurdies o' an auld swine) for sipper, bat ye ken well enough that I was nevet very brouden'd upo' swine's flesh, sin my mither gae me a forlethie o't, at maist hae gi'en me the gulfach; an' fae I tauld her I rather hae the leomen of an auld ew, or a bit o' a dead nout. By this time, it wis time to mak the meel-an-bree, an' deel about the castocks, bat diel a word o' that cou'd I hear i' this house; well thinks I, an' this be the gate o't, I'll better gang to my bed as i'm bodden: fan they saw that, they sent in some smachry or ither to me, an' a pint of their scuds, as fowr as ony bladoch; or wigg that comes out o' the reem-kirn; far they

they thou't ony thing might fair a peer
 body like me; bat the leave o' the gen-
 tles wis drinkin wine a' fouth, tho' I
 might nae fa that: Bat to mak' an end
 o' a lang story, I made shift to mak' a
 sipper o't, an' gaed to my bed like a guid
 bairn, an' the niest mornin they had me
 up afore the sky, an' I believe afore the
 levrick or yern-bliter began to sing, an'
 hurl'd me awa to Portsmouth.

Gin ye like this piece o' my journal,
 I care nae by to sen you a weekly jour-
 nal, in case I binna thrang; bat my fing-
 ers are sae davert wi' the cauld, that I
 canna write langer at this time; bat fan
 this comes to hand, I hope you'll be
 sae kind as let us hear frae you. Adieu
 dryly, we fall drink fan we meet.

F I N I S.

A

S H O P B I L L.

TO ilka a body be it kend.
 Frae John A-groats to the lands end,
 That frae this day I do intend,
 some shanks to sell;
 This is my bill, to you I send
 that it may tell.
 That if you chance for me to speer,
 I'll fit you weel wi' doughty geer
 That either knabbs or lairds may weer,
 and ladies tee
 For ilka feason i' the year,
 as ye shall see.
 An' first o' hose I hae a' fouth,
 Some frae the North, some frae the South,
 An' some o' our ain quintray grouth,
 baith grae an' ruffet,
 Wi' different clocks; bat yet in truth
 we ca' it gushet.
 An' mair attour I'll tell you trow,
 That a' the moggans are bran new,
 Some worsted are o' different hue,
 an' some are cotton,
 That's safter far na' ony woo,
 that grows on mutton.
 Bat

Bat if some lads shou'd stand in need,
 Of shanks that are for simmer weed,
 I'll fit them wi' the best o' threed,
 or white or brown,
 That may well fair the gentlest bleed
 in a' the town.

The mucklest man, he may be fitted
 Wi' hose that's either wove or knitted,
 An' gin he likes, he's get them litted,
 or brown or black;
 We'll gar him say, he's nae outwitted,
 fan he comes back.

The porter, car-man, or servant lad,
 That ca's the beast wi' fup or gad,
 May come to me, where may be had,
 for their nain wear,
 The starkest hose that can be made,
 an' yet nae dear.

Far wary-draggle, an' sharger elf,
 I hae the gear upo' my skelf,
 Will make them soon lay down their pelf,
 fan anes they see,
 That they wi' ease can fit themselves,
 an' deal wi' me.

Frae ladies to a servant wench,
 I can well fit them every inch,
 An' if they're fley'd that they shou'd pinch,
 I'll try them on;
 Perhaps I may their greening stench,
 'ere I hae done.
 Red,

Red, blue an' green, an' likewise pearl,
 I hae to fit the little girl;
 An' some for those that tak' a tirl
 amo' the sheets,
 Wi' mony a bony tirlly wirl
 about the queets.
 The ladies that do tak' their pleasure,
 An' wi' true travel win their treasure,
 If that they hae sae muckle leisure
 on me to call,
 I'll fit exactly to their measure,
 both great an' small.
 Besides I'd hae you understand,
 That I hae caps upo' demand,
 An' gloves likewise, to hap the hand
 of frernt an' sib.
 An' napkins, as good's in a' the land,
 to dight your nib.
 Now by my bill you plainly see,
 That great an' sma can fitted be:
 Come then flock flaught-bred unto me,
 an' buy my thanks,
 You may be sure that I will gi'
 a warld o' thanks.
 I likewise tell you by this bill,
 That I do live upo' Tower-hill,
 Hard by the house o' Robie Mill,
 just i' the nuik,
 Ye canna' mist when 'ere you will,
 the sign's a buik.

O si nunc juvenes & puella

Wou'd flock in, like *micantes stelle*,

Tum mihi suavius erit melle,

when, frae the thrang,

The clink that haps baith back an' belly,

I tell ding dang.

Sed denique, it is uncommon

To send a bill that mentions no man,

Ut finem huicce story ponam,

sit notum vobis,

Simmer an' winter, *hoc est nomen,*

I mean ROB. FORBES.

F I N I S.

E



A

K E Y;

O R

Explanation of the hard Words contained in
AJAX's Speech and the Journal:

Alphabetically digested.

| | A | P. L. |
|-----------------|----------------------------|------------|
| A TRY | Stern, grim | 3 8 |
| Arfelins | Backwards | 16 7 |
| Allagust | Suspicion | 27 1 |
| Anter'd | Saunter'd, hit upon | 30 |
| Allagrugous | Grim, ghastly | 29 2 |
| | B | |
| Bourachs | Rings, circles | 3 4 |
| Bouden'd | Swell'd | 7 |
| Bruilzie | Scuffle, quarrel | 8 14 |
| Bicker | Rattle | 10 14 |
| Batie | Mastiff | 15 5 |
| Bourd | Meddle, contend | 5 |
| Brinns | Rays, beams | 19 2 |
| Bouksome graith | Bulky accoutrements | 20 7 |
| Beeked | Warm'd | 22 13 |
| Ben-inno | Within, beyond | 16 |
| Bink | A feat of plaister | 17 |
| Browden'd | Fond, enamour'd | 23 15 |
| Blinket | Sowr'd, spoil'd | 24 7 |
| Biest milk | Milk from a new calved cow | 13 |
| Budge | Stir, move | 26 24 |
| Boodies | Ghosts, Goblins, &c. | 27 14 |
| | | Briganders |

| | | | |
|---------------|---------------------|----|----|
| Briganers | Robbers, thieves | 27 | 21 |
| Bachle | Wrench, distort | | 22 |
| Bursen beſchs | Breathless wretches | 28 | 10 |
| Bladoch | Butter-milk | 30 | 29 |

C

| | | | |
|---------------------|--------------------------|----|----|
| Chaft-taak | Talking, prattling | 5 | 11 |
| Crous | Bold, stout | 6 | 15 |
| Cuinzie | Coin | 14 | 8 |
| Cappit | Touchy, quarrelsome | 15 | 12 |
| Cair-cleuk | Left hand | 19 | 11 |
| Cleikit | Caught in the fang | | 12 |
| Coutchack | Clearſt part of the fire | 22 | 14 |
| Chuller | Double chin | 23 | 5 |
| Confeirin | Conſidering | | 12 |
| Connach'd a hantle | Spoil'd much | | 13 |
| Curn air-bear | Parcel of early barley | | 29 |
| Caſten a lagen-gird | Bore a child | 28 | 27 |
| Camla-like | Sullen, ſurly | 30 | 2 |
| Clamehewit | Stroke, a drubbing | | 10 |

D

| | | | |
|----------------|------------------------------|----|----|
| Dowy | Difmal | 10 | 11 |
| Dwang'd | Bow'd, decrepid | 13 | 11 |
| Dwame | Qualm, fainting | 14 | 11 |
| Doited | Stupified | | 14 |
| Dird | Thump, box | 16 | 6 |
| Dacker'd | Engaged, grappl'd | | 13 |
| Deil-be-licket | Nothing | 18 | 5 |
| Dozn'd | Benumb'd | 24 | 28 |
| Diſty meiller | Made an end of, laſt meal | | |
| Doup | Burn made of the crop | 25 | 10 |
| Ding me yavil | Lay me flat | | 15 |
| Driech | Slow, ſlack | 27 | 6 |
| Dung a-ſmaſh | Beat to powder | | 18 |
| Davert | Cold, benumb'd | | 25 |
| Dwinin | Lingering illneſs | 28 | 6 |
| Droukit | Bedaub'd, beſmear'd | | 24 |
| | Ewder | | |

E

| | | | |
|-----------|-------------------------|----|----|
| Ewder | Blaze, scorching heat | 4 | 12 |
| Ettled at | Aim'd at | 6 | 11 |
| Etion | Kindred, genealogy | 8 | 1 |
| Eident | Buſy, diligent | 22 | 2 |
| Ettercap | Venemous ſpider, a waſp | 23 | 23 |

F

| | | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------------|----|----|
| Fittiniment | Concern, footing in | 8 | 11 |
| Flaught-bred | Briskly, fiercely | | 16 |
| Farrer ben | Be more favour'd | 9 | 1 |
| Fud | Tail, back-side | | 6 |
| Fey | Doom'd to die | 11 | 4 |
| Ferter-like | Like a little fairy | | 5 |
| Furhow | Forſake | 13 | 8 |
| Fleg | Fright | 14 | 13 |
| Foal'd | Born | 17 | 8 |
| Fair-fuir-days | Broad-day-light | 18 | 6 |
| Feckleſs | Of no effect, value | | 10 |
| Farrach | Strength, ſubſtance | 19 | 5 |
| Futtle-haft | Handle of a knife | 20 | 4 |
| Forfoughen | Fatigu'd, toil'd | 22 | 3 |
| Forby me | Besides me | | 10 |
| Fang | Slice | 23 | 1 |
| Flay belly-fiaught | Skinn'd over head like a hare | | 9 |
| Feugh | Whif | | 15 |
| Flinders | In pieces, ſplinters | | 18 |
| Freugh | Frail, brittle | 26 | 19 |
| Fierdy | Fierce, ſtout | | 21 |
| Forlethie | Surfeit | 30 | 18 |

G

| | | | |
|------------------|---------------------|----|----|
| Gardies | Arms | 4 | 4 |
| Glomin-time | Twilight | 6 | 1 |
| Glaik | Cheat | | 14 |
| Gutcher | Grand-father | 7 | 9 |
| Gnidge | Squeeze, preſs down | | 12 |
| Gou'd in goupins | Gold in handfulls | 12 | 11 |
| Gnib | Ready, quick | | 13 |
| Glyde | An old horſe | | 9 |
| | Gleg | | |

| | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------------------|----|----|
| Gleg | Bright, sharp | 14 | 2 |
| Glourin | Staring | 15 | 8 |
| Gully | Weapon | 18 | 15 |
| Glacked my mitten | Put cash in my hand, gratified me | 22 | 4 |
| Gaucy | Jolly, plump | | 11 |
| Gardy-chair | Elbow-chair | | 15 |
| Gyford | Harlequin, disguised | 23 | 22 |
| Gillegapous | Half-witted, crack-brain'd | 24 | 19 |
| Galore | Plenty | 25 | 5 |
| Gruous ghaist | A grim, grisly ghost | 26 | 7 |
| Gloff'd | Shiver'd | | 9 |
| Gulfach | Jaundice | 30 | 19 |

H

| | | | |
|---------------|---------------------------------|----|----|
| Hanny-grips | Close grapple | 5 | 3 |
| Hurly | Last | 9 | 4 |
| Hale-ware | Whole | | 7 |
| Hirplin | Clenching, halting | 11 | 7 |
| Howk'd | Digg'd | 12 | 15 |
| Haw | Pale, wan | 14 | 11 |
| Happit | Skreen'd, cover'd | 15 | 10 |
| Hudge-mudge | Secretly, underhand | 18 | 14 |
| Hudderren | Hideous, ugly | 24 | 25 |
| Hallen-shaker | Sturdy-beggar | 26 | 5 |
| Harns | Brains | 27 | 17 |
| Haffick | A great Befom | 28 | 30 |
| Haffats | Chops, cheeks | 29 | 1 |
| Hurdies | Buttocks, hips | | 20 |
| Hanziel-flyps | Uncouthly dressed, ugly fellows | 23 | |

J

| | | | |
|-----------------|-------------------------|----|----|
| Jidge | Judge | 7 | 10 |
| Jouckry-pauckry | Roguery, Tricks | 9 | 11 |
| Ingle | A strong fire | 22 | 14 |
| Inlakit | Died, breath'd her last | 28 | 17 |

K

| | | | |
|----------|-------------------|----|----|
| Kneefest | Keeneft, briskeft | 13 | 3 |
| Knoited | Clash'd | 14 | 16 |
| | Kavil | | |

| | | | |
|------------------|----------------------------|----|----|
| Kavil | Lot, share | 16 | 14 |
| Kebuck | A big cheefe | 23 | 2 |
| Knaggim | <i>Gout</i> , by-taste | 24 | 11 |
| Kreish'd his liv | Great'd his loof, his palm | 27 | 28 |
| Klippert | A shorn sheep | 28 | 19 |
| Kirnen | Familiarity | 29 | 8 |

L

| | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------------|----|----|
| Lift | Firmament | 19 | 10 |
| Langel | Entangle | | 15 |
| Laggert | Encumber'd | 20 | 7 |
| Leethfu' | Loathsome, dirty | 28 | 2 |
| Leepit | Meagre, thin | | 2 |
| Lucky-minny | Grandam | 25 | 6 |
| Lay up my mittens | Beat out my brains | | 15 |
| Liethry | Croud | 29 | 23 |
| Lowren-fair | A great market in Aberdeen- | | |
| | shire | | 24 |
| Lat a raught | Aim a stroke | 30 | 9 |
| Leomen | Leg | | 20 |

M

| | | | |
|-----------------|--------------------------|----|----|
| Maik | Match, equal | 4 | 8 |
| Muckle virr | Great force | | 15 |
| Maughts | Might, strength | 5 | 8 |
| Mensless | Greedy, covetous | 6 | 12 |
| Man | Must | 11 | 11 |
| Menzie | Croud, throng | 14 | 6 |
| Maughtless | Weak, sickly | 18 | 2 |
| Mergh | Marrow | 19 | 7 |
| M aun | Bread-basket | 23 | 3 |
| Mows | Sport, jest | 25 | 30 |
| Mishanter | Disaster | 27 | 2 |
| Mirky as maukin | Merry as a hare | 29 | 5 |
| Misgrugl'd | Rumpl'd, handled roughly | | 15 |
| Mismaggl'd | Spoil'd, put awry | | 16 |
| Meel-an-bree | <i>vulgo</i> , Brose | 30 | 22 |

N

| | | | |
|----------|-------------------------|---|----|
| Neef | Difficulty, doubt | 6 | 10 |
| Nidder'd | Plagu'd, warmly handled | 8 | 10 |

Neipers

| | | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------------|----|----|
| Neipers | Neighbours | 14 | 9 |
| Nevel | A box, blow with the Fist | 16 | 16 |
| Newmost | Nethermost, beneath | 24 | 23 |
| Norlick | A lump, swelling | 25 | 2 |
| | O | | |
| Oye | Grand-child | 7 | 16 |
| Ogertfu ^p | Nice, squeamish | 24 | 15 |
| | P | | |
| Proticks | Warlike deeds, Atchievments | 5 | 13 |
| Phizz | Image, the <i>Palladium</i> | 18 | 3 |
| Propine | Gift, present | | 9 |
| Prigg | Importune, sue for | 19 | 14 |
| Pallach | Fat and short, like a porpoise | 23 | 5 |
| Peltry | Vile trash | 24 | 3 |
| Peat-mow | Peat-dross, dust | | 22 |
| Peching | Puffing, breathing hard | 27 | 11 |
| Pingle | Difficulty, hardly | | 12 |
| | Q | | |
| Quinzie | Corner | 23 | 3 |
| Queets | Ancles | 27 | 20 |
| | R | | |
| Rangel | Croud, <i>omne gathrum</i> | 3 | 3 |
| Routh | Plenty, wealth | 6 | 13 |
| Ruicks | Crows | 24 | 1 |
| Reimis | Rumble, roar | | 30 |
| Rantle-tree | End of a rafter or beam | 25 | 28 |
| Riach pladie | Dun ill-coloured plaid | 29 | 20 |
| | S | | |
| Shught | Sunk, covered | 3 | 5 |
| Staik | Stake, prize | 4 | 6 |
| Sleeth | Sloven | | 7 |
| Scowder | Set on fire | | 10 |
| Slocken'd | Quench'd | | 14 |
| | Swirl'd | | |

| | | | |
|------------------|-------------------------------------|----|----|
| Swirl'd | Sail'd | 7 | 8 |
| Scouth | Room | 8 | 5 |
| Swidders | Doubt, hesitation | | 6 |
| Skirle | Howl, shriek | 10 | 10 |
| Stewgs | Rusty darts | 11 | 3 |
| Sakeless | Helpless, forsaken | 12 | 8 |
| Snell | Bitter, sharp | 13 | 15 |
| Snibb | Chastised, frightened | | 15 |
| Smeerless | Senseless, thoughtless | 15 | 3 |
| Souple | Supple, agile | | 16 |
| Spang | Spring | | 16 |
| Shak a fa' | Wrestle, grapple | 16 | 12 |
| Swack | Nimble | 22 | 12 |
| Setterel | Thick-set, dwarfish | 23 | 4 |
| Swown | Swell'd | | 5 |
| Smore | Smother, choak | | 16 |
| Scunner | Loathing, surfeit | 24 | 14 |
| Shirrels | Turf | | 22 |
| Sturdy | Giddy, affected with a ver- tigo | 25 | 7 |
| Stirkie | Young steer or Quey | | 8 |
| Staver'd | Stagger'd | | 8 |
| Sough | Sound | 26 | 15 |
| Speen-drift | Driving snow | | 28 |
| Stilp | Stalk, walk | 27 | 20 |
| Sheet styth | Shot stark dead | 28 | 5 |
| Spraing'd faikie | Old tartan plaid | 29 | 19 |
| Smachry | Trash | 30 | 27 |

T

| | | | |
|----------|-------------------------|----|----|
| Tedder'd | Anchor'd | 4 | 2 |
| Threeps | Allegations, falsehoods | 5 | 5 |
| Toulzies | Battles, engagements | 5 | 10 |
| Thirle | Thrill, pierce | 10 | 12 |
| Thol'd | Suffer'd, endur'd | 17 | 6 |
| Tyke | Dog | 19 | 13 |
| Thudd | Stroke, box | 20 | 11 |
| Tulchin | Budget | 23 | 10 |
| Tinsel | Loss | | 24 |
| Tawin | Wrestling, tumbling | 25 | 6 |
| | Tyddie | | |

| | | | |
|-----------|-----------------------|----|----|
| Tyddie | Plump, fresh | 25 | 20 |
| Trachel'd | Fatigued | 26 | 2 |
| Tarveal | Ill-natured, fretfull | | 12 |

V

| | | | |
|-------|-------------|---|---|
| Vouft | Brag, vaunt | 6 | 9 |
|-------|-------------|---|---|

W

| | | | |
|-----------------|---|----|-------|
| Weir | War | 9 | 5 |
| Weerded | Determined, foretold | 11 | 9 |
| Wamble | Tumble | 16 | 8 |
| Wimples | Cunning, wiles | 19 | 3 |
| Wizend | Wither'd, dry | 23 | 21 |
| Wizen | Throat | 24 | 10 |
| Wauch wa-gang | A very disagreeable by-taste | 11 | |
| Warsh stamack'd | Tender or watry stomached | 13 | |
| Winfreed | Raised from the ground | 26 | 11 |
| Widderfins | Backwards, contrary to the course of the Sun | | 20 |
| Widden-dream | All of a sudden, with a ven- geance | | 23 |
| Whoslin | Blowing, breathing hard | 28 | 11 |
| Weaven | Moment | | 15 |
| Wytenonfa | Trembling, chattering | | 17 |
| Witters | Throats, faln foul of one a- nother | | 29 30 |

Y

| | | | |
|--------------|-----------------------------------|----|-------|
| Yerded | Buried | 12 | 16 |
| Yerd | Earth | 16 | 8 |
| Yark | Strike, whip | 26 | 13 |
| Yerd meel | Earth-mould, church-yard- duft | | 23 26 |
| Yern-blitter | A bird called a Snipe | 31 | 9 |

F I N I S.











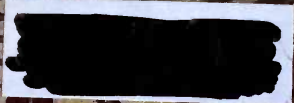






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