

THE  
**WONDERFUL POWER OF THE STOMACH—**  
**WHOLE PROCEEDINGS**

OF  
**JOCKY & MAGGY'S**

**PREPARED**

WITH

**The Great Diversion that Ensued.**

**IN THREE PARTS.**



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# JOCKEY AND MAGGY'S

## COURTSHIP.

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### PART I.

*Jockey.* HEY, Maggy, wiltu stay and tak kent  
olks hame wi' ye the night.

*Maggy.* Wiltu come awa' then Johnnie, I fain  
wad be hame or the kie come in; our mickle Riggy  
is sic a rummeling royte, she rins aye thro' the byre,  
and sticks a' the bits of couties; my mither is na  
ble to haud her up to her ain stake.

*Jock.* Hute, we'll be hame in brow time woman,  
and how's a' your folks at hame?

*Mag.* Indeed I canna weel tell you man; our  
uid man is a' gane wi' the gout; my mither is  
ery frail, my father he's aye wandering about, and  
riddling among the beast.

*Jock.* But dear, Maggy, they tell me me were  
naun to get a wedding of thee and Andrew Merry-  
mouth, the Laird's young gardener.

*Mag.* Na, na, he maun hae a brawer lass to be his wife than the like of me; but auld Tamm Tailtree was seeking me; my father wad a hane me to tak him, but my mither wadna let me; there wad a debate about it, my guidame wad a sticket my mither wi' the grape, if my father hadna chance to founder her with the beetle.



*Jock.* Hech, woman, I think your father was a fool for fashing wi' him, auld slavery dufe, he wants naething of a cow but the cloutes; your guidame may tak him hersel, twa auld tottering stumps, the taen may sair the tither fu' weel.

*Mag.* Hech, man! I wad a tane thee or ony

body to hane them greed again, my father bled my guidame's nose, and my guidame brak my mither's humb, the neighbours came rinning in, but I had the luik to haud my father's hand's, till yence my guidame plotted him wi' the broe that was to mak our brose.

*Jock.* Dear Maggy, I hae something to tell you, and ye wadna be angry at it.

*Mag.* O Johnny, there's my hand I'se no be angry at it, be what it will.

*Jock.* Indeed, Maggy, the fouk of your town and the fouk of our town says we are gaun to be married. What sayest thou?

*Mag.* I wish we ne'er do waur, man, O Johnny I dream'd of you langsyne, and I like you aye after that.

*Jock.* O Maggy, Maggy, dost thou not mind since I came to your father's bull wi' my mither's cow, ye ken she wadna stand, and ye helped me to haud her; aye after that they scorned me, that I wad be married to you.

*Mag.* It's very true man, it'll be an odd thing and it be; but it'll na fa' back at my door, I assure you.

*Jock.* Nor at mine—But my mither bade me kiss ye,

*Mag.* Indeed sall ye. Johnny, thou's no want  
twa kisses, ane on every side of the mouth, man.

*Jock.* Ha, ha, Maggy, I'll hae a merry night o'  
kissing you shortly.

*Mag.* Ay, but Johnny, you maun stay till the  
night comes; it's best to keep the feast till the feast  
day.

*Jock.* Dinna be angry, Maggy, my wife to be;  
for I have heard my mither say in her daffin, that  
fouk sud aye try gin their house will haud their  
plenishing.

*Mag.* Ay, Johnny, a wife is ae thing and a house  
anither; a man that's a-mind to marry a woman,  
he'll aye be fond o' her.

*Jock.* 'Tis a' true, Maggy, but fouk's may  
kiss or they be married, and no hae nae ill in  
their minds.

*Mag.* Indeed, Johnny, I like you better than  
ony lad I see; an I sall marry you and ance my  
faither's muck were out; my mither downa work  
at the midden.

*Jock.* Ah, Maggy, Maggy! I'm feared ye be-  
guile me, and then my mither will murder me for  
being so silly.

*Mag.* My jo, Johnny, tell your mither to pro-  
vide a' things for the bridal and I sall marry you in  
three ouks after this; but we maun gie in siller to

the Precentor, a groat and a drink to the bellman, and then the kirk wa's maun hear o'th three Sun days or it come.

*Jock.* But Maggy, I'm not to mak a blind bargain wi' you nor nae body; I maun ken of your things, and you'sall ken of mine.

*Mag.* I ken well what I was to get, and gin my mither likes the bargain weel, she'll mak it better; but an my father be angry at the bargain, I'darna speak of marrying.

*Jock.* I seena how he can be angry, I wat we'll I am a gay sturdy fallow, when I laid a bow and five pecks of beer on the Laird's Bawsy, and he's as bilshy a beast as in a' the barony.

*Mag.* Ay, but my mither is aye angry at ony that evens themselves to me, an it dinna them she likes, indeed she bade me tak ony body, if it wasna auld tottering Tammy; for his bread is aye brown wi' suckling tobacco, and slavers a' the breast of his fecket.

*Jock.* Oh, Maggy, take me and I'll tell ye what I hae. First my father left me, when he died fifty merks, twa sacks, twa pair of sunks; the hens and the gaun gear was to be divided between me and mither, and if she died first, a' her gear was to come in among mine, and if I died before her, a' my gear was to come back to her again, and her to marry anither man, if she could get him. But since 'tis

sae, she is to gie me Brucky and the black mare, the half of the cogs, three spoons, and four pair of blankets, and a cannas : she's too big a twabey to her ain gravel, to be a dwelling house to me and my wife, and I'm to get the wee byre at the end of the raw, to haud my cows and twa couties; the half of the barn, and a bed of the kail-yard, as lang as she leaves, and when she dies, I'm to pay for the yerding honestly, and a' the o'ercome is to be my ain; and by that time I'll be as rich as e'er my father was before me.

*Mag.* Truly, Johnnie; I'se no sae mickle to the contrait, but an ye hae a mind to tak me wi' what I hae, tell me either now or never, I'se be married or lang be.

*Jock.* I wat weel I'm courting in earnest tell me what you hae, an we'll say na mair, but marry ither.

*Mag.* I'se tell you a' I ken of, whate'er my guidame gies ye's get it.

*Jock.* That's right, I want nae mair, 'tis an unco thing to marry, a naked woman, and get naething.

*Mag.* O Johnny, ye're in the right o't, for mony a ane, is beguiled and gets naething, but my father is to gie me forty pound Scots that night I am married, a lade of meal, a furlot of groats : auld



Crummie is mine since she was a calf, and now she has a stirk will tak the bill ere Belton yet; I hae twa stane of gude lint, and three pockfu' of tow, a gude ca'f bed, twa bousters and three cods, with twa pair of blankets, and a covering, forby twa pair to spin, but my mither wadna gie creesh to them, and ye ken the butter is now dear.

*Jock.* Then fareweel the nicht, Maggy; the best of friends maun part.

*Mag.* I wish you weel, Johnny, but say nae mair till we be married, and then, lad.

Hame gaed Maggy and telled her mither.

*Mag.* O mither! I hea something to tell ye, but ye mauna tell my father?

*Mith.* Dear Maggy, and what is that?

*Mag.* Deed, mither, I'm gaun to be married an the muck were out.

*Mith.* Dear Maggy, and wha'st thou gaun to get, 'tis no auld bubly Tammie?

*Mag.* Na, na, he's a braw young man, and I'll tell you, 'tis Johnny Bell; and his mither sent him to the market just to court me ance errand.

*Mith.* Deed, Maggy, ye'll no be ill yoked wi' him, he's a gay well gaun fellow, right spruce, smaist like an ill-faured gentleman. Hey, gude-man, do you hear that our Maggy is gaun to be married an the muck were ance out.

*Fath.* Na, na, I'll no allow that until the peats are custen and hurled.

*Mag.* O father! 'tis dangerous to delay the like of that, I like him and he likes me; 'tis best to strike the iron when 'tis hot.

*Fath.* And wha's she gaun to get, gudewife?

*Mith.* And wha think ye, gudeman?

*Fath.* A what wat I, here and she please herself, I'm pleased already.

*Mith.* Indeed she's gaun to get Johnny Bell, as clevar a little fellow as in a' the parony whare he bides.

*Fath.* A-weel, a-weel, herie, she's yours, as well as mine, gie her to wha ye please.

*Mith.* A-weel, Maggy, I'se hae all things ready to hae thee married or a month.

*Mag.* Thanks to ye, mither, mony a gude turn hae ye done me, and this will be the best.

Hame gaed Jockey to mither crying.

*Jock.* Mither! mither I made it out, her mouth is sweeter than milk; my heart played a whilkie whaltie whan I kissed her.

*Mith.* Fair fa' thee, my son, Johnny, thou's gotten the geat o't at last. And whan art thou gaun to be married?

*Jock.* Whan I like, mither; but get the masons the morn to big me my hoose, for I'll hae a' things in right good order.

*Mith.* Thou's want for naething, my bairn, to get thee ready for marriage.

The wooing being over and the day being set, Jockey's mither killed the black houl, horned yeal ewe, that lost her lamb the last year, three hens and a gule-fitted cock; to prevent the ripples, five pecks of maut masked in the ripple kirn, a pint of treacle to make it thicker and sweeter, and mamier for the mouth; five pints of whiskey, wherein was garlic and spice, for raising the wind. The friends and good neighbours went along wi' John to the kirk, where Maggy chanced to meet him, and was mar-



ried by the minister. The twa companies joined

thegither, and came hame in a crowd; and at every-  
change-house they chanced to pass by, Providence  
stopt by their proceeding with full stoups, bottles,  
and glasses. drinking their healths, wishing them  
joy, ten girls and a boy. Jockey seeing so many  
wishing well to his health, coupt up what he had got  
for to augment his health, and gar him live long,  
which afterwards couped him up, and proved him  
detrimental to the same.



So hame they came to the dinner, where his mi-  
ther presenting to them a piping hot haggis, made  
of the creesh of the black bouled horned ewe, boiled

in the meikle pot, mixt with beer meal, onions, spice and mint. This haggis being supt warm, the foaming swats and spice in the liquor set John's belly a-bizzing like a working fat. His mither cried to spence him, and bed him with the bride. Pale and ghostly was his face, and closed were baith his een. Ah! cries his mither, a dismal day indeed; his bridal and his burial may be in ae day. Some cuist water in his face, and jag'd him wi the needle, till he began to rouse himself up, then lisp out some broken words. Mither, mither! cries Jockey, war am I now? Whar are you now, my bairn, says his mither, ye are bedet, and I'll bring the bride to you. Beded, says Jockey, and is my bridal done else? Ay is't, said his mither, and here is the bride says Jockey, I'll no lie wi' an unco woman indeed, come to lie down beside ye, man. Na na, mither and it binna heeds and thraws, the way that I lie wi' you, mither. O fye, John, says his mither, dinna affront yoursel' and me baith, tak' her in o'er the bed ayont ye, and kiss her, and clap her, and daut her till ye fa' asleep. The bride fa's a-crying oot, O mither! mither! whar are ye, mither? Poor thing, Meg thou's ca'd thy hogs to a bonny market! A bonny market! says Jockey's mither; a shame fa' you and her baith, he is worthy of her though she were better nor what she is, or e'er will be,— His friends and her friends being a mixed multitude

some took his part, some took her's, there did a battle begin in the clap of a hand, being a very fierce tumult, which ended in blood; they struck so hard with stones, sticks, beetles, and barrow trams; pigs, pots, stoups, and trenchers, were flying like bombs and granadoes; the crook, bouls, and tangs, were all employed as weapons of war, till down came the bed, with a great mou of peats! So this disturbed a' the deversions at Jockey's bedding, and the sky was beginning to break in the east before the hurly-burly was over.

## PART II.

Now, though all the ceremonies of Jockey and Maggy's wedding were ended, when they were fairly bedded before a when rattling unruly witnesses, who dang doon the bed aboon them; the battle still increased, and John's work turned out very wonderful, for he made Janet, that was his mither's servant lass last year, grew like an elshen haft and got his ain, Maggy wi' bairn forby. The humsheughs were very great, until auld uncle Rabby came in to redd them; and a sturdy auld fellow he was; he stood lively with a stiff rumple, and by strength of his arms rave them ayé sunder, flinging the taen east and the tither west, till they stood a' round about like as many forfoughten cocks and na ana durst steer another for him. Jockey's mi-

ther was caed o'er a kist and brokit a' her hip on a round a heckle, up she gat, and running to fell Maggy's mither with the ladle, swearing she was the mither of a' the mischief that happend. Uncle Rabby ran in between them, he having a muckle nose, like a trumpet, she recklessly came o'er his lobster neb a drive wi' the laddle, till the blood came, ran down his old grey beard, and hang like snuffy bubbles at it. O then he gaed wud, and looked as waeful like as he had been tod-lorie come frae worrying lambs, with his bloody mouth. With that he gets an auld flail and rives awa the supple, then drives them a' to the back of the door, but nane wan out; then wi' chirting and clapping o' hands down comes the clay hallen' and the henbawk wi' Rab Reid the fiddler, who had crept up beside the hens, for the preservation of his fiddle.

Ben comes the bride, when she got on her coat, clappet Rabby on the shoutier, and bade him spare their lives, for their was blood enough shed in ae night, quoth she; and that my beard can witness quoth he. So they all came in obedience to uncle Rabby, for his supple made their pows baith saft and sair that night; but daft Maggy Simpson sat by the fire and picked banes a' the time of the battle. Indeed, quoth she. I think ye're a' fools, but myself, for I came here to get a good supper, and ither folk hae gotten their skins well paid.

By this time up got Jock, the bridegroom that was Jockey before he was married, but couldna get his breeks; and rampling he cries, Settle ye, or I'll gar my uncle settle ye, and saften your heads wi' an auld supple.

Poor Rab Reid, the fiddler, took a sudden blast; same said he was maw turned wi' the fa', for he brocked up a' the barley, and then gar'd the ale gae like a rianbow frae him, as brown as wort brose.

The hurly-burly being ended, and naething but fair words and shaking of hands, which was an a sure sign of an agreement, they began to cow their cutted lugs, and wash their sairs, a' but Jockey's mither, who cried out, A black end to you and your wedding baith, for I hae gotten a hundred holes dung in my back wi' the round heckle teeth.

Jockey answers, A e'en haud you wi' them then mither, ye will e'en be the better sair'd.

Up gets auld Rabby, and auld Sandy, the souter, of Seggyhole, and put everything in order; they prapet up the bed wi' a rake, and ripsling kame; the stoops being broken, they made a solid foundation of peats, laid on the caff bed and bowsters, and Jockey and Maggy were bedet the second time.

Jockey not being used to lie wi' a woman, except heads and thraws wi' his mither, gets his twa hands about the bride's neck, and his houghs out o'er her



thurdies, saying I ne'er kist wife, nor lass naked before, and for fainness I'll bite you, &c.

Naething mair remarkable happened till about half a year and four ouks thereafter, when in comes Marion Mushes, rinning barefitted and barelegged, wi' bleart cheeks and a watery nose, cursing and banning, greeting and flyting.

(Marion enters, crying.) And whar's John?

*Mith.* Indeed he's out in the yard pouting kail runts.

*Mar.* A black end on him and his runts baith, for he's ruined me and my bairn.

*Mith.* Ruined you! it canna be; he never did you ill, nor said you ill, by night nor by day, wha gars you say that?

*Mith.* O woman! our Jenny is a rowing like a pack of woo; indeed she's wi' quick bairn, and your John is the father o't.

*Mith.* Our John the father o't! haud, there is enough said, lieing lown? I trow our John was ne'er guilty of sic a sinfu' action. Daft woman I trow it'll be but the wind; she'll hae drucken some sour drink, raw sowens, or rotten milk, makes her so ill.

*Mar.* A wae be to him and his actions baith, he's the father o't, fornicator dog that he is, he's ruined me and my bairn; I bore her and brought

her up honestly, till she came to you; her father died, and left me wi' four o' them; there wasna lane o' them could pit on anither's claes, or tak a louse o' itther.

*Mith.* I bid you haud your tongue, and no even your bystarts to my bairn, for he ne'er will take wi't; he, poor silly lad, he wad ne'er look to a lass, be's to lay her down. Fy, Maggy, cry in John and ane let's ratify't wi' the auld ruddoch; aye, ye're no blate to say sae.

*Mar.* Be angry or be well pleased, I'll say't in of your faces, and I'll call you before your betters ere lang gae.

*John enters.* A what want ye now! our brose ready yet?

*Mith.* Ay, brose! black brose indeed for thee, my bairn; here's Marion Mushet saying ye ha'e gotten her dochter wi' bairn.

*Jock.* Me, mither, I never lay in a bed with her dochter a' my days; it'll be the young Laird's for a saw him kiss her at a Lammas fair and let glaum at her nonsense.

*Mith.* Ay, ay, my man, Johnny, that is the way; 'tis no you, nor the like of you, poor innocent lad; 'tis a wheen rambling o'erfull' lowns ilka ane o' them louns on another, and gies the like of you the wyle o't.

*Mar.* Ye may say what you like about it it's easy to ca' a court whar there's nae body to say a-gain; but I'll let you ken about it; and that is what she tell't me, and your gudewife tell't me some o't yoursel'; and gin you hadna brought in Maggy wi' her muckle tocher atween the twa, your Jockey and my Jenny wad' hae been man and wife that day.

*Jock,* I wat weel that's true.

*Mith.* Ye filthy dog that ye are, are ye gaun to confess wi' a bystard, and it no yours? Dinna I ken as weel as ye do wha's aught it, and wha got the wean.

*Jock.* Aye, mither, we may deny as we like about it, but I doubt it will come to my door at the last.

*Mith.* Ye silly sumph and senseless fellow, had ye been knuckle deep wi' the nasty drab, ye might hae said sae, but ye tell't me langsyne that ye could na lo'e her, she was sae lazy and lown like, besides her crocket fit and bowed legs.

*Jock.* Ay, but mither, do ye mind since ye sent me out to gie her the parting kiss at the black hole of the peat-stack.

*Mith.* Na, na, poor simple lad; the wean's no ours, ilka anelloups on o' anither, and ye'll get the

wyte of a' the bystarts that are round about the country.

Up gets Maggy wi' a roar, and rives her hair and cries, O her back, her belly! and baith her sides! The weed and gut gaes through my flesh like lang needles, nails, or elshin irons! Wae be to the day that e'er I saw his face. I had better married a tinkler, or followed the sodgers, as mony an honest man's dochter has done, and lived a better life than I do.

Up gets Jockey, and rins over the rigs for John Bodger's wife, auld Katty and howdy; but or he wan back, she parted wi' Patrick through perfect spite, and then lay twa-fauld o'er a' stood in a swon.

*Jock.* A-weel, a-weel, sirs, though my first born is e'en dead without seeing the light of the warld, ye's a' get bread and cheese to the blythe meat, the thing we should a waured on the bauket will sair the burial, and that will aye be some advantage; and should Maggy die, I maun een tak Jenny, the taen is as far a length as the tither; I'se be furnish-ed wi' a wife between the twa.

But Maggy grew better the next day, and was able to muck the byre; yet there gaed sic a tittle tattlin through the town every auld wife tell'd another o't, and a' the light-hippet hissies that rins between towns at e'en tugging at their tow rocks.

spread it round the kintry, and every body's mouth was filled wi' Jockey and Jenny and how Maggy had parted wi' bairn.

At last Mes John Hill hears of the foul fact, and sends the Elder of that quarter, and Clinkum-Bell, the grave maker to summon Jockey and Jenny, to the Sessions, and see how the stool of repentance wad set them. No sooner had they entered the door



The Rising Son

but Maggy fa's a greeting and wringing her hands, Jockey's mither fell a-flyting, and he himself a-bubbing his lugs, and riving his hair, crying out, O in I were but half an ell higher, I sud be a sodger

or it be lang ; gie me a good flail or a corn fork, I sud kill Russians anew, before I gaed to face yon flyting Ministers and be set up like a world's wonder, on their cock-stool, or back stool ; and wha can



hide the shame when every body looks to them, wi' their sacken sarks, or gowns, on them, like a piece aud canvas prick about a body, for naething but what every body does amaist or they are married ; as well as me.

*Mith.* My man, Johnnie, ye're no the first that hasdone it, and ye'll no be the last.

*Mag.* Aye, aye, and that gars your son be so good o't as he is ; the thing that's bred in the flesh is ill to put out of the bane.

*Mith.* Daft woman, what way wad the world

and if fouks wadna make use of ither:

*Mag.* Aye, aye, but an they be for the likes o' that, they should marry.

Now Jockey and his mither went into the little yre and held a private meeting, name present but auld Bruckie and the twa brutes, the bits of couties; that she might give him counsel how to behave when he appeared before Mess John, to answer for his bystard; which concludes the third and last part.

### PART III.

Aff he goes to the Minister, and owns a' his fault to him; and Mess John desired him to appear before the congregation the next Sabbath, to be reuked for his fault.

*Jock.* Indeed, sir, I wad think naething to stan' time or twa on the black stool, to please you, if here were naebody in the kirk, on a ouke day, but you and the elders to flyte a wee on me; but 'tis vaur on a Sunday to have a' bodies looking and laughing at me, as I had being coddling the peas, tipping the kirk, or something that's no bonny.

*Min.* Aweel John, never mind you these things; but come ye to the stool it's nothing when it is o'er, we cannot say o'er muckle to you about it.

On Sunday thereafter, John comes with Uncle Laby's auld wide coat, a muckle grey lang-tailed

wig, and a big bonnet, which covered his face, so that he seemed more like an old pilgrim than young fornicator ! mounts the creepy wi' a stiff stiff back, as he had been a man of sixty. Every one looked at him, thinking he was some old stranger, who knew not the stool of repentance by another seat, so that he passed the first day unknown but to very few ; yet, on the second it came to be well known, that the whole parish and many more came to see him which caused such a confusion, that he was absolved, and got his children baptized the next day.—but there happened a tullie between the twa mothers' who would have both their names to be John. A-weel says auld John their father to the minister, A-deed, sir, ye maun ca' the tane John and the titner Jock, and that will please baith these enemies of mankind.

Minister. Now John, you must never kiss another woman but your own wife ; live justly, like another honest man, and you will come to die well.

Jock. A black end on me, sir, if ever I lay wi' another woman, as lang as our Mggy lasts ; and for dying, there's nae fear of that, or I'll no get fair play, if ye and a' the aulder folk in the parish be not dead before me. So I hae done wi' you now fareweel, sir.