

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
HAVEREL WIVES:

OR, THE
Folly of Witlefs Women Displayed.

Written by Humphray Clinker the Glafhing Wives Clerk.

BEING A COMICAL CONFERENCE BETWEEN
MAGGY AND JANETH HIS TWO OLD AUNTS.

With Janet's Advice to Maggy, concerning Marriage, with the
manner in which she courted her Husband, which began
by her taking him by the twa Lugs and kissing him.

To which is added,

AN ORATION ON THE
VIRTUES OF THE OLD WOMEN,
AND THE
PRIDE OF THE YOUNG.

With a Direction for Young Men what Sort of Women to take,
and for Women what Sort of Men to marry.

*Dictated by Janet Clinker, and written by Humphray Clinker,
the Glafhing Wives' Clerk*



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THE
H I S T O R Y
OF THE
H A V E R E L W I V E S.

IT is a certain old saying, That where wo-
men are conven'd in crouds, there can
be but little filence; and some have ac-
knowledged that it was a great bondage for
them to hold their peace in the church: and
where there is much talk by ignorant speak-
ers, it is diverting for persons of understand-
ing to hear them. Therefore we have fur-
nished the public with a small collection of
old wives' noted sayings and wonders, which
they relate happened in their own time, also
what has been told them by their forefa-
thers.

Two old wives (Maggy and Janet) at their
rocks, began their cracks as follow :

Janet.) A dear Maggy, an how auld will
ye be now ? O it's lang since I kend you !

Maggy.) Indeed Janet that's what nae bo-
dy kens, for my father and mither had sae
mony o' us; they ne'er counted how auld
ane o' us was, they minded ay wha o' us
was born first, and wha was neist ane ani-
ther. and that was a' that e'er we sought to
ken about it, but I hae mind o' the mirk
Munonday.

Jan.) Hout, tout, woman, the mirk Mun-

The History of the Haverel Wives.

Monday, I hae mind since there was nae Munnondays at a', an the Sabbath days was nae com'd in fashon, there was a day they ca'd Sunday came anes o' the ouk for it, we kend ay when it came, for my father cow'd ay his beard when the bell rang, and then every body ran to the kirk it had ony thing ado, an it were to buy saut or shone, for the chapman cheils set up a' their creims at the kirk-door, an the lassies wad a gotten keeking-glasses, red snudes, needles, preens, elshin-irons, gimlets, brown bread and black saep to buy, forby sweaty-wives' things, and rattlers for restless little anes; the men wad a bought pints o' ale, an a gotten a whang o' good cheese to chow a' the time a drinking o't; hout, tout ay, they were braw markets on the Sundays i' the time o' Papery, we had nae ministers then but Priests, Mess Johns, Black Friers, and White Friers, Monks, Abbots and Bishops, they had nae wives, yet the best o' them wad a spoken bawdy language, and a kifs'd the lassies, fickle tyking bodies they were, unco ill to please, they wad a baith curs'd fouk and bless'd them, just as ye pay'd them; a deed they were unco greedy o' the penny, and pray'd ay to the dead fouk, and gard the living pay them for't, and altho' they had play'd the loon wi' a poor hizey she durst na speak o't for her very life, for they cou'd gi' ony body o'er to the de'il when they liket: They did not gar fouks learn to read and

pray like our new ministers, but thump on your breast, strake your fingers o'er aboon your nose, tell your beads, and rin bare-fit thro' amang hard stanes, and cauld sna'.

Mag.) A hech woman, an wad they a had carnal dealings wi' the women, and them sae good and haly?

Jan.) Hout ye daft woman, do ye think that their gudeness gilded them, tho' they had nae wives; there was a great sort o' them it they ca'd Cardonels, that ay when twa young bodies was married, they bute to hae the first night o' the bride.

Mag.) A wae worth them filthy hureing dogs, if I widna a libbet them mysel, I wonder that the gentle fouks an lairds lote them do the like o' that.

Jan.) A dear woman, the gentle fouks and the lairds keepit ay in wi' them, for they said they had the command o' the de'il and the dead fouk, and the gentles durst na cast out wi' them, for they got a' their sins pardon'd for the less siller.

Mag.) A dear woman, that was unco like, the de'il wad get nae body then put the poor fouk, and them that had nae siller.

Jan.) A well a wad that was true, for an they paid the priest well, the de'il durst na meddle wi' them.

Mag.) A wow woman an what's come o' them a' now, am sure the like o' thae fouks it had sae meikle power, needed neither die nor yet be sick; they wad live a' their days.

Jan.) A wat well did they, for the maist o' them is dead and rotten, and the rest o' them gade awa' to Italy, where the auld Pape their father, the de'il, the witches, brownies and faries dwal; and then we got anither sort o' gospel fouks, it they ca'd curits, fine sort o' dainty honest fouks they war, but gay and greedy, they did not like sculduddery-wark, but said na' meikle 'gainst it, for a handle o' bits a callens wad a gotten twa or three bastards before they wad a gotten breek; they beit to hae their tithes of every thing that grew, mony a time my father wist they wad tak the tithes of his hemp too, an it were to hang 'themsels, they were ay warst whare a poor man or wife died, altho' they left weans fatherless and mitherless, a deed they wad a sent their bellman, and wi' his lang prelatie fingers, he wad a harl'd the upper pair o' blankets aff o' the poor things bed, for some rent that they gard fouks pay for dying, a sae did they een, and yet they keepit a handle o' brow haly days, and days o' meikle meat, Fastern's-een and Yule-days, when we gat our wames sou o' fat brose, and a suppet Yule-sowens till our farkes had been like to rive, and after that a eaten roasted cheese and white puddings well spiced, O brow times for the guts, well I wat every body might live then that had ony thing to live on.

Mag.) But dear Janet, ye're bra' an lang o' the memory, do ye mind o' the waefu'

blast, when the foul thief was raging in the air, an the de'il dang down a' the kail-yard dykes, cutted the corn stacks, turr'd the houses, and blew gidly Willy's wig in the wall, they said it was some young minister it had rais'd the de'il, and for want o' a cock, a cat, or some unkirsen'd creature to gi'e him, they cou'd na' get him laid again, and he brake the bridle, slipped his head, and ran awa' frae them.

Jan.) A deed woman I heard tell o' that and how woud Willie M'Neel met him on the steps in the wids o' the water, and shot him o'er, and thought to drown him, but he gade down the water like a meikle brande'd bill roaring, a' burning fire; but I hae mind the first time it the de'il came to this kintry was on a Sunday, I was a wi' bit gaun lassie, my father an a' the men fouk was at the kirk, the ware twa o' tæm, a hummei'd ane an a horn'd ane, a goodman de'il, and a goodwife de'il as we took them to be, we ran a' into the house, and my mither barr'd the door, and hunted the dogs out at the byre-hole, thinking the de'il wad rin frae the dogs, but, na, na, they got up on their tae end like twa auld men, they were a' rugh lang hair like a pyet-horse, wi' lang beards aneth their chin, and the meikle horn'd de'il box'd the dogs in at the hole again. we ran a' ben the house and grat, but our Jock who was a little gabby gaun laddock, cry'd ay, mither, mither, what is the

de'il seeking here, he'll be wanting to tak a' the auld wives and cats to mak witches o' them; I true when my grandmither heard that, she gat up and ran ben to the spence, and crap in the bear-meal barrel to hide herself frae the de'il, and curt'd there till the kirk skail'd, a deed she was sae fear'd, she made her burn in the barrel: and what was't true ye after a', but a tupe and a ewe of the highland gait, if the laird had gotter to gie the lady milk, but mony a day we leugh at the twa de'ils.

Mag.) But dear woman, what an a body is that de'il it every body is sae fear'd for him, is't na him they ca' Auld Nick, what fore do they ca' him Auld Nick?

Jan.) A deed woman I dinna ken what like o' body he is, but they say he's a black, and they ca' him Auld Nick, because he's aulder nor Adam, and Adam was the first man in the world, and they say the de'il will never die, nor yet be sick, nor yet tak fair een.

Mag.) A wow Janet but ye're a witty creature, but can ye tell me what way the blackamoors is made, some fouk says they're a' dipped in cat's blood and burnt bear-strae, but I'm ay thinking the lister douks them in amang the broe that they lit the black claith wi', and then sells them to the lairds and gentle fouks to flee their bairns wi', or dis the gentle fouks eat them when they're dead think ye.

Jan.) Hout awa daft creature, the black-amoores is fouk just like oursel, but only they hae a black skin on them, did ye never see black sheep and white sheep, black horse and white horse, ye think they're a' de'ils because the de'il's black: I thought mysel langsyne they were made for the penny, and sell'd the dearer o' the black skin.

Mag.) But Janet, did ye e'er see the de'il, I wad fain ken what like he is, some says he's like a bill, a bear, or an auld beggar man.

Jan.) Indeed I never saw sae meikle as the de'il a' my days, but I've heard the ministers flyting and misca'ing him, and whan they said a' that they cou'd say o' him, they ca'd him an ill spirit, and a great liar, inony a ane has war names than a' that yet.

Mag.) But do ye think there are ony de'ils but ane, every body speaking and crying to him, ane cou'dna answer them a'.

Jan.) A deed they say, there's black anes and white anes o' them, humble anes and horn'danes, the very witches is haf de'ils whan they're living, and hail de'ils whan they're dead; the brownies is haf-dogs haf-de'ils, a' rugh but the mouth, seeks nae claife, ae man's meat 'ill fair them, and they'll work ten mens' wark in ae night, forby hob-goblins, faries and elfs, that shoot fouks beasts to dead, and no a hole to be seen in the skin o' them; hardna ye tell o' the twa highland wives, how the tane cry'd, Oh on, oh on, Shenet, my cow's shot; Houp, houp, co'she,

an wha shot her! A deed it was the de'il:
Oh hoch, oh hoch, Shenet, we'll a' be kill'd
whan the de'il has gotten a gun.

Mag.) A sweet be wi' us woman, is nit an
unco thing they dinna a' flee on the minister
and worry him, whan he flytes and misca's
them sae, do ye think they hear him?

Jan.) A doubtless but they hear and sees
too, they're neither bliad nor bleer-eyed, but
ay whan ye speak o' them, name the day, cry
it's Wansday thro' a' the warld, and there's
nae fear o' you.

Mag.) But what do you think o' our mi-
ster, is he a good man think ye?

Jan.) Indeed I think he's a gay gabby bo-
dy, but he has twa faults, and his wife has
three, he's unko greedy o' filler, an he's ay
preaching down pride and up charity, an yet
he's that fou o' pride himsel, that he has got-
ten a glafs window on every side o' his nose,
and his een is as clear as twa clocks to luck
to, he has twa giglet gilliegawkies o' doch-
ters, comes into the kirk wi' their coblete-
how mutches frizel'd up as braid's their hips,
an clear things like starns about their necks,
and at every lug, a walloping white thing
hanging like a snorter at a bubly wean's nose,
syne about their necks, a bit thin claith like
a mouse-web, an their twa bits o' paps play-
ing ay niddy nod, shining thro' it like twa
yearning-bags; shame fa' them and their fig-
mageries baith, for I get nae good o' the
preaching looking at them; and syne a' the

dirty snerney-hought bizies i' the parish maun
 hae the like or lang gae; but an I ware to
 preach, sic pride foudna hae baith peace an
 property in my parish, I wou'd point out my
 very finger to them in the kirk, and name
 them baith name an surname, and say, There
 sits scharney Meg o' the Mill, stumpy May o'
 the Moss, sniveling Kate wi' her hodle-ma-
 kenster-coat, they come into the kirk bob-
 bing their hin-quarters like three water-wag-
 tails, shaking their heads like a hunder pund
 horse, snacking their lips, and hauding their
 mouth like May-paddocks; and what shall I
 compare them to, but painted Jezebels; the
 whore of Babylon, or Rachel the harlot, wi'
 a' their gaudy decoying colours, high taps,
 and spread glittering tails, whan they come
 sailing into the house o' prayer, as it were a
 house o' dancing and debauchery: Go, go, ye
 painted pisewips to fairs and weddings, and
 there display your proud banners of pride,
 which you are puffed up with, it is the very
 spirit o' the devil, and unbecoming o' the
 house o' prayer: But if these gillygawkies
 shou'd come into the kirk wi' their heels up
 and their heads down, our Mef John is be-
 come like ane o' the dogs of Egypt, he'll no
 move his tongue, and I believe he darna for
 Clippock his wife; wha's element is to ban-
 ter a' the poor beggars frae her door, nane
 can stand her but the tinkler-wives, and she's
 ay whinging about charity, but it's to hersel,
 she wadna pity the criples on the blind's back,

but bids gae hame to their ain parish, filthy beggar dirt; she casts a' her cauld paritch and kail to the cocks and hens, kicks the colley dogs out of the door, ca's them filthy usefless brutes, because they canna lay eggs, like hen's eggs, she's ay flyting on her lasses, hungers her servant lad, eats cocks and hens herself, and gars the poor minister eat faut herrin.

Mag.) A weel I wat then I wish he mayna turn a drunken body, for herrin maks fouk ay dry: But weel I wat Janet, ye hae tell'd their fauts on baith the sides, an I hae ae great faut to our minister yet, an tho' I were dead an rotten the night afore the morn, I'll neither forgi' him nor yet forget him, a what he said o' me, that I sude be ta'en an douket for offerin to marry again, a woman at my age; an auld man, said he, ought to marry some kindly body, to keep him clean in his auld age; but an auld woman, said he, that can wash a dud sark to themselves, needs nae men: And now no Janet, I am no to ca' very auld, aitho' I be stricken in years, I dinna ken my ain age, being kirsen'd in the time o' Papery, I hae the penny, tho' bare o' flesh and blood, has four good teeth before, and weel willin gums in the backside, I canna gang far wihnout a staff, an yet I wad as fain be married as whan I was fifteen year auld, O woman! but a man i'the bed is an usefu' body, they hae a sweet breath, and natural heat to keep a body warm; but an our mi-

nister were an auld wife, he wad ken what the want o' a bit man is as weel as I. And a' this began about Wanton Wat the town-taylor, that promis'd to tak me gin sic a time, or tell me what for; mony a pickle weel butter'd kail-bleds I gied him, held out frae my ain wame and stappit in a his, he said he wad do as muckle to me again, but he has na don't fause lown carle it he was, cheated me out o' sax pund an twa sarks, an then gar'd me mak a fool o' mysel when the laird's ducket was bigget, and made a' white to gar the dows come, he said, an my window war as white they wad come to me too, and I, like a poor fool, took a basin fu' o' good bear-meal, and made it drammock, and whitened a' my window wi't, but the never a dow came near hand me the mair o't, but a' the town dogs came pycking and licking at it night and day, I was plagued wi' them, till a gude shoor came and washt it awa agen, the laird and every body came to look and laugh at it.

Janet's Advice to Maggy, concerning Marriage.

WHILE these two old Haverels were thus discoursing together at their rocks, amongst other things, Maggy told Janet, that altho' she was now above a hundred years of age, she had a great desire for a husband, but that she would be obliged to use some methods and enticements to make the young men fall in love wi' her. Upon which, Janet gave her the following witty advice.

Indeed Maggy, an ye be amind to marry, ye maun snod yoursel better up, cast awa your staff, singe your whiskers wi' a candle or fir-stick, stand straight up like a rash, kekke an look canty-like whan carles is gawn by, tak a mouthfu' o' good meat, and a drap dram i'the mornin will keep the dirt aff your face, and raise the red in your cheek, ye see the hens turns ay red lugget or they begin to lay: A body that wants a bit man, maun use munny a shift for ane, I ken how I did mysel, whan I was fourteen lang year a widow, an thought ne'er to gotten ane, I fied our John whan he was a fast siliy docus callan to ca' the pleugh, and keepit him three years till he turn'd a wally whincer, and fain wad I had him, but he wadna speak o't to me, but ae day we ware in the house our lane, an I ties a good hard stane-knot on the strings o' my toy beneath my chin, and fykes wit a-wee, then says, O Johnny, my man, look an ye can louse this knot, wi' your teeth, he lays a hand on every shouther an louses the knot, an I grips him by the twa lugs, an gies him a kifs, an says, Poor man Johnny, thou has a sweet breath, thou needsna want a bit kifs o' me whan thou likes lad, I true that culli'd him hither ay the mair, Ha, ha, thou has nae art woman.

Enters Humphray Cliaker, hearing a' that past, persuades his aunt Maggy, that no man would marry such as her, for she looked like a picture of death riding upon hunger's back,

a rickle of banes row'd up in a runkly skin, had wasted her body with water-lythocks into a scurfe of skin and bane, for want of teeth to chew bread for the nourishment of her body, and that he was com'd on purpose to write her testament or letter-will, that it was a lightness in her brain before death; therefore she ought to go to bed and die directly, which she accordingly did, by taking thought of what he said unto her; the priest being sent for, came and discoursed with her, but still she keeping her purse in her hand, which he observing, desired she would give it to her friends or she died, to which she made answer, by her sooth that she wad not, for she wad tak it wi' her, she had heard every body say, they were the better o' the penny wi' them gang whare they like, and so died, supposed to be a hundred and six years old.

AN ORATION ON THE VIRTUES OF THE OLD WOMEN, AND THE PRIDE OF THE YOUNG.

THE madnes of this unmuzzled age has driven me to mountains of thoughts, and a continual meditation: It is enough to make an auld wife rin redwood, and drive a body beyond the halter's end of ill-nature, to see what I see, and hear what I hear: Therefore the hinges of my anger are broke, and the bands of my good and mild nature are burst in two, the door of civility is laid quite open, plain speech and mild admonition is

of none effect; nothing must be used now but thunder-bolts of reproach tartly trimm'd up in a tantalizing stile, roughly redd up and manufactured thro' an auld Matron's mouth, who is indeed but frail in the teeth, but will squeeze surprizingly with her auld gums, until her very chaft-blades crack in the crushing of your vice.

I shall branch out my discourse into four heads.

First, What I have seen, and been witness to.

Secondly, What I now see, and am witness to.

Thirdly, What I have heard, does hear, and cannot help; I mean the difference between the old women and the young.

Fourthly, Conclude with an advice to young men and young women; how to avoid the buying of Janet Juniper's stinking butter *, which will have a rotten rift on their stomach as long as they live.

First, The first thing then, I see and observe is, That a wheen daft giddy-headed, cock-nosed, juniper-nebbed mothers, bring up a wheen sky-racket dancing daughters, a' bred up to be ladies, without so much as the breadth of their lufe of land; it's an admiration to me, whare the lairds are a' to come

* A nick-name to the wife's daughter that no man will marry, because stuff'd full of laziness, self-conceit and stinking pride; or if she be married, she'll ly like stinking butter on his stomach while she lives.

frae that's to be coupled to them; work, na, na, my bairn mauna work, she's to be a lady, they ca' her Miss, I maun hae her lugs bor'd says auld Mumps the mither; thus the poor pet is brought up like a mitherless lamb, or a parrot in a cage; they learn naething but prick and sew, and sling their feet when the fiddle plays, so they become a parcel of yellow-faced female taylors, unequal matches for countrymen, Flanders-babbies, brought up in a box, and must be carried in a basket; knows nothing but pinching poverty, hunger and pride; can neither milk kye, muck a byre, card, spin, nor yet keep a cow from a corn-rigg; the most of such are as blind penny-worths, as buying pigs in pocks, and ought only to be matched with Tacket-makers, Tree-trimmers, and Male-taylors, that they may be male and female, agreeable in trade, since their piper-fac'd fingers are not for hard labour; yet they might also pass on a pinch for a black Sutor's wife, for the stitching of white seams round the mouth of a lady's shoe; or, with Barbers or Bakers they might be buckled, because of their muslin-mouth and pinch-beck speeches, when barm is scant, they can blow up their bread with fair wind; and when the razor is rough, can trim their chafts with a fair tale, oil their peruke with their white lips, and powder the beau's pow with a French-puff; they are well versed in all the science of flattery, musical tunes, horn-pipes, and coun-

try-dances, though perfect in none but the reel of Gamon.

Yet these are they the fickle farmer fixes his fancy upon; a bundle of clouts, a skeleton of bones, Maggy and the Much, like twa fir-sticks and a pickle tow, neither for his plate nor his plow; very unproper plennishing, neither for his profit nor her pleasure, to plout her hands through Hawkey's cast-cog, is a hateful hardship for Mamma's Pet, and will hack a' her hands. All this I have seen and heard, and been witness to; but my pen being a goose-quill, cannot expose their names nor places of abode, but warns the working men out of their way.

Secondly, I see another sort, who can work; an maun work till they be married, and become mistresses themselves; but as the young man receives them, the thrift leaves them; before that, they wrought as for a wager, they span as for a premium, busked as for a brag, scour'd their din skins as a wauker does worsted blankets, kept as mims in the mouth as a minister's wife, comely as Diana, chaste as Susanna, yet the whole of their toil is the trimming of their rigging, though their hulls be everlastingly in a leaking condition; their backs and their bellies are box'd about with the fins of a big fish, six petticoats, a gown and apron, besides a fide fark down to the ankle-banes; ah! what monstrous rags are here, what a cloth is consumed for a covering to one pair of but-

tocks! I leave it to the judgement of any ten taylors in town, if 30 pair of mens' breeches may not be cut, from a little above the easing of Bessy's bum, and this makes her a motherly-like woman, as sturdy a fabric as ever strade to market or mill.

But when she's married, she turns a madam, her mistress did not work much, and why should she! Her mother tell'd ay she wad be a lady, but cou'd never shew where her lands lay; but when money is all spent, credit broken, and conduct out of keeping, a wheen babling bubbly bairns, crying piece minny, parish minny, the witless wanton waster is at her wit's end. Work now or want, and do not say that the world has war'd you; but Lofly Nodde, your giddy headed mother has led you astray, by learning you to be a lady, before ye was fit to be a servant-lafs, by teaching you laziness instead of hard labour, by giving you such a high conceit of yourself, that no body thinks anything of you now, and you may judge yourself to be one of those, that wise people call Littleworth; but after all, my Dear Dirty-face, when you begin the world again, be perfectly rich before you be gentle, work hard for what you gain, and you'll ken better how to guide it, for pride is an unperfect fortune, and a ludicrous life will not last long.

Another sort I see, who has got more silver than sense, more gold than good nature, more muslins and means than good manners, tho'

a sack can hold their filler, six houses and a half cannot contain their ambitious desires. Fortunatus's wonderful purse would fail in fetching in the fourth part of their worldly wants, and the children imitate their mothers, chattering like hungry cranes, crying still, I want, I want, ever craving, wilfully wasting, till all be brought to a doleful dish of desolation, and with cleanness of teeth, a full breast, an empty belly, big pockets without pence, pinching penury perfect poverty, drouth, hunger, want of money, and friends both, old age, dim eyes, feeble joints, without shoes or clothes, the real fruits of a bad marriage, which brings thoughtlets Fops to both faith and repentance in one day.

Thirdly, Another thing I see, hear, and cannot help, is the breeding of bairns, and bringing them up like bill-stirks, they gie them walth o' meat, but nae manners; but whan I was a bairn, if I didna bend to obedience, I ken mysel what I gat, which learned me what to gie mine again; if they had tell'd me tuts, or prute-no, I laid them o'er my knee, and a com'd crack for crack o'er their hurdies, like a knock bleaching a harn web, till the red wats stood on their hips. this brought obedience into my house, and banished dods and ill-nature out at the door; I dang the de'il out o' them, and dadded them like a wet dish-clout till they did my bidding: But now the bairns are brought up to spit fire in their mither's face, and cast dirt at their

ould daddies: How can they be good who never saw a sample of it; or reverence old age, who practised no precepts in their youth? How can they love their parents, who gave them black poison instead of good principles? Who shewed them no good, nor taught them no duties! No marvel such children despise old age, and reverence their parents as an old horse does his father.

Fourthly, The last prevailing evil which I see, all men may hear, but none strive to help, the banishment of that noble holy-day called the Sabbath, which has been blasted by a whirl-wind from the south; I am yet alive, who saw this hurricane coming thro' the walled city near Solway in the South; it being on a Sunday, and a beautiful sun-shine day amongst some foul weeks in harvest weather, which caused the Lord Mayor of that place work hard, and put in the whole fields of wheat harvest, and the priests of that church commended him therefore: Because the season was backward, why should not man be disobedient! And this infection is come here also, surely the loss of this Sabbath-day will be counted a black Saturday to some; when I walk in the fields, I know it not but by the stopping of the plow, when in the city, only by the closeness of a few shop-doors and the found of the bells; degenerate ideas of religion indeed! when the high praise is founded only by bell-metal, *A sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal*: Is it not come to pass, the

taverns roar like *Ætna's* mouth; children follow their gaming, and old sinners there stroling about, nothing stopt but coal-carts and common carriers, the Sabbath lasts no longer than the sermon, and the sermon is measured by a little sand in a glass; many, too many frequent the church, seemingly only to show their antic dress, with heads of a monstrous form, more surprizing than those described by Aristotle, as for length exceeding that of an asses's head, ears and all; and ah! How humbling would it be, to see their heads struck into such a hideous form, &c.

They disdain now to ride on pads as of old, or to be hobbled on a horse's hurdies, but must be hurled behind the tail, safely seated in a leathern conveniency, and there they fly swiftly as in the chariot of Aminadab.

They will not speak the mother language of their native country, but must have southern oaths, refined like raw sugar thro' the mills of cursing, finely polished, and fairly struck in the profane mint of London, into a perfect form of flunky language; even the very wild Arabs from the mountain-tops, who have not yet got English to profane his Maker's name, will cry, *Cot, Cot*; hateful it is to hear them swear, who cannot speak. O! strange alteration since the days of old! the downfal of Popery, and the Prelates' decay, when reformation was alive, and religion in taste and fashion; the people during the sabbath, were all packed up in closets, and their

children kept within doors, when every city appeared lik'd a sanctuary, nothing to be heard in the streets, but the sound of prayer on the right hand, and the melodeous sound of psalms on the left.

Now is the days of counting, scribbling, riding of horses, and the sound of the post-horn comē; surely there will be trade now; and none will miss prosperity when every day is fair; I add no more on this head, but every one claim a right to his own set time, &c.

Another grievance of the female offenders I cannot omit, which attacks a man's fancy, and is the cause of his fall; I mean Flighters who has gotten a little of the means of Mammon, more silver than sense, more gold than good nature, haughtiness for humility, value themselves as a treasure incomprehensible, their heads and hearts of Ophir-gold, their hips of silver, & their whole body as set about with precious stones, great and many are the congresses of their courtship, and the solemnizing of their marriage is like the conclusion of a peace after a bloody and tedious war.

And what is she after all! yea, her poor penny will never be exhausted, it must be laid out in lunacy and laziness, she must have fine tears and the tuther thing: When pregnancy and the speuing of porich approaches, then she prophecies of her death; as she hatches life, she embraces laziness; then O the bed, the bed, nothing like the bed for a bad wife, her body becomes as par-boil'd, being

so bed-ridden, this rots their children in the brewing, and buries them in the bringing up; yea, some mothers are so beastly, as to water the bed and blame the child therefore; yet such lazy wives live long, and their children soon die; their far fetched feigned sickness, soon render the husband to the substance of one sixpence, he becomes poor and hen-peck't under such petticoat government.

But when I Janet was a Janet, and had the judgement of my own house, my husband was thrice happy, I never held him down, he was above me day and night, I sat late and raise early, kept a fu' house and rough back, when summer came we minded winter's cauld, we had peace ay at porich-time, and harmony through the day; we supp'd our sowens at supper-time with a seasonable heat, and went to bed good bairns, kent naething but stark love and kindness, we wrought for riches, and our ages and earthly stores increased alike, we hated pride and loved peace, he died with a good name, I let you ken I live, but not as many do, not so lordly of my brain as some are of their belly! and was not my life strange by that now practised? Come help yourselves you hillocar livers and avoid it.

Now after a', if a poor man want a perfect wife, let him wale a weel blooded hissie wi' braid shouders an thick about the haunches, that has been lang servant in ae house, tho' twice or thrice awa' and ay fied back, that's weel liked by the bairns and the bairn's mi-

ther, that's naeway cankard to the cats, nor kicks the colly-dogs amang her feet, that wad let a' brute beasts live, but rats, mice, lice, flaes, neets and bugs, that bites the wee bairns in their cradles, that carefully comb the young things' heads, washes their faces and claps their cheeks, snites the snotter frae their nose as they were a' her ain, that's the lass that will mak a good wife; for them that dauts the young bairns, will ay be kind to auld fouk an they had them.

And ony hale-hearted halvesome hissie, that wants to halter a good husband, never tak a widow's ae son, for a' the wifely gates in the warld will be in him, for want of a father to teach him manly actions; neither tak a four looking sumf wi' a muckle mouth, and a wide guts, who will eat like a horse and soss like a sow, suffer none to sup but himsel, eat your meat and the bairns' baith; when hungry angry, when fu' full of pride, ten sacks wiid not haud his fauce, tho' a pea-shap wad haud his filler: But go, tak your chance, and if cheated, channer not on me, for fashionable fouk flee to fashionable things, for lust is brutish blind, and fond love as blear-ey'd. I add no more, says Janet; so be it, said Humphray the Clerk.

F I N I S.

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