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THE
WHOLE PROCEEDINGS

OF

**JOCKY AND MAGGY'S
COURTSHIP**

WITH

THE GREAT DIVERSION THAT ENSUED
AT THEIR BEDDING.

IN THREE PARTS

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PART I.

Jockey. HEY, Maggy, wiltu stay and tak kent folks 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 stieks a' the bits of couties; my mither isna able to haud her up to her ain stake.

Jock. Hute, we'll be hame in braw time woman. And how's a' your folks at hame?

Mag. Indeed I canna weel tell you man; our gude-man is a' gane wi' the gout; my mither is very frail, my father he's aye wandering about, and widdling amang the beasts.

Jock. But dear, Maggy, they tell me we're gaun to get a wedding of thee and Andrew Merrymouth, the Laird's young gardener.

Mag. Na, na, he maun hae a braver lass to be his wife than the like of me; but auld Tammy Taitree was seeking me; my father wad

hane me to tak him, but my mither wadna let; there was an odd debate about it, my guidame wad a sticket my mither wi' the grape, if my father hadna chanced to founder her wi' the beetle.

Joek. Hech, woman, I think your father was a fool for fashing wi' him, auld slavery dufe, he wants naething of a cow but the clutes; 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 ny guidame's nose, and my guidame brak my mither's thumb, the neighbours came rinnin in, but I had the luck to haud my father's hand's, till yence my guidame plotted him wi' the broe that was to mak our brose.

Joek. 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.

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

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

Joek. O Maggy, Maggy, dost thou not mind

since I came to your father's bull wi' my mother's cow, ye ken she wadna stand, and ye helped me to haud her; aye after that they scorn'd 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 of kissing you shortly.

Mag. Ay, but Johnny, you maun stay till that night come; 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, but Johnny, a wife is ae thing and a house anither; a man that's a-mind to marry a woman, he'll no make her a whore.

Jock. 'Tis a' true, Maggy, but foulks may do it ance or they be married, and no hae nae ill in their minds.

Mag. Aha, Johnny, mony a ane has been

beguiled wi' ance; and do it ance, ye may do it aye. What an ye get a bystart, and hae to suffer for the foul aet of fornieation.

Joek. Ay, but my mither says, if I dinna get thee wi' bairn, I'll no get thee, for 'tis the sur-est way of wooing.

Mag. Indeed, Johnny, I like you better nor ony lad I see; an I sall marry you an ance my faither's muck were out; my mither downa work at the midden.

Joek. Ah Maggy, Maggy! I'm feared ye beguile me, and then my mither will murder me for being so silly.

Mag. My jo, Johnny, tell your mither to provide a' things for the bridal and I sall marry you in three ouks after this; but we maun gie in siller to the Preeentor, a groat and a drink to the bellman, and then the kirk wa's maun hear o't three Sundays or it come.

Joek. 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.

Joek. I seena how he can be angry. I wat we'll I'm 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 body that evens themselves to me, an it binna them she likes, indeed she bade me tak' ony body, if it wasna auld tottering Tammy; for his beard is aye brown wi' sucking tobaceo, and slavers a' the breast of his feeket.

Jock. O Maggy take me, and I'll tell you 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 my 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 happened sae, she is to gie me Brucky and the black mare, the half of the cogs, three spoons, four pair of blankets, and a cannas: she's to big a twabey to her ain gavel, to be a dwelling house to me and my wife, and I'm to get the wee hyre at the end of the raw, to haud my cow 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 of her 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 meikle to the contrair, but an ye hae a mind to tak' me wi' what I hae, tell me either now or never, for 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 yet it.

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

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

Jock. Then fareweel the night, Maggy; the best of friends maun

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

Hame gaed Maggy and telled her Mither.

Mag. O mither! I hae something to tell ye, but ye maunna 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, maist like an ill-faured gentleman. Hey, gudeman, do you hear that our Maggy is gaun to be married an the muck were a' ance out.

Fath. Na, na, I'll no allow that until the peats be 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 het.

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

Mith. And wha think ye gudeman?

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

Mith. Indeed she's gaun to get Johnny Bell,

as clever a little fellow as in a' the barony whare he bides.

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

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

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

Hame gaed Joeky to his mither erylng.

Joek. Mither! mither I made it out, her mouth is sweeter than milk; my heart play'd 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?

Joek. Whan I like, mither; but get the masons the morn to big me my house, 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, Joekey's mither killed the black boul horned yeal ewe, that lost her lamb the last year, three hens and a gule-fitted cock; to prevent the ripples, 5 pecks of maut masked in the muekle kirn, a pint of treacle, to mak it thicker, and sweeter, and mamier for the mouth; 5 pints of whisky, wherein was garlie and spice, for raising the

wind, and the clearing their water. The friends and good neighbours went wi' John to the Kirk, where Maggy chanced to meet him, and was married by the minister. The twa companies joined the gither, and came hame in a crowd; and at every change-house they chanced to pass by, Providence stopt 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 got for to augment his health, and gar him live long, which afterwards couped him up, and proved detrimental to the same.

So hame they came to the dinner, where his mither presenting to them a piping het haggis, made of the creesh of the blaek boul horned ewe, boiled in the meikle pot, mixt with bear-meal, onions, spiece, 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; and he playing het-fit to the fiddler, was suddenly seized with a bocking and rebounding, which gave his dinner such a backward ca', that he lost a' but the girt bits, which he seythed thro' his teeth. His mither cried to spenee him, and bed him with the bride. His breeks being filed, they washed both his hips and laid him in his bed. 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 a needle, till he began to rouse himself up, and then lisp out some broken words. Mither, mither! cries Jockey, whar am I now? Whar are you now, my bairn, says his mither, ye're 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's the bride come to lie down beside you, my man. Na na, mither, says Jockey, I'll no lie wi an unco woman indeed, and it binna heads and thraws, the way that I lie wi' you, mither. O fy, 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 ont, O mither, ! mither! was this the way my father guided you the first night? Na, na, thy father was a man of manners, and better mettle; 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's wordy 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, stieks, beetles, and barrow trams; pigs, pots, stoups, and trenchers, were flying like bombs and granadoes; the crook, boulds, and tangs, were all employed as weapons of war; till down came the bed, with a great mou of peats! So this distubed a' the diversion 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 down the bed aboon them; the battle still increased, and John's work turned out to be very wonderful, for he made Janet, that was his mithers servant lass the 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 fallow he was; he stood lively with a stiff rumple, and by strength of his arms rave them aye sundry, flinging the taen east and the tither wast, till they stood a' round about like as many for-foughten cocks and no ane durst

steer anither for him. Jockey's mither was caed o'er a kist and brokit a' her hip on a round heckle, up she gat, and running to fell Maggy's mither with the ladle, swearing she was the mither of a' the mischief that happened. 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 waefu' like as he had been a tod-lowrie 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 yet nane wan out; then wi' chirting and claping down comes the clay hallen, and the hen bawk 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 shouther, and bade him spare their lives, for there 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 skin well paid.

By this time up got Jock, the bridegroom, that was Jockey before he was married, but couldna get his breeks; yet wi a horse-nall he tacked his sark-tail between his legs, that nane might see what every body should hide; and ramplingly he cries, Settle ye, or I'll gar my unele 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 bocked up a' the barley, and then gar'd the ale gae like a rainbow frae him, as brown as wort-brose.

The hurley-burly being ended, and naething but fair words and shaking of hands, which was 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 hunder holes dung in my arse wi' the round heekle 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 every thing in order; they prapet up the bed wi' a rake, and rip-

pling kame; the stoops being broken, they made a solid foundation of peats, laid on the caff bed and bowsters, and Jockey and Maggy were beddeth the second time.

Jockey not being used to lie wi' a naked woman, except heads and thraws wi' his mither, gets his twa hands about the bride's neck, and his hough out-o'er her hurdies, 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 oukes thereafter, when in comes Marion Mushet, 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 poning 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, what 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's 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 wind, that hoves up the lasses name; she'll hae drucken some sour drink, raw cowens, 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 one o' them could pit on anither's claes, or tak a louse aff ither.

Mith. I bid you haud your tongue, and no even your bystarts to my bairn, for he'll ne'er tak 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 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 hae gotten her dochter wi' bairn.

Jock. Me, mither! I never lay in a bed wi' her dochter a' my days; it'll be the young Laird's

for a saw him kiss her at the Lanmas-fair and let glaum at her nonsense.

Mith. Ay, ay, my man, Johnny, that's the way she has gotten her belly full of bairns; 'tis no you, nor the like of you, poor innocent lad, that gets bastard weans; 'tis a when rambling o'erfull lowns, ilka ane of them louns on anither, and gies the like of you the wyte o't.

Mar. Ye may say what you like about it 'tis easy to ca' a court whar there's nae body to say again; but I'll let you ken about it; and that is what she tell't me, and you gudewife tell't me some o't yoursel'; and gin you hadna brought in Maggy wi her muckle tocher atween the twa, your Jocky 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 bystards, and it no yours? Dinna I ken as well as ye do wha's aught it, and wha got the wean.

Jock. Aye, but 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 couldna lo'e her, she was sae lazy and

own like, besides her crooket fit and bowed
eggs.

Joek. Ay, but mither, do ye mind since ye
sent me out to gie her the parting kiss at the
black hole of the peat-staek; she rave the button
frae my breeks, and wad gar me do't; and could
flesh and blood refuse to do't; I'm sure mither,
I could ne'er get her wi' bairn wi' my breeks on.

Mith. Na, na, poor simple silly lad; the
wean's no yours, ilka ane louns on o' anither, and
ye'll get the wyte of a' the bytarts that are rouud
about the country

Up gets Maggy wi' a roar, and rives her hair,
and eries, 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
Rodger's wife, auld Katty and howdy; but or he
wan baek, she parted wi' Patriek through perfect
spite, and then lay twa-fauld o'er a stood in a
swoon.

Joek. 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 furnished 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 anither 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 with bairn.

At last Mess 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 Session, and to see how the stool of repentance wad set them. No sooner had they entered the door, but Maggy fa's a greeting and wringing her hands! Jockey's mither fell a-flyting, and he himself a-rubbing his lugs, and riving his hair, crying out, O gin I were but half an ell higher, I sud be a sodger or it be lang; and gie me a good flail or a corn fork, I sud kill Frenchmen anew, before I gade to face yon flyting Ministers, and be set up like a world's wonder, on their cock-stool, or black stool; and

wha can hide the shame when every body looks o them, wi' their sacken sarks, or gowns, on hem, like a piece of auld canvas prickt 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 has done it, and ye'll no be the last; e'en mony of the ministers hae done it themselves; without aye, e'en your father and I did it mony a time.

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 pit out of the bane.

Mith. Daft woman, what way wad the world stand if folks wadna mak use of ither; 'Tis the thing that's natural bairns getting; therefore it's no to be seunner d at.

Mag. aye, aye, but an they be for the like of that, they should marry.

Math. But I think there's little ill though they try it anee or twice or they be married; 'tis an unco thing for a body to be bound to a business or they ken whether they be able for it or no.

Mag. Aye, aye, that's your way of doing and his, but it's no the way of ither honest fouk; see what the Minister will say to it.

Mith. The Minister is but a mortal man,

and there's defections in his members as well as in mine.

Mag. Aye, but fook should aye strive to mortify their members.

Mith. Aye, aye mortify their members that's your Whiggery, indeed; But will you or ony body else, wi your mortifying of your members prevent what's to come to pass? I wish I saw the Minister and his Elders, I'se gie them Seriptures for a' his done yet. Tell nae me about the mortifying of members, gin he has gotten a bystart, let her and him feed it between them, and they gie't soup about; but she maun keep it the first quarter, and by that time muckle blaek Lady will be cauft; we sall sell the cauf and foster the wean on the cow's milk; that's better mense for a faut, than a' your repenting-stools; a when Papist rites, and rotten eerimonies, fashing fouks wi sack gowns and buttoek-mails, and I dinna ken what. But bide ye till I see the Minister.

Now Joekey and his mither went into the little byre and held a private meeting, nane present but auld Bruemie 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 bastard; which coucludes the third and last part.

PART III.

Aff he goes to the minister, and owns a' his faut to him; and Mess John desired him to appear before the congregation the next Sabbath, to be rebuked for his fau't.

Jock. Indeed, Sir, I wad think naething to stan' a tims or twa on the black stool, to please you, if there were naebody in the kirk, on a ouke-day, but you and the elders to flyte a wee on me; but 'tis waur on a Sunday to have a' bodies looking and laughing at me, as I had been codding the peas, sipping the kirn, or something that's no bonny, like pissing the bed.

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

Upon Sunday thereafter, John comes with Uncle Rabby's auld wide coat, a muckle grey lang-tail'd wig, and a big bonnet, which covered his face, so that he seemed more like an old Pilgrim than a young fornicator! mounts the creepy wi' a stiff, stiff back, as he had been a man of sixty! Every one booked 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, or

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 baptised 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 tither Jock, and that will please baith these enemies of mankind.

Minist. Now John, you must never kiss another Woman but your own wife; live justly, like another honest man, and you'll come to die well.

Jock. A black end on a me, Sir, if ever I lay an unlawfu' leg upon a hissy again, an' they sud lie down to me, as lang as our Maggy lasts; and for dying, there's nae fear of that, or I'll no get fair play, if ye an' a' the aulder folk in the parish be not dead before me. So I hae done wi' ye now, fareweel Sir.

