

THE WHOLE
PROCEEDINGS

OF

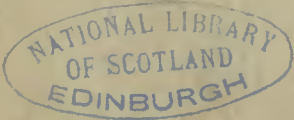
JOCKEY AND MAGGY;
IN FIVE PARTS.

- I. Jockey and Maggy's Courtshp as they were coming from the Market.
- II. The wonderful works of our John; showing how he made Janet like an Elshin-haft and got his ain Maggy wi' bairn forby.
- III. The wonderful works of our John made manifest before the Minister.
- IV. How Jockey and his Mother went away to see his Bastard Child.
- V. How Jockey had another child, and could not get it baptised un-til he mounted the Stool; with an Account of his Mother's death and burial. Also, an elegant Elegy on the same Occasion.

Carefully Corrected and Revised by the Author.

GLASGOW :
PRINTED FOR THE FLYING STATIONERS.

1839.



PROCEEDINGS

OF

SOCIETY AND MAGGY

IN FIVE PARTS.

1. How Society and its Members
 were first formed in the British
 Isles.
 2. How Society and its Members
 were first formed in the British
 Isles.
 3. How Society and its Members
 were first formed in the British
 Isles.
 4. How Society and its Members
 were first formed in the British
 Isles.
 5. How Society and its Members
 were first formed in the British
 Isles.

6. How Society and its Members
 were first formed in the British
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 were first formed in the British
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 8. How Society and its Members
 were first formed in the British
 Isles.
 9. How Society and its Members
 were first formed in the British
 Isles.
 10. How Society and its Members
 were first formed in the British
 Isles.

Printed and Sold by the Author

IN THE CITY OF LONDON
 BY THE AUTHOR

1833

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OF,

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- III. The wonderful works of our John made manifest before the Minister.

- IV. How Jocky and his Mother went away to see his Bastard Child.
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JOCKEY AND MAGGY'S COURTSHIP,

As they were coming from the Market.

PART. I.

Jockey. HEY Maggy, wilt thou stay and tak kent fouk hame wi' ye the night ?

Maggy. Wiltu come awa' then Johnny ? I fain wad be hame or the kye come in ; our mickle Riggy is sic a rumb-ling royte, she rins ay thro' the byre, and sticks a' the bits o' couties ; my mither is na able to haud her to her ain stake.

Jock. Hute, we'll be hame in bra' time woman, and how is a' your fouks at hame.

Mag. Indeed I canna weel tell you man, our guidame is a' gane wi' the gut ; my mither is very frail, my father he's ay wandering about widdling amang the beasts.

Jock. But Maggy, they tell me we're gawn to get a wedding of thee and Andrew Marrymouth, the Laird's gard ner.

Mag. Na, na, he maun hae a brawer lass to be his wife than the like o' me ; but auld Tammie Taitrees was seek- ing me : my father wad ha' hacn me tak him, but mither wadna let ; there was an odd debate about it. My guid- ame wad ha' sticked my mither wi' the grape, if my father hadna' chanc'd to founder her wi' the beetle.

Jock. Hech, woman ! I think your father was a fool for fashing wi' him ; auld slavery duse, he wants neathing of a cow but the elutes : your guidame may tak him bersel ; wa auld tot' ering-stumps, the tane may fair the tither fu' well.

Mag. Ach man ! I wad hae taen thee or ony body to hane them greed again : my father held my guidame's nose, and my guidame brake my mither's thumb ; the neighbours came a' rinning in, but I had luck to haud my father's hands till yence my guidame plotted him wi' the broc that was to make our brose.

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

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

(Shakes hands for fear of an Outcast)

Jock. Indeed Maggy, the fouk of your town and the fouk of our town sye, we are gawn to be married ; What say'st thou ?

Mag. I wish we ne'er do war ; O Johnny ! I dream'd o' you lan syne, and I liket you ay after that.

Jock. O Maggy! Maggy! dost thou mind since I came to your father's bill, wi' mither's cow, ye ken she wadna stand, and ye helped me to haud her; ay after that they scoined me that I wad be married on a-you.

Mag. It's very true man, it'll be an odd thing an it be; but it's no fae back at my door, I assure ye.

Jock. Nor at mine, but my mither had nae kiss ye.

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

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

Mag. Ay, but Johnny, ye man stay till that night come; it's best to keep the feast until the feast day.

Jock. Dinna be angry, Maggy, my wife to be, but I have heard my mither sayin in her daffing, that fouk sould ay try gin their house will haud their plenishen.

Mag. Ay, but Johnny, a wife is ae thing and a house anither, a man that's amind to marry a woman he'll no mak her a whore.

Jock. It's a' true Maggy, hut fouks may do it yence or they be married; and no hae any ill in their minds.

Mag. Aha Johnny mony a ane has been beguil'd wi' yence, and do it yence ye may do it ay; what, and we get a bastard, and hae to suffer for the foul act of fornication.

Jock. Ay but my mither says, if dinna get thee wi' bairn, I'll not get thee; so it's the surest way of wooing.

Mag. Indeed Johnny, I like you better than any la' I see, and I sall marry you yence my father's muck were out; my mither douna work at the midden.

Jock. A Maggy, Maggy, I fear you beguile me, then my mither will murder me for being so silly.

Mag. My jo Jockey, tell your mi her to provide a' things for the bridal, and I shall marry you in three weeks after this; but we maun gie in siller to the Presenter, a groat and a drink to the Bellman, and then the kirk-wa's maun hear o't three Sundays or it come.

Jock. But Maggy, I'm no to mak a hlin bargain wi' you nor any body; I maun ken o' your things, and ye sall ken o' mine.

Mag. I ken well what I was to get, and gin my mither like the bargain well, she'll make it better; but an' my father be angry at the match, I dare not meet you to be married.

Jock. I see na how he can be angry; I wat well I'm a' gay sturdy fellow, when I laid on a bow and five packs o

beer on the Laird's Bawsey, and he's as bilshy a beast as in the barony.

Mag. Ay, but my mither is ay angry at ony body that evens themselves to me, an it binna them she likes; indeed she bade me tak ony body if it were na auld tot'ring Tommie; for his beard is a brown wi' sucking tobacco, and slavers a' the breast o' his jacket.

Jock. O Maggy! tak me, and I'll tell you what I hae; first, my father left me when he died, fifty merks, twa sacks, twa pair o' sunks; the hens, and the gawn gear were 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 it's happened sae, she is to gie me Brucky and the black Mare, the hafe o' the cogs, three spoons, four pair o' blankets and can'as; she's to big twa beys to her ain gable to be a dwelling house to me and my wife; and I'm to get the wee byre at the end o' the ra' to laud my cow and twa couties: the hafe o' the barn and a bed o' the kailyard as long as she lives, and when she dies I am to pay the earding o' her honestly; and a' the o'er cone is to be my ain. And by that time I'll be as rich as e'er my father was before me.

Mag. Truly Johnny, I'se no say meikle to the contrair, but gin ye hae a mind to take me wi' what I hae, tell me either now or never, for I se be married or lang gae.

Jock. I wat well I'm courting in earnest, tell me what you hae, and we'll say no more but marry ither.

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

Jock. That's right, I want nae mare, it's an uulco thing to marry a naked woman, and get nathing but twa bear legs.

Mag. O John, ye're in the right o't, for mony a ane is beguiled and gets neathing, but my father is to gie me forty pounds Scots, that night I am married, a lade o' meal, surlet o' groats; auld Crummie is mine since she was a cafe and now she has a stirk will tak the bill e'er Beltan? yet I hae twa stane o' good lint and three pockfu's o' tow, a good ca'f bed, twa bowsters and three cods, with three pair o' blankets, and a covering; forby twa pair to spin, but my mither widna gie me creesh to them, and ye ken the butter is dear now.

Jock. Then farewell the night Maggy? the best o' friends maun part, and sae maun thy twa legs yet.

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

Hame gaed Maggy and telled her Mither.

Maggy. O Mither! I hae something to tell ye, but ye manna tell my father.

Mither. Dear Maggy, ! and what is it?

Mag. Deed mither, I'ui gawn to be married, gin the muck were out.

Mith. Dear Maggy, and wha is thou gawn to get? it's no auld bubly Tammie.

Mag. Na, na, he's a bra' young man, and has mare gier than ilka body kens o'; guess, and I'll tell you: it's Johnny Bell, and his mither sent him to the market just to court me.

Mith. Deed Maggy, ye'll no be ill yoket wi' him; he's a gay well gawn fellow, right sprush, amaist like an ill-far'd gentleman. Hey guidman, do ye hear that our Maggy is gawn to be married gin the muck were out.

Father. Na, na, I'll no allow that until the peets be cussen and hurl'd.

Mag. Father, it's dangerous to delay the like o'that, I like him, and he likes me; it's best to strike the iron when it's hot.

Fath. And wha is she gawn to get guidwife.

Mith. And wha do you think guidman.

Fath. A what wat I herie? an she please hersel and you, I'm pleased already.

Mith. Indeed s'e's gawn to get Johnny Bell, as clever a young fellow as in a' the barony where he bides.

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

Mith. A well Maggy, I'se hae a' things ready, and I'll hae thee married or this Month be done.

Mag. Thanks to ye mither, mony a good turn ye done me, and this will be the best I think.

Hame gaed Jockey to his Mither Crying.

Jockey. MITHER! Mither! I made it out, her mouth is sweeter than milk, my heart plays a whilue whaltie, when I kiss her.

Mith. Fair fa thee, my son Johnny, thou's gotten the gate o't at last: and when is thou gawn to be married?

Jock. When I like mither, but get masons the morn, to big my house, for I'll hae a' my things in right good order.

Mith. Thou's want for naething, my bairn, but pusht forward as fast as ye can.

The wooing heing o'er, and the day being set, Jockey's mither killed the black buil horned yeal ewe that lost her lamb the last year, three hens and a gule fitted cock, to prevent the ripples, five pecks o' maut mas'et in the meikle kirn, a pint o' tryke to mak it thicker and sweeter and mumer for the mouth: five pints o' whiskey whercin was garlie and spice, for raising o' the wind and clearing o' their water; the friends and good neighbours went a' wi' John to the kirk, where Maggy chane'd to meet him, and was married by the minister; the twa companies joined together and came home in a croud, every change house they chanced to pass by providence stopt their proceeding, with full stomps, bottles and glasses, drinking their healths, wishing them much joy, ten girls and a boy; Jockey seeing so many wishing well his health, coupt up what he got to augment his health and gar him live lang, which afterwards coupt up him, and proved detrimental to the same.

So home they came to the dinner, where his mither presented them a piping hot haggies, made of the crish of the black buil horn'd ewe, boiled in the meikle bag, mix'd with bear meal, onions, spice and mint; this haggies being supt warm, the foaming swats and spice in the liquor set Johnny's belly abizing like a working fat, and he playing het fit to the fidler, was suddenly seized with a bocking and rebounding, gave his dinner such a backward ca', that he lost a' but the girt bits, scythed through his teeth: his mither cried to spence him, and bed him wi' the bride; his bree's being fied, they wash'd baith his hips, laid him in his bed, pale and ghostly was his face, and closed were both his een. Ah! cries his mither, a dismal day indeed, his brithal and his burial may laith be on ae day. Some cuist water in his face, and jag'd him wi' a needle, till he began to rouse himself up and rap out broken words. Mither, mither, whar am I now? Where are you now my bairn? says his mither, ye're bebet, and I'll bring the bride to you. Bebet, and is my brithal done else? Ay, said she here's the bride to lie down wi' you. Na, na, said he, I'll no lye with that unco woman indeed, if it binna heads and thraws, the way I lie with my mither? O fie, dinna affront yourself. The bride fa's a crying, 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'st cau'd thy hogsto a bonny market. A bonny market says his mither, a shame fa' you and her baith. he's

wordy o' her tho' she were better than what she is, nor ever will be. His friends and her friends being in a mixed multitude, some took his part, and some took her's; there a battle began 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, trunchers were flying like bombs and granads.

The crook, bowls and tongs were a l employed as weapons of war; till down came the bed with a great mu' of peets. So this disturbet their treading.

PART II.

The wonderful Works of our John, &c.

Now, though all the ceremonies of Jockey and Maggy's wedding were ended, when they were fairly hedded before a wheen rattling unruly witnesses, wha dang down the bed aboon them; the battle still increased, and John's works turned ont to be very wonderful: for he made Janet, that was his mither's lass the last year, grow like an elshin haft, and got his ain Maggy wi' bairn forhy.

The haushenghs were very great, until auld uncle Rabby came in to red them, and a sturdy auld fallow he was, stood stievely wi' a stiff rumpie, and by strength of his arms rave them sundry, flinging the ane east and the ither west, until they stood round about like as many breathless foughten cocks, and no ane durst steer anither for him. Jockey's mither was driven o'er a kist, and hragget a ber hips on a heckle; up she gat, and rinning to fell Maggy's mither wi' the ladle, swearing she was the mither of a' the misc ief that happened; uncle Rabby ran in between them, he ha'ing a great lang nose like a trumpet, she racklessly came o'er his lobster neb a drive wi' the ladle, until the blood sprang out, and ran down his auld grey beard, and lang like snuff bubbles at it: O! then he gaed wode, and looked as waeful like, as he had been a Toplowrie com'd fre' worrying lambs, wi' his bloody'mouth. Wi' that he gets an auld flail, and rives away the supple, then drives them a' to the back o' the door, but yet nane wan out; then wi' chitten and ehappen, down come the clay hallen and the hen bauk wi' Rob Reid the fiddler, who crept up aside the hens for the preservation of his fiddle.

Ben comes the bride, when she got on her coat, clappet Robby's shoulder and hade him spare their lives for there is blood enough shed in ae night, quoth she, and that ny beard can witness quoth he. So they all came in obedience to un-

cle Rabby, for his supple made their pows baith saft and sair that night; but daft Maggie Simson sat by the fire and picked bones a' the time o' the battle: Indeed, quoth she, I think you're a fools but mysel; for I came here to get a good supper, and ither fouk has gotten their skin weil paid.

By this time up got John the bridegroom, that was Jockey before he was married, but could nae get his breeks; yet wi' a horse-nail he tacked his sark tail betwene his legs, that nane might see what every body should hide, and rambling he cries, settle ye, or I'll gar my uncle settle ye, and saften your heads wi' my auld supple.

Poor Rob Reid the fiddler took a sudden blast: some said he was maw turn'd wi' the fa': for he booked up a' the barley, and then gar'd the ale go like a rainbow frae him, as brown as wort brose.

The hurly burly being ended, and naething but fair words and shaking o' hands, which was a sure sign of an agreement, they began to cou' their euted lugs, and wash their sairs, a' but Jockey's mither, who eries out, a black end on a' you and your wedding baith; for I hae gotten an hundred holes dung in my arse wi' the heckle teeth.

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

Up get uncle Rabby, and auld Sandy the souter of Siggy-hole, to put every thing in order: they prapet up the bed wi' a rake and rippling kame, the bearers being broken they made a solid bottom of peets, laid on the cauf bed and bowsters, where Jockey and Maggy was beddet the second time.

Jockey, not being used to lie wi' a naked woman, except heads and thraws wi' his mither, got his twa hands about the bride's neck, and his houghs out o'er her hurdies, saying, I ne'er kist wife nor lass naked before, and for fainness I'll bite you, I'll bite you, &c. Naithing mair remarkable till about half a year and four oucks thereafter, in comes Marion Mushet rinning barefoot and bareleggitt, wi' bleart een and watcry cheeks, cursing and banning, greeting and flyting.

Marion enters, crying, and whar's John?

His mother answers. Indeed he's out in the yard powing kill runts.

Marion. A black end on him and runts baith, for he's ruin'd me and my bairn.

Mith. Ruin'd you, it canna be; he never did you ill, nor said you ill, be night or be day, what gars you say that?

Mar. 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 lying lown! I trow our John was ne'er guilty o' sic a sinfu' action; daft woman! I trow it'll be but wind that hoves up the lassy's weam; she'll hae drun'ken some drink, like raw sowens or rotten milk that makes her sae.

Mar. A wae be to him and his actions baith, he's the father o't, fornicator dog that he is. he's ruin'd me and my bairn; I bore her and brought her up honestly, till she come till you; her fath'r died and left me wi' four o' them; there warn aane o' them cou'd pit on anither's claes, or tak a louse aff ither.

Mith. I bid you haud your tongue, and no even your bystart to my bairn, for he'll ne'er tak wi't; he, poor silly lad, he wad ne'er look at a lass, he's to lay her down. *Fy Maggy.* Cryin o' John, and lets ratify't wi' the auld rudoch. Aye, ye're no blate for saying sae.

Mar. Be angry, or be well pleased, I'll say in a' your faces and I'll ca' you before your betters about it or lang gae.

John enters. And what wat ye now, is our brose ready yet.

Mith. Ay brose, black brose indeed for thee, my harin, here Marion Musher saying ye hae gotten her dochter wi' bairn.

Jock. Me Mither? I ne'er lay in a bed wi' her dochter a' my days; it'll be the young lairds, for I saw him kiss her at the lammas fair, and let glam at her nonsense.

Mith. Ay, ay my man Johnny, that's the way she has gotten her belly fu' o' bairns; its no you nor the like o' you, poor innocent lad, that gets bystart weans; a when filthy louns every aane louns on anither, and gies you the wife of a'.

Mar. You may say what you like about it, (it's easy to ca' a court whar nae body's to say again) but I'll tell you a' I ken about it, and that is what she told me, and you good wife tell me some o't yoursel: and gin ye hadna brought in Maggy wi' her muckle tocher atween the twa, your Jockie and my Jennie had a been man and wife the day.

Jock. I wat well that's true.

Mith. Ye filthy dog at ye are, are ye gawn to confess wi' a bystart, and it no yours, dinna I ken as well as ye do wha's aught it?

Jock. Ay but mither, we may a' deny as we will about it, but I doubt it comes to my door at last.

Mith. Ye silly sump and senseless fellow, had ye been nuckle deep i' the dirty drab, ye might a said sae, but ye tell'u me lang syne that ye could na' lo'e her, she was sae lazy and loun like; besides her crooked fit and how'd legs.

Jock. Ay but mither, do you mind since ye sent me to gie

her the parting kiss, at the black hole o' the peet stack; she sure the bottom frae my breeks, and wad gar me do't? I'm sure mither, I cou'd ne'er get her wi' bairn and my breeks on

Mith. Na, na, poor simple silly lad, the wean's no your's, i k ane loup on anither, and you'll get the wyte of a' the bystarts round about.

Up gets Maggay wi' a roar, and rives her hair, claws her back, 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 hae married a tinker, or followed the soger, as mony an honest man's daughter has done, and liv'd a bet er life than I do.

Up gets Jockey, and runs o'er the rigs for John Roger's wife, auld Katie the howdie, but or he wan back, she part-ed wi' Patriek through perfect spite, then lay twafold o'er a stool in a swoon.

Jock. A well, a well, sirs, since my first born is e'en dead, without seeing the light o' the world; ye's a' get bread and cheese to the blyth-meat: the thing we shou'd a ward on the hanquet will sair the burial, and that will ay be some advantage? Gin Maggay thou' die I maun e'en tak Jenny; the tane is as far a length as the tither; I'ee be furnisht 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 tattling thro' the town, every auld wife told anither o't, and a' the light hippet bizies that rins between towns at e'en, tugging at their tow rocks, spread it round the kintry; and every bodies mouth was filled wi, Jockey and Jenney, and how Maggy had part-ed wi' bairn.

At last Mess John Hill heard of the horrid action and sends the elder of that quarter and Clinkem 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 sa's a greeting and wringing her hands; Jockey's mither fell a flyting, and he himsel' a rubbing his lugs and riving his hair, saying, O gin I were halfell higher, I sude be a soger or it be lang; an gie me a good flail or a corn fork, I sude kill Frenchmen now, before I need to face your flyting ministers, and be set up like a warl's wonder, on their cock-stool or black-stool, and wha can bide the shame, whan every body looks to them like a piece of auld canvass prickt about a body, for nothing, but what every body does amaisht, or they be married, as well as me?

Mith. My man Johnny, ye're no the first that has done it, and ye'll no be the last; e'en inony o' the ministers has done it themselves; hout ay, your father and I did it mony a time.

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

Mith. Daft woman, what way could the world stand, if fou's wadna make use o' ither: it's the thing that's natural, bain's getting, ther'fore it's no to be scunner at.

Mag. Ay, ay, but an they be for the like o' that they s'ould marry.

Mith. But I think there's little ill tho' they try it yence or twice or t'ey be marr'ed; it's an unco thing till a body to be bound to a business, if they dinna ken whether they're able for it or no.

Mag. Ay, ay, that's your way o' doing and his. But it's no the way o' ither honest fouk; see what the minister will say to it.

Mith. The minister is but a mortal man, and there is de-fections in his members as well as mine.

Mag. Ay, but fouk should ay strive to mortify their members.

Mith. And is that your whigry? 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; but I se gae him scripture for a' he's done yet: tell na me about the mortifying of members, gin he has gotten a bysta t, let her and him feed it between them, an they sud gie it soup about; but she maun keep it the first quarter, and by ti at time the muckle black lady 'ill be caust, we shall fell the caufe, and foster the wean on the cow's milk. That's a better mense for a faut than a' your mortifying o' your members, and a' yonr repenting stools; a when Papist rites and rotten ceremonies, fashing fouks wi' sack gowns and buttoek rrales, and I dinna ken what; but bide you yet, till I see the minister.

PART III.

The wonderful works of our John, made manifest before the Minister, &c.

Now Jockey and his mither went into the little byre and held a private meeting, nane present but auld brockie and th' twa brutes, the bits o' coutries.

Mith. Ye silly dog, and be drown'd to you, how cou'd ye confess sae muckle to macslie-shanket Marion, although she be her mlther?

Jock. O mither! mither! say nae mair about it, my ain wan has dung me dourly; sadly have I suffered for that, and ye ken a' the misery's com'd oer our Maggy, my mouth's the mother o't, sae haud your tongue I tell you now.

Mith. And tell me to haud my tongue? Gin ye had hae hauden your tongue and your tail, and ha'e done as I bid you, ye hadna had sae muckle ado the day, daft silly dog it tu is.

Jock. Mither, mither, gie's nane of your mocks, nor malice; for tho' I get the wean, ye hae as muckle the wyte o't as I. Gae seek me out my three new sarks and Sunday's shine, and l'se gae whar never man saw my face before, neither wood, water, nor wilderness sall haud me again.

Mith. My bra' man Johnny, you maunna do that; stay at hame wi' me, and set a stout heart to a stie brae, I'se gae to the session wi' you, gang when you like.

Jock. A well mither, I sall do your bidding for ance yet, but when the minister flytes on me, answer ye him, for I canna speak well again.

Mith. Say nae mair, I hae a pockfu' o' perfect petitions to louse and put to him and his elders, and if tu maun gae to their black stool, it's no be thee thy lane sall sit.

Jock. But mither, whether will I deny the doing o't, or confess the game, and was at the getting o't.

Mith. Ay, ay, confess you did it, but say but ance, and that on the terms of marriage, the way that a' our kintry bystarts are gotten.

Now Jocky being three times summoned to the session, and did not appear, the session insist for a warrant from the justice of the peace, which was readily granted, more for diversion nor justice sake; the warrant being given to John King the constable, who went away with Clinkem Bell on Saturday's morning, and caught John just at his breakfast, hauls him awa', ane at ilka oxtar, like twa butcher's dogs hinging in a bull's beard. His mither followed, driving him up wi' good counsels.—My bra' man, Johnny, haud up your head, diunna think shame for a' your fa't is but perfect honesty, you're neither a thief, whore, nor horse stealer.

Then Maggy ran for uncle Rabby, and uncle Rabby sent to Sandy the souter of Siggyhole; the souter saddled his mair, and uncle Rabby got aff at a gallop on his gray pow-icy, west the hags, and owre by White hill-shengh, the

nearest, and was at Sir James the Justice's lang e'er John was brought into judgment.

John enters before the justice with a red, red face, like a well pay'd arse, fa's down on his knees, saying; Guideen Mr. Justice, Sir James, and it please your honour, you manna put me in prison, for I m no malefactor, but a poor honest kinty man, that was born in an ill planet, my mither says't. I had the ill luck of a misfortune to fa' foul wi' fornication, and got my mither's lass wi' bairn the last year, and they're gaun to father't on me the year again.

The justice smiling, answer'd, Indced John I think it is but very just and reasonable that ye be accountable this year for your last year's labour.

Jock. Ay, ay, sir, I have laboured very sair since my father died, but our plough canna get ga'in for frost this four days.

Just. Ay, but John, that's no what I mean, it's the child ye got last year you must be answerable for this.

Jock. A deed stir, there was twa o' them, but there is ane o' them dead.

Just. A we'll then John, you'll hae the more to give to the one that's alive.

Jock. O! but stir its my ain wean that's dead, the ane I got wi' my wife; I dinna ken whether the tither he mine or no.

Just. Yours or no sir, when you told me you got it; if ye should get it wi' a beggar wife at the back of a dyke, what is that to the purpose, when it is of your getting, you must maintain it?

Jock. O! yes stir, I'm no refusing to gie't meat and meal to maintain't; but my mither winna let me to the black-stool.

Just. Why not go to the black stool, when guilty of such an action as deserves it? if you have any reasons why you should not go, argument it in the session and clear yourself if you can.

John's mother enters, and addresses herself to the servant lass, thinking she was the justice's lady.

Indeed mistress madam, if ye were a kinty guidwife like mysel, I could tell a' about it, but you that's gentles, I canna use freedom wi' you, cause I hae na Latin, but wae's me, we that's poor souk is born to many fealins and backward faus; this lad is my son, and I'm his mother, he has had the foul fortune to get a by-tart bairn, no doubt but we hae been a' guilty o' as muckle and ne'er a word about it a'. What say ye madam?

Off goes the lass, saying, Foul fa' the wife, for I was never guilty o't.

Just. Well good wife, what is the reason but ye let your son give satisfaction to the kirk.

Mith. Deed stir, he's no denying the bairn, but he'll no hae the black stool.

Just. Ay, but I tell you them that gets a hystart gets the black stool to the bargain, and as he is in my hands now, he must find caution that he will answer the session and be subject to the law.

Mith. Ony thing ye like, stir, but that shamefu stance the black stool; here's uncle Rabby, and auld Sandy the souter, will be caution that we's face the session on Sunday; the lad's wae enough he did it, but he canna help it now, the wean's born and by hand: guid night wi' your honour's lairdship, it's the first time e'er I was before you.

On Sabbath after sermon, the session met, John and his mother is called upon, he enters courageously, saying, Guid-eeen to you master minister, bellman and elders a', my mith-er and me is baith here.

Mess John. Then-let her in, come awa' good wife, what's the reason ye keep your son so long back from answering the session? You see it is the thing you are obliged to do at last.

Mith. Deed stir, I think there needs na be nae mair work about it, I think when he's gi'en the lazy hulk, the mith-er o't, baith meal and groats to maintain it, ye needna fash him, he's a dutifu' faither indeed, weel I wat, when he feeds his bystart sae weel.

Mess John. Woman, are you a hearer of the gospel, that ye reject the dictates of it? how comes ye to despise the discipline of the church? is not offenders to be rebuked and chastised.

Mith. Yes stir, a' that is very true, but I hae been three or four times throw the Bible and the New Testament, and I never saw a repenting stool in it a'; then whar could the first o' them come frae? The Apostles had nane o' them. But a daft history book tells me, that the first o' them was used about Rome amang the Papists, and ay when any o' them turned whigs, they were put on a four-neuked thing, like a yarn winnel-blads, and rave a' their goul's sindry till they turned papists again, and then for anger they put them on a black stane or stool, in the midst o' the kirk, and the sack-gown about them, wi' the picture o' the deil and satan on't; sweet be wi' us, we sudna speak o' the il thief in the kirk, but it is a mercy the minister's here an he come; but what was the original of your repenting stools. And when the Whigs chased away the Papist fouk out o' the kntry,

they left a wheen of their religious pictures and the stool of repentance was amongst the spoil, but ye see no get my bairn to set upon a thing as hich as a hen-bawk, and ilka body glowing at him.

Mess John. Woman, I told you formerly that any who refuses submission to the government of the church, is liable to excommunication; and that we are to put the law in execution against adultery and fornication, or the sin thereof lies partly on our heads.

Mith. As for your sin of adultery, I hae naething ado' wi't; I ken my son is a fornicator, and ye can neither mak him better nor war than he is, there's nae man can keep a' standing in their ain hand—fortune I mean; if it be a sin let him confess't and forsake it, and we's pay the buttoek-male and mak nae muckle about it.

Mess John. Good wife, you need not think your son will pass so, more than others that has been before him, he must actually come before the congregation three Sabbaths, before he be absolved from the scandal, and get the benefit of any church privileges like an honest man.

Mith. Indeed, mess John, my son will never set his hips upon't; if he maun come before you, I'se gar him stand a bit back frae't and hear what ye hae to say about fornication, twa harmless free bodies passing their tryals to see what they can do, ye that's Whigs may mak enough o't, but I think nae muckle about it.

Mess John. Woman ye may go home and see what ye have to do; ye have a very bad tongue; it's not you we are to take an account of

Mith. Ay, ay, ye that's ministers and modest fouk may say sae, but if my son had tane as good tent o' his tail as I can do of my tongue, there had nae been sae muckle about it; a wheen sill louns kens na what they were made for, or how to guide a thing when they get it.

Mess John. Put her out, she's going to talk landy.

Mith. O ay, stir, I se gaug out but I'll hae my bairn wi' me.

Mess John. We must first ask some questions at him, there is no harm can come on him here.

Mith. For as good company as you think yourselves, I wad rather hae him in anither place.

John's kept in, and his mother is put out.

Mess John. Well John, you must tell us whether this child was gotten before ye was married, or since; for I suppose by the time of the birth it was much about the same time.

Jock. Hout ay stir, It was gotten long or I was married.

I need na forget the getting, it was nae sae easy to me.

Mess John. How lang is it since ye was first acquaint ?

Jock. Just whan she came to be my mither's lass, I never saw her but ance before, and gin I had never seen her, I had never kend her after sic a fashous fashion.

Mess John. How lang was she serving with your mother ?

Jock. Just twa haillerts: I got her wi' bairn about a year after she came, and it's no a year yet since I was married.

Mess John. Dear John, there is a contradiction indeed, a woman cannot go two years with child.

Jock. Deed stir, it was then the wean was first gotten.

Mess John. A John John, I find you out to be a sinful liver, you and that woman has had carnal dealings for some time; it is ill keeping the cow out of the corn, if she once gets the way of going to it; ye should actually a married the poor woman, whan ye cohabited so long together.

Jock. No stir, we didna cowhabit together, though she kist me, and I kist her, sometimes in the barn, and sometimes in the byre; nae kent o't but my mother, and she wadna let me tak her, but sent me awa' to court our Maggy.

His mother cries through the hole of the door: ye senseless sumph is that a' the thanks I get for counselling you to do weel: war na me ye wad a been married on a loun like leepit, lazy sumph, who has neither wit nor wyles, no sae much judgment as wyse the wind frae her tail, but lut it gang a ore fouks.

Up gets the elders, crying, Fy, Fy, Duncan the bellman, drive that wicked wife frae the door, she disturbs us all.

Duncan runs to the door, whispering, shame fa you for a wife, gang out o' that; but i'd rather hear you as them yet.

Mess John. Now John, will you be so plain as tell me whether ye promist to marry that woman, when ye lay wi' her.

Jock. Na stir, I didna lie wi' her, for the herd and me lay in the byre bed, and she lay in a little lang saddle at the halend end.

Mess John. It's all one whether ye lay with her or not, when ye have got her with child, that's what ye confess.

Jock. I kenna whether I got her wi' bairn or no; but I did wi' her as I did wi' our Maggy, when she fell wi' bairn.

Mess John. But the question is, whether or no did you promise to marry her when that child was gotten ?

Jock. Hut, tut, stir, you wad fash fouk wi' spiering a thing t was her that promist to marry me for the getting o t.

Mess John. And did not you do the like to her ?

Jock. A what needed I do the like, when she and my mither did it a' but the wean getting, she could na do that.

Mess John. Indeed John, you seem to have been a parcel of loose livers altogether.

Jock. A loose, stir, I wish I were loose yet, better be loose than bun to an ill stake.

Mess John. I see it is needless for me to inquire any further into this matter. I find you out guilty, therefore you must appear publicly on the stool of repentance on Sabbath next, and the two following thereafter, or ye be absolved from the scandal.

Jock. Indeed, master minister, I am very easy about repentance, and for your stool, it's a seat am very indifferent about, for I'm but bashful. and I was never guilty of gettin by-starts, before or sin syne, except in thoughts, words, deeds and actions, I think you may e'en let me pass, I suffered enough wi' the clash o' the kintry, and loss o' my ain wean; it was nae bystart, ye canna gar me stand for that.

Mess John. You appear to be such a stupid fellow, the like o' you should neither have lawful child nor bystart, and I admire that such an idiot as you was allowed to be married to any woman; and you, James, who is elder of that proportion, should have given information of this man's capacity, before he was joined to a wife.

Elder. Indeed sir, ye ken very well he answered the questions at the examine better than any other fouks, and think he is best married, for he might a gotten more bystarts and a fash'd us.

Jock. Indeed stir, it's very true. for when ance I got the gate o' women, I couldna bide aff them; but our Maggy was unco cunnen, she wadoa let me do naething but kiss her and kittle her, till ance we was married.

Mess John. I'll ask no more questions at him: call in his mother, (in she comes). Goodwife, we have ordered your son to appear three Sabbaths on the stool, and there to be reproved before the congregation publicly, and be absolved from the scandal.

Moth. Then the ill thief be his a-se, Mess John, gin e'er he set a hip upon't; my bairn on your black stool! and wadna't be a great blunder on the auld black face o't, to my son to gang on't before the young laird, wha has had twa bystarts and never set a hip on't yet, and he's continually riding on the hissies to this day, and them that wadna let him, he rives their duds, and kicks their douns? A dear Mess John, an ye gie gentle fouk a toleration to whore, for-

nicate, kiss and kuddile a wee wi' ilka body they like, I'll gie you ten marks and gie t to me and my son too.

Mess John. What shall we do with these odious persons.

Elders. Indeed sir we see not what we can make of them.

Mess John. Make of them! we'll exclude them from all church benefit, and lay them under lesser excommunication.

Mith. Indeed stir, tak your mind o't, as our cat did o' the haggies, when she sipped it a' and crap in o' the bag.

If ye winna christen the wean, ye canna hinder us to cast a cogfu' o' water on the face o't, and ca't ony thing we like.

So out she goes, shooting Jockey before her: so John went and pisht on the auld minister's widow's gavel, and there was nae mair about it that day.

PART IV.

How Jockey and his Mother went away to see his Bystart child, &c.

Now Jockey and his mither came hame together, chick for chow, cracking like twa hand guns.

Mith. I trow I have fought a battle this day, and win the field condingly, when I hae conquered a' the canker'd carles about the kirk.

Jock. Indeed mither, I think you are a better man nor the minister, and gin ye had Arithmattock and Latin to ken the kittle figures, ye may preach as well as he.

Mith. I trow, Jock lad, their Black stool of sham repentance ne'er got sic a rattle as I hae gien't the day.

Jock. Na, na, mither, a' the whore-mongers that ever set a hip on't kens nae sae muckle about the auld foundation on't as ye do.

Mith. But Johnny man, gin thou wad start in the morning, the first o' the daft days, and that's, on Munday, ye and I wad gae to see that daft jade Jenny, the mither o't.

Jock. Wi' a' my heart mither; but we maun gie't something, gin't were but an auld sarvet or an auld sark to keep the hips o't warm; young weans are aye wet about the arse, ye ken.

Mith. Weel then Johnny. I'se cry to thee when the hens begin to kackle, and that's about the break o' day; and we's be ready to tak the road against Torryburn day light, when we'll ken a t—d frae a stane.

Up gets auld Maggy. Jock's mither, in the morning, puts on the kittle, and makes her Yool sowens; the mickle pot hung on the fire a' night wi' the cheek of an auld cow's ead. She skims aff the fat and maks a great cog o' Brose; then

pour on a chappen of clean crish like oil, which made a brave sappy breakfast for Jockey and his mither; and Maggy got the cog to scart.

The brose being done and a' things ready, he halts the black mare, lays on the sunks, and a covering, fine furniture for a country wife.

Jockey mounts and his mother behind him, trots awa', till coming dowit the brae abou John Davie's well, the auld beast being unfiery o' the feet, she fund'red before, the girth and crupple broke, Jockey tumbled o'er her lugs, and his mither out o'er him in the wall wi' a slung.

Jock. Ay, ay, mither, tho' I fell, ye needna fa'en aboon me; and gin ye had lyne whar ye lighted first, ye wadna tumbled into the wall; its an unco thing that a body canna get a fa' but ye maun fa' aboon them, auld ruddock it tu is, thou might hae hauden better by the rump, and then wadna ha'e bruised a' my back wi' your auld hard banes, nor hae wat yoursel sae; and see how ye hae drummeld a John Davie's wall.

Mith. Hech, quo' she, I wonder gin I be killed; thou a'wise was wont to get the word of a guid rider, baith upon hissies and horses, gin this be thy management thou's little worth—fell'd the auld banes it bore thee: sic a ba'h as I hae gotten to my Yool! thou coudna gi'en me a war bed nor a water hole in a cauld frosty morning; wae be to thee and that ill gotten gate o' thine: O! let never a better bounty be gotten wi' bystarts getting: and this is sae much o' the fruits o' fornication, a war stance than the black stool yet.

Jock. Let's a-be now wi' your auld jaunts about bystarts getting, or I'se gie you the wind o' the mare's tail, and gar you whammel hame wi' a' your wat coats about you.

Mith. Na, na, my man Johnny, haud th' auld jade till I loup on; we came together, and we's gang hame together; we sall see thy bystart and its mother, or we gae hame

Jock. Wi' a' my heart, mither, but yonder's the house and the hens on't; the lums reeking rarely, but little ken they wha's coming.

At length they came to Jenny's mother's door;

In goes Jock's mother, and in goes his mare;

Himself goes after, and cries, How's a here.

Mith. Hech! is that poor body in her bed yet?

Her mother answers; Weel I wat she's in her bed, and cald, cald, and cumfortless is her lying. Bystart getting is like lent gear, seldom or never weel paid back again; but

my poor lassie coudna done war than she's done. O' gin she had yielded her body to some bit hird laddie he wad a seen her lang or now.

Mith. A dear Marion, what wad ye be at? Do ye thiuk that our John, wha has a wife o's ain, cou'd come and wait on her as if she were a dame of honour, or yet an honest man's wife; poor silly loun it she is; gin he had thought on what he was com'd o'; he wad a ne'er ha'e offered benevolence to the like o' her.

Marion. Gin ye had been as great an iustrogator against his making her double ribbit, as ye're now against doing her justice for the filthy jimcrack he's gi'en her, ye wadna need to ca' her silly loun the day, and him an honest man. But ne'er an honest man wad hod'ld sae lang on ae poor lizzie, and then gane awa' and a married anither for love of a pickle auld clouts, and twa or three pockfuss o' tow; and she but a silly loun indeed, that lute him or ony rattle-scul else, shak their tail sae lang upon her, without his faith and his troth, and his fist before the minister.

Mith. A cauld be your cast kimmer, do you think it your dadeling daughter's a match for my son John: I think less may sair, her father was but a poor cotter carle, and our John's father was a farmer; and altho' they hae fa'en foul o' ither, I think nae sairly o't, its but a trick o' youth, and the course of youdeth maun be out; but she may thank good fortune, and tell her friends, ay, and count it credit that ever she bore a bystart to the like o' him; a good, fu,' fat farmer's son, but ae step laigher nor a laird.

Mar. A wae be to sic a credit, it's no worth the cracking o'; and whar was a' his noble equals whan he be't to lay his leg on a my poor lassie, poor clatty cluny it tu is? and if they ware no ae Hand's mak, I wad think naething o't; for there warn a needle o' differ between their daddies: and what ware they baith but twa sticket tailors at the best? ye had as good a gane hame and counted your bowkail-stocks, as come here to count kindred wi' me.

Jock. Hut awa, daft witless wives, I kinna what you're flyting about; I wad rather see the wean gin it be ony thing wally and like the warld.

Mar. Indeed sall ye John, you'll see your ain picture for little smiler; a muckle mouth't beveral it is just like yoursel.

(The Child is present!)

Jock. Mither, mither it has a muckle mouth just like mine, and sees wi' baith its e'en, and bit five days auld yet.

Mith. Dear Johnny, thou's no wise man, wad tu hae the wean to be blin'd? the poor thing saw whan it was new born.

Jock. A what ken I mither, am no sae weel skilled as the houdies, and them that's ay habling weans; but I thought they had a' been like the wee bits o' whalpies, nine nights auld before they had seen ony.

Mith. Awa, awa, ye witless widdyfu', comparing a beast till a woman's ain bairnie: a dog is a brute beast, and a wean is a chrisen'd creature.

Jock. Na, nither, it's no' a christened creature yet; for it has neither gotten the words nor the water; nor as little do I ken how to ca't yet.

Mar. I wat weel it's a very uncanny thing to keep about a house, or yet to meet in a morning, a body wanting a name.

Mith. Hout, out ay, ye it's auld wives is fu' o' frits, an' religious fashions: them that looks to frits, frits follow them; but it is six and thirty years since I was a married wife, and I never kend a Sabbath day by anither ane, mony a time till the bell rung.

Mar. Dear guidwife, what needs ye speak sae loud; Ye fright the wean wi' crying sae—see, it starts.

Mith. Ay, ay; the bystarts is a' that way: but ken ye the reason o'that?

Mar. Ye that kens the reason of every thing may soon find out that too.

Mith. A deed than woman, I'll tell you: the merry begotten weans—it's bystarts I mean—are red wood, half witet hillocket sort o' creatures; for gif it be not ane amang twenty o' them, they're a' scar'd o' the getting, for there's few, few o' them gotten in beds like honest fouk's bairns; but in out-houses, auld barns, backs o' dykes, and kil-logies, whar there's ay some body wandering to scar poor needfu' persons at their job o' journey-wark; for weel I ken the gates o't—experience gars me speak.

Jock. A deed, nither, that's very true; for whan I was getting that wean at the black hole o' the peat stack, John Gammel's muckle black colly can in behind us wi' bow, wow, of a great goul just aboon my buttocks; and as I'm a sinner, he gart me loup leveruck height, and yet we got the wean for a' that.

Mith. A weel then, Johnny, that maks my words good yet.

Jenny answers out of the bed—A shame fa' your fashions; ye hae na muckle to keep when ye tell how it was gotten, or what was at the gettin o't.

Jock. A shame fa' yoursels, Jenny, for I hae gotten my

part o' the shame else; and gin you hadna told first there wad nae kend, for nae body saw us but John Gammel's auld colly. and he's no a sufficient witness.

Mar. Now, good-wife, amang a' the tales ye hae tell'd me, how is this wane to be maintained?

Mith. Ill chance on your auld black mouth, Marion, did not I send you my guid sprittled hen, a pound of butter, and sixpence. forby a lippy o' groats, and a furlat o' meal; mak her a good cogfu' o' brose, and put a knoist o' butter in them, to fill up the hole whar the loun came out, and I'll send meal or that be done.

Mar. An it be na better than the last, you may een keep it to yoursel; your groat meal and gray meal, sand, dust and seeds, coarse enough to feed cocks and hens, besides a woman in her condition.

Mith. A foul be your gabs, ye're a' sae gash o' your gabbies; a wheen fools that stive up your guts wi' good meat, to gar the worms turn wanton and wallop in your wames; feed yoursel as I do, wi' hack t kail, brose made o' groat meal, gray meal, sands, dust and seeds, and weak shilling; ony thing is good enough to fill the guts, and mak a t—d of.

Jock. Na, na, mither, gin the wean wad suck our Maggy, I sud tak it hame in my oxtar.

Mith. O, ye fool! Maggy's milk is a' mould, salt and sapless lang syne; but I trow she wad keb at it, as the black ewe did at the white ewe's lamb the last year; sae speak nae mair o' Maggy's milk. No to compare a cat to a creature, the yell cat's never kind to kittens, and the maiden's bairns is a' unco weel bred.

Jock. Na, na, ye're a' mista'en, mither; Maggy has milk yet, for every pap she has is like a burn pig; I se warrand you they'll haud pints the piece.

Mith. My man Johnny, let them keep the wean that has the wean; we'll never miss a pockfu' o' meal, now and then I wadna hae my bed pist, and blankets rotten for a bow o' the best o't.

Jock. O, mither! I canna' lea't, I like it sae weel; it has twa bonny glancing een, just like mine in a looking glass. I wonder how I was able to get the like o't. Indeed, mither, I think mair o't nor I do o' my gey horse, Maggy, and the four ky.

Mith. My man Johnny, ye're at nae strait about bairns getting; nae needs to gang to London to learn that auld trade. I ken very weel when ane gets warklums right in their hand, nature will teach them how to fa' on't.

Jock. Now fare you weel, Janet; that wane is weel worth the workmanship, I warant ye—well I wat is't.

Jenny. Guid night wi' you, John; but oh, man! thou's broke my fortune. I'll never get mair o' man nor I hae gotten; and dear, dear, have I suffered for what I hae done! and if thou hadst bestowed thyself on o' me, ye see what a bonny bairn time we wad hae haen.

Mith. Thou says its thou's suffered sadly for what thou's done; but tho' they wad tak the hide o'er thy een holes, it wadna tak the inclination out o' thee; for thou'll do't again; but it'll no' be wi' my bairn, I'se warrand thee. And now, Johnny, come awa' hame to thy hauff' morrow, and use thy freedom as formerly; thou'll hae weans thick and three fauld; I'se mak thee decoction of cock stanes, lamb stanes, and chicken broe. will gar thee cock thy tail like a neevies, and canter like a Galloway top.

THE VTH AND LAST PART.

Being an account of Jockey's Mother's Death and Burial—the baptizing of his Two Children, and how he mounted the Stool—with an elegant Elegy and Epitaph on that occasion.

As Jockey and his mither came hobbling hame together on the outside o' the auld doil'd heast, his mither's black mare, a waefu' misfortune beset them. Her hinderlets being wickedly wet in John Davie's well that morning, and it being a frosty night, her coats were a' frozen round about her, and the hard harn sark played clash between her legs like a wet dishclout; her tooth gied like a rattle bag till about half gate hame; then she was suddenly seized with a rumbling in her muckle bag, what we kintry fouks ca's a rush i'th the guts. Jockey was fash'd helping her aff and helping her on: foul, fat, and dirty was the road, having like half a t—d at every tadder-length.

Jock. Deed, mither, I doubt death has something to do wi you, for there's a rumbling in a' your weame like an auld kirning.

Mith. Heut, tout, I cana hear o't, but they'll be na fear o' me now. I'm safe at my ain door, thanks to thee and the auld beast it brought me. Heat my feet wi' the bannock stane, and lay me in my bed, sling four pair o' blankets and a canno's on me. I'll be well enough, an ance I were better. Swieth, Maggy, gie me a cogfu' o' milk brose, and a plack's worth o' spice in them; nae fear o' an auld wife as lang as she's loose behin', and can take meat.

Jock. I se be't, mither, a e'en fill up the bows o' your bell,

you'd stand to the storm the better : I'se warran ye never die as lang as you can tak yer meat.

Ben comes Maggy wi' the brose ; but four soups and a flag filled her to the teeth, till she began to bock them back again, and ding away the dish.

Jock. I, mither, mither, I judge 'there's mair ado wi' you nor a dish to lick ; when you refuse guid milk meat, am doubtfu' your mouth be gawn to the muses.

Mith. I, dear Johnny, am no willea to die if I could do better ; but this will be a sair wiuter on auld frail folks, yet an I wad grow better, I might live this twenty year yet, and be nae auld wife for a' that ; but alake a day, there is een mony auld fouk dying this year.

Jock. A deed, mither, there's fouks dying this year that never died before.

Mith. Dear Johnny, wilt thou bring me the doctor ? he may do me some gude, for gin my heart warna sick, and my head sae sair, I think I may grow better yet.

Jock. A weel, mither, I se bring the doctor, the minister, the elder, and my uncle.

Mith. Na, na : bring nae ministers to me, his dry cracks 'ill do me little guid. I dinna want to see his powder'd pow, and I in sic an ill condition ; get me a pint o' drams in the mickle bottle, and set it in the hole in the back side o' my bed.

Jock. I deed, mither, ye're in the right-o't, for ye want to be weel warmed within, to chase the cauld wind and frosty water out at your backside.

Then awa' he rins to draff Meg's, at the Kirktown, and brings a bottle in every hand. Out wi' the cork gaes her ain in o'er, she sets it to her gab and suattles up a mutchkin at a waught, which was like to wirry her, till she fell a rifting and roaring like an auld blunder-bush.

Mith. Heck hay, co' she, but that makes an alteration, and wears awa' the wind."

Wi' that, her 'head fell to the cod, and she sought awa' like a very saint or drunken sinner.

Jock. Oh ! Maggy, Maggy ! my mither's lost her breath, (she'll no live long without it. I dou't she be dead already, and nae body see her but ye and I and oursels twa ; and she had been fair o'erseen it maksna. I'll no haud this a fair strae death, indeed. Fy, Maggy, cry in a' the neighbours to see her die, although she be dead. O an she wad shake her fit, or wag her mickle tae, it would aye be some satisfaction. But in came the neighbours in a hush, dinging ith'er down in the door.

Jock Come away. Sirs, for my mither's as dead as a mauk, good be thanket for't but I'd rather it had been the black mare, or the muckle rigat cow: fer weel I wat I'll e'en miss her; for she was a bra' spinner o' tow, and cou'd a cardet to twa muckle wheels. She had nae faut but ane, and that was her tongue; but she'll speak nae mair. Fy, get s a dale or a barn door to straught her ou, for ay when she was cauld, she was unco kankert and ill to curch, but I see hae her yerded on Wednesday teen.

Come, come, says Maggy, we maun hae her drest.

Jock What does the fool mean? Wad ye dress a dead woman; she'll never gang to kirk or market a' her days again.

Mug. I dear John, be at ease, ye ken she mauna be buried the way she is; a sark and winden-sheet is the least she caugit.

Jock I ha, Maggy, is that what ye mean? She has a guid new winden-sheet, it was never about her shouldier yet; sae, Maggy, do't a' yoursel, and I see gar Clinken Bell measure the grave and mak it.

Now when they brought out the corpse. John told the people they were welcome, to had in a cheek o' his auld mither wast the gate; and being laid right on the spakes, hach had! quoth he, this is a hra' honesty, indeed—it's mair boukie nor my bridal was. But when they came to the grave, it was o'er short and straight about the mouth, which set John in a great passion, saying, a foul fa' your naughty fashions, master bellman; did not I packshion wi' you for the bried o' my mither's back, and length o' her carkage, and this hole winna haud her. Thou's get nae mair o' my change if I sude die the morn.

Uncle Rabie. Whist, whisht, sir! this sude be a day o' mourning for your mither—dinna flyre here.

Jock. What the vengeance, Uncle; sudna fouks die when they're auld? And am I to pay for a hole, and get but half a hole? That's the thing that vexes me. But I see keep toupence out o' his trencher for't, and sae will I een. But gang ye hame, Uncle, to get cog and cap for the deargry, and I'll see her get fair play or I gae.

Hame they came in a croud, and fell to the cheese and cheeks of loaves tooth and nail. The ale was handed up in cogs and caps, lashing it down o'er like bletchers watering their webs. John blutter'd in the coag like a cow in warm water, till the barm and bubbles came belching out at his nose, saying, a guid health to you all round about, and soon and shortly may we a' gang the gate my mither's gane, and I wish them a burying among dogs that speaks against it.

About eight and twenty weeks thereafter, Maggy had a wally weame fu' o' weans to bear, and ay when she cried, John cried, which made the kummers and auld Ketty the Howdie laugh heartily to hear them.

Ketty Here now, John, your wife's brought to bed wi' a bra' lad hairn, gie him your blessing.

Jock, Weel I wat he's no want that; but an there had been as muckle din at the getting o' him, as at the bearing o' him, it sude ne'er a been gotten for me. Come, come, get's in, uncle Rabbie, the corn-riddle fu' o' the three neuked scons, whang down the cheese like peats; eat and drink to my mither's deargry, till we forget our sorrow, and then we'll see Mess John about a name to him; since we see it's the way o't that the young comes into the world and chases out the auld, we maun crisen them, and they maun bury us.

Now, John and his Uncle goes to the minister: he enters, saying, guideen to you, Mr. Minister, ye dinna ken my mither's deed?

Minister Yes, John, I heard so. But how is your wife?

Jock My wife, sir, a wae-worth her, for the wives o' our town and I has gotten a waking night wi' her; but we ha'e gotten her tum'd and stir'd again. She's born a bra' wally thumping stirra: he'll herd the kye belieaf to me gin he had huggers on him, and I'm com'd to you to get him a bit name.

Minister. A bit name to him, John: if you want no more but a name to him, you may gie him that yourself.

Jock. Na, but sir, I want both the words and the water: what you say to ither fouks, say to me.

Minister I, but John, you must give security or satisfaction. You're a man under scandal.

Jock What the muckle mischief, sir, tho' under scandal, or abune scandal, will you refuse to chrisen my wean that's honestly gotten in my ain wife's bed, beneath the blankets, 'cause I had a bystart! Canna ye crisen the weel com'd aye, let the bystart stand for its ain skaith without a name.

Minister. No, John, you have been too slackly dealt with; I'll bring you to obedience by law, since you reject counsel.

Jock. A deed, sir, I wad think naething to stand a time or twa on't to please you, if there were nae body in the kirk on a wakeday, but you and the elder to flyte a wee on me, But it's waur on a Sunday, to ha'e a' bodys looking and laughing at me, as I had been coding the piess, suppen the kirk, or something that's no bonny, like pissing the bed.

Minister. A weel, John, never mind you these things.

Come ye to the stool —it's nothing when it's over: we cannot say o'er much to you about it.

Upon Sun lay thereafter, John comes wi' uncle Rabie's auld wide coat, a muckle great gray lang tailed wig and bag bonnet which covered his face, so that he seemed more like an old pilgrim than a young fornicator—mounts the creepy with a stiff, stiff back, as if he had been a man of sixty, every one looking 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 day, it came to be 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 next day.

But there happened a tuzie between the twa mothers who would have their names to be John. A weel, weel, says old John, their father, to the minister—Deed, sir, ye maun ca' the tane John, and the ither Jock, and that will please both these enemies o' mankind.

Minister. A weel, John, suppose ye do, it is still twa Johns nevertheless.

Jock. A deed, sir, ye maun gie the wicked a' their will; we've ca' the bystart Jockie, and my son, Johnny Bell. On wi' some way, and let her ca't as she likes.

Minister. A dear Johnny, but you speak indifferently about this matter; ye know not the nature of it.

Jock. A mony thanks to you, mess John. Now, when ye hae christened baith my bairn and my bystart, I hope you'll forgie me the buttack mair.

Minister. John, I desire ye to be silent and to speak none here, you must keep a straight walk in time coming, free of scandal or offense.

Jock. Ay, sir, and how think ye the like o' me can walk straight wi' sic auld shevlin heeled shuene as mine, amang sic rough rigs, highs and hows as I hae to harl throw.

Minister. I need not speak to you; ye are but a poor, mean, ignorant person.

Jock. Na, sir, well I wat I'm neither poor, nor yet mean. My nither's fairly yered now, guid be thanket, and left a' she had to Maggy and me.

Minister. But hear ye this, John, you must not kiss any other woman than your own wife, live justly like another honest christian, and you'll come to die well.

Jock. A black end on o'me, sir, gin ever I lay an unlawful leg upon a hissie again gin they sud lie down to me

while our Maggy lasts; and for dieing, there's nae fear o' that. But I'll no' get fair play if ye and a' the aulder fouk o' the parish be not deed before me: so I hae done wi' ye now.

AN EPITAPH.

HERE lies the dust of John Bell's mither —
Against her will Death's brought her hither:
Clapt in this hole, hard by his daddy —
Death snatched her up or she was ready.
Lang might she liv'd, wer't not her weime;
But wha can live beyond their time?
There's nane laments her but the souter,
So here she lies looking about her.—
Looking about her! How can that be?—
Yes; she sees her state better than we.

AN ELEGY

On the Death of Jackey's Mither.

Now, be it kend my Mither's dead—
For weel I wat I bore her head,
And in the grave I saw her laid;

It was e'en drole,

For her to change a warm fire side

For a cauld kirk-hole.

But ilka ane tell'st just like a sang,
That yon's the gate we've a' to gang;
For me to do't, I think nae lang,

If I can do better;

For I trow my mither thinks't nae sang —

What needs we clatter

But thanks to Death a' for the fuiter,
That did not let her get the souter;—
About her gear there wad been a splutter,

And sae had been;

For he came ay snoaking about her

Late at e'en.

For dear Maggy watched and saw
My mither's back was to the wa;
But what was mair, hach ha! hach ha!

I winna tell.

She to do yon stood little awe —

Just like mysell.

But to get gear was a' her drift,
And used monie a pinging shift;
About her spinning and her thrift,

Was a' her care.

She's gotten little o't, boon the lift, Wi' her to ware.

FINIS.