

THE
WHOLE PROCEEDINGS
THE
WHOLE PROCEEDINGS
JOCKY & MAGGY'S
COURTSHIP,

—WITH—

THE GREAT DIVERSION THAT ENSUED AT
THEIR BEDDING.

IN THREE PARTS.



PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

WHOLE PROCEEDINGS

OF

JOCKEY AND MAGGY'S

Courtship.



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 sticks a' the bits o' couties; my mither isna able to hand 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 brower lass to be his wife than the like o' me; but auld Tammy Tailtree was seeking me; my father wad a hane me to tak him, but my mither wadna let; there was an odd bebate about it, my guidame wad a sticket my mither wi' the grape, if my father hadna chanced to founder her wi' the beetle.

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

Mag. Hech, man! I wad a tane thee or ony body to hane them greed again; my father bled my guidame's nose, and my guidame brak my mither's thumb, the neighbours came rinning 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.

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

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

Jock. Indeed, Maggy, the fook of your town and the fook of our town, says we are gaun 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.

Jock. 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 help'd 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 an' it be; but it'll no 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 o' the mouth, man.

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

Mag. Av, 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 ave 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 act of fornication.

Jock. Ay, but my mither says, if I dinna
get thee wi' bairn, I'll no get thee, for 'tis
the surest way of wooing.

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

Jock. An Maggy, Maggy, I'm feared ye
beguile me, and then my mither will mur-
der me for being so silly.

Mag. My job, Johnny, tell your mither
to provide a' things for the bridal an ye
sall marry you in three weeks aften this; but
we maun gie him siller to the Precentor, 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 not to mak a blind
bargain wi' you nor naebody; I maun ken
o' your things, and you sall ken o' 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 o' marrying.

Jock. 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 o' 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 themselvesto 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 tobacco, and slavers a' the breast
 o' his fecket: *M*

Jock. O Maggy tak' me, and I'll tell you
 what I hae. First my father left me, when
 he died, fifty merks, twa secks, twa pair o'
 sunks; the hens and the gaun gear was to
 be divided between me an 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
 o' the cogs, three spoons, four pair o' blan-
 kets, and a kannas: 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 byre at
 the end of the raw, to haud my cow and
 twa couties; the half o' the barn, and a bed
 o' the kail-yard, as lang as she leaves, and
 when she dies, I'm to pay for the yerding
 o' 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. *M*

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. *M*

Jock. I wat weel I'm courting in earnest tell mc what you hae, an we'll say nae mair 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 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 o' meal, a furlet o' groats: auld Crummie is mine since she was a calf, and now she has a stirk will tak the bill ere Beltan yet; I hae twa stane o' gude lint, and three pockfu's o' tow, a gude ca'f bed, twa bous-ters and three cods, with twa pair o' 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 o' friends maun part.

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! hae something to tell ye, but ye maunna tell my father?

Mith. Dear Maggy and what is that?

Mag. Deed, Mith, 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 o' that, I like him and he likes me; 'tis best to strike the iron when 'tis hot,

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

Mith. An' wha think ye gudeman?

Fath. A what wat I, here. an' 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, gae her to wha you please.

Mith. A-weel Maggy, I'se hae a' things ready, to hae 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 Jocky to his mither crying.

Jock. 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?

Jock. 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 the ready for marriage.

The wooing being over and the day being set, Jockey'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 o' maun, masked in the muckle kirn, a pint o' treacle, to mak it thicker, and sweeter, and mair for the mouth; 5 pints o' whisky, wherein was garlic and spice, for raising the wife, 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 thegither, 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 after-

wards couped him up, and proved detrimental to the same.

So hame they came to the dinner, where his mither presented to them a piping het haggis, made of the creesh of the black-boul horned ewe, boiled in the maikle pot, mixt with bear-meal, onions, spice, and mint. This haggis being supt warm, the foaming swats and spice in the liquor set John's belly a-bizzing like a working fat; 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 scythed thro' his teeth. His mither cried to spence 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. Bedet, 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 out, O mither! mither! was this the way my faither 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 o' her though she were better nor what she is, or e'er will be.—His friends and her friends being a mixed multitude, some took his part, some took her's, there did a battle begin in the clap of a hand, being a very fierce tumult, which ended in blood: they struck so hard with stones, sticks, beetles, and barrow trams; pigs, pots, stoups, and trenchers, were flying like bombs and granadoes; the crook, boulds, and tangs, were all employed as weapons of war, till down came the bed, with a great mou of peats! So this disturbed a' the 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 wheen 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 mither's servant lass the last year, grew like an elshen haft, and got his ain Maggy wi' bairn forby. The ham-sheughs 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 rumpie, and by strength of his arms rave them aye sundry flin in the taen east and the tither wast, till they stood a' round about like as many jor-foughten cocks and no ane durst steer anither for him. Jockey's mither was caed o'er a kist and brokit a' her hips on a round heckle, up she gat, and running to Jell 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 trumpit. she recklessly came o'er his lobster neb a drive wi' the saddle. 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 waeju like us 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 clapping down comes the clay hal'len, and the hen bawk wi' Rab Reid the fiddler, who had crept up beside the hers, for the preservation of his fiddle.

Ben comes the bride, when she got on her coat, clappit Rabby's shoulder, and bade him spare their lives, for their was blood enough shed in ae night, quoth she; and that my beard can witness, quoth he. So they all came in obedience to uncle Rabby, for his supple made their pows baith saft and sair that night, but daft Maggy Simpson sat by the fire and picked banes a' the time of the battle: Indeed, quoth she, I think ye're a' fools. But myself, for I came here to get a good supper, and ither folk hae gotten their 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-nail he tacked his sark-tail between his legs, that nane might see what every body should hide; and ramplingly lie cries, Settle ye, or I'll gar iny uncle settle ye, and saften your heads wi' an auld supple.

Poor Rab Reid, the fiddler, took a sudden blast; some said he was maw-turned wi' the fa', for he bucked 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 o' hands, which was a sure sign o' 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 heckle teeth.

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

Up gets auld Rabby, and auld Sandy, the souter o' Seggyhole, and put every thing in order; they prapet up the bed wi' a rake and rippling kame; the stoups being broken they made a solid foundation o' peats, laic on the caff bed and bowsters, and Jockey and Maggy were bedet the second time.

Jockey not being used to lie wi' a naked woman, except heads and thraws wi' hi mither, gets his twa hands about the bride' 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 til about half a year and four oukes thereafter when in comes Marion Mushet, rinnin barefitted and barelegged, wi' bleart cheek and a watery nose, cursing and bannin greeting and flyting.

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

Mith. Indeed he's out in the yard pouing 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 o' 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 o' sic a sinfu' action. Daft woman, I trow it'll be but wind, that hoves up the lasses wame; she'll hae drucken some sour drink, raw sowens, or rotten milk, makes her so jill.

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 ane 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 o' your faces, and I'll ca' you before your betters ere lang gae.

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

Mith. Ay, brose! black brose indeed for thee, wy bairn; her'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 Laminas-fair and let glaum at her nons nce.

Mith. Ay, ay, my man, Johnny, that's the way she has gotten her belly full o' bairns; 'tis no you, nor the like o' you, poor innocent lad, that gets bastard weans; 'tis a wheen rambling o'erfull lowns, ilka ane o' them louns on anither, and gies the like o' 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 ker about it; and that is what she tell't me, and your gudewife tell't me some o't yoursel'; and gin you hadna brought in Maggy wi' her muckle tocher atween the twa your 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 bysards, and it no yours? Dinna I ken as well as ye do wha 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 ve couldna lo'e her, she was sae lazy and lown like, besides her crooked fit and bowed legs.

Jock. Ay, but mither, do ye mind since ye sent me out to gie her the parting kiss at the black hole o' the peat-stack; she rave the button frae my breeks, and wad gar me do it; and could flesh and blood refuse to do it; 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 lous on o' anither, and ye'll get the wyte o' a' the bytarts that are round about the country.

Up gets Maggy wi' a roar, and rives her hair, and cries, O her back! her belly! and baith her sides! The weed and gut gaes through my flesh like lang needles, nails, or elshin irons! Wae be to the day that e'er I saw his face. I had better married a tinkler, or followed the sodgets, 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 Kitty and

howdy; but or he wan back, he parted wi' Patrick through perfect spite, and then lay twa-fauld o'er a stool in a swoon.

Jock. A-weel, a-weel, sirs, though my first-born is e'en dead without seeing the light o' the warld, ye's a' get bread and cheese to the blythemeat, 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 iugs, 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 warld's wonder, on their cock-stool, or black stool; and wha can hide the shame when every body looks to them, wi' their sacken sarks, or gowns, on them, like a piece of auld canvas prickt about a body, for naething but what every body does amaist or they aie 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 o' the ministers hae done it themselves; hout 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 bone.

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

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

Mith. But I think there's little ill though they try it ance 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 fouk should aye strive to mortify their members.

Mith. *Aye, aye, mortify their members that's your Whiggery in deed. But will you or ony body else, wi' your mortifying of your members prevent wh't s to come to pass? I wish I saw the Minister and his Elders, I se gie them Scriptur's for d' his done yet. Tell nae me about the mortifying of members, Lin he has gotten a bystart, let her and him feed it between them, an they gie't soup about; but she maun keep it the first quarter, and by that time muckle black Lady will becaust; we sal sell the cuf and foster the wean on the cow's milk; that's better mense for a fault, than a your repenting-stools; a wheen Papist rites and rotten ceremonies, fashing fouks wi' sack gowns and buttock-mails, and I dinna ken what. But bide ye ill I see the Minister.*

Now Jockey and his mither went into the little byre and held a private meeting, name present but auld Bruckie and the twa brutes the bits o' couties, that she might give him counsel how to behave when he appeared before

Mess John, to answer for his bastart; which concludes the third and last part.

PART III.

Now, Jockey having been three times summoned to the Session but did not appear, the Session insisted for a warran from the Justice of the Peace, which was readily granted, more for diversion than justice. The warrant was given to John King, the Constable who went away with Clinkum Bell on Saturday's morning, and caught John just at his brise: They hauled him away, ane at ilka oater, like twa butcher-dogs hining at a bill's beard; his mither followed, driving him up with good counsel, and words of encouragement, saying, 'My brave man Johnny, haud up your head, and dianna think shame, for a your fauts is but perfect hanesty, you're neither thief, whore, nor horse-stealer, a' your crime is common.

Then Maggy ran for uncle Rabby; and uncle Rabby sent for Sandy, the souter of Scggy-hole; the Souter saddled his mare, and uncle Rabby got off at the gallop on his grey powney, west the Hags, and o'er by Whitehill-sheugh, the nearest road, and was at Sir James the Justice long or John was brought into judgement.

John enters before the Justice with a red face, like a well-paid arse, fause down on his knees, saying, Gude'en Mr Justice,

Sir James, an't please your honour, you manna put me in prison, for I'm no a malefactor but a poor honest kintryman, that was born under an ill planent, my mither says; I had the ill luck o' 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.

The Justice, smiling, answered, indeed John, I think it is but very just and reasonable, that you be accountable this year for your last year's labours.

Jock. Aye, aye, Sir, hae laboured very sair since my father died, but our plough canna get gaun for frost these four days.

Just. Aye, but, John, that's no what mean, 'tis the child you got last year, you must be answerable for this.

Jock. A-deed, Sir, there was twa o' them, but there is one o' them dead.

Just. A-well then, John, you'll have the more to give the one that's alive.

Jock. O but, Sir, it's my ain wean that's dead, the ane I got wi' my wife; I dinna ken whither the tither be mine or no.

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

Just. O yes, Sir, I'm no refusing to give meat and meal to maintain it; but it

mither winna let me gae to the black stool.

Just. O John you must go to the black stool, when you have been guilty of such a siuful 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; to which Jockey was obedient

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 nae-body 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 hand been coddling 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, think-

ing he was some old stranger, who knew not the stool of repentance by another seat, so that he passed the first day unknown but to very few; yet, on the second it came to be so 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 their happend a tullie between the twa mothers' who would have both their names to be John. *A-weel say 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 and other Woman but your own wife; live justly, like another honest man, and you'll cmoe 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 o' 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.*

FINIS.