

THE WHOLE
P R O C E E D I N G S

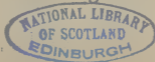
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JOCKY and MAGGY:

IN FIVE PARTS.

- I. Jocky and Maggy's courtship as they were coming from the Market,
- II. The wonderful works of our John, shewing how he made Janner like an elphin shaft, and got his ain Maggy wi' bairn forby,
- 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, and what happened.
- V. How Jocky had another child, and could, not get it baptized until he mounted the stool: With an account of his mothers death and burial; Also an Elegy on the occasion,

Entered according to Order.





JOCKY AND MAGGY'S COURTSHIP.

PART I.

JOCKY. **H**HEY Maggy, wilt thou stay and tak kent fouks hame wi' you, the night?

MAGGY. Will tu come awa' then Johnny, I fain wou'd be hame or the kye come in, our mickle riggy is sic a rum'ing royte, she rins ay thro' the byre, and sticks a' the bits o' cutties, my mither is nae able to had her up to her aia staik.

JOCKY. Hute, we'll be hame in bra' time woman; and how's a, your fouks at hame?

MAG. Indeed, I canna' we'el tell ye man our guidam is a' gane wi' the gout; my mither is very frail; my father he's ay wandering about and widdling amang the beasts.

JOCK. But dear Maggy, they tell me we'er gawn to get a wedding o' thee an' Andrew Merrymouth the lirds gardener.

MAG. Na, na, he maun hae a brawer lasf to be his wife than the like o' me but auld Tammy Taitrees was seeking me, my father wad a haen me to tak him, but my mither wadna let, there was an odd debite about it, my guidame wad a flicked 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 dufe, he wants naething of the cow but the clutes, your goodame may take him hersel, twa auld tottering stumps, the tane may fair the tither fu' well.

MAG. Ach! man, I wad a ta'en thee or ony ody to hane them agreed again; my father bled my gudame's nose, an my gudame brake my mither's thumb, the neighbours came a' running in, but I had the luck to had my father's hands till yance my guidame plotted him wi' the brue 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'll be no be angry at it, be what it will

[Shakes hands for fear of an outcast.]

JOCK. Indeed Maggy, the fouk o' your town an the fouk o' our town say we'er gawn to be marry'd; what sayest thou?

MAG. I wish we ne'er do war; O Johnny I dream'd o' you lang syne, an I ay liked you after that.

JOCK. O Maggy! Maggy! dost thou mind since I came to your mither's bull w' my mither's cow, ye ken she widna stand, an ye helped me to had her: ay after that they scorned me that I wad be married on a you.

MAG. It's very true man, it'll be an odd thing if it be: but it's no fa' back at my door I assure ye.

JOCK. Nor at mine, but my mither bad me kifs ye.

MAG. Indeed fall ye Johnny, thou's no want twa kiffes man ane on every side o' the mouth.

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

MAG. Ay but Johnny, you maun sta y til

that night come; it's best to keep the feast & the feast day.

JOCK. Dinna be angry Maggy, my wife be; but I have heard my mither say in the daffin, that fouk fude ay try if their house will had the plenishen.

MAG. Ay but Johnny a wife is ae thing, an a house is anither, a man that's a mind to marry a wöman, he'll no make her a whore.

JOCK. It's a true Maggy, but fouks may do it yence or they be married, and no hae nae ill in their minds.

MAG. Aha Johnny mony ane has been be-guif'd wi' yence, and do it yence we may do it ay; what an we get a bystart, an 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; so it is the surest way of wooing,

MAG. Indeed Johnny, I like you better nor ony lad I see, an I fall marry you an yence my father's muck were out, my mither downa work at the midden.

JOCK. Ah! Maggy, Maggy, I'm feard ye be-guile me, an then my mither will murder me for being so filly.

MAG. May jo Jockey, tell your mither to provide a' things for the bridal, an I fall marry you in three ukes after this; but we maun gie in filler to the pecentor, a great and a drink to the beilman an then the kirk wa's maun hear o't three Sundays or it come.

JOCK. But Maggy, I'm no to make a blin

bargain wi' you or nae bo'dy, I maun ken o' your things an ye fall 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 our match I darna meet you to be married.

JOCK. I see na how he can be angry, I wat well I am a gay Sunday fallow, when I laid on a bow and five pecks o' bear on the laird's Bawfey, an he's as bilshy a beast as in a' the baronry.

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 bo'dy, if it warna' auld tottering Tammy, for his beard is ay brown wi' sucking tobacco, an flavors a' the breast o' his secket,

JOCK. O! Maggy, tak me an I'll tell you what I hae; first my father left me when he died fifty merks, twa sacks, twa pair o' funks, the kens an a' the gawn gear was to be divided between me and my mither; an if she died first a her gear was to come amang mine, an if I died before her, a' my gear was to come back to her again, an her to marry anither man if she could get him. But since it's happened sae, she is to gie me brucky an the black mare, the half o' the cogs, three spoons, four pair o' blankets an a cantas; she's to big twa' beys to her ain gavel, to be a dwelling house to me an my wife, I'm to get the byre at the end o' the raw to had my cow an twa cutties, the haf o' the barn, an a bed o' the fail yard as lang as she lives, an when she dies a'm to pay the yeard-

ing o' her honestly, an a the o'ercome is to be my ain; an by that time I'll be as rich as e'er my father was before me.

MAG. Truly Johnny, I'fe no say 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'fe be married or lang gae.

JOCK. I wat well I'm courting in earnest, tell me what ye hae, an we'el say nae mair but marry ither.

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

JOCK. that's right, I want nae mair, it's an unco thing to marry a naked woman, an nae-thing but twa bare legs.

MAG. O John, ye'er ay in the right o't, for mony ane is beguil'd and get's naething, but my father is to gie me forty pund Scots that night I am married, a lade o' meal, an a furlot o' groats; auld Crummie is mine since she was a cauf, an now she has a stirk will tak the bul e'er Beltan yet; I hae twa flane o' good lint, an three pock'u's o' tow, an a good cass bed, twa bowiters, an three cods, with three pair o' blankets, an a covering, forby twa pair to spin, but my rather wadna gie me crish to them, aa ye ken the butter is dear now.

JOCK. then farewel the night, Maggy; the best best o' friends maun part, an fae maun thy twa legs yet,

MAG. I wish you well Johnny, but fae nae mair tiil we be married, an then lad.

(Hame gaed Maggy an tell'd her mither.)

MAG. O mither! I hae something to tell ye, but ye maun tell my father.

MITH. Dear maggy an what is that?

MAG. Deed mither a'm gaun to be married an the muck war out.

MITH. Dear Maggy, 'an wha is thou gaun to get? it's nō'auld bubly Tammy?

MAG. Na, na, he's a braw young man, an has mair gear than ilka body kens o', gues's an I'll tell you; it's Johnny Bell, an his mither sent him to the market just to court me.

MITH. Deed Maggy ye'll no be ill youket wi' him, he's a gay weel gaun fallow, right sprush, amais't like an ill far'd gentleman.—Hey guidman! do ve hear that our Maggy is gaun to be married en ance the muck were out.

FATHER. Na, na, I'll no allow that until the peat's be cussen an hurl'd.

MAG. O father! it is dangerous to delay the like o' that; I like him an he likes me, it's best to strike the iron while it is het.

FATHER. An wha is she gaun to get guidwife

MITH. An wha think ye guidman?

FATHER. A what wat I herie, an she please hersel an pleas'd already.

MITH. Indeed she's gawn to get Johnny Bell as cliver a little fallow, as in a the barrony where he bids.

FATHER. A well, a well herie, she is yours as well as mine, gie her to wha you please.

MITH. A well Maggy, I've hae a' things ready, an I'll hae thee married e'er this month be done.

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

(Hame gae Jocky to his mither, crying.)

JOCK. Mither! mither! I made it out; her mouth is sweeter as milk, my heart plays a whiltie whaltie when I kiss her.

MITH. Fair fa thee my son Johnny, thou's gotten the gait o't at last; and when is 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' my things in right good order.

MITH. Thou's'nae want for naething, my bairn, but push't foreward as fast as ye can.

The wooing being o'er an the day being, set Jockey's mither kill'd the black boull horned ewe, that lost her lamb the last year, three hens an a gule fitted cock, to prevent the ripples; five pecks o' maut masked in the meikle kirn, a pint o' trykle to mak it thicker an an sweeter an maumier for the mouth; five pints o' whisky, wherein was garlick an spice, for raising o' the wind, an clearing o' the water; The friends an good neighbours went a-wi' John to the kirk, where Maggy chanced to meet him, an was married by the minister. The twa companies joined together, an came hame in a crowd; at every change house they chanc'd to pass by, providance stopt their proceeding, with full stoups bottles and glassses, drinking their healths wishing them much joy, ten girls and a boy: Jocky seeing so many wishing well to his health, coupt up what he got, for to augment his health, and gar him live lang which afterwards coupt up him, an prov'd detrimental to the same.

So hane they came to the dinner, which his mither presented to them a piping hot haggies, made o' the creish o' the black boul hora'd cwe, boild i' the meikle bag, mixt with bear meal and ingans, spice an' mint; this haggies being spout warm, the foaming swats an' spice in the liquor, set John's belly a' bizzing like a working fat an' he playing het fit to the fiddler, was suddenly seized with a backing an' rebounding, gave his dinner such a backward ca' that he lost a', but the grit bits he scythed thro' his teeth. His mither cry'd to spence him, an' bed him wi' the bride; his breeks being filled, they washed baith his hips, laid him in his bed, pale and ghostly was his face, an' closed were baith his een; Ah! cries his mither, a dismal day indeed; his brithal an' his burial may be baith on ae day. Some cuik water in his face, an' jagged him wi' a needle, till he began to rouse himself up, an' rap out broken words, mither, mither, mither, whar am I now? Whar are ye? my bairn, says his mither, ye'er beddet, an' I'll bring the bride to you. Beddet an' is my bridal done else? Ay, said she, here's the bride to ly down wi' you. Na, na, said he, I'll no ly down wi' that unco woman indeed, if it binna heads an' thraws, the way I lay wi' my mither. O fy diuna affront yoursel.

The bride sa's a crying, O mither, mither, was this the way my father guided you the first night? Na, na, thy father was a man o' mettle; poor thing Meg, thou's ca'd thy ho's to a bonny market.

A bonny market, says his mither, a shame fa' you and her baith! he's worthy o' her tho' she were better nor what she is, or e'er will be.

His friends an her friends being in a mixt 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, and trenchers were flying like bombs and hand graanades. The crook, bouk, and tongues were all employed as weapons of war; till down came the bed wi' a mou o' peats. So this disturbed a' their treading.

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## PART. II.

The Wonderful Works of our John.

**N**OW though all the ceremonies of Jockey and Maggy's wedding was ended, when they were fairly beddet before a wheen rattling unrouly witaeffes, who dang down the bed aboon them; the battle still increased, and John's work's turned out to be very wonderful; for he made Janet, that was his mither's las the last year, grow like an elshin shaft, an got his ain Maggy wi' bairn forby.

The hamshoughs were very great until auld uncle Rabby came in to red them, an a sturdy

auld fallow he was, stood stively wi' a stiff rumple, an by main strength o' his arms rave them sundray, flinging the ane east and the ither west, till they stood a' round about, like as mony breathless cocks, an no ane durst steer anither for him; Jockey's mither was driven o'er a kist, an brogget a' her hips on a round heckle, up she gat and rinnin to fell Maggy's mither wi' the laidle, swearing that she was the mither o' a' the mischief that happened, uncle Rabby ran in between them, he having a great lang nose like a trumpet, she recklessly came o'er his lobster neb a drive wi' the ladle, until the blood sprang out an ran down his auld grey beard an hang like a snuffy bubble at it: O! then he gaed wood and an looked as waefu' like, as he had been a tod lowrie, com'd frae worrying lambs, wi' his bloody mouth. Wi' that he get's an auld flail, an rives awa the supple, then drives them a' to the back o' the door, but yet nane wan out; then wi' chirting an chaping, down comes the clay hallen, an the hen bauk, wi' Rab Reid the fidler, who creepet up aside the hens for the preservation of his fiddle.

Ben comes the bride when she got on her coat, clappet Rabby's shoulder, and bade him spare their lives; for their is blood enough shed in ae night, quo she; and that my beard can witness, quo he. So they all came in obediance to uncle Rabby, for his supple made their pows saft an sair that night. But daft Maggy Simpson sat by the fire, an pick'd banes a' the time o' the battle; indeed, quo she, I

think ye'er a foolis but mysel; for I came here  
to get a guide supper, an other fouk has got-  
ten their skin weel paid.

By this time up got John the bridegroom,  
that was Jocky before he was married, but  
could not get his breeks; yet wi' a horse nail  
he tacked his fark tail between his legs, that  
ane might see what every body should hide,  
and rambling, he cries Settle ye, or I'll gar  
my uncle settle ye, an fasten ye're heads wi'  
my auld supple.

Poor Rab Reid the fiddler, took a sudden  
last; some said he was maw turn'd wi' the  
air for he bocked up a' the barley an then  
blaw'd the ale gae like a rain-bow frae him, as  
brown as wort brose.

The hurly barly being ended, an naething  
but fair words and shaking o' hands, which  
was a sure sign o' an agreement; they began  
to cow their cutted lugs an' wash their faces,  
but Jockey's mither, wha cries out, a black  
hand on you and your wedding baith; for I  
hae gotten a hunder holes dung in my arse wi'  
the heckle teeth.

Jocky answers. A e'en had you wi' them  
than mither, ye will e'en be the better fair'd,

Up gets uncle Rabby, an auld Sandy the  
tutor of Seggyhole, to put every thing in or-  
der; they prappet up the bed wi a rake an a  
rippling kame; the bearers being baoken they  
made a solid foundation of peats, and laid on  
the ciff bed an bowlers, where Jockey an  
Maggy was beddet the second time.

Jockey no being used to ly with a naked woman, except heads and throaws wi' his mither, gets his twa hands about the brides neck, an his hough out our the brides hurdies, saying I ne'er kist wife nor las before, an for fainness I'll bite you, I'll bite you, I'll bite you, &c.

Naithing mair remarkable till about half a year an four ukes thereafter, in comes Marion Mufhet, rinning bare-foot an bare legget wi' bleart cheeks an a wattery nose, cursing, greeting and flyting.

Marion enters. Crying, and whar's John.

His mither answers, Indeed he's out in the yard powing runts.

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

Mith. Ruin'd you! it cannot be; he never did you ill, nor said you ill, by night or by day; what gars you say that?

Mar. O woman! our Jeany is a rowing like a pack o' woo; indeed she's wi' quick bairn, an your John is the father o't.

Mith. Our John the father o't! haud, there enough said. lying lown I true our John was ne'er guilty o' sic a sinfu' action: Daft woman! I true it ill be but wind that hoves up the lassies wame; she'll hae drunken some four sowans, 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 ruined me an my bairn; I bore her an

brought her up honestly, till she came to you ; her father died an left nae four o' them, there warn a ne o' them cou'd put on anithers claes, or tak a louse aff ither.

Mith. I bid you haud your tongue, an no even your bysiards to my bairn, for he'll never tak wi' it ; he, poor silly lad he wad ne'er lock to a lais, be as to lay her down, Fy Maggy cry in on John, an let's ratify it wi' the auld ruddoch ; ay, ye're no blate for saying fae.

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

John enters, an what want ye now, is our brose ready yet ?

Mith. Ay brose black brose indeed for thee my bairn ; here Marriam Musket saying ye hae gotten her daughter wi' bairn.

Jack. Me mither ! I ne'er lay in a bed wi' her daughter a' my days, it ill be the young, laird, for I saw him kiss her at th Lamas fair an let glam at her non'sense.

Mith. Ay, ay, my man Johnny, that's the way she has gotten her belly fu' o' bairns it's no you nor the like o' you, poor innocent lad, that gets bysiard weans : a when filthy lowns, every ane louns on anither, an gies you the wyte o' it a'.

Mar. You may say what you like about it, it is easy to ca' a court whar there is nae body to say again, but I'll tell you a' I ken about it, an that is what she tell'd me, and you guid-wife tell'd me some o't yoursel ; and gin ye

hadna brought in Maggy wi' her muckle tocher atween the twa, your Jockey and my Jenny wad a been man an wife the day.

Jock. I wet well that's true.

Mith. Ye filthy dog at ye are, are ye gaun to confes wi' a bystard, an it no yours? dinna I ken as weel as you do wha's aught it.

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

Mith. Ye filly sumph and senseless fallow had ye been knuckle deep wi' the dirty drab ye might a said sae, but ye telld me lang syne that ye coudna' lo'e her, she was so lazy and lown like, besides her crooket fit and bow'd legs.

Jock. Ay but, do ye mind since ye sent me out to gie her the parting kifs, at the black hole o' the peat stack, she rave the button frae my breeks, an wad gar me do't, an bade me do't. an cou'd flesh and blood refuse to do't? I'm sure I cou'd ne'er get her wi' bairn an my breeks on.

Mith. Na, na, poor simple filly lad, the wean's no yours: ilk ane loup on anither, an you get the wyte o' a' the bystarts round about.

Up get's Maggy wi' a roar, an rives her hair, cries her back, belly, an baith her sides; ahe weed an gut gaes thro' 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 fogers as



mony a honest man's dochter has done, an liv'd a better life than I do.

Up gets Jocky an rins o'er the riggs for John Roger's wife, auld Katty the howdy, but or he wan back she parted wi' Patrick thro' perfect ipite, an' then lay twa fauld o'er a stool in a swoon.

Jock. A weel, a weel, sirs, since my first boin is e'en dead without seeing the light o' the world, ye s a get bread an cheese to the blyth meat; the thing we shou'd a war'd on the banket will fair the burrial, an that will be some advantage: an if Maggy shou'd die, I maun e'en tak Janny, the tane is as far a length as the tither: I'se be furnish'd wi' a wife atween the twa.

But Maggy turn'd better the next day, an was able to muck the byre; yet their gaed sic a tittle tattling thro' the town, every auld wife tellt anitehr o't; an a the light hippet huffies that rins between towns at een, tugging at their tow rocks, spread it round the kintry; an every body's mouth was filled wi' Jocky an Jenny, an how Maggy had parted wi' bairn.

At last Mefs John Hill hears of the horrid action, and sends the elder of that quarter, and Clinkum Bell the grave maker, to summon Jocky and Jenny to the session, and see how the stool o' repentance wad set them. No sooner had they entered the door but Msggy fas a greeting an wringing her hands; Jockey's mither sell a flyting an he himself a rubbing his lugs, and riving his hair, saying,

O gin I were but ae haf ell higher, I sud be a foger or it be lang, an gie me a gude flail or a cor fork. I sud kill Frenchmen enew, before I gaed to face yon flytting ministers, an be set up up like a werald's wonder, on their cock stool or black stool an' wha can bide the shame, whan every body looks at them, wi' their sacken sarks or gowns on them, like a piece of an auld can's prickt about a body, for naething but what every body does amais't, or they be married as well as me.

Mith. My man Johny, ye're no the first that has done it, an ye'il no be the last, e'en mony o' the ministers has done it themselves: hout ay, your father an I did it mony a time.

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

Mith. Daft woman! what way cou'd the world stand, if souks wadna make use o' ither? it's the thing that's natural, bairns getting, therefore it's no to be scanner'd at.

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

Mith. But I think there's little ill tho' they try it yence or twice or they be marry'd; It's an unco thing til a body to be bund to a business, if the dinna ken whether they be able for it or no.

Mag. Ay, ay that's your way o' thinking an his, but it's no the way o' ither honest souk: see what the minister will say to it.

Mith. The minister is but a mortal man, an  
 's defections in his members as weel as in

g Ay, but fouk should ay strive to mor-  
 their members,

Mith. An is that your whigry? Will you or  
 ny body else. wi' your mortifying o' your  
 members, prevent what is to come to pa's? I  
 wish I saw the minister an his elders, but I'll  
 gie him scripture for a' he's done yet: tell na  
 me about the mortifying o' your members, an  
 in he hae gotten a bystart, let him an her feed  
 atween them, an they su'de gie it sup about;  
 but the maun keep it the first quarter, an by  
 that time muckle black lady ill be cauft, an  
 we sal sell the cauf, an foster the wean on the  
 cows milk; that's a better mense for a faut  
 than a the mortifying o' your members, an a'  
 our repenting stools: a when papist rites  
 an rotten ceremonies, fashing fouks wi' sack  
 owns and buttock meals, an I dinna ken  
 what; but bide you yet till I see the minister.

### P A R T III.

The Wonderful Works of our John, made manifest  
 before the Minister, &c.

**N**OW Jockey and his mither went into the  
 little byre, an held a private meeting,

nane present but auld bruckie, an the tw  
brutes the bits o' cutties.

Mith Ye filly dog and be drown'd to ye  
how cou'd ye confess fae muckle to miss  
shaunket Marion, altho' she be her mither.

Jock. O mither, mither, say nae mair abou  
it, my ain wand has dung me dourly; fact  
hae I suffered for that, an ye ken a' the misery  
com'd o'er our Maggy, an my mouth's th  
mither o't a'; fae haud your tongue I tell ye  
now.

Mith. An tell ye me to haud my tongue! a  
ye had a hauden your tongue an your ta  
an done as I bade you do, you hadna hae  
fae muckle to do the day, daft filly dog tha  
thou is.

Jock. Mither, mither, gies nane o' you  
mocks nor malice, for tho' I got the wear  
ye-hae as muckle the wyte o't as I hae. Ga  
and seek out my three new farks and Sunday  
shune, an I se gae whar ne er man saw my fac  
before, neither wood, water, nor wilderiness fa  
haud me again.

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

Jock. A well, mither, I fall do your bidden  
for ance yet, but when the minner flytes c  
me, answ'er ye him, for I cann speak wee  
again.

Mith. Say nae mair, I. hae a pouchfu' o' perfect petitions to louse and put to him an' elders, an' if thou maun gae to their black hol, its no be thy lane that fall fit upon't.

Jock. But mither, whither will I deny the going o't, or confes the game was at the getting o't?

Mith. Ay, ay confes ye did it, but say but once, an' that was on the terms o' marriage, the way that a our kintry bystarts is gotten.

Now Jocky being three times summoned to the session, and did not appear, the session inted for a warrant from the justice of the peace, which was readily granted more for diversion than justice sake : The warrant being given to John King the constable, who went away with Clinkum Bell on Saturday's morning, and catched John at his breakfast, hauls him awa' ane at ilka oxters like twa butcher dogs, hinging at a bulls beard; his mother followed, driving him up with good counsels, my bra man Johny, had up your head, dinna sink shame, for a' your fauts is but perfect poeey, you're neither a thief, whore nor horse-stealer.

Then Maggy ran for uncle Rabby, and uncle Rabby sent to Sandy the sutor of Seggyhole; the sutor saddled his mare, an' uncle Rabby got aff at the gallop on his grey powney waist the haughs, an' o'er by White-hill though the

nearest, an was at Sir James the justice's lang  
or John was brought into judgment.

( John enters before the justice, with a red  
red face. )

Goode'en Mr Justice, Sir James, an, it please  
your honour, ye maunna put me in prison, for  
am no a malefactor, but a poor honest klntry-  
man, that has been born in an ill plannet; my  
mither say'st, I had the ill luck of a misfor-  
tune to fa' full wi' furnication, an got my  
mither's las wi' bairn the last year, an they are  
gawn to father it on me the year again.

The justice smiling, answered, indeed 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, stir, I have laboured very  
fair since my father died, but our plough canna  
get gane for frost this four days.

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

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

Just. A well than John, you'll have the  
more to give the one that is alive.

Jock. O! but stir it's my ain wezn that's  
dead, the ane I got wi' n'y wife, I dinna ken  
whither the tither be mine or no.

Just. Yours or no fir, when you told me you got it, if you should get it wi' a beggar wife at the back of the dyke, what's that to be purpofe; when it's of your getting you moft maintain it.

Jack. O! yes, fir, am no refusing to gie meat and meal to maintain it, but my mither winna let me to the black stool.

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

(John's mither enters, and addreffes herself to the fervant lafs, thinking fhe was the Juftices lady.)

Indeed mistress madam, if ye were a kinty goodwife, like myfel, I cou'd tell you a' about it, but you that's gentiles, I canna use freedom wi' you. caufe I hae nae Latin. But waes me, wi' that's poor fouk is born to mony fealins an back ward fr's this lad is my fon, an am his mither, he has had the foul fortune to get a bystartjwean, nae doubt but we hae been gilty o' as muckle, an ne'er a word about it; a what say ye madam?

Off goes the lafs, faying, Foul fa' the wife or I was never guilty o't.

Just. Well goodwife, what is the reason but let your fon give fatisfaction 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 bastard, 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 the shamefu' stance the black stool; here's eneal Robby, an auld Sandy the sutor, will be caution that we's face the session on Sunday; the lad's wae enough that he did it, but he canna help it now, the wean's born and by-hand. fae good night wi' your honours ladyship, in the first time e'er I was before you.

On Sabbath after sermon the session met. John an his mither is call'd upon; he enters courageously, saying goode'en to you master minister, bellman, and elders a', my mither an me is baith here.

Mess John. Then let her in: Come awa goodwife, what's the reason you keep your face 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 nae mair wark about it; I think whan he's gie the lazy hulk the mither o't. baith meal an grots to maintain it ye needna fash him; he's a dutiful father indeed weel I wat, whan he feeds his bystaras fae weel.

Mess John. Woman, are ye a hearer of the gospel, that ye reject the dictates of it? Ho-



come ye to despise the discipline of the church? is not offenders to be rebuked and chastised?

-Mith. Yes sir, a that is very true; but I hae been three or four times throw the Bible an the New Testament, an I never saw a repenting stool in't a; than whare cou'd the first o' them come frae, the Apostles had nane o' them. But a daft history tells me. that th first o' them was used about Rome among the papists, an ay whan ony o' them turn'd whigs, they were put on a four-neuked thing, like a yarn winnle-blads an rave a their gouls findry, till the turned papists again; an then for anger, they put them on a black stane or stool, in the mids o' the kirk an the sack gown upon them, wi' the picture o' the deil an Satan on't; a sweet be wi' us, we sudna speak o' the ill thief in the kirk but it's a mercy the minister's here an he come; but that was the original o' your repenting stools an whan the whigs chac'd awa the papist fouk out o' the kintry, they left a wheen o' their religious pictures, an the stool o' repentance was among the spoil; but ye-se no get my bairn to sit upon a thing as high as a hen-bauk, an ilka body glouring 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 head.

Mith. As for your sin of adultery, I have naething ado with; I ken my son is a forni-

cator, an ye can neither make him better nor war nor he is, there' nae man can keep a standing in their own hand, fortune I mean, if it be a sin let him confess't, an forsake it, an we's pay the buttock meal an mak nae mair words about it.

Mess J. Goodwife 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 can be absolved from the scandal, and get the benefit of any church privileges like any other honest man.

Mith. Indeed Mess John, my son will never set his hips upon't; if he maun come before you, Ise gar him stand a bit back frae't; an hear what ye hae to say about fornication; twa harmles free bodies passing their trials to see what they can do, ye that's whigs may make enough o't, but I think na muckle about it.

Mess J. Woman, you may go home and see what you have to do; ye have a very bad tongue it's no you we have to take account of.

Mith. Ay, ay, ye that's ministers an modest fouk may say sae, but if my son had taen as good tent o' his tail, as I can do o' my tongue, there hadna been sae muckle about it; a when silly lowns kent nae what they were made for, or how to guide a thing whan they get ane.

Mess J. Put her out she is going to speak bawdy.

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

Mefs J. We must first ask some few 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 kept in, and his mother put out)

Mefs J. Well John, you must teil us whither this child was gotten lang or you was married, or since: for I suppose by the time o' the birth it is much about the same time.

Jock. Hout ay, stir, it was gotten lang or I was married, I needna forget the getting o't, it was na sae easy to me.

Mefs J. How long is it since ye was first acquaint.

Jock. When she came to be my mither's lass, I never saw her but ance before, an gin I had ne'er seen her, I had never kend her after sic a fashious fashion.

Mefs J. How long was sherving your mother?

Jock. Just twa hail years; an I gat her wi' bairn about a year after the came, an' its no a year yet since I was married.

Mefs J. 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.

Mefs J. A John, John, I find you out to be a sical liver; you and that woman has had carnal dealings for sometime: it is ill to keep the cow out of the coon, if she once get a way o

going to it; ye should actually a married the poor woman, when ye cohabited so long together.

Jock. No sir, we did not habit together, tho' she kist me, an I kist her, sometimes in the ba'n, an sometimes in the byre, nace kent o't but my mither, an she wadna let me take her but sent me away to court our Maggy.

(His mother cries through the hole of the door;) O ye sily sumph, is that the thanks I get for counselling you to do well, warn me ye wad a been married on a loun like leiper, lazy lump, who had neither wit nor wiles, no sae much judgment as wise the wind frae her ain tail, but lute it gag afore fouk. Up gets the elders crying, Fy, fy, Duncan the bellman, drive that wicked wife to the door, she disturbs us all.

Duncan rins to the door whispering Shame fa' you for a wife gang out o' that; but I wad rather hear you as hear them yet.

Mefs J. Now John will you be so plain as tell me whether you promised to marry the woman or no, when ye lay with her.

Jock. Na sir, I didna ly with her; for the herd and me lay in the byre bed, an she lay in the lang saddle at the hallen end.

Mefs. J. It is all one whether you lay with her or not, when you have got her with child; that's what you 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 J. But the question is, whether or no did you promise to marry her, when that child was gotten?

Jock. Hout; tout, stir ye wad fash fouk spearing a thing, it was her that promis: to marry me for the getting o't.

Mess J. An did you not do the like to her?

Jock. A what need'd I do the like, when she and my mother did it a', but the wean getting she coudna do that.

Mess J. Indeed John ye seem to have been a parcel of louse livers altogether.

Jock. A louse stir. I wish I were louse yet; better be louse than to an ill staik.

Mess J. I see it needless for me to enquire any farther into the matter, I find you are guilty therefore you must appear publicly on the stool of repentance, on Sabath next, and the two following thereafter, or ye be absolved from the scandal.

Jock. Indeed master minister, am very easy about repentance, an for your stool, it's a feat. I am very easy about. for I'm but bashfu', an' as I was never guilty of getting bystarts, either before, or sinfiye, except in thoughts, words, deeds, an' actions, I think ye may e'en let me pass; I suffer'd enough wi' the clash o' the kintry, an' loss o' my ain wean it was nae bystart, ye canna gar me stand for that.

Mess J. You appear to be such a stupid fellow, the like of you should neither have lafut child or bastard, and I admire that such an ideot as

you, was allowed to be married to any woman: and you James, who is an elder of that proportion, should have give information of that 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 fouk, and I think he's best married, for he might a gotten mae bystarts, an a fasht us.

Jock. Indeed sir it's very true, for whan ance I got the gate o' women, I coudna bide aff them; but our Maggy was unco cunnen, she wadna' let me do naething but kifs her, an kittle her till ance we was married.

Mefs J. I'll ask no more questions at him. Call on his mother. (In, she comes.) Goodwife, we have ordered your son to appear three Sabbaths on the stool, and there to be reprov'd before the congregation publicly, and be absolved from the scandal.

Mith. Then the ill thief be in his arse. Mefs John, gin e'er he set his hip upon't: my bairn on your black stool! an wadna it be a great blunder on the auld black face o't, to my son to gang on't before the young laird who has had twa bystarts, an ne'er set a hip on't yet, an he's continually ridding on the hussies to this day, an them that wadna' let him, he rives their duds, an kicks their doups. A dear Mefs John, an ye gie gentle fouks a toleration to whore, to fornicatè, kifs, an cuddle a wee wi' ilka body they like, I'll gie you ten merks an gie't to me an my son too.

Mefs J. And what shall we do with these odious persons?

Elders. Indeed, fir we see not what we can make o' them.

Mefs J. Make of them! we'll exclude them from all church benefit, and lay them under the lesser excommunication.

Mith. Indeed fir, tak your mind o't, as our cat did o' the haggis, when she supped it a' an than crap into the bag. If ye winna chrifen the wean, ye canna hinder us to ca a cog fu' o' water on't, an ca it ony thing we like.

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

*How Jocky and his mother went to see his bastard.*

**N**OW Jockey and his mither came hame together, chick for chew, cracking like twa hand guns. I true I hae fought a battle this day, and won the field accordingly, whan I hae conquered a' the kankard carles about the kirk.

Jock. Indeed mither I think ye'er a better man nor the minister; an gin ye had aritmattock an Latin, to ken the kitule figures you may preach as well as he.

Mith. I true Jock lad, their black stool o' sham repentance ne'er got sic a rattle as I hae gient the day.

Jock. Na, na, mither a' the whoremongers that e'er set a hip on't kens nae muckle about the auld foundation o't as ye do,

Mith. But Johnny man, an thou wad start in the daft days, an that's on manunday, ye an I wad gae an see the daft jade, Jenny the mither o't.

Jock. Wi' a' my heart mither: but we maun gi'e something, an it were but an auld fervet, to keep the hips o't warm, young weans is ay wet about the arse ye ken.

Mith. A weel then Johnny, I'll cry to thee whan the hens begins to keckle, and that's about the break o' day; an we's be ready to tak the road again by Torryburn, be day light, when we'll ken a turd by a stane.

Up gets auld Maggy, Jock's mither in the morning, puts on the kettle, an makes her Youl fowens, the meikle pot hung on the fire a' night wi' the cheek o' an auld cows head, skims aff the fat, and mak's a great couge o' brose then pours on a chappen o' clean crieish like oil, which made a bra' sappy breakfast for Jock an h's mither, an Maggy got the cog to feart. The brose being done, an a' things ready he halts the black mare, lays on the funks an a covering; fine furniture for a country wife.

Jocky mounts, an his mither behind him, trots awa', till coming down the brae abune John Davie's well; the auld beast being unsiery o' the feat she fundered before, the girth an curple brake; Jocky tumbled o'er her lugs an his mither out o'er him in the well wi' a flung.

Jock. Ay, ay, mither, tho' I fell ye needna fa'n abune me, an gin ye had lyen whar ye lighted first, ye wadna tumbled into the well,



it's an unco thing a body canna get a fa' but ye fa' abune them; auld ruddoch that thou is thou might a hauden better by the rump'e, an ye wadna a bruised a' my back wi' your auld hard banes, nor a wat a' yoursel fae, an see how you hae drummel'd a, John Dav'es well.

Mith. Hech, quo she, I wonder ge I be kill'd! I hou was wount to get the world of a good rider, baith upon huffies an horses, an this be thy managment thou's little worth; fell'd the auld bents that bore thee! sic a bath as I hae gotten to my yool: thou couldna a gien me a war bed nor a water hole in a cauld morning. Wae be to thee an that ill gotten get o' thine O! let never better touny be gotten wi' bystarts getting; an this is so much for the fruits o' fornication, a war stance nor the black stool yet.

Jock. Let's a bee now wi' your auld taunts about bystarts getting, or I'll gie you the wind o' the mear's tail, an gar you wammel hame an a' your wat coats about you.

Mith. Na, na. my man Johnny, haud the auld jade till I loup on, wi' came the gither, an we's gang the gither, we fall see the bystard an it's nither or wi' gang hame.

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

At length they came to Jenny's mither's door,  
In goes his mither and in goes the mare.  
Himself follows after, crys hows a' here?

Mith. Hech, is that poor body in her bed yet.

Her mother answers, Weel I wat she's in her bed an cauld, cauld, and comfortless is her lying. bystarts getting is just like lent gear, seldom or never weel paid back again, but my poor lassie coudna done war nor she's done, O gin she had yeilded her body to some bit herd laddie; he wad a seen her lang or now.

Mith. A dear Marrion what wad ye be at? Do ye think that our John wha has a wife o' his ain, coud come and wait on her as if she were a dame o' honour, or yet an honest man's wife, poor silly lown that she is, an had he thought on what he was com'd o' he wad ne'er a offer'd benevolence to the like o' her.

Mar. An ye had a been as great an instrogater against his making her double ribbet, as ye are now against doing her justice, for the filthy jimerack he's gien her, ye wadna need to ca' her silly lown the day, an him an honest man, but the ne'er an honest man wad a hoodl'd sae lang on ae poor hussie an then gaen awa' an married anither for love o' a pickle auld clouts an twa or three pockfus o' tow: and she is but a silly lown indeed that lute him or ony rattle scull else, shake their tail sae lang upon her, without his faith and his troth, an his nieve before the minister.

Mith. A cauld be your cast kimmer, do ye think it your daddling daughter is a match for my son John, I think less may fair her father was but a poor cotter carle, an our John's father

'was a farmour, an it's but a trick o' youth an the course o' youth maun be out; but she may thank her good fortune an tell her friends ay, an count it a credit that ever she bore a bystait to the like o' him; a good fu' fat farmour's son, but ae step laigher nor a laird.

Mar. A wae be to sick a credit it's nae worth the cracking o, an whar was a his noble equals whan he bute to lay a leg on my poor lassie, poor clarty clunny that thou is, and if they were na baith ae man's mak, I wadna think naething o't; for there warn a needle o' differ between their daddies, an what war they baith but twa sticket taylors at the best? ye had as good a gaen hame and a counted your bow-kail stocks as come here to count kindred wi' me.

Jock. Hout awa daft witlefs wives, I kenna what you're flyting about; I wad rather see the wean gin it be ony thing wally and like the world,

Mar. Indeed sall ye John, you'll see your ain picture for little filler, a muckle mouth'd haveral just like yaurfel.

(The child is presented.)

Jock. Mither, mither, it has a muckle mouth just like mine, an sees we baith o' it's een an bit five days auld yet.

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

Jock. A what ken I mither, am no sae weel skill'd as the howdies. an them that's ay hoblin

weans; but I thought they had a been like the wee bits o' wha'pies, nine nights auld before they had seen ony.

Mith. Awa, awa, ye witlefs widdyfu'; comparing a beast to a woman's ain bairn; a dog is a brute beast, an a wean is a christoned creature.

Jock. Na mither, it's no a christoned creature yet, for it has neither gotten the words nor the water, nor as little do I ken how to ca' it yet.

Mar. I wat weel its an nno uncanny thing to keep about a house, or yet to meet in a morning a body wanting a name.

Mith. Hout tout ay, ye it's auld wives is ay fu' o' frits an religious fashions, them that looks to frits, frits follows them, but it is sax an thrity years since I was a married wife, an I never kend sabbath day by anither anc, mony a time till the bell rang.

Mar. Dear guidwife what needs ye speak sae loud, ye fly the wean wi' crying sae, see how the wean starts.

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

Mar. Ye that kens the reason o' 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, it red wood, half witted halloket fort o' creatures; for an it binna anc among twenty o' them they're a scar'd o' the getting, for there's few o' them gotten in beds like honest fouks bairns, baks o' dykes, an kill logies; whar

there is ay someboby wandering to scar poor neadfu' persons, at their job o' journey wark; for weel ken I the gait's o't, experiance gars me speak.

Jock. A deed mither that's very true, for whan I was getting that waen at the black hole o' the peat stack. John Gammel's muckle colly came in behind us wi' a bow wow o' a great goul just abune my buttocks, an as am a fisher, he gart me loup levrock hight, an yet wi' got a wean for a that.

Mith. A weel than Johnny that makes my words good yet.

Jenny Answers out o' the bed. A shame fa' your fashions ye hae na muckle to keep whan ye tell how it was gotten or what was at the getting o't.

Jock. A shame fa' yoursell Jenny, for I hae gotten my part o' the shame else an gin ye hadna tell'd first, there wad nane kend, for nae body saw us but John Gammels auld colly, an he's na a sossicent witness.

Mar. Now guidwife amang a' the tales ye hae tell'd me, how is this wean to be mantained.

Mith. I'll chance en your auld black mouth Marrion, did not I send you my good spirtled hen a pund o butter an a saxpence, forby a lip-py o' groats an a furlot o' meal; mak her a good cogefu' o' brose, an put a knoist o butter in them, to fill up the hole whar the lown came out, an' I'll send you mair or that be done.

Mar. An it be nae better nor the last ye may een keep it to yoursel, your groat meal an gray

meal, and dust and seeds, course enough to feed  
cocks an hens besides a woman in her condition.

Mith. A foul be your gabs, ye'er a sae gash  
o' your gabbies; a wheen fools that stuffs up  
your guttes wi' hacket kail brose made o' groat  
meal and gray meal, sands seeds dust an weak  
shilling, ony thing is good enough to fill the  
guts, an make t---ds of.

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

Mith. O ye fool, Maggy's milk is a mould,  
salt an sapless lang syne; but I true she wad neb  
at it as the black ewe did at the white ewes lamb  
the last year, sae speak nae mair o' maggy's  
milk, no to compare a cat to a creature, the  
yeal cats is never kind to kittlens, an the maid-  
ens bairns is unco weel bred.

Jock. Na, na, ye'er a' mistane mither, Mag-  
gy has milk yet, for every pap she has is like  
a pint pig, I se warrant they'il haud pints the  
piece.

Mith. My man Johnny let them keep the wean  
that has the wean, weel never miss a pockfu' o'  
meal now an than I wadna hae my bed pisht, an  
my blankets rotten for a bow o' the best o't.

Jock. O mither! I canna leav t I like it sae  
weel, it has twa bonny glancing een, just like  
mine in a kikan glass, I wonder how I was able  
to get the like o't, indeed mither I think mair  
o't, nor o' my grey horse, Maggy an the four  
Ky.

Mith. My man Johnny ye're at nae strait a-  
bout bairns getting, nane needs gang to London

to learn that auld trade; I ken very weel when ane gets warklooms right to their hand, nature will teach them how to fa' too.

Jock. Now fare you well Jannet that weans weel worth the warkmanship I'll warrand ye, weel I wat ist.

Jenny. Guidnight wi' you John, but O man thou has broken my fortune, I'll neer get mair o' man nor I hae gotten, dear, dear, hae I suffered for what I hae done, an if ye had a bestowed thy self on a me, ye see what a bonny bairn time we wad a haen.

Mish. thou says that thous suffered fadly for what thous done, but tho they wad tak thy hide o'er the een holes it wadna take the inclination out o' thee; for thou'll do't again, but it's no be wi' my bairn i'se warrand thee, and now johnny come awa' hame to thy hauf marrow, an use thy freedom as formerly, thou'll hae weans thick and three faul; I'se mak thee a decoction of cock stanes, lamb stanes, an chicken brue. will gar the cock thy tail like a Gallo-way toop-

### The Vth and last P A R T.

*Being an account of Jocky's Mithers death and burial.*

**A**S jocky an his mither came hobling hame together on the outside of the auld doil'd beast, his mithers black mare, a waefu' misfortune befel them; Her hinder lots being wickedly wet in John Davies well that morning, an it

being a frosty night, her coats was a frēzen a-  
 bout her, and the hard haren fark plaid c'ass  
 between her legs-like a wet dishclout, her teeth  
 gaed like a rattle bag till about half gaet hame,  
 than she was siezed wi' a rumling in her meikle  
 bag what wi' kintry fouks ca's a rush i' the guts  
 Jocky was fash'd helping her aff and helping  
 her on, faul fat and dirty was the road, having  
 like half a l---d at every tadder length.

Jock Indeed mither, I doubt death has some-  
 thing to do wi' you, for there is a rumbling in  
 a your wame like an auld wife kirning.

Mith. Hout, tout I canna hear o't, by they'll  
 be nae fear o' me now, I'm safe at my ain doör.  
 thanks to the and the auld heast it brought me;  
 heat my feet wi the bannock stane, an lay me  
 in my bed, fling four pair o' blankets and a  
 caunes on me, I'll be weel enough ance I were  
 better, sweith Maggy gae make me a cog-fu' o'  
 an a plack's worth o' spice in them, nae fear o'  
 an aul wife as lang as she's loufe behind, an can  
 tack meat,

Jock, I se be't mither, a e'm fill up the bos o'  
 your belly, you'll stand to the storm the better,  
 I' se warrant ye never die as lang aa ye can take  
 your meat.

Ben comes Maggy wi' the brose; but four  
 soups and a slag filled her to the teeth, till she  
 began to bock them back again, an dirg awa'  
 the dish.

Jock. I mither, mither, I doubt there's mair  
 ado wi' you nor a dish to lick; whan ye refuse  
 good milk mea', I am doubtfu' your mouth be  
 gaun to the mules.



Mith. O dear Johnny I'm no willing to die if I could do better; but this will be o' fair winter on auld frail fouks, yet an I would grow better I might live these twenty years yet, an be an auld wife for a' that; but alake a day there's mōny auld fouk dieing this year.

Jock. A deed mither there's fouk dieing the year that never died before.

Mith. Dear Johnny wilt thou bring me the doctor, he may do me good, for an my heart warn a sick an my head fae fair, I think I may grow better yet.

Jock. A weel I'll bring the doctor the minister an my uncle.

Mith. Na, na, bring nae ministers to me, his dry cracks will do me but little guid, I dinna want to see his powdered pow, an I in sic an ill condition, get me a pint o' drams in the muckle bottle an set i' the hole o' the backside o' my bed.

Jock. A deed mither ye're in the right o't for ye want to be weel warm'd within; to chase the culd wind and frosty water out o' your backside,

Then awa' he rias to daft Meg at the kirk town, an brings a bottle in every hand, out wi' the cork an gies her ane in o'er, she sets it to her gab, and squartles up a mutchkin at a waught, which was like to worry her, till she fell a risting and roaring, like an auld blunderbush. Hech hey co' she, but that makes an alteration, an wears away the wind. Wi' that her head fell to the cod, and she fought away like a very faint or drunken finner.

Jock. O! Maggy, Maggy my Mither's lost her breath, (she'll no live lang without it) I doubt she's dead already, an nae body seen her but ye an I an ourfels too an she had been fair o'er seen it maxna, I'll no had this a fair strae death indeed, fy Maggy cry in a the neighbours to see her die altho' she be dead. O an she wad but shake her fit or wag her muckle tae, it wad be ay some satisfaction; but in came the neighbours in a hush dinging ither o'er in the door. Come awa firs, for my mither's as dead's a mauk guid be thanker; but I had rather it had been the black mare or the muckle rigget cow, for weel I wat I'll e'en miss her, for she was a bra' spinner o'tow, an cou'd a cardet to twa muckle wheels, she had nae faut but ane an that, was her tongue, but she'll speak nae mair, fy gets a deal or a barn door to straight her on, for a y whan she was cauld she was unco kanckert an ill to curch, but I'll hae her yerdet or Wednesday teen.

Come says Maggy wi maun hae her drest.

Jock. What does the fool mean wad ye dress a dead woman, she'll never gang to kirk nor market again.

MAG. A dear John be at ease, ye ken she mauna be burried as she is, a fark and a winding sheet is the least she can get.

Jock. Ah ha, Maggy is that what you mean she has a good new winding sheet, it was never about her shoulders yet, sae maggy do it a' yoursel and I'll gar Clinkum Bell measure the grave an make it.

Now when they had brought out the corpse John told the people they were welcome to haud in a cheek o' his auld Mither waft the gate; and being laid right on the spakes. ha, ha, quo he, this is a bra honesty indeed, it's mair boukie nor my bridal was: but when they came to the grave, it was o'er short and strait about the mouth, which set John in a great passion, saying, A foul fa' your naughty fashions master bell-man did not I paction wi you for the bread o' my mithers back an the length o' her carkage? an this hols winna haud her, thou's get nae mair o' her change if I sud die the morn.

Uncle Rabbi. Whisht, whisht, this sud be a day o' mourning for your mither, dinna flyte here.

Jock. What the vengance uncle, shoudna fouks die when they're auld? an am I to pay for a hole an get but half a hole; that's the thing it vexes me, but I'll keep twopence out his trencher for't, an sae will I e'en; but gang ye hame uncle to get a cog an a cap for the dragd-ey, an I'll see her get fair play or I gae.

Hame they came in a croud and fell to the cheese an cheeks of lewes teeth an nail, the ale was handed about in cogs an' caps lashing it down o'er like bleachers watering their webs; John blattered in the cog like a cow in warm watter till the barm an' bubbles came bubling out at his nose. saying a good health to you a' round about an' shoon an shortly may we a' gang the gate my nither's gane, and I wish them a burrying amang dogs that speaks against it.

About eight and twenty wecks thereafter Maggy had a wally wame fu' o' bairns to bear, an ay whan she cry'd John cry'd, which made a the kimmers, an auld Katty the howdie laugh heartily to hear them.

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

Jock. Weel I wat he's no want that, but an there had a been as muckle din at the getting o' him, as at the bearing o' him, it sud ne'er a been gotten for me; Come, come gets in uncle Rabby, the corn riddle fu' o' the three neuket froons, whang down the cheese like peats, eat and drink till wi' forget sorrow, and then weel see me's John about a name till him; since we see it is the way o't that the young comes and chaces out the auld, wi' maun christen them, an they maun burry us:

Now John an his uncle goes to the minister he enters, saying guideen to you master Minister ye dianna ken my mither's dead.

Min. Yes John I heard so but how is your wife?

Jock. My wife s'ir a wae worth her, for the wives o' our town and I hae gotten a wauking night wi' her; but wi' hae gotten her toom'd and still'd again, an she's born a bra' wally thumping s'irra, he'll herd the kye belive to me an he had hoggors on him, an am come to you to get a bit name to him.

Min. A bit name to him John, if ye want no more nor a bit name to him, you may gie him that yourself.

Jock. Na but fir I want baith the words an the water, what ye say to ither fouk say to me.

Min. A but John you must give security or satisfaction you're a man under scandal

Jock. What the muckle mischief fir, tho' under scandal or abune scandle, will ye refuse to christen my wean that's honestly gotten in my ain wife's bed beneath the blankets; caus I had a bystart canna ye christen the weel com'd ane, let the bystart stand for it'e ain skaith without a name.

Min. No John you have been very slakly dealt with, I'll bring you to obedience by law, since you reject counsel.

Jock. A deed fir I wad think naething to stan a time or twa on't to please you, if there were nae body in the kirk on a uke day, but it's war on a sunday to hae a body looking and laughing at me, as I had been coding the piесе suppen the kirk, or something that's no bonny, like pishing the bed.

Min. A well John never mind you these things come ye to the stool, it's nothing whin it's over we cannot say o'er much to you about it,

Upon sunday thereafter John comes with unclie Rabbies auld wide coat, a muckle great grey lang tail'd wig an a bonnet, which cover d his face, so that he look'd more liker an old pilgrim than a young fornicator; mounts the creeper with a stiff stiff back, as if he had been a man of sixty, every one looked at him, thinking he was some old stranger, who new 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 known that the whole parish and many more came to see him; which cause such a confusion, that he was absolved, and got his children baptized the next day.

But there happened a tullie between the twa' mithers who would have both their names to be Johns, a weel a weel says old John their father to the minister, a deed stir ye maun ca' the taen John and the tither Jock, and that will please baith these enemies o' mankind,

Min. A weel John suppose ye do, it is two Johns nevertheses.

Jock. A deed stir ye man gie the wicked a' their will, wi' s ca' the bystard Jocky and my son Johnny Bell, on wi't some way an let her ca't as she likes.

Min. A dear John but ye speak indifferently about this matter, ye know not the nature of it

Jock, A mony thanks to you Mefs John now cause ye hae christend baith my bairn, an my bystard, I hope you'll forgive me the buttock male.

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

Jock, Ay stir and how think ye the like o' me can walk straight wi' sic auld baucheld shoon as mice, among sic rough rigs, highs an' hous as I hae to harle through.

Min. I need not speak to you, you are but a poor mean ignorant person.

Jock. Na stir, weel awat I'm neither poor nor mean, my mither's fairly yerdet now gude be thanke, an le t a' she had to Maggy an me.

Min. But here ye this John, ye must not kiss any other woman nor your own wife. live justly like another honest christian, and you'll come to die well.

Jock. A black end on me stir, in ever I lay a unlawful leg upon a hissie again, an they sude ly down to me while our Maggy lests; an for dieng there's nae fear o' that, but I'll no get fair play, if ye an a' the aulder fouk in the parish be not dead before me, so I hae done wi' ye now.

#### AN EPITAPH.

**H**ERE lays the dust of Joh Bells Mither,  
 Against her will death brought her hither,  
 Clapt in this hole, hard by his daddy,  
 Death snatch'd her up or she was ready,  
 Lang might she liv'd wer't not her wame,  
 But wha can live beyond their time?  
 There's none laments her but the Suter,  
 So here she lies looking about her,  
 Looking about her! how can that be?  
 Yes, she sees her stwe better then we.

