

JAMIE AND JEANIE.

[A SHETLAND STORY IN VERSE.]

I MIND it was the first o' voar,
The day was cauld an' raw,
An' everything luiked blate ta me
When Jamie güed awa'.

I stood an' saw him leave the hoose
An' wi' 'im his sisters three ;
His widow-midder greetin' sair,
For nane she had but he.

They followed him a piece awa',
An' then they had to part ;
He kissed his sisters ane an' a',—
But, O, the midder's hert !

She held him lang, she kissed him aft,
Her very hert did yearn ;
An' aye she cried, " What sall I dü ?
My bairn, O, my bairn ! "

But he büst tear himsel' awa',
He could nae langer bide,
His hert wis like ta brack in twa
Wi' grief he couldna hide.

JAMIE AND JEANIE.

O ! muckle did I envy them
 That could sae greet their fill,—
 That could mak' maen an' get relief,
 An' a' their sorrow tell.

Wir folk kent no that Jamie had
 Sae lang been coortin' me,
 Nor kent they why I luiked sae sad
 For Jamie gaen ta sea.

I stood afore my fedder's door
 Till he cam' through the gait,
 His bonnet drawn doon ower his broo,
 His look sae wae an' blate.

He sabbéd as he gript my hand
 An' said, "Noo, Jeannie, try ;"
 A stang güed through my heart, I sooned
 An' gae'd a fearfu' cry.

Wir folk ran furt, they took me in,
 They laid me on my bed ;
 They drappit water on my broo
 Ta cüil my burnin' head.

An' mony days an' nights I gret,
 An' nane could comfort me ;
 For, O ! my heart wi' langer ached
 For Jamie at the sea.

At last a letter fae him cam',
 A seal it had o' blue,
 An' twa hearts stampéd on the wax
 Ta meap he still was true.

I mind when I saw "Posty" come,
 My heart began ta beat ;
 I flang my spade inta da rig
 An' hurried up the gaet.

I got the letter in my hand,
 I sat doon on a brae,
 I read it ower an' ower again
 An' dell'd nae mair dat day.

Sae letters güed and letters cam'
 For years atween us twa,
 An' this wis a' my happiness
 When Jamie wis awa'.

Fae Jack-afore-the-mast he raise
 Through time ta be a mate,
 An' then he got a ship himsel',—
 They caed his ship the Kate.

She was a thoosan' tons, he said,
 Bound for the Southern Sea ;
 An' when he back ta England wan,
 He'd come and marry me.

A year an' mair haed come an' gane,
 Bit nae wurd cam' ta me ;
 An' I began ta fear the warst
 For Jamie at the sea.

And then another year güed by,
 A weary year ta me ;
 A year o' mournin' day and night—
 Ah, nane could comfort me!

JAMIE AND JEANIE.

My face that folk eens caed sae fair,
 Was noo baith wan an pale ;
 I wandered here, I wandered there,
 My health began ta fail.

At last the woeful letter cam'—
 A letter sealed wi' black—
 An' Jamie's midder's name an' place
 Was written on the back.

This letter fae da owners wis—
 The owners o' the Kate—
 They said they grieved ta tell da news,
 But noo were forced ta state

That on a coral reef she struck,
 Far in the Southern seas—
 That gallant ship that braved sae lang
 The battle and the breeze.

And savage tribes, the men they slew
 Soon as they reached the shore ;
 The captain and his gallant crew,
 Alas ! they were no more !

The postman kent the dreadful news,
 An' took the letters doon
 Ta Saunders Broon, o' Burrabraes,
 The elder o' the toon.

An' he wi' him twa neebours took,
 He couldna geng alane,
 For weel he kent what they would see
 Would melt a heart o' stane.

They cam in slowly ower the flüir
An' slowly set them doon ;
But e'er they spak' a wird she cried,
" O Saunders, Saunders Broom !

O, weel I ken the news ye're brought,
My bairn is no more ;
Sae tell me whaur his body lies,
Is it by sea or shore ?"

Auld Saunders tried ta sooth her woe
By comfort from on high ;
But " Jamie, Jamie, O my bairn !"
Was aye the midder's cry.

Auld Saunders telled her trials here
Was future joy to earn ;
But still the midder's wailin' cry
Was " Jamie, O, my bairn !"

An' then the wird it cam' ta me,
" A bruised reed to break,"
An' like a widdered blade o' girse
I sank beneath the straik.

An' barely hed I gained the strent
Ta let me raise my head ;
When my dear faeder suddenly
Was numbered wi' the dead.

An' then there was nane left ta wirk,
Baith oot and in, but me,
For mam was ill and a' the boys
Had left and gaen ta sea.

JAMIE AND JEANIE.

An' sae I hed ta rise an wirk,
 I couldna lie an' dee,
 Although I often wissed the Lord
 Wid tak' baith mam an' me.

We tried ta dü the best we could,
 We kept the bit o' land,
 An' span and cairded noo an' then,
 An' wrought inta wir hand.

Until an awful puir year cam',
 The crop was ill an' sma,
 An' for the rent the laird he cam
 An' took wir coo awa'.

An' then we thought ta gie it up,
 An' dü without the land,
 An just help neebors for a mite,
 An' wirk within wir hand.

But just afore we set it aff,
 Ae day comes steppin' in
 Auld Willie Widd, a widow man,
 That lived inta the Linn.

He luikéd at me sae curiously
 An' said, " Weel, Jeannie, lass,
 I hear ye're gain awa' frae here
 Just noo, at Hallimas ?

" I dinna like the news ava ;
 An' sae I cam' alang
 Ta say a wurd or twa ta dee,
 An' hoop I dü nae wrang.

“ I hae an aer o’ siller by,
 An’ havers kye in Bü,
 Wi’ ewes an’ gimmers in da hill,
 An’ am richt weel ta dü.

“ Dy midder’s auld, doo’s lonely here,
 Dü kens, lass, what I mean,
 Sae bide nae langer here ava,
 But come wi’ me ta Linn.”

Weel, first I leuch an’ then I gret,
 For lauchin’ was a sin ;
 But just ta tink me marryin’ auld
 Deezed Willie o’ the Linn !

But little kent we what ta dü,
 The roup was advertteezed,
 An’ though the bodie was three score
 He wasna just sae deezed.

I cared na for mysel’ a preen,
 I could just work or dee,
 But my puir midder, auld an’ frail,
 Was what sae troubled me.

An’ sae ta mak’ a lang tale short,
 I büst at last gie in
 An’ marry—O, dear, dear-a-me !
 Auld Willie o’ the Linn !

Neist Saterdag, I mind it weel,
 Was set for wir contrack,
 An’ though I tried ta luik weel-pleased,
 My heart was like ta brak.

For O ! my Jamie cam' in view
 As he was wint ta be ;
 An' aye I thought I heard him sayin'
 " Is dis dy love for me ? "

At supper time, when folk was blyde,
 I just was clair ta greet ;
 When, comin' ower the hard brig-stanes,
 I heard somebody's feet.

The door it opened, O, great Lord !
 What tink ye should I see,
 But my ain Jamie comin' in—
 My Jamie frae the sea ?

I screeched, I flew aroond his neck,
 He did the same ta me ;
 An' aye I cried, " Is it dy ghost,
 Or Jamie, is it dee ? "

" Is this a dream, or is it true ?
 O, wonderous strange return ! "
 " An' sae it is," Auld Willie said,
 " But I'll just ca' da morn."

Auld Willie güed, the rain cam' on
 An' wet him to the skin,
 An' sae I wat he wasna blyde
 When he got ta the Linn.

But neist day back he comes an' says,
 " Noo, Jeannie, hear doo me !
 Although I'm vexed I'm blyde ta see
 Dy Jamie hame ta dee.

“ We wir contracked ta be shure,
 Bit in dat is nae sin,
 Sae doo’s as free ta tak dy Jem
 As I’m ta geng ta Linn.

“ But neist time I contrack agen,
 May auld Deil cripple me
 If shü sall hae, if I ken o’ it,
 A Jamie at the sea.

“ My pouch has paid weel fir a foy
 Dat’s dune nae güid ta me ;
 ‘ Ane braks da bane anidder sooks
 Da mergie o’ it,’ ye see.

“ Bit Deil may care, I hae aneuch,
 An’ mair I still can win,
 My haavers kye can pay it a’,
 No coontin’ dem at Linn.

Sae let it geng—wir spoilt contrack
 Can just stand fir your ain ;
 He’s lookin’ weel, but houp I’ll no
 Agen be drook’t wi’ rain.”

An sae awa auld Willie güid,
 (There’s warr auld men than he)
 But I maun tell you Jamie’s news,
 An’ hoo he cam’ ta me.

His crew was killed, as wird first cam,
 But he alane wis spared,
 The savage chief expectin’ shüne
 Ta get a rich reward

JAMIE AND JEANIE.

Fae some ship comin' past dat wy
 Fae his ain kuntrye ;
 An' sae they kept him prisoner
 An' widna lat him free.

Bit efter lang an weary years
 The tribe they güid ta war,
 An' Jamie gettin' aff ae night
 Swam right across da bar.

He seized a canoe that he saw
 Lyin' anchored in the bay,
 An' got far oot o' sight o' land
 Afore the brack o' day.

He rowed an' rowed, he kent na whaur,
 Far ower a trackless sea,
 Until he came close to an isle
 They ca'd Oohytee.

But nae inhabitants were there,
 Just cocoa-nuts it grew,
 Wi' fish an' birds along the coast,
 An' birds in thousands flew.

Sae 'shore he cam, and set to wirk
 Like Robinson Crusoe,
 Fir that sam day he fan' a wrack
 Just lyin' intil a goe.

He bigged a hut, he made a boat,
 An' planted neeps a' kael ;
 An' cocoa-nuts eneuch he had,
 They saired for bread an' mael.

An' mony years this wy he lived,
Until a ship cam' by
An' took him wi' his guid's an' gear
Inta the Colonie.

An' there he sell'd his nits an' oil,
His feathers white an' grey ;
An' hame he cam' to marry me.
O blissin's on the day

That saw my Jamie back ta me,
My Jamie fae the sea ;
O may I ever praise the Lord
Fir a' his gifts tae me.

His midder noo is auld an' frail,
My midder's laek ta dee,
Bit lang in comfort at wir fire
They've been wi' Jem an' me.

An' bonnie bairns ca's me mam,
We're happy as can be ;
Fir O ! the difference is great
Sin' Jamie cam' fae sea.

THE LAIRD O' ST RINGAN.

[A SHETLAND BALLAD.]

THE young laird o' St Ringan was a weel-faured youth,
An' a weel-faured youth was he ;
But fausely vowed he to sweet Lily o' the Glen,
" My bride and my darling ye'll be."

" O dinna spaek dis wy, young laird o' St Ringan,
O dinna spaek dis wy ta me ;
For ye ken I'm but a simple, puir lass,
An' ye are o' high degree.

" Sae meet me nae mair alane i' the mirk,
For I'm feared fae dis evil may be ;
But wed for your wife, wi' gowd an' wi' gear,
Some ladie o' high degree."

" O say ye no this, my ain winsome marrow,
O say ye no this ta me ;
For nae ladie wi' gowd, nae ladie wi' gear,
Can I ever love like thee.

" Your cheek is like the red, red rose,
An' your milk-white skin fair ta see ;
Your gowden hair hangs ta your middle sae jimp,
An' bright is the glisk o' your ee."

“ O dinna spaek dis wy, young laird o' St Ringan,
 O dinna spaek dis wy ta me ;
 For I hae nae gowd, an' I hae nae gear,
 An' I'm but o' laigh degree.

“ Your midder would flyte, young laird o' St Ringan,
 Your sister would gloom upon me ;
 Your fedder, in wrath, his heir would disown,
 If I your wife was ta be.

“ Sae meet me nae mair alane i' the mirk,
 For I'm feared fae dis evil may be ;
 But wed for your wife, wi' gowd an' wi' gear,
 Some ladie o' high degree.”

“ O say ye no this, my ain winsome marrow,
 O say ye no this ta me ;
 For when ye're my bride, in a ship on the tide,
 We'll sail to some far countrie.

“ My faither is auld an' winna live lang,
 My mither, as weel, she maun dee ;
 My sister's anger ye need never mind,
 When we come again ower the sea.

“ An' then ye will be ladie St Ringan,
 Weel buskit and braw as may be ;
 Wi' silks an' wi' satins, wi' pearlins an' a',
 An' maidens ta wait upon thee.”

His airm he's pat roond her middle sae jimp,
 An' her sweet cherry lips did he pree ;
 An' syne doon they sat 'neath the sandy-knowe bank
 That's close by the sound o' the sea.

* * * * *

The lily grew wan, an' the lily grew pale,
 An' the tear trickled fast fae her ee ;
 For the laird o' St Ringan sair had her beguiled,
 An' the morn he's ta wed Margorie.

Lady Margorie was young an' sae was she fair,
 An' pearlins and broaches hed she ;
 For her faither was laird o' a' Verndaal,
 An' gowd in right plentie had he.

The Lily o' the Glen in the mirk, mirk night
 Tae the yett cam', the laird for ta see ;
 When fast oot cam' he, sae gallant an' sae gay,
 An' kissed her fu lovinglie.

“ O geng ta yon gio, my ain winsome marrow,
 Geng, wait at the strand, love, for me ;
 For the ship is noo come, an' her sails hysted up,
 Ta tak' us awa' ower the sea.”

Burd Lily hied her doon to the saut sea shore,
 In a gio whaur nae body could see ;
 An' soon cam' the laird o' St Ringan there,
 An' a right angry man was he.

“ O why daured ye come this night to my yett,
 Why winna ye hide far fae me ?
 For lady Marjorie maunna ken' o' your shame,
 An' this is the night ye maun dee.”

“ O laird o' St Ringan, spare ye my life,
 An' your ain young son, it may be ;
 An' makin' my moan, I'll beg for wir bread,
 An' nae mair my face ye sall see.”

He's tied a stane ta her lang yellow hair,
 He's tied it wi' knots twa an' three ;
 An' he's flung her into the ebbin' tide,
 An' she sank awa' doon i' the sea.

The laird o' St Ringan hied him fast hame,
 An' he drank the red wine cheerilie ;
 For the morn, says he, is my wedding day,
 An' I'll wed ladie Marjorie.

The laird o' St Ringan laid himsel doon,
 An' a saft downy bowster had he ;
 But, cauld was the weed that wrapped Lily's head,
 In her bed whaur sea-tangles be.

pillow

The laird o' St Ringan slept, an' he dreamed,
 Then waukened, an' up sprang he ;
 For a voice fae the dead spak near ta his bed
 In a soond like the moan o' the sea.

The laird o' St Ringan glowered in the dark,
 An' a richt eldritch luik had he ;
 For a ghaist a' in white stood afore him as bright
 As the sheenin' mareel o' the sea.

Then oot spak the ghaist wi' a voice right howe
 Like the wind when it soughs drearilie ;
 "The bride will claim her right at this hour the next night,
 An' the bridal sheets seaweed shall be."

The laird o' St Ringan louped oot o' bed,
 An' he ca'ed for his servants three :
 "Bring lowin' candles an' tell wha was here,"—
 Says they, "It was nane o' we."

o' horse / loupay

“Then kindle me a fire,” said the laird o’ St Ringan,
 “Let it lowe up an’ bleeze cheerilie ;
 For my bluid rins cauld wi’ a right fearsome dream,
 An’ I’ll wauk till the clock craws three.”

They kindled up a fire o’ the dry black peat,
 An’ it lowed up an’ bleezed cheerilie ;
 But the lowe danced blue, and the ase turned red,
 An’ it whirled on the hearth strangelie.

The laird o’ St Ringan luiked at the cat,
 For she glowered wi’ her een fearsomelie ;
 He luiked at the dog as he grued an’ whinged,
 For they saw what nae mortal could see.

The laird o’ St Ringan clappit his hands,
 An’ he ca’ed for his servants three,
 Sayin’, “Bring the red wine an’ sit by me here,
 For I’ll wauk till the cock craws three.”

The servants they watched, an’ the laird he drank
 O’ red wine till the cock crawled three ;
 Then ower did he fa’ on the floor o’ his ha’,
 An’ there lay till the sun shone hie.

* * * * *

Lady Marjorie was dressed in the satin sae white,
 Wi’ pearlins an’ broaches fair ta see ;
 An’ the bride, the bridegroom, the brides’ maidens, an’ a,
 In the ha’ were a grand companie.

The seven starns twinkled aboon i’ da lift,
 The moon in the sky shone hie ;
 An’ the laird o’ St Ringan an’ his bonnie bride
 Left the ha’ an’ the gay companie.

In a chaumer they gaed, an' nae light was there
Save the light o' the moon that shone hie ;
" O come to my airms," cried the laird o' St Ringan,
" My ain bonnie bride, Marjorie."

He claspit a wraith, it was lifeless and cauld ;
On her lips was the foam o' da sea ;
In her long dreepin' hair was the slimy sea-ware
That grows on the flood skerrie.

A bairnie she clespit ta her breist sae cauld,
An' it shivered an' sabbed wearilie ;
An' its wan lips it pressed to the nourice cauld breast,
But nae milk had the nourice ta gie.

" O faither cruel, cauld, cauld is the bed
Ye hae made for my mither an' me ;
But in sheets o' sea-ware there's room an' to spare,
An' right weel sall they cover us three."

The bride in her chaumer saw a blue lowe,
An' a groan fae the bridegroom heard she ;
Then a weird-sight she saw, like a black draigled crow,
Fleein' after twa ghaists ta da sea.

Ladie Marjorie now sits in the ha' by her lane,
An' a lane bride she ever maun be ;
For the bridegroom's asleep in a bed that lies deep,
An' in that cauld bed lies three.

MANSIE MUDJICK'S COURTSHIPS.

CHAPTER I.

EH! It's an auld story noo an' no wirt hearin' apon, bit I'm shure if ye'ir pleased ta hear it I sall be ower blide ta tell you a' 'at I can mind apon. Weel, as I was gaen ta say, I niver wis muckle buik a' my days, bit tho' I say it mysel' (dat sudna say it) it wis guid what wis o' me; or as da auld sayin' is, "I wis peerie bit naetie." Still I maun confess dat ae cubit mair ta my statir wid a been a great service ta me, fir trully da want o' it haes been sair against me in mony wys baith by sea an' shore. Fir ae thing, I rowed tree year in a yole fir twenty-five shillins o' a fee whin muckle hoeborn slunges, a lock o' years younger den mysel', wir gettin' der thirty-five in a saxherrin'; an' if it haed na been my uncle's boat I mebbe widna a bün in a saxherrin' yet ta dis guid hoor an' day, altho', atween you an' me, if it wisna fir da name o' it, I carena muckle if I hedna bün in ane yet, fir ye see fir ae thing da room atween da tafts o' da saxherrin' is ower wide fir da lent o' my legs, sae dat I man aye set my feet against da edge o' da taft, or if I pit dem doon I maun hae a lin or a ballish stane ta set dem tü afore I can row a straik.

Dere wis ae day whin we wir andowin' ahead fir saith, wi' a hush o' sea on, an' I haed no a very richt grip fir my feet, Nickey Smith—ill tricked deevil as he wis—shived his aer annunder mine an' I güid back-ower curley-head-a-craw i' da fore shott an' dang up a lump ipa da back o' my head da size o' a hen's egg.

Yea, I'm trully hed a hantle ta pit up wi'! Just dis last simmer, ae vaige—whin we wir ipa da sooth grund, wi' da Nose

afore da skerry an' da Cüllie o' da Toog i' Meggie Morris' goe, he wis a hard tide an' da hoe just most undumious—I may say he just glaeped every huik as fast as dey gued ower da gunnel. Weel, as I wis gaein' ta say, we hed a heavy slush o' hoes i' da boat, an' efter we set aff fir a mornin' hail, I lays me doon i' da fore head i' da bight o' da sail, an' da nicht bein' warm I hedna my sea claes on bit just my claith jacket an' breeks. Weel, I sleeps awhile till I hears Rasmie o' Ootvoe roarin' "Rise, Mansie, an' hail." I tries ta jump up, bit deil fit can I budge ae wy or annidder. Dere's a weight apo me most winderfil. Tinks I, Lord be aboot me, is dis da nicht-mare, or what is it dat's come ower me noo? Sae I clears oot o' my een, when I sees mysel' kivered wi' hoes fae da croon o' da head ta da sole o' da fit. What hed da deevils düne, tink ye, bit hooked hoes inta my claes as tick as ane an' ane cood hing; an' sae, as ye may ken, I hed a bonny job afore I got mysel' clear o' dem again. O, its nae use o' spaekin'! Lord kens what maks folks torment da laek o' me, fir a thing we canna help. It's nae faut o' mine dat I'm no sae grit as idder men. I'm just as da Lord made me, and shürelly He kent best whidder ta mak' me da tae wy or da tidder, an' sae it's da Lord der makin' a füle o' an' no me, if dey wid only tink apon it. Da first day I hed on this skinjup (shü wis split new den), Lowrie Wirk wis dichtin' hoes, an sae he begins ta fire hoe's eggs here an' dere, an' never lins till he stricks ane ipa da back o' my skinjup, an' da mark o' her—just luik ye—is dere yet. It might a bün my ee; tochtless, Godless wratch dat he wis.

Den dey ca' me da Mudjick fir a tü-name, but I never care what dey ca' me as lang as dey keep der haands aff. I'm shüre I wid meddle wi' naebody if dey wid bit lat me alane, fir I hae sic a feelin' hert I widna stramp ipa da wirm dat creeps i' da gaet I geng; an' dis brings me ta my story dat ye wir wantin' ta hear apon. Weel, as I was gaen ta say, whatever my body is, my bert, I'm shüre, is as grit an' as gude as idder folks; an'

if it wisna me dat wis sayin' it, mebbe a grain better in some wys, fir I may say fae I wis a knee height I'm aye hed a odious laekin' fir da lasses, bit, as da sayin' is, da mair haste da less speed ; I'm here jüst where I wis an' made little or naethin' o' it yet.

Weel, den, ta come ta my tale, da first ane I cüst my ee ta wis Sizzie Maikimsin, a dochter o' auld Eddie Maikimsin's 'at lived i' da Sheens. Dey wir odious weel aff, an' da folk sed 'at he hed bankit money, an' as fur baess, dey hed a winderfil luck ta craeters. I mind dey hed Fleckie an' Sholmie, an' Essie, a' milkin' kye ; an' den dey hed a rigged strik i' da hill, bit shü hed da spawwec an' wis ill wi' da gaa sickness an' warbecks in her back, dat shü truly hed. Den dey hed twa horses an' a mare, an' mind she hed a horse-foal wi' a white snie atween his een an' a peerie white spot abün his hint cliv ipa da left fit. Den I mind dey hed sax shaela yows, tree moorit gimmers an' a lock o' white anes. Dey hed twa hogs an' a ringle-eed ram, an' sae black end may he mak', an' you an' I be hael an' weel, fir ae day whin I wis standin' spaekin' ta Sizzy I never kent afore he fetched me a rattle i' da sma' o' da back an' sent me gröfflins apo my face i' da gutter, an' den Sizzie got inta a hert-shot o' lauchin' at me. Mind ye I wis very ill plaised at her, an' if it hedna büne fir ae why or annider I wid never darkened da door agen. Bit first ava, da wy we cam' acquaint wis ae day I cam' ower ta get a len o' her faeder's mussel draig, an' dey wir just poorin' der dinner. I mind it wis crappin' heads an' tatties. Sae I made fir gaen, but says she, " Rin na awa fae wir dinner, Mansie, bit pit in dy haand an' tak' a tattie ;" an' I did sae, an' I mind she lifted ane o' da grittest crappin' heads i' da trouch an' laid it afore me. Dis touched my hert laek, an' made me luik at 'er whaur she wis sittin', an', as da auld sayin' is, " Gleg is da guest's ee," I noticed da wy she wis aetin' a brismick head afore hersel' ; she sooked da banes sae clean an' laid dem doon in a peerie roog

by demsels i' da corner o' da trouch. Says I ta mysel', dat 'ill mak' a carefil wife yet, get her wha laeks; sae as shüine as I cam' hame I got a sheet o' paper an' a maw's pen an' I sits doon an' wraetes a letter, an' dis wis it:—

Hoolinstoora April 21st Tiesday

MY DEAR HINNEY SHUGGER AN' LICKERISH

(I pat doon lickerish because I kent she wid understand best what dat wis, fir her graandmidder aye keepit a bit in a auld teapot wi' some rock o' da Camfier fir her braethin'.)

i Tak the Oppertunty off ritin' You this feu Lines too let you. no that I am in gude health hoppin' Too find You in the same

May dearest and Better

i rite yew This letter

Tu gion Your Affeckshins tu mine

You may Get a better yowl never get a kinder

So i prey yew thinnk on it be time

Thee Rose is Red and the vilet is blue

The shugger is sweet and so are yew

May Dear I hope yew will xkuse may folley but I think you are the best lass in the town and I will com too yu nixt Setterday Nite i will com uppon the lum and Fling doon a piece of Divved and then you will know that it is mee I will kum efter yur Fok is gon tu Bed so you must sit up so no mor at present

But remanes

Your Well Wisser and True Lover

MAGNES MANNIKIN.

O, she wis a douce doshie o' a lassie! Sizzie truly wis. She aye wüor a net mutch an' a white slug, wi' a blue claith coat, an' socks an' rivlins apon 'er feet, an' she wis bonnie, dat she truly wis. Lang, bonnie, black hair, sheenin' just laek a corbie's wing. Twa bonnie red cheeks, as pure as da under side o' a cockieloorie. An' sic a bussom! Haud yer tongue—just laek twa coles o' hay. An' den her een. O, dey wir winderfil! Just when she luiked sidewise dey glanced fir a' da world laek mareel, or I never ken what, an' sae it güed rushin' an' rushin' troo me an' oot at da points o' my taes lek shoores o' haet an' cauld watter. An' den my hert knocked an' knocked laek twa hammers apon a study makin' spades, an' every bit o' me trembled laek a leaf afore da wind. Den, when I didna

see her I cudna live ava. It wis lek a bonewrak troo my banes. I gud aff takin' my maet, an' fir ouks cudna sup mair den ae plate o' gruel i' da mornin'. My midder owsed up da remicle tü fir twa or tree mornins as she wis wint, bit whin she saw I never touched it she just made da pot up t' da trid ring an' nae farder. Weel, as I wis tellin' you, I wrote da letter, an' she wis no just sae well spelled as I wid 'a laeked, bit I can tell you I wis tinkin' a hantle mare apo' da sense o' her dan da spellin', an' besides I'm no just shüre if maw's pens is da best kind fir spellin' wi'. Sae, as I wis sayin', I faulded her up, an' sealed her wi' da red baa o' a egg, fir I hed nae wax bit shümakers', an' dat wis ower saft; an' I sends da peerie boy dat wis ridin' wir paets ower wi' her, bit tauld him never to leet bit just ta mak' earrand an' spüir if ever dey saw wir sprækkled duik dat wis gaen amissin', an' den try an' shiv it inta Sizzie's haand an' hark inta her lug wha it wis frae.

Weel, dis wis laek ipa da Tiesday, an' da last ouk o' April, an' we just hed tree days o' bereseed an' a day o' taties ta wirk, an' den we were won aff. Sae we wir ta hae wir affwinnin apo' Setterday, da very day I wis gaen furt my first vaige ta coort, an' sic a vaige as, she wis. O, dear a me! Bit I sall tell you aboot dis whin I come back again.

CHAPTER II.

WEEL, as I wis tellin' you, wir affwinnin' wis ta be upo da Setterday, da sam' nicht as I wis ta geng furt my first vaige ta coort, an' sic a ouk as I hed afore Setterday cam'. I may say I niver kent mony a time what I wis düin', fir I wis aye tinkin' what I wis ta say an' foo I wis ta dü whin da time cam'. Wir folk wir just fairly mad apo me, an' nae winder, fir ae dey I sew a tattic-rig wi' bere-seed, an' sic a job as dey hed whin da scrüffin-time cam' afore dey got da bere a' pooed oot an' da rig made tattie-laek agen.

Anidder day we wir gaen fetch-fettles, an' Girzie Langlegs wis neist me. We hed da half o' her ta da voar, an' she haed fir her voar-fee tree shillins, twa pair o' rivlins, an' her haands, an' büst hae her tae four times a-day ower an' abune a' dis. I'm shure, Lord kens what servants ir comin' ta wi' der tae, tae, fir evermore; an' no dey demsels, bit auld an' young maun noo hae it, laek shute-watter, mornin', e'enin', an' midtime-a-day, just ruinin' der stamicks wi' it. Lay a skin i' da bark an' see what a snipperick it gets within, an' foo ye hae ta pu' an' rex it dis wy an' dat wy afore ye can get it ta come in fir da tee o' a pair o' breeks or onythin' else, an' sae it is wi' barkin' da stamick. It gets croppin in till a lempet-shell o' shute-watter, an' da mearest foonder oot o' da edge o' a mellins balley is a' dat a body can' tak'; an' den as dey get auld, look at dem. Just as yellow as a clæk's fit an' as aekin up as a sookéd said.

Bit, as I wis sayin', we wir gaen fetch-fettles, an' Girzie wis neist me. An sae I flings doon my tüm cashie ta tak' on her fu' een. Girzie wis a winderfil lent o' a woman. She could staand at da briest o' wir hoose an' skyle wir lum withoot ever sturtin' her. Weel, I wis just tinkin' dat minit what I wad say ta Sizzie, an' what she wad say ta me. I wis sayin' ower da wirds ta mysel' laek, ye ken, an' niver mindin' ta slip da fettle aff o' my ain head. Sae just as Girzie taks on da cashie she gies her a most tirmendeous triv—fir she wis awfil tirren dat day—an' afore I knew whaur I wis, I wis fleein' i' da air laek a maw, clean aff o' my feet; an' it wis a mercy o' Providence dat da breath güedna oot o' my body, fir da fettle, ye see, wis aboot my craig, an' deed da mark o' her shew a' dat ouk an' a guid pairt o' da neist ane. Sae efter dat dey aye ca'ed her "Girzie Gallows," an' dis aye made her just red mad.

O, she wis a ill-vicket craetir, wis Girzie, as ever I kent! I mind ae time, a while efter dis, whin I wis gaein' ta Sizzie. It wis apon a Setterday, an' a peerie while efter I wis geen furt, she raised up oot o' her bed an' set every tub an' sey 'at she

could fin', as weel as da muckle kettle an' muckle pot, an' da peerie kettle, an' a' just in a string frae da door t' da fire. Sae whin I cam' in it wis pit-mirk, an' I fins sontin' afore my feet just as I opens da door; bit tinkin' it wis just a lüme left dere by somebody unawaares, I tries ta jimp ower it, tinkin' a' da rest o' da flüir wis clear, bit as I gies da jimp I lands wi' baith my feet within da muckle kettle half fu' o' grice maet, an' den as I tries ta jimp oot o' da kettle my leg gengs within da bools an' I fa's a' my langlent (?) ower da tubs an' seys wi' sic a rattle as set wir dog up in a yowl. Wi' dis up sprang my faeder oot o' his bed, bit just as he comes oot da ben door he lands baith his feet within a sey an' ower he gengs wi' a rumble among da pots an' kettles, dinging up a lump apon his broo an' anidder apo da shin o' his leg. "O, murder," cries my faeder, "I'm killed!" an' wi' dat up jimps my midder tü an' comes rinnin' but, an' ower she faes ipa da tap o' 'im; an' sae if dere wisna a nicht i' da hoose den I sall haud my tongue.

O, dat Girzie wis an ill-vicket craetir, dat she truly wis; an' a' dis wis spite because I widna coort her. Bit, Lord bless you, what could I dü wi' da laek o' her? I wis nae mair buik aside her dan a sillick in a saxherrin'.

Bit dis is aff o' my story, as I wis gaen ta tell you, an' dat wis da neist thing dat happened within wir affwinnin' ouk. Weel, ae night we wir harrowin' till dimset, an' it wis i' da face o' da Flogga laand, an' just winderfil steep it wis. My faeder hed da muckle harrow gaen foremost an' I hed da peerie harrow comin' efter, sae he wis comin' up as I wis gaein' doon. Weel, Sizzie niver wis oot o' my mind a minit, an' I wis tinkin' an' tinkin' foo I wid fling da bit o' divet doon da lum; foo she wid lift da sneck o' da door an' let me in; foo we wid sit ipa da restin' share tagedder; foo I wid pit my airnis roond aboot her, an' sit dat wy; foo I wid trist her i' my bossum; for I wid gie her a kiss wi' every trist,—an' den I could staand it nae

langer, bit I just gae a jimp frae da eart wi' baith my feet an' a spang doon da hill wi' da harrow ahint me, an' as my faeder wis comin' up I nailed my harrow within his ane, whin snap atwa güed his siddernips an' back ower he güed curley-head a-craw doon da face o' da rig. I fell tü a piece aneath him, an' dang tree new teeth oot o' my harrow ; an' as I fell wi' da harrow apo da tap o' me, ane o' da teeth strak me abün da henchie head, an' deed a sair straik it wis, bit I pat on a baff o' Shickenwirt an' sae it bettered in two or three days' time.

Weel, Setterday cam' at last, an' we delled ower da last pate about sax o'clock—dat wis a piece o' tatties,—an' I set a' day, bit tinkin' about Sizzie, mony a time I fryat ta 'pit in da sets, an' sae whin da sproutins cam' up pieces o' furs wir hipped here an' dere a' ower da rig, an' sae wir folk caed it da coortin' rig a year efter dat. Weel, whin a' wis düne, we cam' in ta get wir affwinnin, an' we hed brose ta wir supper. Nuxa happened ta come along dat day, an' sae my midder set him ta dry da burstin'. He wis a winderful haand fir dryin' burstin', an' never needed a turnin'-tree, but just üsed his haand, an' it wis dat wy scuddeder wi' dryin' burstin' dat da haet kettle niver hurted him ava. Nuxa wisna sic a füle as Tammie Robbie or Sandy o' Braemar ; Tammie Robbie wis a Lord's füle, bit Sandy wis a deevil ! Weel, we hed plenty o' guid bere burstin' an' da half o' a reisted coo's head, an' twa skenk houghs, an' Guid kens dey wir weel hained, fir we haed naethin' troo da voar, I may say, bit just mael an' watter. My midder boiled wir banes dat mony times dat we cudna boil dem ony mair. I mind ae day she wis sairly pitten aboot what ta mak' fir a dinner, an' sae she bade me geng up ta Eppie o' Mergiebanes an' ax her fir da lane o' het banes. "Yea, dat sall doo, my bairn, doo sall get dem," says Eppie. An' sae we got da lane o' dem, bit if dey got no a boilin', den I sall haud my tongue. Sae ae day efter dis, I meets Eppie, an' she says ta me, says she, "Can do tell me, Mansie, foo lang dy midder boiled wir banes whin she got da

lane o' dem da last ouk?" "Weel, says I, "mebbe a hour, Eppie," says I, "A hour!" says she; na, mair nearer five, I'm tinkin', says she, fir whin dey cam' hame dey wir just as tum as a whissel, an' as dry as da killsimmer. Bit let her come an' ax me fir da lane o' my banes agen dis side o' Yule Day, if she daurs," says she, "an' doo can tell her dat frae me," says she. An' sae, I can tell you, Eppie wis nedder blyde nor bonnie. Weel, as I wis gaein ta say, we boils da coo's head an' da skenk-houghs, an' sic a sap o' pile as cam aff o' dat pot! We hed twa timmer plates an' da broon lame plate a' as fu' as dey could haud o' brose, an' ivery ane wi' a hole i' da hert fir da pile, an' ivery hole fu' up t' da tap; an' sae we suppèd, an' we better suppèd, till my faeder just hed enouch ta dü ta get ben da door, an' I gued ta bed an' lay till efter twal, an' den I raise up an' pat on my Sunday claes,—bit I canna tell you ony mair about it dis time.

CHAPTER III.

I'SE warren ye'll be wearyin' ta hear da rest o' my story, an' foo I cam' on. Weel, weel, I'm just comin' till it as fast as I can; an' sae, as I wis tellin' you, I raise up an' pat on my claes. I hed a new strippèd sark, spleet new aff o' da sheers, dat she truly wis. My midder shaped an' sewed ivery steek within her. Sae I pat her on first, dat I did; an' den I pat on my new white dook troosers, Nickel o' Braewick shaped dem, an' I sewed dem mysel': Nickel wis a winderful haand at shapin' troosers a' his days. Neist I pits on my new cloth jacket an' my new slippie, wi' socks an' shün apo my feet, an' my new Scots bonnet wi' da red tap apo my head, and furt I slips. But first I maun tell you what I hed i' da pouch o' my jacket fir Sizzie. Weel, dis wis a ounce o' lozengers, a half o' ounce o' clow an' cinnamon buds, ha'pennie's wirt o' lickerish, tree muckle roond sweeties, an' a string o' laamer beads fir

pitten roond about her neck. An' sae, as I wis sayin', I slips furt ; but sic a nicht as he wis—poorin' an' rainin' oot o' a tick mist ; an' dis pits i' my mind anidder night dat sam' winter.

Aye, dat wis a night among mony. I mind it wis apon a Setterday, da sam' wy. He wis a night o' storm an' sleet, an' as black as the kettle boddam. Ye cudna 'a seen da hand afore you, an' sic a herrican o' wind, ye cudna keep your feet a minit ; bit geng I büst fir a' dat, an' sae I taks my gait, bit sic a gluff as I got afore I left wir hoose. I wis jüst gaen by da slap at da side o' da kiln, an' sae as I happens ta luik inta da yard I tinks I sees a white thing among da kail, an' wi' dat sontin' gies a snore up ower da riggin' o' da hoose. Weel, if ye'll believe me, my hert nearly jimped oot o' da bit, an' I taks t' my heels, bit I wisna tree lents o' mysel' fir da feet gengs fae me an' doon ower da broo o' da gait I faes an' dirties a' da saet o' my troosers ; bit it wis a mercy it wisna waur, an' sae I gets up agen an' tries ta keep da straik o' da rod as weel as I could, bit I niver wis sae oorrie a' my days,. I tried ta whistle "Cock a Bandy hed a wife," just ta keep evil oot o' my mind ; bit da mair I whistled an' da waur I wis, an' da mair I tried ta keep evil stories oot o' my mind da mair dey cam' in, an' dis ane among da rest.

Dis wis about a man at da Norden. He wis a boat's-bigger till his trade, an' ae nicht he wis gaenin' hame frae his wark wi' his fit eitch apon his shouder, an' a short gait lay troo da middle o' da kirk-yard, an' sae as he wisna a oorrie kind o' body he tinks he'll geng dis gaet just fir shortness, ye ken. Weel, it sae happened dat an auld wife—an' a deevil's craetir dey sed she wis—hed bün buried dat sam' day, an' he made da kist himsel' an' wis at da fooneral, an' sae kent a' about it. Weel, as he gengs troo dis gaet, Lord preserve wis if he sees na da grave—an' it wisna very far frae da side o' da rod—if he sees na dis very grave fairly tùm, an' da eart, wi' hench banes an' bare white skulls stickin' here an' dere troo it, a' in a heap apo

ae side, an' da empty coffin he made wi' his ain twa haands, staandin' apon 'er end an' linnin' agence da wa' just a peerie bit frae whaur he wis staandin'. O, dear, it maks me quaak ta tink o' it yet. Weel, he tinks dis is winderfil, an' kens na whidder he's draemin' or waukin'; bit ta mak' shüre he flings da eitch aff his shoulder inta da tüm grave an' sae he gengs on, bit he wisna da lent o' da slap o' da kirk yard fir da eart wis quackin' aboot 'im wi' unearthly laek sights, an' sic soonds as mortal man niver heard in dis world afore. He sed dere wis a peesterin' an' a neesterin', a pleepin' an' a cheepin', a shirpin' an' a sheerin', a stunkin' an' a creestin', a yalkin' an' a yowlin', a claagin' an' a yaagin', a brülin' an' a reenin', a screichin' an' a yellin', just most awful; an' ivery noo an' den wid come in close afore his very nose some evil thing wi' a face at first da size o' a copper stür, an' as he tried ta geng on his face wid grow gritter an' gritter an' da mooth widder an' wider, an' da een redder an' redder wid glower an' glower till ivery ee wis laek a hairst mün as bright as the hert hole o' da lowin' fire, an' den in a minit it wid vanish in a blue lowe just ta begin agen. Den he wid hear a rumblin' i' da eart aneath his feet, an' a' roond aboot him it luiked as if it wis cracked an' fu' o' wide rents lowin' wi' bruntstane doon, doon as far as he could see; bit he aye keeped his senses an' wrasseled on as weel as he could dat wy fir da manse, an' sae at da lang an' weary lent he wan dere, bit just as he gae a knock at the door he fell doon cauld asoond. Da servant she heard the knock an' pat apon her an' ran t' da door, an' dere wis da man lyin' i' da trashald da sam' as he wis dead, sae ye may ken she got a gluff; bit she waukened da minister an' he cam' doon as fast as he could, an' dey got him in an' got some draps of speerits within him, an' sae he cam' roond agen an' tauld dem what wis happened.

Dis sam' minister kent a hantle aboot things o' dis kind. Ae time he wis sent fir ta keep a wife frae da deevil. Dis wife selled ale. Den a days ivery body made maut an' brewed ale

as dey laekéd, an' nedder offichers nor Excisemen ta trouble dem, an' mebbe less Faroe gin an' whisky drucken dan noo-a-days ; bit dat's none o' my business, an' sae I sall say na mair about it.

Weel, as I wis sayin', dis wife solded ale, an' ae time a man cam' in wantin' a bottle o' ale, an' she said she hed nane,—fir she wanted ta keep it fir some idder body. He traepèd and traepèd dat she hed some, an' den she said, Deil fetch her if she hed ony mair. "A bargain be it," says da Deil, wi' a snush, as he cam' clamperin' in da door wi' his muckle cloven feet, an' his twa short crooked horns stickin' oot troo da swee'd hair apon his head, an' his lang tail wabblin' an' wirlin dis wy an' dat wy laek a conger-eel in a cavil. Sae somebody ran fir da minister, an' he cam' as fast as he could wi' da Bible anunder his oxter, bit be da time he wan t' da hoose da Deil hed nearly gotten a grip o' da wife.

De locum melioribus, cried da minister, as he ran in atween dem.

Par nobile fratrum, said the Deevil, as he winked an' held oot his haand t' da minister.

Bete noir, said da minister, as he pat his haands in his pouches.

An' sae dey argued an' bargued awa' dis wy, bit it wis nae üse, he widna geng awa', he said a bargain wis a bargain a' da world ower ; an' sae whin the minister saw he could mak' naethin' mair o' him, he just flang the open Bible in his face, whin aff he güed wi' a rumble, *bit he tüik da braid-side oot o' da hoose wi' him !*

Anidder time dis minister saw a lass gaen t' da banks ta mak' awa' wi' hersel' an' da Deevil shivin' an' shivin' her afore him a' da wy, bit da lass saw naethin'. Sae da minister rins as fast as he can' an' gets in atween dem an' da banks an' den he roars out, "*Quid nunc Origo mali, varium et mutabile semper femina. Dic Gratia Siste Viator.*" An' dat meenit da Deevil

slipped his grip o' da lass, an' catchin' da end o' his tail, laek a oater, rowed himsel' ower da banks laek a simmet clew.

Bit dis is no my story, though it's just winderfil da wy dat ae story leads till anidder. Weel, as I wis gaen ta tell you, da man revived an' he telled da minister what hed happened ; an' sae da minister raise an' pat on apon him, an' tuik a Bible under his oxter an' a razor in his pouch, an' he said t' da man, noo follow ye me, an' sae dey güed straught t' da kirk-yard, bit nedder sees nor hears onything. Sae whin dey comes t' da grave da minister says ta da man, Noo, Tammass, says he, tak' ye oot your eitch, an' sae he jimps doon an' taks up da eitch, and dey gengs roond aboot da kirk-yard an' comes back agen da idder wy, an' whin dey lüiks da coffin wis awa' frae whaur it wis staandin', da grave wis closed up, an' da eart a' as clear an smüth as if it niver hed a bün touched.

Weel, dis story an' mair o' da sam' kind gud troo my mind in a hantle less time den I'm taen ta tell it, an' sae ye may ken what a state I wis in. Sometimes I gud on, sometimes I ran, an' ivery grey stane an' cairn afore me I tocht wis da auld witch in her windin' sheet, an' ivery stripe an' fur I jimpéd ower I tocht wis her tùm grave wi' da banes an' da skulls lyin' i' da boddon, an' der empty ee-holes glowerin' up at me i' da dark. Foo I did strip ower da stanks an' stripes just laek a wind-craw, an' aye sayin' da Chief End o' Man an' da Lord's Prayer a' da time t' mysel' as fast as I could. I tocht dere wis a hunder imps o' Sathin at my heels wi' der very claws scruffling at da hacks o' my legs. O, Lord ! keep us frae a' dat's unearthly ! I'm aften tocht apon it sin syne, whaur da auld witch could 'a biin da nicht she wis oot o' her coffin. Ye wjd 'a tocht dat whin she hed gotten a spleet new coffin ta lie intil, an' her head sae weel taen aboot, she might 'a bun blyde ta lyan still, an' mebbe efter a' it wisna da auld craetir's wyte dat she raise up agen, fir ye see da Deil wid in coorse hae a rant da nicht dat she dee'd, an' sae it bein' a sort o' foy fir her hame-

comin', she büst be dere. Auld Nickey, as da saying is, is aye kind till his ain, an' it wadna bün richt o' her no ta a' come efter he hed pitten himsel' ta sa muckle trouble. Bit dis is awa' frae my story agen.

Weel, as I wis sayin', ta mak a lang tale short, I got ta da hoose sometime ; bit hoo I cam' on dere I'll tell you neist I see you.

CHAPTER IV.

WEEL, as I wis tellin' you, at da lang an' da weary last, I wan t' da hoose, or, ta tell a truer tale ta da fit o' da stack, fir I wis faered somebody nicht be gaen goaken aboot late as it wis ; sae I staands close inta da stack an' luns, bit can hear naethin'. Dem I gengs roond ta da back o' da yard an' luiks in ower da daek at da hooses, bit a' wis dark an' still except a peerie grain o' licht i' Eddie Maikimson's skylight.

I'm read in story books aboot men hein' cassen awa' at da sea an' niver kennin' whaur dey wir, an' den i' da dark nicht seein' a licht blinkin' far awa' at da edge o' da lift tellin' dem dat land wis in reach ; an' sae wis my feelins whin I saw dat sky-licht tellin' me dat Sizzie wis *my ain*, an' waitin' fir me at her ain faeder's fireside. Aye, man, I felt a strent within my body I cood 'a fechin' wi' a jian as grit as Goleeah-a-gath an' sent him within spündrift in twa' claps o' a lamb's-tail.

Weel, I climbs up ower da yard-daek, an' just as I'm gaen ta jimp doon again aff o' da tap o' da daek da piece I wis staandin' apon gengs afore da hill wi' a rumble, da fire fleein' oot o' da stanes laek a blaze o' lichtnin', an' me 'i da hert o' it, O ! it wis a mercy ever I raise agen, though da nail o' my muckle tae an' da shin o' my left leg paid for it ; but I got up as fast as I could, fir I kent Auld Eddie wid sprang furt laek a burnt grice whinever he heard a rumble ; an' sae he did, bit be dis time I wis snug in among da kail, though I saw him atween me

an' da sky at da yard slap gazin' aboot him laek a howlin' haegrie. Eh, mercy ! bit I wis tremblin' laek a laef, fir he hed a deevil's temper whin he wis raised, an' if he could 'a gotten me he widna cared ta laid me cauld within da spot ; bit da mist wis dat tick he couldna see very far, an' sae efter glowerin' aboot him fir a while he güed in agen. Weel, I lay still awhile fir I tocht a' wis quiet, an' den I craep oot an' trivelled aboot ta fin a piece o' divet ta fling doon da lum, bit nane could I fin. At last I fins a hard blue clod dat hed fa'en aff o' somebody's cashie. Sae tinks I, dis 'ill just dü as weel, fir it'll only fa' i' da ase an' canna dü ony faut. Weel, wi' dis clod i' my haand I creeps up ower da ragglin' an' den alang da riggin' till I got ta da lum an' I luiks doon, bit wi' da reek comin' up I couldna see onything bit just da red glead o' da braands whaur da fire wis, sae I noo slips doon da clod,—bit, Lord save us fir evermore ! fir sic a yell an' fir sic a hallabaloo as I hears athin da hoose ; an' aff da riggin' I jimps, bit instead of jimpin' da wy fir da yard I jimpéd da idder wy an' richt ipa da ruif o' da byre, an' doon I gengs troo divets an' langbaands richt ipa Sholmie's back whaur she wis lyn'. Up she spangs wi' a sküol brül, an' I faas back ower. Weel, I winna say whaur I fell, bit I got up agen an' got me in ahint da byre door an' stüd dere a peerie while just ta draw my breath an' see what wis gaen ta happen neist ; bit I maun tell you first what happened inside da hoose, as I fan oot efter, an' dis wis da wy o' it.

Sizzie hed sitten up waitin' fir me, bit sed ta her folk dat she wis hurryin' wi' a sock because she wis gaen ta Lerick dat ouk ; sae dey a' gued ta bed save Auld Eddie, an' he wis sitting neebin' ower his fingers whin dey heard da rumble o' da yard-deck. Weel, he ran furt, as I'm sed already, an' whin he cam' in agen he set doon awhile an' smocked his pipe, an' den he güed i' da peat-crüe an' brought in some lang peats ta rest da fire wi', an' he wis just rakin' in ower da fire wi' ane o' da peats in his haand whin da clod cam' doon an' strack him apo da

very croon o' his bare haald head. As Sizzie tell'd me efter, she said he just ran roond aboot apa da hert stane cryin', "murder! dcevil d—m!" an' den he made a ram-race fir da door, oot ower da brig-stanes an' roond aboot da yard, an' den he cam' in an' took da collie ta lüik i' da byre. A' dis time I wis ahint da door, bit whin I saw him comin' wi' da lowin collie in his haand I tocht it wis time ta dü sontin', and sae I gets haud o' da limb o' a piltock waand dat wis stickin' i' da rüif, an' just as he turns ta geng in troo da byre I fetches da collie a racket wi' da end o' da waand an' sends her, üllie an' a', oot o' his haand, an' den I spoots oot da door an' aff I skips ower da toon-mails an' niver luiks ahint me till I'm half-way hame, an' sae dat wis da upshot o' my first coortin' vaige.

Neist day I wis awfu' doon i' da mooth an' niver kent sometimes, I may say, what I wis düin. I just sat snoorin' i' da fire an' niver cared ta rise up or dü onything ava. Den my midder wid say ta me,

"Is doo fay, Mansie."

"No I, mam," says I, "bit I'm no weel."

"Doo's no weel!" says she, "what is da maiter wi' dee, Mansie? Sittin' dis wy as if doo wis benumbed."

"Weel," says I, "mam, I niver ken what's da maiter wi' me, bit I truly wis' I wis dead, an' if it wisna fir ae why or anidder I wid just geng an' jimp ower da banks dis meenit."

"O, doo Godless bein'," says my midder, "kens doo what doo's sayin'? Doo may shüne be left ta dü dat indeed. Is doo no frichtened ta lit such undecipleened speech come oot o' dy mooth?"

Weel, I gies nae answer ta dis bit just siffers da best wy I can fir oot troo da followin' ouk, whin I meets Sizzie hersel', ae nicht whin I wis gaen t' da pilticks. Weel, whin I saw her comin' troo da gait my hert began ta faicht, an' a lump cam' i' my craig laek a muckle tattie; an' whin I grippit her haand I wis nearly greetin'.

"Sizzie," says I, "it wisna my faut."

"What wisna dy faut, Mansie?" says she.

"Flingin' doon da clod," says I.

"Bit what i' da Lord's name tempted dee ta fling doon a hard clod laek yon?" says she. "Daa is gotten him a bonnie laek head, I can tell dee—a muckle cut richt apun his croon," says she, "an' a' tied up wi' tobacco an' cloots," says she.

"Bit I couldna fin onything else," says I.

"Fin!" says she; "wis dere no a kail runt, or a air o' girs, or onything better or a clod? Bit niver doo say ony mair about it. It's a mercy my faeder is no dead, an' a' is weel dat ends weel," says she.

"I'm bün a hantle nearer dead den dy faeder," says I.

"What wy?" says she.

"I'm bün tinkin' ta mak' awa wi' mysel'," says I.

"What for?" says she.

"Because I tocht doo wid niver spaek ta me ony mair," says I, an' wi' dat da tears cam' doon ower my face, an' I graet laek a bairn.

"O, haud dy tongue, Mansie," says she, nearly greetin' hersel'. "Come agen, no dis Setterday, bit da neist ane, an' I'll leave da door aff da sneck, sae just come in whin doo comes, bit come later sae dat a' wir folk may be sleepin'," says she.

"O, Sizzie!" I cried, as I flang my büddie an' waands, an' tük her within my bussom.

CHAPTER V.

WEEL, as I wis tellin' you, I met Sizzie as I wis gaen ta da pilticks, an' she bade me come agen da second Setterday efter dat; bit, O! what a lang ouk dat wis ta me, I tocht ivery day a mont an' ivery hour a day, an' as my midder said she windered my life bede in, I tük dat little maet. I dunna believe it took

mair den a lespon o' groats ta mak my gruel da hael ten days I wis dis wy.

Ye widna believe it, bit a' da misanters dat happened me da first vaige made no a bit o' odds ta me. I tocht na mair o' dat den an ase-puckle frae da fire. Fir truly ta won till her I could a geen up troo a runnick, doon troo a lum, or in troo a wumble bore. Yea, yea, naethin' faered me, bit ghosts, fore-gengs, witches, an' hillfolk gliskin' aboot me in a dark nicht; an' even a' dat couldna keep me awa', it just made me rin da faster till her an' tink da mair o' her whin I wan dere. Aye, indeed, da po'er o' da hert doesna depend ipa da size o' da body. Samson türe a lion within da merest bruck ae time whin he wis ipa da tap o' ane o' his coortin' tirls; bit I dunna believe fir a' dat dat his hert could hadden a grain mair love den mine, although fir strent-pairt, nae doot he could 'a pitten me atween his knees an' suppéd a plate o' haet broth ipa da tap o' me.

Spaekin' o' Samson pits da Bible i' my mind, an' da Bible pits elders, an' elders pits Sizzie's faeder. I tink I never telled you afore dis dat he wis a elder o' da kirk, bit ye can pit dat an' what he said whin da clod strack him i' da head tagedder an' tink apon it. Hed it a bün me, an' if I hed litten sic undisciplined speech come oot o' *my* mooth, he wid a bün da first ta hauled me afore da Saeshun, an' den it wid bün, "You Magnes Manikin, having been guilty of the sin of profane swearing," an' sae on.

Aye, aye, elders, elders! bonnie laek elders some o' dem ir. Sic minister, sic man, he bade his ain kirk-folk (dat's Mr Nairowsowl I'm spaekin' o')—he bade his ain kirk-folk lock da door ipa da Plymouthests an' no gie dem a' nicht's lodgin'; bit whin da door o' heaven is opened de'll mebbe win in afore him. It'll no be den, "Auld kirkers, come ye dis wy;" nor, "Frees, geng ye up yonder,"—bit *what wis ony o' you wirt t' da world whin ye wir in it?* Are ye sheep or goats? Wheat

or chaff? Gold or dross? Da auld kirk, believe ye me, winna be fund a' gold, nor Plymouthests, an' even Catholics a' dross. Dunna tell me about dis point o' doctrine an' dat point o' doctrine, an' dat dis ane is richt an' dat ane's wrang. Ye're richt if your hert is filled wi' love t' da Lord an' your fellowmen, an' your whole life da ootcome an' evidence o' dis love. An' ye're wrang if ye are an embodiment an' combination o' meanness, greed, deceit, dishonesty, hypocrasy, bigotry, an' intolerance; yea, even though ivery fauld o' your lackie wis a leaf o' da Confession, an' ivery hair apo your head da treed o' a long-winded theological argument.

Bit, mercy me, whaur an I noo? "Da nearer da kirk da farder frae Grace," or raither da farder frae Sizzie,—fir it wis about her, dear lass, dat we wir spaekin' whin her faeder's swearing pat me aff o' da subject.

Weel, as I wis gaein' ta say, da langest road haes a end, an' sae Setterday cam' at last, an' as beautiful a nicht as iver cam oot o' da lift. It wis a raem calm, wi' a hush an' a caa about da shore, an' no a peel o' clood ipa dy sky, an' da muckle starns winkèd an' blinkèd, an' glanced just laek Sizzie's een whin she lauchs. Sae, efter twal, I slipped awa sooth troo da gaet. A' wis quiet, an' no a smud o' reek comin' oot o' ony hoose, an' sae I kent iverybody wis i' der bed. I wisna da laetest feared, bit as blyde as a lintie whytie, an' as light aboot da feet as a clockin' craw, sae I wisna lang i' gaen; an' when I comes t' da door I fins her a peerie bit open, sae I slips in withoot touchin' her, fir I wis feared fir her neesterin'. Noo, I comes slowly in ower da flüir, da collie is oot an' da fire rested, an' it's just as mirk as I can see Sizzie a kind o' side-wys sitten i' da muckle airm-chair afore da fire. Sae I sets me ipa da airm o' da chair an' lays my haand apon her saft shooder. O, dear! what a feeling dat wis, ivery bit o' me trembled wi' pleasure. My very hert knocked, an' I siehed till I tocht I sud 'a löst da end an' couldna späck a wörd.

"Siz—Sizzie," I said efter a peerie while, "foo is doo?" an' pat my airm about her neck.

"Brawly, Mansie," says she, "an' foo is doo?"

"O, fi—fine, noo," says I, "bit"—an' den I niver minded what I wis gaen ta say.

"O, Sizzie!" I sed efter a peerie start.

"Weel, Mansie," says she.

"O, my dear!" says I, an' I tüik her i' my bossum, an' just as I wis gettin' da saftest, langest, sweetest kiss dat ever I got in a' da oors an' days o' my life, we hears da soond o' clogs comin' clamperin' ower da brigstanes.

"O, my Lord, dere's Lowrie Legaboot!" says Sizzie, under her breath, an' she jumpèd oot o' da chair. "Hoid! hoid! hoid! Mansie," an' she shived me afore her.

"Whaur, whaur?" I said, rinnin' da wy fir da paet crüe.

"Here, here! Mansie," an' afore I kent whaur I wis she hed me whombled anunder a muckle paet-cashie dat wis lyn' ipa da fluir.

Weel, tinks I, whin I cam' ta mysel', here's a change fir you! Aye, whaur wis I a meenit sin syne, an' whaur am I noo? Bit my tochts truly couldna fin' wirds ta say what I tocht, bit if I hed hedden da laer an' fine wirds o' some graand learned man far awa' I wid a' said what I tocht, dis wy:—

O, how mutable and evanescent are all things upon this sub'lunary sphere! A few moments since and I wæs by the side of my charmer, my peerless Dulcinea del Toboso. Her soft sighs and loving whispers thrilled my corporeal frame like a well-tuned lyre touched by fairy fingers. Yea, I dwelt in Elysium. Cupid, fluttering on his pinions, pressed me with ambrosial dainties, and like a thirsty *hymenopterous* insect I sipped nectarean juices in the garden of delights. But where am I now? Put under a bushel! eclipsed! extinguished! A hated rival approaching my Venus, my Naiad, my Dryad! but I will defend her with my life. Yes, a good fairy shall touch

me with her wand. She will transform the dwarf into a brave knight of the age of chivalry. I will then challenge him to single combat. I will approach him with my vizor down. I will strike my hand upon the jewelled hilt of my sword, and will say—draw! an' wi' dis I strack my haand ipa da inside o' da cashie, an' den I heard him sayin'—

“What's dat?”

“O, it's a clockin' hen we have under a cashie ipa da flüir yonder,” says Sizzie.

“A hen clockin' dis tine o' year?” says he.

“Aye, it's a *new* kind dat's clockin' ony time a year,” she says.

“An' niver lays ony,” says he.

“An' niver lays ony,” says she.

“An' what keep ye her fir den?” says he.

“O, just fir fancy,” says she.

Aye, dear lass, “fancy” richt enouch, says I ta mysell'; an' noo I lüns ta hear what she wid say till him neist, tinkin' she wid shürelly tell him just ta geng awa' an' niver shaw his face within da door again. Sae I sits a peerie while langer, an' den I hears dem whispering' an' whisperin' under der breaths, an' den I hears da chair crackin' an' neisterin', an' den I hears—yes, I hears—O, da villian! O, my Sizzie! I hears dem—dem—kissin'! an' wi' dat I spang ta my feet. Da cashie gengs fleein' i da air. I maks a rush fir Lowrie. We closes. Sizzie gies a screich. Her faeder jumps oot o' his bed an' lichts da collie. He tries ta sinder wis, bit we niver minds him, an' sae, laek a sensible man, an' mindin' ipa da fülshness o' comin' in fir da reddin' stroke, he just laeves wis ta fecht it out wirsels.

Losh, man! bit dat wis a tüllie. We rowed aboot da flüir, sometimes he wis apo da tap o' me, an' sometimes I wis apo da tap o' him, an' sae we rowed an' we tüllied ower da flüir an' oot at da door an' niver lint till we wir apo da green.

A' dis time I niver slippèd my grip o' 'im, da strent o' da

very muckle deevil seemed to be in me. I wis a' elted i' da gutters, as we rowed aff o' da brig-stanes, bit I niver minds dat ; I mauls awa' at him wi' my neives, an' wirries him wi' my teeth till he can staand nae mair o' it, bit fairly caves in, an' lies stark apo da green.

I'm tinkin' I wis a boonie sicht mesel', bit he wis a picter ! His right ee closed up, his upper lip spleet, an' da bluid fleemin' frae his nose. I didna luik muckle at 'im, fir I began ta fin' a dwaamish kind o' a wy aboot my ain head, an' I made fir hame as fast as I wis able.

An' sae dis wis da upshot o' my second vaige oot coortin'.