

THE  
H I S T O R Y  
OF  
JOHN CHEAP

THE  
COMICAL CHAPMAN.

CONTAINING

ABOVE A HUNDRED MERRY EXPLOITS  
DONE BY HIM AND HIS FELLOW TRAVELLER.

DROUTHY TOM.

A STICKET SHAVER.

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## INTRODUCTION.

**J**OHNSON the chapman was a comical short thick fellow, with a broad face and long nose; both lame and lazy, and something lecherous among the lasses; he rather chose to sit idle than to work at any time, as he was a hater of hard labour. No man needed to offer him cheese and bread after he curst, he would not have it; for he would blush at bread and milk, when hungry, like a beggar at a baubee. He got the name of John Cheap the chapman, by selling of twenty needles for a penny and two leather laces for a farthing.

He swore no oaths but one, which was let me never sin.

He used no imprecations, but let me never cheat, nor be cheated, but rather cheat, &c.

He gave bad counsel to none but children, to burn the bone combs, that their mother might buy another when he came again.

He never fought any but with dogs, and the good wives daughters in their dasing, and that's not dangerous.

# HISTORY OF JOHN CHEAP,

## FROM HIS OWN MOUTH.

**B**Y chance, at some certain time, doubtless against my will I was born at Hottam, near Habertoy mill; my father was a Scots Highlandman, and my mother a Yorkshire wench, but honest, which caused me to be of a mongral breed. I made myself a chapman when very young, in great hopes of being very rich when I became old, but fortune was fickle, and so was I; for I had not been a chapman above twa days, until I began to consider the dangers of deep ditches, midden-dubs, biting dogs, and bogles in barns, bangster wives and weet sacks: and what comfort is it, says I to myself, to lye in a cow's oxter the length of a cold winter night or to sit behind backs till the kail be cutted up, and I obliged to lick the colley's-leavings.

My first journey was through old Killpatrick. All the day long I got no meat nor money, until in the evening, when I began to ask for lodging, then every wife, to get me away, would either give me a cog full of kail, or a piece of cake; well, says I to myself, if this be the way, I shall begin to ask for lodging in the morning, or any time when I am hungry; this I continued, going from house to house, until my belly was like to burst, and my pockets would hold no more; at last I came to a farmer's house but thinking it not time enough to prevail for lodging, sat down upon a stone at the end of the house till day light would go away out of the west, and as I was going to get up to go into the house, out comes the goodwife, as I supposed her to be, and sat down at the one end of the stone, I being at the other, she began to make her water with force, which I bore very modestly till near the end, then she made the

wind follow with such force, as I thought made the stone on which I leaned to move, upon this I burst out a laughing immediatly, up gets the wife and runs for it, and I followed hard after into the house and at entering the door, heard the goodman saying, Ay, ay, goodwife, what's a' the haste, ye rin fae.

No more passed until I address'd myself to the goodman for quarters; when he answer'd, indeed lad, we have nae beds but three for my wife and I, and the twa bits o' weans, Willie and Jenny; the twa lads, Millie Black and Tam Ploughgraith lys in anither, and Auld Maggy my mother, and the lass Jean Thrum lies the gither and fills them a'. O but says I, goodman, there is some of them fuller than others, you may let me lye with your mother and the lass, I shall lye heads and thraws wi' them, and keep on my breeks; a good keep me; quoth the lass, frae a temptation to sin, altho' thou be a callant haith I'll rather lye with Sannock Gard'ner, gae 'wa quoth the auld wife the poor lad may lye on a bottle o' strae ayond the fire, na, na, cries the goodwife he's nae be here the night, or I'se nae be here; dear goodwife, said I, what ails ye at me? will you let me go where I please? Ay, ay, said she, gang where ye like, then I got in beyond the goodman; now said I goodwife, I like to be here; a de'il be here, an ye be here this night, said she; ho, ho, said I, but I'm here first, and first come first serv'd goodwife; but an the ill thief be a friend of yours, you'll have room enough for him; tute, ye thief like woodyfu', quoth she, are ye evening me to be sib to the de'il, it's well kend I'm come of honest souk. It may be so, goodwife, said I, but ye look rather the other way when ye wad lodge the de'il in your house rather than a poor chapman, that ye wad ca out to die in sic a stormy night as this. What do ye say, quoth she, there's nae a bonnier night sience winter came in nor this. O goodwife what ar ye saying,

do you not mind when you and I was at the east end of the house, such a noise of wind and water as was there. Ay, wae worth the filthy, body, says she, it's no that in every part. What, said the goodman, a wat weel, there was nae rain when I came in; the wife then bolted me out. A weel, said I, but I will be through at thy mouth and thy nose to morrow. It being now so dark, and I a stranger, could see no place to go in, went into the yerd, but finding no loose straw, I fell a drawing out one of their stacks, sheaf by sheaf, until I pulled out a thrave or two, so got into the hole myself, where I lay as warm as a pye; but the goodman on the morning preceiving the heap of corn sheaves, came running to carry them away, and shut up the hole in the stack wherein I lay, with some of the sheaves, so with the suffling of the straw, and me hearing him talking to others, cursing the thieves who had done it, swearing that they had stolen six thrave of it; I then skipped out of the hole, saying, ho ho, goodman, you're not going to bury me alive in your stack: he then began to chide me, vowing he would keep my pack for the damage I had done, whereupon I took his servants to witness he had robbed me when hearing me use him so, he gave me my pack again, and off I came to the next house, where I related the whole story.

My next exploit was near Carluke, between Hamilton and Lanark. On a cold stormy night I came to a little town with four or five houses in it, I went twice through it, but none of them would give me the credit to stand among their horses, or yet lye in their cow's oxters; at last I prevailed with a wife if her husband was willing to let me stay, she would not be against it, and sent me to the barn to ask him, and meeting him at the door, carrying in straw for his horses, I told him his wife would let me stay if he was not against it, to which he answered, 'Nay.

' should lye in my midden-dub, ye's get nae quar-  
 ' ters frae me this night; a when idle lazy villains  
 ' rins a, to be chapmen, comes thro' the kintry ay,  
 ' fashin' fouk seeking quarters; neisht day ye'll be  
 ' gaun wi' a powder'd perriwig an' a watch at your  
 ' ballap, an' winna let fouk stand afore your shop-  
 ' door, ye'll be fae faucy.' I hearing this my fen-  
 tance from the goodman, expected no relief but lye  
 out, yet I perceived when he came out of the barn-  
 he only drew the barn door too behind, and so when  
 he was gone I slipt into the barn, and by help of one  
 of the couples climbs up to the mou, and there dived  
 down among the sheaves, and happed myself all over,  
 so that I lay as warm as the goodman himself; but  
 in the morning, long befroe the break of day, the  
 two fellows came into the barn and fell a threshin,  
 that by their disturbance, I could sleep no more; at  
 last I got up with all my hair hanging over my  
 face, and when he that stood on the opposite side  
 perceived me, I made my eyes roll, and wrayed my  
 mouth in a frightful manner, so that the poor fellow  
 thought he had seen the de'il, or something muckle  
 warfe, gave a roar as if he had been sticket, and out  
 he runs and the other follows after him crying Wow  
 Johnny man, an' what did ye see? O Sandy, Sandy,  
 the de'il on the tap i' the mou thav'ling his mouth at  
 me, I'll no be fac well this month man, my heart's  
 out o' its hole. Vow but you be fearfu' like indeed,  
 says the other, it would fright ony living creature  
 out o' their seven senses.

I hearing the fear they were in, cried out to them  
 not to be frightened, for I was not the de'il, but a poor  
 chapman who could not get quarters last night. A  
 foul fa' thy carcase sir, for our Jock is through the  
 midden dub, dirt an' a the gither, he who went out  
 last came back again, but the other ran into the  
 house and told what he had seen, the goodman and  
 his wife came running, he with the grape and she with

the Bible, and the rest crying Sandy, Sandy, is't true the de'il was i' the barn, na, na, quoth he, it's but a chapman, but poor Jock has got a fleg with him— They laughed heartily at the sport, and took me to breakfast with them: but by this time poor Jock was gone to bed very sick.

After this I travelled up to the water of Clyde, near the foot of Tintock hill, where I met a sweet companion who was older in the trade than me, and gave me more information how to blow up the goodwife, and as we travelled down the Tweed, towards the border, we being both hungry, and could get nothing to buy for the belly, we came to a wife who was kirning butter, but she would give nothing, nor sell us a halfpenny worth of her sour milk. Na na, says she, I'll neither sell butter, bread, nor milk, it's a' little enough to fair my ain family, ye that's chapsmen may drink water, ye dinna work hard; ay, but goodwife, said I, but we have been at Temple-bar, where we weresworn never to drink water when we could get better: what do ye say about Temple-bar! a town just about three miles and a bittock frae this a thiefa ane was to swear you if it wafna auld Wsillie Rottenend the cobler, the thief anither, minister nor magistrate ever was in't a'.

Ay, but says the other lad, the Temple bar that he means is at London. Yea, yea, lad, if ye becom'd frae London ye're little worth. London said he, is but at hame to the place he comes from. Dear man quoth she, and where in a' the world comes he frae? A' the way from Italy, where the Pope of Rome dwells, says he; ah, sweet be wi' us! quoth she, for the fowks there awa is a' witches, warlocks, de'ils, brownies an' fairies. Weel a wat that's true said I and that thou shalt knew, thou hard hearted wretch who would have people to slave, or provoke us to steal; with that I rose and lifted up two long straws, after casting two or three knots da



them, unto the byre I rushes throwing them on the cows stakes, saying ' thy days shall not be long'. The wife followed earnestly, praying for herself and her's wringing her hands. I then came out at the door, lifted up a stone, running three times round the house, and threw it over, then turned three times about thraving my face terrible at her, though I knew not myself what I was saying, concluded with these words: " And thou, O monsieur Lucifer, " Satan Diabie, Brother Beelzebub god of Ekron, " take this wife's kirn, butter, milk, sap, substance, " without and within, so that she may die in misery, " as she would have other fouk to live."

The wife hearing this awful sentence, clapt her hands, and called out another old woman as foolish as herself, who came crying after us to come back again, and on our return, she made us eat heartily of butter and cheese; then she earnestly entreated me to lift up my cantrips again, which I did, upon her promising again never to deny a poor traveller meat and drink, whether he had money for it or not, and never to serve the poor with the auld proverb, Go home to your own parish, but give them more or less as she sees them stand in need. This she faithfully promised to do while she lived, and with milk we drank toward the cows good health and her own, not forgetting her husband's and the bull's, as the one was goodman of the house, and the other of the byre; so away we came in all haste, lest some of more understanding should follow us and give us a proper drubbing.

In a few days thereafter we came to an ale-house in a moor, far distant from any others, it being a fore day of wind and rain, we could not travel, and was obliged to stay there, the house being so throng we could get no bed but the servant lasses's which we were to have for a penny-worth of pins and needles, and she was to lye with her master and

mistress; but as we were going to bed, in comes three Highland drovers, on their way home from England; the landlord told them that the beds were all taken up, and that two chapmen were to lye in one of them; they swore their broad sword should sail them if a snapman pe there that night. They took our bed, and made us sit by the fire all night, we put on a good many peats, and when the drovers were fast asleep, I put on a big brass pan full of water, and boils their brogs therein for the space of half an hour, then lays them as they were, every pair by themselves, so when they arose, every one began to chid one another, saying, hute, hute, ye curs'd sheen a progs, for not one pair of them would serve a child of ten years old, being so boiled in; the landlord perswaded them that their feet were swelled with their hard travelling, and being so wet last night their shoon had dried in, but if they had travelled a mile or two they would go on well. Now the Highlandmen laughed at me the night before, when they lay down in the bed I was to have, but I laughed as heartily to see them trot away in the morning with their boiled brogs in their hands.

## P A R T II.

**W**E again came to a place near Soutra hill, where the ale was good and civil usage; our drought being very great, and the more we drank the better we lov'd it; and here we fell in with a Quack Doctor, who bragged us with bottle about for two days and two nights; only, when one fell drunk, we pulled and pricked him up with a pin, to keep him frae sleeping; he bought of our hair, and we of his pills and drugs, he having leis knowledge of the one than we had of the other, only we were sure we had as much as set a whole parish to the midden

or mug all at once; but the whole profits went to the landlady, to make up the loss for having the lime pissed off her door checks, and what we could not piss, we scythed through our teeth, and gave the dog the girt bits.

But at last our money ran short, and the landlady had no faith nor chalk to credit us, seeing by our coats, our ge and conduct, that we would little mind performance 'gainst the day of payment. When we began to turn sober, and the wife behind the hand, and every one of us to seek supply from another; so when we collected all the money we had amongst us on the table, was four-pence half-penny, which we lovingly divided amongst us, being only three baubees a piece. As drouthy Tom's stock and mine were conjunct, we gave the Quake again his sitting stuff and mugs, and he gave us again our goods and puckles of hair, which we equally divided between us, the whole amounting only to 18s. 6d. prime cost, and so we parted: I went for East Lothian, and he for the West country.

My assortment of goods being very unsuitable for that country I got little or no money, which caused me to apply to the goodman for quarters; and it being on a Saturday night, was very ill to be found, till very late in the night I prevailed to get staid in a great farmer's house, about two miles from Haddington; they were all at supper when I came in, and I was ordered to sit down behind their backs the goodwife then took a dish, went round the servants and collected a soup out of every cog, which was sufficient to have served three men; the goodwife ordered me to be laid in the barn all night for my bed, but the bully-fac'd goodman swore he had too much stuff in his barn to venture me there; the goodwife said, I should not lye in the house, for then I would be o'er near the lassie's bed; the jads swore I should not go with them, for I was

a forjasket like fallow, an' wha kens whether I was honest or not, he may fill his wallet wi' our claife and slunk awa or day light. At last I was conducted to the swine's sty, to sleep with an old sow and seven pigs, and here I lay for two nights. Now I began to reflect on the bad effects of drinking, and own all the miseries just that were come up n me. In the night the pigs came grunting very kindly about me, thinking, I was some friend of their mother's come to see them. They gave me very little rest always kissing me with their cauld snouts, which caused me to rung them off with my slick, then they made such a terrible noise that their mother came to argument the matter, running upon me with open mouth; but I gave her such a whack over the lang snout that she roared out murder in her own language, that alarmed the servants, who came to see what was the matter; I told them their old sow was going to swallow me up, alive, and bade them go and fetch her some meat, which they did, and the brute became more peaceable.

On the Sabbath morning I came into the house, the goodman asked me if I could shave any; yes, said I, but never do on the Sabbath-day: I fancy said he, you're some wastland wig. Sir, said I you used me like a Tory, when you sent me into the sty to sleep in your sow's oter, who was a fitter companion for a devil than a human creature, the most abominable brute on the earth, who was forbid to be eaten under the law, and cursed under the gospel: be they curs'd or blest'd said he, I wish I had enew of them, but an ye'll not take off my beard, ye's get me meat here the day; then, if you'll not give me meat and drjak for money until the Sabbath day be past, I'll take on my wallet and go along with you to the kirk, and tell your minister how you used me like a hog; no, said the goodwife, you shall not want your crowdie man; but my heart being full of sorrow and revenge a few

of them serv'd me, whereon I past over that long day, and went to my old companion, but slept not sound, being afraid of mistreis sow's coming to revenge the quarrel her and I had the night before,

On the morning I went to the house, the good-man ordered me the pottage pot to lick, for said, he it is an old property to chapmen; I had no sooner begun to it, than out comes a large mastiff and grips me by the breast, then turns me over on my back and takes the pot himself. Ay, ay, said the good-man I think you and your brother potlicker cannot agree about your breakfast. Well goodman, said I, you said potlicking was a chapman's property, but your dog proves the contrary; so away I comes, and meeting the goodwife at the noor, bade her farewell for ever, but what is your husband's name, said I, she answered John Swine; I was thinking so, said I, he has such nesty fashions; but whether was yon his mother or his sister I lay with these two nights.

All that day I travelled the country westward from Haddinton, but could get no meat; when I asked if they had any to sell, they told me they never sold any bread, and I found by sad experience they had none to give for nothing. I came to a little country village and went through it house after house, and could neither get bread nor ale to buy; at last I came to a poor weaver's, and asked him if he could lend me a hammer; yes, said he, what are ye gaun to do wit? indeed, said I, I'm going to beat out my teeth, for I can get no bread to buy in this country for all the stores and stacks ye have in it. What, said he, was you in the minister's? I know not, said I, does he keep an ale-house? O no said he, he preaches every Sunday, and what does he preach says I, is it to harden your hearts altogether, have no charity, hate strangers, hunger the poor, eat and drink all yourselves, bet-

ter burst your bellies than give to the poor, or let good meat spoil; if your minister be as naughty as his people, I'm sure positive he'll drive a louse to London for the hide and tallow. Here I bought the weaver's dinner for two-pence, and set off directly, keeping my course westward; it being now night again, I came to a farmer's house south from Dalkieth, the goodman being very civil and desirous of news, I related the whole particulars of the two days and two nights by past, whereat he was greatly diverted, and told me that I was the first ever that man gave quarters to, though an elder of the parish. The goodman and I fell to kind, that he ordered me to be laid on a shake-down beyond the fire, here I lay more snug than in the swine's oxtier. Now there was three women in a bed in the same apartment, and not minding that I was there, one of them got up and let her water in below the grate, where I had a full view of her bonny thing, as the coal fire burnt clear all night, then another rose and did the same, last of all got up the old matron, who appeared like a second-hand goodwife, or a whirl d over maid of sixty, and she let a roar of a fart louder than the sound of a trumpet, as she let her dam go, which made the ashes on the hearth fly up like a thick mist about her buttocks, whereat I burst out a laughing, which made her run for it, but to smother the laughter, I stoped the blankets in my mouth, she went to bed and wakened the other two, saying, O dole, what'll I tell you, you chapman body has seen a our a-fes the night, (I'me sa' him, said they, for we had nae mind he was there, I wat well, says one of them. Ple no rise till he be awa'; but said the old woman, in he has seen mine, I canna help it, it's just like other fooks, sint a hair I care. Early in the morning, the old matron wakened the whole house, then she telling me every body was up, asked me if I had an use of laughing in my sleep,

yes, said I, when I see any thing dast like, I can laugh and look at it as well sleeping as walking. A guid preserve us! ye're an unco body; but ye need na wait on your pottage, I'll gi'e you cheefe and bread in your pouch, which I willingly accepted and came away.

Then I kept my course west by the foot of Pentland hills, where I got great plenty of hair good and cheap, besides a great quantity of old brass, which was an excellent article to make my little pack seem big and weighty. Then I came into a little country village, and going by the side of a house, there was a big cat sitting in a weaver's window beaking herself in the sun, and washing herself with her feet: I takes her a civil chap on the nose, which made her run in through the window, and the weaver having a bowl full of pottage in the inside of the window to cool, poor badrans run through the middle of them, burnt her feet, and threw them all on the ground, ran through the house crying fire and murder in her own tongue, which caused the weary wicked webster to come ranning out, when he attacked me in a furious rage, and I, to avoid the first shock, fled to the top of a midden, where, endeavouring to give me a kiek, I caught him by the foot, and tumbled him back over into the midden dab, where both his head and shoulders went under dirt and water; but before I could recover my elwand, or arms, the wicked wife and her two sons were upon me in all quarters, the wife hung in my hair, while the two sons boxed me before, and being thus overpowered by numbers, I was fairly beat, the webster's troops being too numerous.

The same day, as I was going up to a country house, I met a poor beggar wife, and a boy, who were both bitten in different parts by a big mastiff dog; they persuaded me to turn back, but I said I should see him first; so went to the side of a hedge,

and cut a large bramble of prickles, which I carried in my left hand, and my sturdy staff in my right, and as I came near the house, Mr. Youler comes out roaring upon me like a lion, he being a tyke of a monstrous size frightened me so that I ran back, but he pursued me so hard that I was obliged to face about, and holding out the briar to him, which he gripped in his mouth, and I stripped it through his teeth, and gave him a hearty blow upon the lug with my rung, which made him come tumbling toward's his master's door, then he would fight no longer, his mouth being so full of prickles by his biting the briar, which made him go youling and rubblug his mouth with his foot; the people of the house came running out to see what was the matter. I then shewed them the briar, and telling them the dog came, meaning to bite me, but my briar had bitten him; then they called him in and fell to picking the prickles out of his tongue.

On Saturday's night thereafter, I was like to be ill aff for quarters, I travelled until many people were gone to bed, at last I came into a farmers house, and asked what they would buy, naming twenty fine things which I never had and then asked for quarters, which they very freely granted, thinking I was some gentle chapman with a rich pack, but being weary with travel, could take little or no supper; and being permitted to lye in the closet beside the goodman's bed; the goodwife being very dull of hearing, she thought that every body was the same; when she went to bed, she cried out, O Harry, is na you a braw moderate chapman we hae here the night, he just took seven soups o' our fowens and that filled him fu'. A dear Andrew man, turn ye about and take my cauld a—e in your bosom. On the morrow I went to the kirk with the goodman, and missing him about the kirk-door, went into the middle of the kirk, but could see no



empty seats but one big form where none sat but one woman by herself; and so I set myself down beside her, not knowing where I was until sermon was done, when the minister began to scold her using her merry bit against law or license; and then she began to whinge and yule like a dog, which made me to run cursing and swearing, before the blessing was done; I then came home to my lodging house and went to dinner with the goodman, it being the custom in that place to eat pease bread to their broth, and corn cakes to their flesh, so the goodwife laid down a corn cake and a pease scone to the goodman and the same to me, the pease one for the broth, and the corn one for the beef, and as the goodman and I sat together, when he broke off the pease cake to his broth, I was sure to break as much off the cake below it, and when he came to eat the flesh, I did the same, and he eat the course and me the fine.

### P A R T III.

**I** TRAVELLED then west by Falkirk, by the foot of the great hills; and one night after I had got lodging in a farmer's house, there happened a contest between the goodman and his mother, he being a young man, unmarried, and formerly their sowens had been too thin; so the goodman being a sworn birly-man of that barony, came to survey the sowens before they went on the fire, and actually swore they were too thin, and she swore by her conscience they would be thick enough if ill hands and ill een be awa frae them; a sweet be wi' us mither, said he, do ye think I'm a witch? witch here or witch there said the wife, swearing by her saul and that's nae banning, they'll be good substantial meat, a what do ye say chapman? Indeed goodwife, said I, sowens is but last meat at the best, but if ye mak them thick enough and put

a lump of butter in them, they'll do very well for a supper; I true lad, said she, ye have some sense; so the old woman put on the pot with her sowens, and went to milk her cows, leaving me to steer; the goodman her son, as soon as she went out took a great cog full of water and put it among the sowens and went out of the house, leaving me alone; I considered what sort of a pish the bed supper I was to get if I lay there all night; I thought fit to set out, but takes up a pitcher with water, and fills the pot up till it was running over, and then took up my pack and came about a mile farther that night, leaving the honest woman and her son to sup their watry witch'd sowens at their own leisure.

I then turned towards the end, through a place called Slamanner, and was lodged near a place called Tod's Lughts, where there was a boun' horn'd goodwife, but a very civil goodman: when I went in, she took up a bicker dish from the dog, wherein was a few he had left, and with a collection more from other cogs she offered them to me, which I refused; them, said she, ye're a lordly sort of a chapman indeed; so I began to divert the goodman by telling him a deal of fine stories to make him laugh, but could not get near the fire, at last I said, O goodwife, I'll tell you news; ay chapman, what's that, said she; indeed, said I, my feet's unco cauld, whereat they all laughed heartily, but the goodwife gloomed until the rest had done, and then took a laugh at herself; so the goodman ordered the Johnnies Jannies, and Jennies to sit about with their wheels, then I was set beyond the fire and preferred to steer their sowens; but when they were ready and put in dishes, the goodwife ordered a lad to take a pair of old blankets and two sacks and show me to the barn where I was to lye. Ho, ho, thinks I, there's no supper for me, but I'll remember to pay her stock for this, so I went to the barn and lay next morning

till chapman's rising time, when pottage was ready, and then gives the goodwife a fine cord-lace, and a few pins, which pleased her so well that she went through the cogs and collected about matchkin of pottage for me, for which I thanked her, a wat well lad, said she, an' ye be coming this gate ony time, ye's be welcome to a night in our barn, if ye hae, healt naething: thanks to ye atweel goodwife said I, that's very fair; indeed lad said she, it's no e-very ane we'll trust in our new barn; O goodwife, it would be an unco thief that would rin awa wi' a barn on his back I wonder that ye let it stand out a' night; hnt awa ye da't body, how can we get it in; gae awa chapman, you're jocking me now.

I then took a turn round the country for two or three weeks, and came back to be avenged on the haughty goodwife and her sowens. It being very dark o' I came in, the goodwife did not know me, but made her speech as follows: indeed ye's no be here, for there's sae mony thieves gaun about the coutry, an' our goodman's no at hame, is thou honest enough? I can want nothing of my honesty goodwife, but did you ever see fouks goin' through the kirtry telling they were thieves; na a wat well no said she? then said I, I'm sure I did no take away your barn on my back last time I was here; yea lad said she, are ye the chapman that cracked so we'l with our goodman, come in, ye's get a night o' the barn yet; thanks to you goodwife, in we should get rae mair; I then being preferred to my old seat, and got the sowens to heer till they were near ready, when the goodwife ordered the lad to tak the blankets and show me to my bed in the barn, I then gave the sowens the last turn an having about the bigness of a put of C—'s S—p, which I dropt into the pot, then off to the barn as fast as I could, and made fast both the doors within, lest the bewitched sowens out of the pot should attack me in

my sleep. Next morning when I came in the goodwife began to pray for herself and all that she had, saying, it's Wednesday morning all the world over and God be atween you and the chapman, for ye're either a witch or a warlock, or something nae canny, for ye ha'e witch'd our sowens last night, and they gaed mad, rag'd out of the boiling pat, and bizzed like barm; I thought they wad run out to the barn to you, see how they fill'd up my milk tub, and a' the dishes in the house is fu' o' them; dear goodwife said I, they were good enough when I left them, though I did not pree them, and I wish'd you as much good of them as I g't; but surely they're not witch'd but a blessing in them when they're so multiplied; gae awa' cried she in a passion, ye're no canny, ye's never be here again; I needna value that said I, for I ha'e naething to thank ye for, but my dinner, supper and breakfast, and a night in your barn, I'll pay you when I came back. Ay, av, said she, ye need na thank me for what ye did na get; that's no my fault, goodless wife, said I, prosperity to you and your sowens.

The next little town I came to, in the first house which I entered, the wife cried out a plague on your snout sir, ye filthy blackguard chapman like b—h it ye are, the last time that ye came by here, ye gart our Sandy burn a kame it I gied a saxpence for in Falkirk, a sae did ye een, and said ye wad gi'e him a muckle bra s button to do it. Then said I, I never had ado with you a' the days of my life, and dinna say your Sandy is mine, a wat, swith the body, am I saying ye had ado with me, I wad na ha'e to do with the like o' ye, nor wi' them I never saw; but what about the bone comb goodwife? Sannock, is na this the man? I is't cried the boy, gi'e me my button, for I burnt the comb, and she pay'd me for it; gae awa' sir, said I, your mother and you are but mocking me. It was either you or ane like you,

or some other body, O goodwife, I mind wha 'tis now, it's ane just like me, they call him Jack jumper; a wae wort a him, quoth the goodwife, I could thrapple him for my bane kame. Now, goodwife said I, if you'll buy a bone comb, and a coloured napkin, ye'll get a whakin penny-worth will gar you sing in your bed; if I should sell you the ae half and gift you the other, and gar you pay for every inch o't or a' be done. Hech man, said she, ye're a hearty fallow and I ha'e need o' a' these things, for Sannock's head is a' in a hoich, and our John's little better and for to let them alane but ae eight days they'll grow like grosfarts. And here I sold a bone comb and a napkin, and made her believe I had no hand in making her boy burn the bone comb which in fact I did.

The next house I came into, there was a very little taylor sitting on a table, like a t—d on a trencher with his legs plet acrofs other, made me imapine he was a three footed taylor; first I sold him a thimble, and then he wanted needles, which I shewed him one paper after another; he looked to their eyes, and trying their nibs on his sleeve, dropped the ones he thought proper on the ground betwixt his legs, where he sat in a dark corner near the fire, thinking I would not see him; O said he, them needles of yours is not good man, I winna buy ony o' them; I do not think you need, said I, taking them out of his hand, and lighting a candle that was standing by me, come sit about, said I, you thieving dog till I get up my needles, and gathered up ten of them; come said he, I'll buy twall penny worth of them frae you, I ha'e troubled you sae muckle: no said I, you lousie dogs, I'll sell you none, if there's any on the ground seek them up and stap them in a beast's a—e, but if ye were a man I would burn you in the fire, though it be in your own house; but as ye're a poor taylor, and neither man nor boy I shall do nothing but expose you for what you are. O! dear

honest chapman cried his wife, ye manna do that and I se giv' you cheefe and bread. No, no, ye thieves, I'm for nothing but vengeance, no bribes from such; so as I was lifting my pack there was a pretty black cat which I spread my napkin over, and took the four corners in my hand, carrying her as a bundle untill I came about the middle of the town; then provoking a dog, to an engagement with me, out comes four or five more collies; then I threw the poor taylor's cat in the middle of them, when a terrible battle ensued for some time, and badrons had certainly died on the field, had I not interposed and got her off mortally wounded: the people who saw the battle alarmed the taylor, and he sallied out like a champion with his ellwand in his hand, go back, said I you lousie dog or I'll tell about the needles; at this he turned off, and I went into an ale house to get some breakfast, where they asked me where I was all night, as it is usual in that country for chapmen to get breakfast where they lodge, I told where it was, but could take none of their meat, because they appeared to me not to be canny, for this morning they were making ropes of cold sowens to crown their stacks wi; ke awa, cried the wife, I cannot believe it if ye will not believe it die in your unbelief for me said I; the wife sent her sou away to see if it was true, but before he came back I set out and travelled down the side of a water called Fvon; and as I was coming past a mall dam, there was a big clownish fellow lifting a pitcher of water out of it, so as he dipt it full, and set it down on the edge to stare at me, he tumbled in o'er head and ears; and as soon as he was got out again I said, yea ho, did ye get the fish! What an a fish ye b---h; O said I, I thought ye had seen a fish when ye jumped in to make it pump out; wha de il are ye mocking, fir, said he, and gave me a kick on the a---e, so I fell designedly on his pitcher, and it tumbled down the

bank and went to pieces, his master and another man looking and laughing at us, the poor fellow complain- ed of me to him, but got no satisfaction.

The same evening as I was going towards the town of Linlithgow, meets an old crabbed fellow riding upon an old gly'd mare, which he always was threshing upon with his stick; good e'en to you, goodman, said I, are ye gaun to the bull wi' your mare? What do you say sir, they go to the bull wi' a cow ye brute. O yes goodman, ye're right, said I, but how do they call the beast that rides on the mare's back? they ca' him a cusser sirrah; we'll then good e'en to you Mr Cusser; he rides a little bit farther, then turns back in a rage, saying, I say sir, your last words are worth than your first, he then attempts to ride me down, but I struck his beast on the face, and in the short turn about it fell down to the ground, yet or I could get my pack down he cut my head at the first stroke, and I then getting clear of the pack, played it away for some time, when by blows on the face I made him blood at mouth and nose, then he cried out chapman we are baith daft, for we'll sell ourselves and make nothing o't. we had better 'gree, with all my heart, said I, and what will ye buy: nothing but a pair of beard sheers, said he, and gi'e me them cheap, so I sold a pair of penny sheers for three halfpence, and gave him a needle, then parted good friends after the battle was over.

So I went to Lithgow that night where I met with drouthy Tom my sweet and dear companion, for here we had a most terrible encounter with the tippeny for two nights and a day, and when we set out for Kyse on the hair order by the way of Torry- burn and Culross, and coming to a parcel of women washing by a water side, buys one of their hairs, and in the time I was cutting of it, Tom fell a courting and kissing a girl among them who was

of the havelal fort, what happened I know not but she cried out ye misleart fellow, ye pat your hand atween my feet, where indeed anither thing sud be there; I'll dance on your picture. cried an old wife for mony ane has tane me be there in their doffing, and I ne'er said a word about it, a when daft jades canna you had your tongues when its to your shame you speak; ke awa cried the las, the filthy body that he is, the last chapman that kist me had a horse pack, but he'll ha'e naething in his but a whisp of strae, some guld breaks, hare skins and mauken skins, ony thing that fills the bags, and bears bouk, and yet he would kifs and handle me; hech, I was made for a better fallow than ony of them, for one of them came by ae' day and sell'd our Meg twa ell and a quarter of linen to be her bridal fark, for he had nae mair, and when she made it and pat it on, it wadna hidz her hach, hach, ha.



F I N I S.