

**SUNSHINE AND HAAR:
SOME FURTHER GLIMPSES
OF LIFE AT BARNCRAIG**

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Sunshine and Haar: Some Further Glimpses of Life at Barncraig by Gabriel Setoun

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GABRIEL SETOUN

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AT BARNCRAIG

BY

GABRIEL SETOUN

AUTHOR OF "BARNCRAIG"



NEW YORK

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1918

J. M. G. ...

PREFACE

IN coming before the public with a second book it is a duty—and a very pleasant one—to acknowledge the encouragement and praise so freely accorded to the first by the critics of a new and unknown writer. Their kindness has not been without its influence in the making of the present book, even although some part of it was already written before the publication of *Barnecraig*.* To that work the present one is intended to be something of a sequel and something of a supplement.

What was attempted in the earlier book was to give an impression of the everyday, even uneventful, life of Barnecraig. But villages, even more than their grown-up neighbors, have their times of collective rejoicing, and their seasons of collective sorrow, when, for a space, the individual ceases, and with one voice of lamentation or of joy the whole community lives one passionate life.

There are days of sunshine when the voice of the sea is echoed from the wood and the songs of birds are heard in the waves on the shore. Again, there are days when a haar coming up from the east hangs

* Published by Mr. John Murray, London.

heavy about the melancholy street, creeping cold and clammy from the gloomy gates of the kirkyard to the desolate seat at the Cox'l.

It is its days of sunshine and its days of haar that Barncraig—whether the outside world think them significant or trivial—never forgets; making of them a kind of calendar, and reckoning therefrom the movement of the years. And it is the story of some of these days that this book seeks to tell.

The second part of the book, while dealing with an episode which was, perhaps, as much as any an event in the annals of the village, is offered as, frankly, a continuation of a sketch which some will remember, "What Santa Claus brought to the Poet." By the many critics and readers who asked to hear more of Lowrie and Linty it may, perchance, be welcomed as a gracious finish to the more sombre procession of the present book.

G. S.

BARNCRAIG, *Fcb.*, 1895.

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SUNSHINE AND HAAR

CHAPTER I

RED-LETTER DAYS

"Hansel Monday's comin' on;
We'll get pies an' porter.
Guess what the fiddle says—
' Winter's growin' shorter.'"

—*Old Rhyme.*

It was told of Peter Gordon, a carter in Barn-craig, that he reckoned time in horses and pigs. The names of five horses ticked off on the fingers of his left hand took him back to the days of his youth; if he wished to go further back he named "a horse o' his faither afore him," indicating it with the proper finger on his right hand. The sequence of more recent events was told in the tale of his pigs. But Peter was eccentric, and the miners spoke of him as a character; they smiled when he made mention of the days "when Jewel was but a foal—wearin' on for twenty year syne." Not that they recognized anything wrong in his method—the system was sound—but simply because it mystified them. It was quite as bewildering as Nell Reid's genealogies,