WEE MCGREEGOR

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Wee Mcgreegor by J. J. Bell

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J. J. BELL

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WEE MACGREEGOR A Scottish Story By J. J. B E L L



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GLOSSARY

ABIN, above ABLOW, below AULD, old AVA', at all

Ba', ball
Bass, a door-mat
Baun', band
Bawr, a joke, a "lark"
BEGOOD, began
BEW, blue
BLATE, backward, ashamed
BLETHER, a talker (of nonsense)
BERITH, broath
BUITS, boots

CA' (TO), to call
CA' (TO), to drive, to force
CAIM, comb
CAIRIT, carried
CANNY, careful
CARVIES, sugared caraway-seeds
CHEUCH JEAN, a toffy sweet
CHIEF, friendly, "chummy"
CLAES, clothes
CODE-ILE, cod-liver oil
COUP (TO), to upset
CRACK, conversation

DAUD, lump (also blow)
DAUNEE, stroll
DICHT (TO), to wipe
DOO, dove, pigeon
DOOK (TO), to bathe
DOUE, stubborn
DBOOKIT, soaked, drenched
DUNT, knock

ERNIN', ironing

FASH (TO), to trouble, to werry FILE (TO), to soil FIN (TO), to feel FIT, foot FLANNEN, fiannel FOV, full FRAE, from FRICHT, fright FURBYE, also FURBIT, forward

GAB, mouth
GAE (TO), to induce, to compel
GAETNAVEL, a local asylum
GEMM, game
GEMY, fractious, complaining
GLAUE, mud
GOONIE, a little gown
GEEET (TO), to weep
GEUMPHY, a pig
GUID-SISTEE, sister-in-law
GUNDY, candy

HAP (TO) to cover cosily HAUD (TO), to hold HAVERS! Nonsense! HOAST, cough HUBL, ride (in a vehicle)

INTIL, into

Jawsox, sink Joog, jug, mug

KEER (TO), to peep KIST, chest KITLY, tickly

LEEVIN', living
LET BUG (TO), to show, to inform
LOUSE (TO), to lossen, to unlass
LUM, chimney

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Maun, must Muckle, much, great, big

NEB, nose, point NE ERDAY, New Year's Day NICE (TO GET THE), to be "run in"

Nock, clock

OABIN', rowing OOSE, OOSIE, wool, woolly OOTBYE, out-of-doors OWEE. over, excessively

PARTINS, crabs PECHIN', pauting PICKLE (A), a few POOSHUM, poison POTTY, putty PREEN, pin

QUATE, quiet

RID, red

SAIR, sore
SAEK, shirt
SATH, seat
SCALE (TO), to spill
SCART (TO), to scratch
SCLATES. Slates, scales
SCLIM (TO), to climb
SCOOT (TO), to squirt
SHIN, SOON
SHOOGLY, shaky, insecure
SHOOGY-SHOO (TO), to rock
SKELF (TO), to whip
SOOM (TO), to swim
SOOPLE, supple

SPEIR (TO), to inquire SPELDRON, a small dried fish STEERIN', restless, energetic STEACHT, straight STEAVAYGIN, wandering STEIPPIT, stripped SUMPH, a lout SUMEE, soirce SYNE, ago SYNE (TO), to wash out SWEIRT, unwilling

TAE, toe
TATE, a small portion
TAURRY-BILEE, tar-boiler
TAWRY, a "softy"
TEWRY, a chicken
THOLE (TO), to bear, to endure
THON, you
TIL, to, unto
TIM (TO), to empty
TOOSIE, untidy
TORRIS, tassel on bonnet
TOSH OF (TO), to tidy up

WAKE, weak
WANELT, wandered
WAUE, worse
WEAN, child
WHEEN (A), few
WHIT WEY, what way, why
WHUMLE (TO), to roll about
WICE, wise
WINDA-SOLE, window-sill
WULE, whelk
WUE, our

YIN, one YINST, once

CALIFORNIA

Wee Macgreegor

CHAPTER I.

"Maw!" said the small boy, for the twentythird time since the Robinson family began their perambulations in Argyll street—"maw!"

"Whit is't ye're wantin' noo, Macgreegor?" asked his mother, not without irritation in her voice.

"Maw, here a sweetie shope."

"Weel, whit aboot it? Ye'll get yer gundy the morn, ma mannie."

"Deed, then ye'll jist ha'e to want. Ye micht think shame o' yersel', wantin' gundy efter ye've ett twa aipples an' a pie furbye."

"But I'm hungry yet."

This seemed to amuse his mother, for she laughed and called to a big man in front of 10 WEE MACGREEGOR

her, who was carrying a little girl, "John, Macgreegor's sayin' he's hungry."

"Are ye hungry, Macgreegor?" said John, halting and turning to his son, with a twinkle in his eye. "Ye'll be wantin' a scone, maybe."

Macgregor looked offended, and his mother remarked, "No' him! It's that sweetie shopes that's makin' him hungry. But I've tell't him he's to get nae gundy till the morn's mornin'."

"D'ye hear whit she's sayin', Macgreegor?" said his father. Then, "Come on, Lizzie, an' we'll get him a bit sweetie to taste his gab."

"Ye jist spile the wean, John," said Lizzie, moving, however, with a good-natured smile to the shop-window. "But mind, it's to be baurley-sugar. I'll no ha'e him filin' his stomach wi' fancy things. See an' get baurley-sugar, John, an' wee Jeannie 'll get a bit o' 't. Wull ye no', ma daurlin'?" she demanded sweetly of the child in her husband's arms. Wee Jeannie expressed delight in sounds unintelligible to any one but her mother,

"I want taiblet," said Macgregor to his father, in a whisper rendered hoarse with emotion at the sight of the good things in the window.

His mother was not intended to hear him, but she did. "Taiblet!" she exclaimed. "Weans that gets taiblet gets ile efter."

The boy's nether lip protruded and trembled ominously.

"Och, Lizzie," said John, "ye're aye thinkin' aboot the future. A wee bit taiblet 'll dae the laddie nae hairm. Deed, no! An' fine I ken ye like a bit taiblet yersel'."

"Ay, that's a' richt, John. But ye've shairly no' forgot whit the doctor said when Macgreegor wis lyin' badly efter ye had him at the Exhibeetion. He said Macgreegor had a wake disgession, and we wis to be awfu' carefu' whit he ett. An' I wis readin' in the Companion jist the ither nicht that there wis nacthin' waur fur the disgession nor nits, an' thon taiblet's jist fu' o' nits."

"Aweel," said her husband, evidently overcome by her reasoning, "I'll get baurleysugar. Haud wee Jeannie." And he entered the shop.

When he rejoined his family, he handed the "wholesome sweetmeat" to his wife, who first of all extracted a short stick for wee Jeannie, wrapping one end of it in a scrap of paper torn from the "poke." Macgregor accepted his share in gloomy silence, and presently the party resumed their walk, John again carrying his daughter, who from time to time dabbed his countenance with the wet end of her barley-sugar in a filial desire to give him a taste.

Having proceeded west about one hundred yards, they were called to a halt by Lizzie at the door of a big warehouse.

"I'm gaun in here, John," she said. "I'm wantin' a bit rid flannen fur a goonie fur wee Jeannie."

"Naethin' fur yersel', Lizzie?"
His wife looked at something in one of the