

**WEE  
MACGREGOR:  
A SCOTTISH STORY**

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Wee MacGregor: a Scottish story by J. J. Bell

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**J. J. BELL**

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*A Scottish Story*

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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  
**BKW**, blue  
**BLATE**, backward, ashamed  
**BLETHRE**, a talker (of nonsense)  
**BREITH**, breath  
**BUITS**, boots  
  
**CA' (TO)**, to call  
**CA' (TO)**, to drive, to force  
**CAIM**, comb  
**CAIRRIT**, carried  
**CANNY**, careful  
**CARVIES**, sugared caraway-seeds  
**CHUCH JEAN**, a toffy sweet  
**CHINF**, friendly, "chummy"  
**CLAES**, clothes  
**CODE-ILE**, cod-liver oil  
**COUF (TO)**, to upset  
**CRACK**, conversation  
  
**DAUD**, lump (also blow)  
**DAUMER**, stroll  
**DICHT (TO)**, to wipe  
**DOO**, dove, pigeon  
**DOOK (TO)**, to bathe  
**DOUR**, stubborn  
**DRONKIT**, soaked, drenched  
**DUNT**, knock  
  
**ERNIN'**, ironing  
  
**FASH (TO)**, to trouble, to worry  
**FILE (TO)**, to soil  
  
**FIN (TO)**, to feel  
**FTT**, foot  
**FLANNEN**, flannel  
**FOU**, full  
**FRAE**, from  
**FRIGHT**, fright  
**FURBIE**, also  
**FURRIT**, forward  
  
**GAB**, mouth  
**GAK (TO)**, to induce, to compel  
**GASTNAVEL**, a local asylum  
**GEMM**, game  
**GERNY**, fractions, complaining  
**GLAUE**, mud  
**GOONIE**, a little gown  
**GREET (TO)**, to weep  
**GRUMPHY**, a pig  
**GUID-SISTER**, sister-in-law  
**GUNDY**, candy  
  
**HAP (TO)** to cover cosily  
**HAUD (TO)**, to hold  
**HAVERR!** Nonsense!  
**HOAST**, cough  
**HURL**, ride (in a vehicle)  
  
**INTIL**, into  
  
**JAWBOX**, sink  
**JOOG**, jug, mug  
  
**KREK (TO)**, to peep  
**KIST**, chest  
**KITLY**, tickly  
  
**LEEVIN'**, living  
**LET BUG (TO)**, to show, to inform  
**LOUSE (TO)**, to loosen, to unlace  
**LUM**, chimney

- MAUN**, must  
**MUCKLE**, much, great, big  
**NEB**, nose, point  
**NE'ERDAY**, New Year's Day  
**NICK (TO GET THE)**, to be "run in"  
**NOCK**, clock  
**OARIN'**, rowing  
**OOSE**, OOSIE, wool, woolly  
**OOTIEE**, out-of-doors  
**OWER**, over, excessively  
**PARTINS**, crabs  
**PECHIN'**, panting  
**PICKLE (A)**, a few  
**POOSHUN**, poison  
**POTTY**, putty  
**PREEN**, pin  
**QUATE**, quiet  
**RID**, red  
**SAIE**, sore  
**SARK**, shirt  
**SATE**, scat  
**SCALE (TO)**, to spill  
**SCART (TO)**, to scratch  
**SCLATES**, slates, scales  
**SCLIM (TO)**, to climb  
**SCOOT (TO)**, to squirt  
**SHIN**, soon  
**SHOGLY**, shaky, insecure  
**SHOOGY-SHOOG (TO)**, to rock  
**SKELP (TO)**, to whip  
**SOOM (TO)**, to swim  
**SOOPLE**, supple  
**SPEIE (TO)**, to inquire  
**SPELDRON**, a small dried fish  
**STEEBIN'**, restless, energetic  
**STRACHT**, straight  
**STRAYAYGIN**, wandering  
**STRIPPIT**, stripped  
**SUMPH**, a lout  
**SUREE**, soiree  
**SINE**, sgo  
**SINE (TO)**, to wash out  
**SWEIRT**, unwilling  
**TAE**, toe  
**TATE**, a small portion  
**TAURRY-BILER**, tar-boiler  
**TAWPY**, a "softy"  
**TWEY**, a chicken  
**THOLE (TO)**, to bear, to endure  
**THON**, yon  
**TIL**, to, unto  
**TIM (TO)**, to empty  
**TOOSIE**, untidy  
**TORRIE**, tassel on bonnet  
**TOSH UP (TO)**, to tidy up  
**WAKE**, weak  
**WANNERT**, wandered  
**WAUR**, worse  
**WEAN**, child  
**WHEEN (A)**, few  
**WHIT WEY**, what way, why  
**WHUMLS (TO)**, to roll about  
**WICE**, wise  
**WINDA-SOLE**, window-sill  
**WULK**, whalk  
**WUR**, our  
**YIN**, one  
**YINST**, once

# Wee Macgregor

## CHAPTER I.

"MAW!" said the small boy, for the twenty-third time since the Robinson family began their perambulations in Argyll street—"maw!"

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

"Maw, here a sweetie shope."

"Weel, whit about 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



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

"Are ye hungry, Macgregor?" 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 thae 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', Macgregor?" 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' about 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 Macgregor wis lvin' badly efter ye had him at the Exhibeetion. He said Macgregor had a wake disgeestion, and we wis to be awfu' carefu' whit he ett. An' I wis readin' in the *Companion* jist the ither nicht that there wis nae-thin' waur fur the disgeestion nor nits, an' thon taiblet's jist fu' o' nits."

"Aweel," said her husband, evidently overcome by her reasoning, "I'll get baurley-sugar. 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