

'at if I didna keep a better hung tongue i' my heid, an' gie Kirsty mair help wi' the wark (as lang as I wisna deein' for mysel), I wad hae to seek quarters anither gait.

Man, I thocht this wiz rale hard ; aifter me toilin' an' moilin', weet day an' dry, for fifty year, feshin' up five o' them, an' gi'ein' them a dacent start in life, tae hae a muckle man 'at I hid heid i' my airms fin he wiz a littlin' turnin' roon on's aul father like a baitit bear for castin' a thocht tae the condeeshin o' puir things a' the warl ower, an' crackin' aboot fat I couldna help seein' an' feelin'.

I widna hae thocht sae muckle gin I hid been a lazy, growlin', eeseless character ; bit although, as ye see, I'm boo't here wi' the rheumatism like a half-shut knife, I'm up ilka mornin', simmer an' winter, by sax o'clock, cairryin' water, hackin' sticks, feedin' the soo an' the hens, an' takin' a turn i' the yairdie fin there's onything tae be dune there.

Wi' my dander fairly up, I tell't them 'at I wizna there jist for Godsake ; that although I wiz fond o' readin', iz I hid been a' my days, I didna neglec' wark for't, an' I defiet Kirsty tae say I did. I wizna eatin' the breid o' idleseat : for a' the bit maet an' the duds claes 'at I needit, I thocht I gyau them gweed vailie in orra jots. Weel, the pilgit gaed fae bad tae waur, till I saw I wiz sic a mote i' their een 'at I couldna thole tae bide ; so I packit up my ain bits o' thingies, an' took the road, as I said, to Aiberdeen.