

## The Hogg Manuscript

The first title (covered over) reads: "The Perilous Castles: A Tale of the Cheviot Borders. The new title: "THE THREE PERILS OF MAN:

War, Women and Witchcraft: A Border Romance."

"Come away now my fine lad the nae ye a braw hand  
good callant? Do nae ye think ye deserve something that's mair  
good frae me? Eh? Ay, ye surely deserve something better nor  
ordinar. And ye shall hae it too" (Then a kick on the postern,  
or a lunder with the staff) Come your ways like a sony braw  
callant, and I'll let you see a bonny thing, and a braw thing in  
your brack o' the wood ye ken." Jack cried so spiteously that if his  
master had not had a brood of stone he woud have relented, and  
not continued in his fatal purpose, but he gave only the longer the  
more furious "O let me gang! let me gang! let me gang!" said  
Jack "Let me gang! let me gang! for it wasna me, I dinnae hae  
naething about it at a'." "Ye dinnae ken naething about what  
my poor man?" "Aboot you let sheep in the wood ye ken."  
"You nae all you rogue you villain! you haue compassed that you  
ken about it, when I wasna asking any sic question abou  
you haue you dog! you rascal! mealy that you are! Mather of  
God but I will do for you! you whelp! you dog! you rascal!"  
Come along here. (another hand blew) "Tell me now my precious  
lad the ye war gair to be killed, as ye ken something about  
killing, whether woud you choop to haue your throat cut, or to  
haue your feet tied, and be skinned alive?" "O dinnae kill me,  
dinnae kill me" cried poor Jack. "My dear master dinnae kill  
me, for I cumma brack it. Oh oh, an ye kill me I'll tell my  
mather, that will I. What woud my mather say to ye, when she  
has name but me? Oh master dinnae kill me and I'll never  
do the like o' it again." "How? I shall take revenge for that,  
-you shall never do the like o' it again" said the other in this  
melancholly and heart-breaking manner he dragged him on  
all the way by the rough lawzy head, kicking him one while  
and beating him another till he brought him to the way

"The Devil he sat in Dornock tower,  
And out of a slip-hole peekit he,  
And he saw three crows come yont the left,  
And they winged their flight to Eldon tree.

"O, whow; O, whow, quo' the muckle deil,  
But yons a sight that glads my e'e;  
For I'll lay the steel brander o' hell,  
There's a storm brewing in the west  
countrye." *The Rhimer of Selkirk.*

445 pp. various folio sizes. See page iii. of cover.

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