

A young child with their eyes closed and mouth wide open in a cry, wearing a blue and white plaid shirt. The background is a soft, out-of-focus indoor setting with warm lighting.

***BLANCHE
MCMANUS***

***OUR
LITTLE
SCOTCH
COUSIN***

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Our Little Scotch Cousin

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To the thousands of little American cousins the little Scotch cousins send their greetings.

The Scotch, perhaps, are not so very different from the Americans, after all, and certainly there is so much in common between the English, the Americans, and the Scotch that each may be expected to have a lively concern in the affairs of the other!

Many of the Scottish legends and stories of romance and history have an abounding interest for Americans of all ages, and who shall say that Scott and Burns are not as great favourites in America as in Scotland itself? For this reason, and for the fact that thousands of Scottish-Americans have never severed the ties of sentiment which bind them to Bonnie Scotland, a warm welcome is assured to our little Scotch cousins whenever they may come to visit America.

As with our little English cousins there is the bond of common speech; and Scotch institutions, though varied and strange in many instances, are in others very similar to those of America.

Of the historic and scenic charms of Scotland much has already been written in the romances and poems of Scott and Burns, so that little American cousins may be expected to have at least a nodding acquaintance with them. On the other hand, these charms are so numerous and varied that American cousins cannot but wish that some day they may be able to visit the land of purple heather.

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CHAPTER I.

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THE FINDING OF "ROB ROY"

"HELLO! Sandy, what do you think I have got here?" called Donald, over the low wall which separated his garden from that of his chum. He was quite excited, so Sandy knew that something out of the ordinary had happened, and quickly leaped over the wall. He found Donald carefully holding his muffler, which was wriggling about in the most extraordinary manner.

"What on earth is it,—a rat?" asked Sandy, looking curiously at the muffler, which seemed trying to tie itself up in a hard knot.

"A rat!" exclaimed Donald, with great scorn.

"Do you suppose, Sandy MacPherson, that I'd be carrying a rat around like this? But you couldn't guess if you tried all day; look here."

He carefully undid one end of the muffler, and out wriggled a little brown head.

"Did you ever see a finer pup than that?" and Donald, with great pride, showed a little puppy, who was trying to chew up his fingers.

"My! but he's a bonnie one; who gave him to you, Don?"

"I found him," and Donald went on eagerly to tell the story. "You know that lane which leads to the widow Calden's house? Well, I came through there to-day, thinking I might catch Andy and Archie playing marbles. You know we thought they had been trying to dodge us lately. All at once I felt something tugging at my shoe, and there was the pup. I

looked around for its mother, but there was no sign of any other dog about. The poor, wee bairn whined, and was so glad when I picked him up, I could not leave him there alone, could I?" Donald explained, in self-defence. "You can see he hasn't had his eyes open very long, and he might have starved to death; so I wrapped him up in my muffler, as he was all of a shiver from the cold. Then I ran to the widow Calden, but she did not know any pup like it in the neighbourhood. The baker's boy drove up just then in his cart, but he did not know any one who had a dog with a young pup, so I brought him home."

"But you can't keep him," said Sandy; "he must belong to some one."

"Perhaps they wanted to get rid of him," said Donald, hopefully. "I am going to show him to father, and he will know what to do about it. Perhaps he may advertise him in the paper, and then if no one claims him he will belong to me."

The two lads ran across the garden and burst into the sitting-room where Doctor Gordon and Mrs. Gordon were having afternoon tea.

"Well, laddies," called out the doctor, cheerfully, "you do not often neglect your tea like this. Hey! what is all this about?" he continued, as his son poured out his story.

"Poor, wee doggie," said the doctor, petting the pup, who licked his hand and wobbled all over with delight, "and a fine collie pup he is, too; he comes of a good breed, if I am not mistaken."

"Oh! then I shall have a fine dog when he grows up, father," cried Donald, with joy.