

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN
HISTORY
OF
BUCK-HAVEN
IN
FIFE-SHIRE.

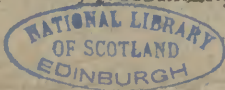
Wherein is contained,

The antiquities of their old dress; the Bucky boat,
with the flag of a green tree; with their dancing,
Willy & his trusty rappier; their Burgess Ticket,
with a view of their new College; the noted say-
ings and exploits of wise Willy in the Brae, witty
Eppie the ale-wife, and lingle tail'd Nancy.

By Merry ANDREW at TAMFALLAN.



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THE
HISTORY
OF
BUCKHAVEN.

AMONGST several ancient records this Bucky is not mentioned: there was a set called Bucaneers, who were pirates, that is to say sea-robbers, and after a strict search for that set of sea-robbers, they dispersed; what of them escaped justice in the southern climate, are said to have sheltered at or near Berwick upon Tweed. After a smart battle among themselves, they divided, and 'tis said, the party who gained this Bucky-battle, fearing the English law to take place, set forward and took up their residence at this Buckhaven, so called, not only from the great quantity of buckies that are found in and about that place, but on account of the battle they had with their neighbours at Berwick when they divided, which was then called bucking one another, but it is now named boxing or fighting. Another party of these Buckers settled in another town, northward to Banff, called Bucky near the river Spey, which is a large sea town, but among all the sea towns in Scotland, the fishers still retain a language quite different from the people in the country, and they almost all miss the letter H, and use O instead thereof, which no country people do in Scotland but themselves. There is a corruption of speech in every county over all Britain, and likewise they use different tones and ways of pronouncing words from others, even some in the South of Scotland can hardly be understood by those in the North, though

both pretend to speak English, and have a liberal part of education; but since learning is now so easy to be obtained, ignorance and corruption of speech are greatly decreased.

In the county of Fife, on the sea coast, there stands a little town, inhabited by few but fishers, called Bucky harbour, because of the sea-buckies and shells so plenty to be found on the rocks, in and about that place; there is little mention made of this town by historians, to know its original extraction and antiquities, but in their own burghs-ticket, which was part of it perfect truths, but more of it by way of lampoon; this ticket was dated the two and thirty day of the month of Julius Cæsar, their coat of arms was two hands gripping each other over a scate's rumple; their oath was, "I wish the de'il may tak me an I binna an honest man to you an ye binna de like to me." An article of good neighbourhood they had, whoever was first up in the morning, was to raise all the rest to go to sea, but if a bad morning, they piss and ly down again, till break of day, then raises wife Willy, who could judge the weather by the blowing of the wind.



Their freedoms were to take all kinds of fish con

tained in their tickets, viz. lobsters, partans, podles, spout fish, sea-cats, sea-dogs, flukes, pikes, dikepad-docks and p—— fish.

Among these people were said to be one Tom and his two sons, who were fishers on the coast of Norway, and in a violent storm were blown over, and got on shore at Bucky-harbour, where they settled, and the whole of his children were called Thomsons, this is a historical saying, handed down from one generation to another. So in course of time they grew up and multiplied, that they soon became a little town by themselves: few or any other name dwelt amongst them, and were all called the Thomsons; they kept but little communication with the country people, for a farmer in those days thought his daughter cast away if she married one of the fishers in Bucky-harbour, and witty Eppie the ste-wife wad a sworn



Eppo, laddie, I had rather see my boat and a' my
three sons dacet against the Baf or I saw ony ane o'

them married on a milk-oyre's daughter, a when useles taupies that can do naething but rive at a tow rock and cut corn. they can neither bait a hood nor redd a line, hook fandles, nor gather periwinkles.

Now wife Willy & witty Eppie the ale-wife lived there about an hundred years ago. Eppie's chamber was their college and court-houfe, where they decided their controversies & explained their wonders, for the house was wide like a little kirk, had four windows and a gavel door, the wives got leave to flyte their fill, but fighting was forbidden (as Eppie said, up hands was fair play) their fines were a in pints o' ale, and Eppie sold it at a plack the pint, they had neither minister nor magistrate, nor yet a burly bailie to brag them wi' his tolbooth, my lord was their landlord, wife Willy and witty Eppie the ale-wife were the rulers of the town.



Now Eppie had a daughter, called lingle-tail'd Nancy, because of her feckless growth, her waist was like a twitter, had no curpen for a creel, being Embruch bred and brought up wi' her Louden aunty was learned to read and sew, made corse claithes and callico natches, there wasna a scholar in the town but herself, she read the Bibln and the book of kirk-sangs, which was newly come in fashion. Willy and Eppie told ay what it meant, and said a'the letters

in it was litted by my lord, for they saw him hae a feather that he dipped in black water, and made crooked scores just like the same, and then he spoke to it o'er again, and it tell'd him what to say.

It happened on a day, that two of their wives found a horse-shoe near the town, brought it home and sent for wife Willy to see what it was; Willy comes and looks at it. Indeed, co' Willy, its a thing and holes in't. Then, said they, he would get a name till't: aha. co' Willy, but whair did you find it? Anath my lord's ain house Willy. A deed, said Willy, it's the auld moon, I ken by the holes int for nailing it to the list; but I wonder it she fell in Fife for the last time I saw her. she was hanging on her back aboon Embruch; a hech, co' Willy, we'll ha'e her set up on the highest house in the town, an we'll hae moon light o' our ain a the days o' the year.

THE NEW COLLE. GE.



The whole town ran to see the moon. Hout, tout cried witty Eppie, ye're a' fools together, it is but ane o' the things that my lord's mare wears on her hule

At another time one of the wives found a hare with its legs broken lying among her kail in the yard she, not knowing what it was, called out her neighbours to see it, some said it was some gentleman's cat, or my lady's lap dog or a sheep's young kiltie because it had fast horns; na, na, cried wife Willy it's ane o' the maukins that gentlemen's dogs worry what will you do wi't? Hault, co' Maggy, I'll sing

the woo aff't, and make fish and sauce o't to my Tammy's parrich. No, no, said witty Eppie, better gie't to my lord, and he'll flap an iron stick thro' the guts o't, and gar't rin round afore the fire till it be roasted; na, na, said wife Willy, we'll no do that indeed, for my lord would make us a' dea and gar us rin thro' the kintry seeking maukins till him.

It happened on a dark winter morning, that two of the wives were going to Dysart to sell their fish, & near the road-side there happened to be a tinker's ass teddered, and the poor ass seeing the wives com-



ing with their creels, thought it was the tinkers coming to slit or remove him, fell a crying, the two wives threw their fish away, and ran home like mad persons crying they had seen the de'il, aye the very harned de'il, and that he had spoken to them, but they did not ken what he said, for it was worse words than a Highlandman's. The whole town was in an uproar, some would go with picks and spades to hack him a' in pieces, others would catch him in a strong net, and then they could either hang or drown him. Na, na, co' wife Willy, we mauna cast out wi' him at the first, as he's gotten the twa burden o' fish, he'll ables gang his wa' an' no fash nae mair; he's o'er souple to be

catch'd in a net a' your pith will neither hang nor drown him, and the country he comes frae is a' het coals, he'll never burn, we'll go to him in a civil manner and see what he wants; get out Eppie the alewife and lingletail, d Nancy, wi' the Bible and the Saum book, so aff they came in a crowd either to kill the devil or catch him alive, and as they came near the place the ass felt a crying, which caused many of them to faint and run back: na, na, co' Willy, that's no the de'il's words ava, it's my lord's trumpeter touting on his brass whistle Willy; ventured till he saw the ass's twa lugs, now, cried Willy back to the rest, come forward and haud him fast, I see his twa horns, heh firs, he has a white beard like an auld beggar man, so they enclosed the poor ass on all sides. thinking it was the de'il, but when wise Willy saw he had nae cloven feet, he cried out, fear na lads, this is no the de'il, 'tis some living beast, 'tis neither a cownor a horse, and, what is it then Willy? Indeed co' Willy, 'tis the father o' a' the maukens I ken by its lugs.

Now some say this is too satirical a history, but its according to the knowledge of those times, nottosay in any place by another old wives will yet tell us, of many such stories, as the devil appearing to their grandfathers and grandmothers, and dead wives coming again to visit their families long after their being buried; but this Buckhaven which was once noted for droll exploits is now become more knowing, and is a place said to produce the best and hardiest watermen of sailors of any town on the Scots coast, yet many of the old people in it still retain the old tincture of their old and uncultivated speech, as be-go laddie, also of a fiery nature, if you ask any of the wives where their college stands, they'll tell you, if your nose were in their arse, your mouth would be at the door of it.

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Now it happened when wife Willy turned old he took a great swelling in his wame and casting up of his kail, collops and cauld fish, that nothing staid on his stomach, and a stout stomach had he, for crab-heads or scate brose or fat brose on a bridal morning, yet it fail'd him, he fell sick & none could cure him or tell what ail'd him, till a mountebank stage doctor came to Kirkcaldy that could judge by people's piss the troubles of their person, & Willy hearing of his fame, pissed into a bottle, and sent it away with his daughter; the bottle being uncorked, his daughter spilt it by the way, and to conceal her sloth in so doing pissed in it herself, and on she goes, comes to the stage and cries, sir dochter, sir dochter, here is a bottle o' my father's w' sh, he has a sair guts, never needs to drite ony, he spues a' he eats, it's true I tell you my dow: the doctor looks at it and says, it's not your father's surely its your mother's a deil's i' the man co' she, divna I ken my father by my mither? then said he, he is wi' child; a deil's i' the man co' she, for my mither bore a' de bairns before, dats no true sir, aigs ye're a greas liar, home she came an' told Willy her father that the doctor said he was wi' bairn; O wae me co' Willy, for I hae a muckle wame, an I fear it's o'er true, O plague on you Janet for ye're the father, o't and I'm sure to die in the bearing o't; witty Eppie was sent for as she was a houdy & fand a' Willy's wame to be sure about it, deed co' Eppie, ye're the first man e'er I saw wi' bairn before, and how you'll bear't I dinna ken, ye hae a waly wamewell wat, but how men bear bairns I ne'er saw yet. but I wou'd drink salt water & drown't in my guts, for if men get anes the gait o' bearing weans they'll seek nae mair wives, so Willy drank seawater till his guts was like to rive, out he goes to ease himself amang the kail, & wi' the terrible hurl of farting, up starts a mackin be-

hind him, thinking she was shot, Willy sees her jumping o'er the dike, thought it was a child brought forth, cries, come back my dear and be christened, and no rin to the hills and be a Pagan; so Willy grew better every day thereafter, being brought to bed in the kail-yard; but his daughter was brought to bed some months thereafter, which was the cause of the doctor's mistake.

PART II.

NOW wife Willy had a daughter called Rolloching Jenny, because she spoke thick, six words at three times, half sense and half nonsense, as her own words and actions will bear witness. She being with child, was brought to bed of a bonny lass bairn, and a' the wives in the town cried be-golladie, it's just like its ain daddy lang Sandy Talon, (or Thomson) we ken by its nose; for Sandy had a great muckle red nose like a lobster tac, bowed at the point like a hawk's neb, and Sandy himself said it was surely his or some ither body's, but he had used a' his berr at the getting o't, to sey his ability, being the first time e'er he was at sic a business before, and when he had done a' that man co'd do at it, said it was nonsense, and shame fa' him, but he wad rather row his boat round the Bass and back again, or he did the like again; for wife Willy gade wood at the wean, and said, it had mair ill nature in't nor the aulddest wife about the town. it piss'd the bed and shit the bed, skir'd like a wild cat, and kept him frae his night's rest; and a' the auld hags about the town ca'd Sandy de bairn's daddy, and a' the young gilly-gawkie lasses held out their fingers and cried, tee, hee, Sandy, the kirk will kittle your hips yet.

And after a', the bleareye'd bellman came blad-

lering about the buttock-mail, summoned him and her before the haly band, a court that is held in the kirk on Sunday morning; and a' the ill bred laddies round about cried, ay, ay, Sandy pay the bill-iller, or we'll cut the cow's tail awa, so poor Sandy suffered sadly in the flesh, besides the penalty and kirk penance.

But wise Willy had pity upon them, and gade wi' them to the kirk-court what learned folks call the Session, Jenny was first called upon, and in she goes where all the haly band were conveyened, elders and youngers, deacons and dogpayers, keeping the door, the cankeredest carles that could be gotten between Dysart and Dubby side, white heads and bald heads, sitting wanting bonnets wi' their white headed staves and hodding grey jockey coats about them.

Mess John says, come awa Janet, we're a' waiting on you here.

Min. Now Janet, where was this child gotten? you must tell plainly.

Jan. A deed stir, it was gotten among the black-tanes, at the cheek o' the crab holes.

Mess John stares at her, not knowing the place, but some of the elders did; then said he, O Janet, but the de'il has been busy with you at the time.

Jan. O by my figs stir, that's a great lie ye're telling now, for the devil wasna thereabout it I saw, nor nae body else, to bid us do either ae thing or another, we lo'ed ither unco weel for a lang time before that, and syne we tell'd ither, and greed to marry ither like ither honest fouk, than mightna we learn to do the thing married fouk does, without the de'il helping us.

Whiest, whiest, cried they, you should be scourged cause loon quean it thou is, ye're speaking nonsense,

Jan. De de'il is de carles, for you and your minister is liars, when ye say that de de'il was helping Sandy and me to get de bairn.

Come, come, said they, pay down the kirk-dues and come back to the stool the morn, four pound and a groat to the bellman.

Jan. The auld thief speed the dearth o't, fir, for less might fair you and your bell-man baith, O but this be a hard warld indeed, when poor honest folk maun pay for making use o' their a— ye misca' a de poor de'il ahint his back and gie him de wyte o' a' de ill dune in the kinty, bastard bairns and every thing, and if it be as you say ye may thank de de'il for dat gude four pound and de groat I hae gien you that gars your pots boil brown and get jockey coats purl handed sarks, and white headed staves when my father's pot wallops up rough bear and blue water.

The woman's mad, said they, for this money is all given to the poor of the parish.

Jan. The poor o' the parish, said she, and that's the way o't, a sint hait ye gie them but wee pickle o' pease meal, didna I see't in their pocks, and de minister's wife gies naething ava to unco beggars, but bids them gang hame to their ain parish, and yet ye tak ta purse frae poor fouks for naething but playing the lown a wee or they be married, and syne cock them up to be looked on & laught at by every body. a deil speed you and your justice fir; hute, tute, ye are a coming on me now like a wheen colly dog hunting awa a poor ragget chapman frae the door and out she comes curling and greeting: Sandy's next called upon, and in he goes.

Min. Now, Saunders, you maun tell us how this child was gotten.

San. A vow, Mefs John stir, ye have bairns o' your ain, how did you get them? but 'yours is a laddies and mine is but a lassie, if you'll tell me how you got your laddies I'll tell you how I got my lassie, and then we'll be baith alike good at the business.



The minister looks at him, hute, tute, Sanders, lay down four pound and a great and come back to-morrow to the stool, and give satisfaction to the congregation, you had more need to be seeking repentance for that abominable sin of uncleanness than speaking so to me.

San. Then there's your filler stir, I've gotten poor pennyworths for't, and ye'll tell me to repent for't, what the auld thief needs I repent when I'm gaun to marry de woman, and then I'll hae to do t' o'er again every day or they'll be nae peace in the house, sigs its nonsense to pay filler, repent & do't again too, a fine advice indeed master minister, & that is how ye live.

Wife Willy, Now stir, you and master elders ye manna put them on the black creepy till they be married, they've suffered enough at ae time.

A well, a well, said they, but they most marry very soon then.

I trow sae, says Sandy, ye'll be wanting mair clink, fule hait ye do for naething here.

Hame came Sandy starving o' hunger, ye might a casten a knot on his lang guts, his mither was baking pease bannocks, up he gets a lump of her leaven into his mouth; auld thief be in your haggies bag, Sandy,

kirk fouks is ay greedy, ye been wi' the minister the day. ye'd get a good lang grace, he might a gien the meat thou filthy dog that tu is, thou ha't the bulk of a little whalpie o' my leaven in your guts, it wad a been four good bannocks an' a scone, and a faird our Sunday's dinner, fae wad it een, but an' ye keep a reeken house an a rocking cradle three eleven years as I ha'e done lefs o' that will fair ye, baggity beast it tu is, mair that I bore thee now, hear ye that my dow.



The next exploit was an action at law against the goodman of Muir-edge, a farmer that lived near by, that kept sheep and swine, his sheep came down and broke the yards and ate up their kail; the wild hares they thought belonged to the same man, as they ran towards his house when they were hunted; the swine came very often in and about their houses seeking filli guts or any thing they could get, so it happen'd that one of their children sitting easing itself, one of the swine tumbles it over and bites a piece out of the child's backside; the whole town rose in an uproar, and after grunkie as they called her, they caught her and took her before wife Willy; Willy takes an axe and cuts two or three inches off her long nose; now says Willy, I trow I have made thee something Christian like, thou had sic a long mouth and nose before it wad a frightened a very devil to look at ye, but now ye're fact'd like a

little horse or cow; the poor sow ran home roaring all blood and wanting the nose, which caused Muir-edge to warn them in before my lord; so the wives that had their kail eaten appeared first in the court, complaining against Muiredge; indeed my lord, Muiredge is no a good man when he's sic an ill neighbour, he keeps black hares and white hares, little wee brown backed hares wi' white arses and loose wagging horns. de muckle anes louns o'er the dike and eats a' de kail, and the little ones wi' de wagging horns creeps in at our water gush holes an' does de like, when we cry pisue they rin awa' hame to Muir-edge, but I'll gar my colly haud 'em by de fit, and I'll haud 'em by de horn, and pu' a' de hair aff 'em, and send him hame wanting de skin as he did wi' fowen Tammy's wee Sandy for coddin' o' his pease, he took de poor laddie's coat, a sae did he een.

A well then, said my lord, what do you say, but call in wife Willy.

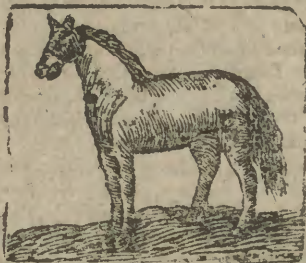
In he comes: a well, my lord, I shall suppose an ye were a sow and me sittin' d——, and you to bite my arse, sudna I tak amends o' you for that? Od, my lord, ye wadna hae sic a bit out o' your arse for twenty merks, ye mawn jist gar Muir-edge gie ten merks to buy a plaister to heal the poor bit wean's arse again. Well said, Willy, said my lord, but who puts on the sow's nose again? A figs my lord, said Willy, she's honest like wantin' it, and she'll bite nae mair arses wiv, and gin ye had hane a nose as lang as the sow had ye'd been obliged to ony body it wad cut a piece aff't

A gentleman coming past near their town, asked one of their wives where their college stood, said she give me a shilling and I'll let you see both sides o't, he gives her a shilling, thinking to see some curious sight, now there's one side of your shilling and here is the other, and 'tis mine now.

PART III.

NOW wife Willy was so admired for his just judgment in cutting off the sow's nose, that my lord in a mocking manner made him burly bailie of Buckyhine. Lang Sandy was provost and John Thrums the weaver was dean of guild, but witty Eppie had ay the casting vote in a' their courts and controversies.

There happened one day a running horse to stand at one of their doors, and a child going about, the horse trampled on the child's foot, which caused the poor child to cry, the mother came running in a passion, crying, a wae be to you for a 'orse it ere ye was born of a woman filthy barbarian brute it t'ou is setting your ruckle iron lufe on my bairn's wee fittie



ed fir, I'll rive the hair out o' your head. Gripping the horse by the mane and the twa lugs, cuffing his chafte as if he had been her fellow creature, crying be-go laddie, I'll gar you as good; I'll tak you before wife Willy the bailie, and he'll cut aff your hand wi' de iron lufe, an' dan you will be cripple and gang thro' the kintry on a barrow, or on twa shule staffs like Rob the raudy, an' a meal peck about your neck; her neighbour wife hearing & seeing what past, cried, O you fool taupy, what gars you say dat a horse was born o' a woman, do ye think dat a 'orse has a feder or a midder, like you or me or ony body about; a what way, do they come to the world

dan? Ye fool taupy divna they whalp like the lousfes
ae suld horse hobbles on anither anes back, and dat
whalps a young 'orse: gosn woman, it wad be illfard
to see a woman sitting wi' a young 'orse on her
knee dighting its arse and giv'n it the pap.

The next occasion was lang Sandy and rolioching
Jenny's wedding, which held three days & twanights
my landlord and my lady with several gentlemen and
ladies attended for diversion's sake, the piper of Kir-
kcaldy & the fidler of Kinghorn were both bidden by
wife Willy the bride's father, and if ony ane came
to play unbidden, wife Willy swore they should sit
unfaird, for these twa should get a' the filler that was
to be giv'n that day, the dinner and dorder meat sat
a' in Eppie's college, and the dancing stood in twa



rings before the door, and the first day with dancing
and dangling of their heels, dang down a' the sea
dyke, some tumbled in and some held by the stanes,
the fiddler fell o'er the lugs and druket a' his fiddle,
the frings gaed out of order, and the tripes turn'd
soft like pudding skins, so the bagpipe had to do for
a', and the fiddler got nought to do but supkail and
pike banes wi' the rest of them.

Now my lord's cook was to order the kettle, but
Pate o' the Pans played a sad prank, casting in twa

pund of candie among the kail, which made them so fat that some could not sup them, for the candle-wicks came into their cutties like sutter's lings in the dish; but some of them wi' stronger stomachs, stripped them thro' their teeth like ratton tails, and said mony a ane wad be blythe o' sic a string to tie their hese wi' in a pinch; my lord and the gentry, Mefs John and the clerk were all placed at the head of the table, opposite to the bride, but wuld sup none of the candle-kail. Wife Willy and the bridegroom served the table, and cried sup an' a sorrow to you, for I never liked sour kail about my house; when the flesh came, the bride got a ram's rumple to pick, she takes it up and wags it at my lord, saying ti hi, my lord, what an a piece is dat? O, said he, that's the tail piece, it belongs to you; me, my lords, it's no mine, I never had a ting like dat, it's a fish tail, see as it wags, it's a bit o' a dead beast; O yes, said he, bride, you have hit it now; but how come you to eat with your gloves on? Indeed, my lord, there is a reason for dat, I ha'e scabbit hands. O fy, said he, I cannot believe you, so she pulls down a piece of her gloves and shows him. O yes, said he, I see it is so; aha, my lord, I with you saw my a—, it's a' in ae hatter; O fy, said he, bride, you should not speak so before ladies and your maiden; I wonder, said he to wife Willy, her father, you do not teach your daughter to speak otherwise. O be my face, my lord, ye may as soon kiss her a— as gar her speak otherwise: I find so, said my lord, but it lies much in lack of a teacher.

The next dish that was presented on the table was roasted hens, and the bride's portion being laid on her plate, she says to my lord, will ye let me dig my fowl arse among your fauce? Upon my word, and that I will not, said he, if it be as you tell'd me hout, my lord, it's no my arse, it's but de hen's.

mean; O but, said he bride, it's the fashion to every one to eat off their own trencher; you may get more sauce, I can manage all mine myself; indeed, my lord, I thought ye liket me better than ony body: O but, said he, I love myself better than you bride; deed my lord, I think ye're the best body about the house, for your lady's but a stinking pride-fu' jade, she thinks that we sud mak the fish a' alike, be go, my lord, she thinks that we sud shape them as the hens do their eggs wi' deir arse. O bride, said he, you should not speak ill of my lady, for she hears you very well; O deed, my lord, I had nae mind o' that; a well then, said he, drink to me or them ye like best; then here's to you a' gither, arse o'er head. Very well said says my lord, that's good sense or something like it.

Dinner being over, my lord desired the bride to dance; indeed my lord, I canna dance ony, but I'll gar my wame wallop forment yours, and then rin round about as fast as I can; very well said he, bride, that will just do, we shall neither kiss nor shake hands, but I'll bow to you and ye'll beck to me, and so we'll have done.

No matter dinner and dancing, my lord exhorted the bride to be a good neighbour, and to gree well wi' every body round about; I wat well, my lord, ye ken I never esst out wi' nae body, but lang Pat-o' the Pans, as he wss a' the wyte o't, he began wi' a lierticing and jamphing me about Sandy, de black stenes and de crab holes where de wean was gotten, and then it turn'd to a hubbub and a colly shangy, an' or you wad said kiss my a— my lord, we were aboon ither on the mussel midden, I true I tell'd him o'randy Rob his uncle, his fiel titty it steal'd de farkes and drank de filler, and how his midder fell'd mauky mutten, an' mair nor a' that, sae did I een, my lord.

My lord had a friend of his own, who was a captain in the army, who came to visit him, and hear



ing of the Buckers sayings and exploits, was desirous to put them in a fright, sent his servant and ordered them, both men and women, to come up before his gate directly the morn about kail-time, and a that did not come was to slit and remove out of my lord's ground directly, this put the whole of them in great terror, some ran to wise Willy to know what it meant, Willy said it was before something, and he was sure that death would be the worst o't, come what will; but witty Eppie said, I ken weel what's to come, he's gaun to make the men o' us fodgers and de wives dragoons, because we're de best fighters; I ken there is something to come on de town, for our Nauny saw Maggy's gairt the streen it was buried four oaks syne, a hech co' Willy, thats a sign that meal is dear in the ither world, when she comes to think on't again; we will tak our dinner or we go, we'll may be ne'er come back again, so away they went lamenting all in a crowd. My lord and the captain were looking o'er the window to them, the captain cries to them, to the right about; to which they answered, good blefs you my lord, what does dat man say? Then, said my lord, turn your face to Maggy-mill-head's and your arse to the sea; this they did in all haste. What will we do now? said Willy; no more, said my lord, but gang awa' hame Willy: O my bows, O my blessing come o'er your bouny face my lurd, I wish you may never die

nor yet grow sick, nor naebody kill you; ye're the best Lord I ken on earth. for we thought a' to be made dead men and fogers, your wiser than a'the witches in Fife.

There was in Bucky harbour a method when they got a hearty drink, that they went down to dance among the boats, one, two, or three of the oldest went into a boat to see the rest dance; whene'er they admitted a burgher there was always a dance. Oneday they admitted gly'd Rob Thomson from the island of May; after he was admitted, they got account from wife Willy that gly'd Rob was a witch, which made them all stop their dancing, and Rob was cried on to make answer to this weighty matter. Gly'd Rob cried, none of you shall stir a fit for two hours I'll warrand you; so Rob spang'd and jump'd over the



boat several times & put them in great terror, some cried, O 'tis i' the air, and then they cried they saw him i' the air hingin', so that Rob was obliged to go back to the May and carry coals to the light house.

It was reported that gly'd Rob was born in Bucky, and that his father was Willy Thomson's son, who

was banished for a slave to the May, to carry coals; he would not take with him on account he had but ae eye. After that there was no more dancing at admitting of burgers, but the old usual way of scater-rumple, and then drink until they were almost blind.

Upon the Rood day, four young Bucky lasses went away early in the morning with their creels full of fish, and about a mile frae the town they saw coming down a brae, like a man driving a beast, when they came near, Tardy Tib says, 'tis a man driving a big mauken; Tib slang her creel and fish away, the other three run another way and got clear; they said it



was a horned de'il. Tib told the frightsome story, and many ran to see the poor man, or cadger and his afs, driving the old mauken. The fishers look on all maukins to be devils and witches, and if they but see a sight of a dead maukin it sets them a trembling. The fisher lasses look with disdain on a farmer's daughter and a' country lasses, they call them muck-byers and snerney-tail jades.

The Bucky lads and lasses when they go to gather bait, tell strange stories about Ghosts, Witches, Wil-

ly with the Wisp, and the Kelpy, Fairies and Maukens, and boggles of all sorts.

The Ghosts, like old horses, go all night for fear they are seen, and be made to carry scate or fish, or be carted; and witches are the worst kind of devils, and make use of cats to ride upon, or kill-kebbers, and besoms, and sail over seas in cockle shells, and witch the lads and lasses, and disable bridegrooms. As for Willy and the Wisp, he is a fiery devil, and leads people off their road in order to drown them, for he sparks sometimes at our feet, and then runs before with his candle, as if he were two or three mile before us, many a good boat has Spunkie drowned; the boats coming to land in the night-time, they observe a light off the land, and set upon it and are drown't.

The Kelpy is a sly devil, he roars before a loss at sea, and frightens both young and old upon the shore. Fairies are terrible troublesome, they gang dancing round folks lums, and rin through the houses they haunt, and play odd tricks, and lift new-born bairns from their mothers, and none of them are safe to lye with their mothers a night or two after they are born, unless the mother gets a pair of mens breeches under her head for the first three nights; when the fairies are frightened, they will leave an old stock with the woman, and whip away the child. One tried to burn an old stock that the fairies left in the cradle; but when the fire was put on, the old stock jumped on upon a cat and up the lum. Maukens are most terrible and have bad luck. none will go to sea that day they see a Maukin; or if a wretched body put in a Maukin's fit in their creels they need not list them that day, as it will be bad luck, either broken backs. or legs, or arms, or hear bad accounts of the boats at sea.

They are terrified for all sorts of bogles both by land and sea.

The MINISTER and Muffel-Mou'd HARRY.



Muffel-mou'd Harry the skull maker, whose lug was nail'd to a tree near my lord's garden, for cutting young saughs for to make creels and skulls of. He assumed a head-dress as he had been a devil, and went and play'd his tricks in the night-time, which frighted the whole town, till the time he was caught by my lord's piper. He was then sent for to the minister, & was obliged to put on his frightful dres, with the appearance of two horns on his head; the minister rebuked him, but he had the assurance to tell the minister that he only frighted his own town, but that he frighted the whole parish by telling them to repeat, or be d——d, this is your gate o't stir, so I made them repeat by fright, and I think I sud be paid by your honour for't, as you tell me stir, about my lord's saughs which I suffered for, if your honour's lug had been there you could not get off so easy, for stir your lug is as lang as my grey cats, so I bid you farewell until our next meeting.

FINIS.