

THE
 EXPLOITS
 OF
Wise Willy,
 AND
W I T T Y
E P P I E,
 OF
 BUCKHAVEN.

WITH A
 Description of their College,
 And Coat of Arms,
 Lang Sandy,
 AND
 Rolling Coughing Jenny's
 Wedding.

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THE
HISTORY
OF
WISE WILLIE, AND WITTY EPPIE,
The Ale Wife.

PART II.

AMONGST several ancient old records this Bucky is not mentioned. There was a sect called Buccaneers, who were pirates, that is to say, sea-robbers; but strict search being made for these sea-robbers, they were dispersed—What of them escaped in the southern climate are said to shelter at or near Berwick on Tweed. Having differed among themselves a smart battle ensued, after which they divided, and it is said, the party who gained this Bucky battle, fearing the English law would take place, they set northward, and took up their residence at Buckhaven so called not only on account of the great quantities of buckles that are found in and about the place, but on account of the battle they had with their neighbours at Berwick when they divided, which they called bucking one another, but now named boxing or fighting. Another party of

Those Buckers settled in a fishing town at Banff
 called Bucky and near the river Spey, which is
 now a pretty 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 always they shift the letter H,
 and use O instead thereof, which no country-
 people in Scotland do but themselves. There is
 a corruption of speech in every country 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, tho' both
 pretend to speak good English, and have a liberal
 part of education. But since learning is now
 so easy to be obtained, ignorance and cor-
 ruption 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 Buck harbour, because of sea buckies and
 shells to be found so plenty on the rocks about
 that place. There is little mention made of
 this town by historians, to know its original
 extraction and antiquities, but in their own
 surges-ticket, which was partly perfect truth,
 but more of it by way of lampoon. This ticket
 was dated the thirty-second day of the month
 of Julius Cæsar. Their coat of arms was two
 hands gripping each other over a scate's rump.
 Their oath was, ' I wish that de 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 a good morning, was to raise all the rest to go to sea; but if a very bad morning, piss and go to bed again till break of day, then raise Wise Willy, who could judge of the weather by the blawing of the wind.—Their freedoms were, to take all sorts of fish contained in their tickets, as lobsters, partons, podlies, spout-fish, sea-cats, sea-dogs, flucks, pikes, dick-podocks, and p-fi h.

Again, these people are said to have descended from one Tom and his two sons who were fishers on the coast of Norway, who in a violent storm were blown over and got ashore at Buckharbour where they settled; and the whole of his children were called Tom-sons, and soon became a little town by themselves, as few of any other name dwelt among them. This is a traditional story, handed down from one generation to another. They kept little communication with country people about them, for a farmer in those days, thought his daughter cast away, if she married one of the fishers in Bucky harbour; and on the other hand, Witty Eppie, the ale wife, wad a sworn, Be go laddie, I wad rather see my boat and a’ my three sons dadded against the Bass, or I saw ony ane o’ them married to a muck a byre’s daughter, a whin useless tappies, it can do nae-thing but rive at a tow rock, and cut a corn; they can neither bait a hook nor rade a line, houk sand, eels, nor gather perriwinkels.

Now, Wise Willy and Witty Eppie the ale wife, lived there about a hundred years ago; Eppie's chamber was their College and Court-house, where they decided controversies, and explained their wonders; for the house was like a little kirk, had four windows and a gable door; the wives got leave to flyte their fill, but fighting was prohibited as Eppie said, 'Up-hands was foui play.' Their fines was a pint o' ale, and Eppie sold it at a plack the pint. They had neither minister nor magistrate, nor a burley-bailie, to brag them wi' his tolbooth. The Lord of the Manor decided all disputable points, and Wise willie and Witty Eppie, the ale wife were the rulers of the town.

Now, Eppie had a daughter, she call'd her Lingle-tail'd Nancy, because of her feckless growth; her waist was like a twitter, had nae curpen for a creel, being Edinburgh bred, and brought up wi' her Loudin aunty, was learned to read and sew, made coarse claes, and callicoe mancoes, there was nae a scholar in the town but hersel, she read the bible, and the book of kirk sangs was newly come in fashion. Willy and Eppie told them 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 o'er again, and it told him what to say.

It happened on a day that two o' their wives near the town found a horse-shoe, and brought it home and sent for Willie to see what it was, Willie comes and looks at it; indeed co' Willie its a thing and holes in't. I kent co' they he would get a name till't. A ho, co' Willie whar did ye find it. Aneath my Lord's ain house Willie. Adeed said Willie, it's the auld moon, I ken by the holes in't, for nailing it to the list; but I wonder it she fell in Fife, for the last time it I saw her, she was hinging on her back aboon Edinburgh. A hech, co Willie we'll set her upon the highest house in the town, and we'll hae moon light o' our ain a' the days o' the year. The whole town ran to see the moon; hout tout said Witty Eppie, ye're but a' fools thegither; it's but ane o' the things it my Lord's mare wears upon her lufe.

At another time one of their wives found a hare with its legs broken, lying among her kail in the yard. She not knowing what it was, called out to her neighbours to see it. Some said it was a gentleman's cat, or my lady's lag dog, or a sheep's young kitlen, because it had sair horns, na, cried Wise Willie, it's ane o' the maukins it gentlemen's dogs worries. What will we do wiv't. Hech, co' they all, we'll sing the woor, and make fish and sauce o't to my Tatumie's parich. Na na, said Witty Eppie, better gie t to my Lord, an he'll stap an iron stick through the guts o't, an gar't

rin round about the fire till it be roasted. No, no, said Wise Willie, we'll no do that indeed; for my lord wad mak us a' dogs, an gir us rin through the couatry seekin maukins for him.

It happened on a dark winter morning, that two of their wives were going to Dysart to sell their fish; and on the road side there happened to be some tinker's ass tathered.— The poor ass seeing the two wives coming with their creels, thought it was the tinker's coming to flit or relieve him, fell a crying; the two wives threw their fish away, and run home like the very devil, and that he spoke to them, but they didna ken what he said, for it was words like a highlandman's; the whole town was in an uproar; some would go with picks and spades, and hag him in pieces, others wad go and catch him in a strong net, and then they could either hang or drown him. Na na, co' Willie, we mauua cast out wi' him at first: as he's gotten the twa burdens o' fish, he'll e'en gang his wa' an no fash us nae mair. he is o'er supple to be catch'd in a net; a' your pith will neither hang nor drowa him, and the kintry he comes frae, is a' het coals, he'll never burn; we'll gae to him in a civil manner, and see what he wants. Get out Eppie, the ale wife, and Lingle-tail'd Nancy, wi' the Bible and Psaim-book. So off they come in a croud either to kill the devil, or catch him

alive; and as they came near the piace, the ass fell a crying, which caused many of them to faint and run back. Na na co' Willie, that's nae tne de'il's words at a', its my Lords trumpeter routing on his brass whistle. Willie ventured till he saw the ass's twa lugs, now cried Willie back to the rest, come forward an' had him fast. I see his twa horns, hech sirs, he has a white beard like an auld beggar man; so they inclosed the poor ass on all sides, thinking it was the de'il, but when Wise Willie saw he had nae cloven feet, he cried out, Scarna lads, this is not the de'il, its some living beast; its neither cow nor horse. An what ist then, Willie? Indeed, co' Willie, its the father o' the maukins, t ken by its lang lugs.

Now some say this history is too satirical, but it is according to the knowledge of those times, not to say any place by ano her. The old wives will tell you yet of many such stories, of the devil appearing to their grandfathers and grandmothers, and dead wives coming back again to visit their families long after being dead. So this Buckhaven was once noted for droll exploits; but it is now become more known, and a place said to produce as hardy watermen, or sailors, of any town on the Scots coast. Yet many of the old people in it still retain the old tincture of their ancient and uncultivated speech such as Be go laddie, they are also of a fiery nature, for if you ask any of their wives where

their college stands, they'll tell you, if your nose were in their a---, your mouth would be at the door of it.

Now, it so happened, when Wise Willie turned old he took a great swelling in his wame and casting up his kail, collops, and cauld fish, that nothing could stand on his stomach, and a stout stomach he had, for crabs, heads, and scate-broth, or brose in a bridal morning, yet it fail'd him, and he fell sick; none could cure him nor tell what ail'd him, till a mountebank stage doctor came to Kircaldy, that could judge by people's piss, the trouble of their person.——

Wise Willie hearing of his fame, pissed into a bottle, and sent it away with his daughter. The bottle being uncorked his daughter spit it by the way; to conceal her sloth in so doing, she pissed in it herself, and goes on till she came to the stage doctor, when she cried out aloud Sir doctor, sir doctor, here is a bottle of my father's wash, he has a sair guts, and needs na drite ony, but spews a' he eats. Its true I tell you my dow. The doctor looks at it, then says, Its not your father's, surely it is your mother's, The de'il's itha man, said she, dinna I ken my father frae my mither. Then said he he is with child. The de'il's itha man, co' she, for my mither bare a' the bairns before, dat's no true sir; figs ye're a great liar. Hame she comes, and teil'd Willie, her father, that the doctor said he was wi' bairn. O waes me, co'

Willie, for I hae a muckle wame, an' I fear its
o'er true. O plague on ye Janet! for ye're
the father o't, an' I'm sure to die in bearing o't.

Witty Eppie was sent for, as she was a houldie;
an' she fand a' Willie's wame to be sure about it.
Indeed co' Eppie, ye're the first man e'er I saw
wi' bairn before, an' how ye'll bear it I dinna
ken, ye hae a wally wame well, I wat, but
how men bear bairns I dinna ken. But I wou'd
drink salt water, and drown it in my guts;
for if men get ance the gate o' bearing weans
themselves, they'll seek nae mair wives. So
Willie drank sea water, till his guts was like to
rive, and out he got to ease himself in the kail-
yard, and with the terrible noise of his farring,
up starts a maukin behind him, who thought it
was shot: Willie seeing her jump o'er the dike,
thought it was a child brought forth, and cries,
out Come back, my dear, and be christened,
and dinna rin to the hills to be a Pagan. So
Willie grew better every day thereafter, being
brought to bed in the kail-yard; but his daughter
was brought to bed some months after, which
was the cause of the doctor's mistake.

PART II.

Now, Wise Willie had a daughter, called Rolling Coughing Jenny, at she spoke thick, sax words at 3 times, ha'f sense, ha'f nonsense, as her own records will bear witness. She being with child, was delivered of a bonny lassie; and all the wives in the town cried out, be go laddie, its just like its ain father, Lang Sandy Fason, or Thomson, we ken be its nose; for Sandy had a great muck e red nose, like s lobster's tae, bowed at the point like a hawks neb; and Sandy himsel said it was surely his, or some other body's; but he had used a' his birr at the getting out, to try his abilities, being the first time e'er he was at sic a business before; and when he had done a' that man could do at it, he said it was nonsense; an shame fa' him, but he' wad rainer row his boat round the Bass an back agen, or he'd do the like again; for Wise Willie gade wude at the wean, an' said it had mair ill nature in't than the auldest wife about the town; for it pissed the bed and shie the bed, skirl'd like a wild cat, and kept him frae his nights rest; and the auld hags about the town ca'd him Sandy, the bairns daddy, and a' the young gillie gauky lassies held out their fingers, and cried, Ti hie, hie, Sandy, the kirk will kittle your hips for that; an after a' the bear-eyed bell-man

came bladdering about the buttock meal, summoned him and her before the haly band, a cuort that was held in the kirk on Saturday morning; and all the herd laddies round about cried, ay, ay Sandy, pay the bull siller, 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 Willie took pity on them, and gade wi' them to the kirk=court, what learned folk call the session. Jenny was first called upon and in she goes where all the haly band was convened, elders and younger deacons, and dog-payer keeping the doer, the cankardest carls that could be gotten between Dysart and Duby-side, white heads and bald heads sittin' bonnets, wi' their white headed staves and hoddien grey jockey coats about them.

Mess John says, Come away Janet, we're waiting on you here.

Min. Now Janet where was this child gotten?

Jan. A deed sir, it was gotten amang the black stanes, at the cheek o' the crab holes.

Mess Jehn stares at her not knowing the place, but some of the elders did. Then said he, O Janet, but the devil was busy with you at that time.

Jan. A by my fegs sir, that's a great lie ye're tellin' now, for the de'il was nae there,

that I saw, nor ony body else, to bid us do ae thing or anither; we lo'ed ither unco well for a lang time before that, and syne we tell'd ither an agreed to marry ither like honest folk; then might na we learn to do the thing married folk do, without the devil helping us.

Whisht, whisht, cried they, ye should be scourg'd, false loon be quiet, ye're speaking nonsense.

Jan. De de'il's in the carles, for you and your ministers is liars, when ye say it is the de'il it was helping Sandy and me to get a bairn.

Come come said they pay down the kirk dues, and come back to the stool the morn; the price is four pund, and a groat to the bell-man.

Jan. 'The auld thief speed the darth o't sir, far less might sair you and your bell-man baith. O but this be a warid indeed, when poor honest folks maun pay for makin' use of their own a---. Ye misca' the poor de'il a hint his back, an' gies him de wyte o' a' the ill in the kintry, bastard bairns and every thing; and if it be as ye say ye may thank de de'il for that four pund and a groat I have gien ye; that gars your pot play brown, and gets you jockey coats, puri-handed sarks, and white headed staves, when my father's pot wallops up rough bear and blue water.

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

Jan. The poor of the parish, said she; first a'heit ye gi'e them but wee pick'es o' pease mead didna I see't in their pocks; and the master's wife gaes naething ava to unco' beggars, but bids them gang hame to their ain parishes: and ye ye'll tak the purse frae poor folk for naething but playing the loon awec or they be married, an' syne cock them up to be looked on an' laugh'd at by every body; a de'il speed you an' your justice sir. Hute tute ye're a coming on me like a when colly dogs hunting awa' a poor ragged chapman frae the door. So ou she goes cursing and greeting. Sandy is next called upon, and in he goes.

Min. Now Sanders, you must tell us how this child was gotten.

San. A now Mess John. sir, ye hae bairn o' your ain, how did you get them. But ye are a' laddies, and mine is but a lassie, if you'd tell me how you got your laddies, I'll tell you how I got my lassie, and then we'll be baith a like good o' the business.

The minister looks at him, and says, Hute tute, Sanders, lay down four pund and a groat 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. Well here your siller sir, I hae gottet but poor penny worths fort, and so ye tell me to

repent for't; what the auld thief needs I repent, when I'm gairn to marry the woman: and then I hae to do't o'er again every day, or there'll be nae peace in the house; figs its nonsense to pay siller, repent, and did again too, a good advice indeed master minister, an' thats the way to do.

Willie. Now, sir, and you master elders, ye mauna put them on the black creepy till they be married, they've suffered enough at ae time.

Aweel, aweel, said they, but they must marry very soon.

I true, says Sandy, ye'll be wanting mair clink; foul hae't ye do for naething, here.

Hame comes Sandy, starving o' hunger; ye might a cast 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, says his mither, kirk folk are ay greedy, ye hae been with the minister all day; you'd get a guid lang grace, he might a gi'en ye meat too; filthy dog that thou is you have the bulk o' a little pye o' my leaven in your guts; it would a sair'd ane's dinner, sae wad it e'en, but an ye keep a reeking house and a rocking cradle three eleven years, as I hae done, less o' that will serve you yet, baggy beast it thou is, main it I bere thee now, a hear ye that my dow.

The next exploit was an action at law, against the good-man of Muiredge, a farmer who lived near by, that kept sheep and swine. His sheep came down and broke their yards, and ate up their kail; the wild hares they thought belonged to the same man, as they ran to his house when they were hunted. The swine came very often in about their houses, seeking fish guts and any thing they could get; so it happened, when one of the children was sitting easing itself, that one of the swine tumbled it over, and bit a piece out of its backside! The whole town rose in an uproar against grunkie, as they called her, caught her, and took her before Wise Willie. He took an axe and cut two or three inches off her long nose. Now says he, I trow I hae made thee something like another beast thou had sic a lang mouth before, it wad a frightened a very de'il to look at ye, but now ye're faced like a little horse or cow. The poor sow ran home roaring, all blood, and wanting the nose; which caused Muiredge 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 said they, Muiredge is no a good man, when he is sic an ill neighbour; he keeps black hares and white hares little wee brown backed hares wi' white arses, and loose wagging horns; they creep in at our water gush holes, and does the like. When we cry, Pussie, pussie, they rin hame to Muiredge.

ut I'll gar my colley had them by the fit an I'll
 ad them by the horn, an pu' the hair aff them,
 and send 'em hame wanting the skin, as wi'
 owen Tammy's wee Sandy, for codin o' his
 ease, he took aff the poor laddies coat, and sae
 ed he e'en. And Willie said, If ye were a sow
 y Lord, and me sitting driting, and you to bite
 y arse, sudna I hae amends of you for that!
 ed my Lord you wadna hae a bit out of your
 se for twenty merks; ye maun e'en gar Muir-
 lge gi'e ten merks to buy a plaster, to heal the
 per bit weans arse again.

Well said, Willie, says my Lord; but who
 uts on the sow's nose again.

A fegs my Lord, said Willie, she's honest
 ke wantin' it, and she'll bite nae mair arses;
 an ye had hane a nose my Lord, as lang as the
 ow had, ye'd been obliged to ony body it wad
 ut a piece aff't.

A gentleman coming past near their town,
 asked one of their wives where their college
 pod? Said she, Gie me a shilling; an I'll let you
 ee baith sides o't. He gives her the shilling,
 ninking to see something curious. Now says
 ne, there's the one side of your shilling, and
 here's the other; so it's mine now.

Now Wise Willie being greatly admired
 or his just judgment in cutting off the sows nose
 y Lord, in a mocking manner, made him burly
 ailie of Buckhaven; 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.

PART II.

There happened one day a running horse
to be standing at one of their doors, and a child
going about, the horse tramped upon 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 horse, filthy barbarian brute it
t'ou is, settin' a muckle iron lufe on my bairns
wee fittie. Od sir, I'll rive the hair out o'
your head, gripping the horse by the mane and
the twa lugs, cuffing his chaffs, as he had been
her fellow-creature, crying Bego laddie, I'll gar
you as good, I'll tak you afore Wise Willie the
baillie, an he'll cut aff your hand wi' de iron lufe
an ye'll be cripple, an gang thro' the kintry in
a barrow, or on twa shule staves, iike Rab the
Randy, and a meal pock about your neck.--
Her neighbour hearing and seeing what pass'd,
cries, O yon fool taupy, what gars you speak
that gate till a horse, he di na ken ae word
that ye're saying to him.

When Long Sandy and Rolling Coughing
Jenny were married, their wedding took up
three days and two nights. My Lord, and my

lady, with several other ladies and gentlemen attended for diversions sake. The piper of Kircaldy and the fidler of Kinghorn were both bidden by Wise Willie, the bride's father; and if any more came to play unbidden, Willie swore they should sit unsair'd, for these twa sud get the de sillier dat was to be gi'en or win. That day the dinner and dorter-meat sat in Eppie's College, and the dancing stood in twa rings before the door; and the first day the dunting and dangling of their heels dang down the sea-yeke; some stumbled in, and some held by the tones, the fidler fell in o'er the lugs, and druckit his fiddle, the strings gade out o' order, and the tripes turn'd saft like pudding skins; so the piper had to do for a', and the fidler had naething to do but to sup kail and pick banes wi' the rest of them. Now, my Lords cook was to order the kettle, but lang Pate o' the Pans play'd a sad prat, by casting twa pound of candle among the tail, which made them so fat that some could not sup them, and the candle wicks come ay into their cutties like souters lingies in the dishes, but some, wi' stronger stomachs, stripped them through their teeth like rats tails, and said, mony ane wad be blythe o' sic a string to tie up their hose in a pinch. My lord and the gentry, Mess John and the Clerk, were all placed at the head of the table, opposite the bride, but would sup none of the candle kail. Willie and the bridegroom served the table, and cried, sup an a sorrow to ye, for I ne'er liked sour

kail about my house. When the flesh came the bride got a ram's rumple to pick. She takit it up and wags it at my Lord, saying, Ti-hie my Lord, what an a piece is this? Oh, said my Lord, that's the tail piece, it belongs to your bride. It's no mine, I never had the like o't, it's a fish tail, see as it wags but its a bit o' some 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's a reason for dat too. I hae scabbed hands. O said he, I cannot believe you. She pulled off a part of the glove. and shewed him. O yes said he, I see it is so. Aha. said she, but I wish ye saw my a---e, my Lord, its a in ae hotter. O fy, William, said my Lord, I wonder you don't teach your daughter to speak with more modesty. By my sae my Lord, ye may as well kiss her a--e. I find so, said my Lord, but it is for want of a teacher.

The next dish that was set 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 dip my fowl arse amang your sauce! Upon my word, said my Lord, I will not if it be as ye teil me. Hute my Lord, said the bride, its no my arse, its but de hen's that I mean. O but said he, its the fashion for every one to eat off their own trencher, you may get more sauce, I can manage my own myself. Indeed my Lord said she I thought you like me better

nor ony ither body. True said he, but I like you should not speak ill of my lady for she hears myself best. Deed my Lord, I think ye're the best body about the house, for your Lady's but a stinkin' pridefu' jade, she thinks that we sud make de fish and de haddies a' alike; be-go my Lord she thinks we can shape them as de hen does her egg wi' her arse. O bride says he, you should not speak ill of my lady, for she hears you very well. O deed my Lord I had nae mind o' dat. Drink to me, then, said he, for them you like best. Then says she here's to ye a' de gidder heels o'er head. Very well said, says my Lord, that's good sense.

Dinner being over, my Lord desired the bride to dance. Indeed my Lord, said she, I canna dance ony, but I'll gar my wame wallop fornent yours, and then we'll rin round about as fast's we can. Very well bride said he, that will just do; we shall neither kiss nor shake hands, but I'll bow to thee, and ye'll beck to me, so we'll have done. So after the dinner and dancing, my lord exhorted the bride to be a good neighbor, and 'gree with every body around about. I wat weel my lord, said she, ye ken I ne'er cast out wi' ony one but lang Pate o' the Pans, an he had a de wyte o' t; he began and was ay jeering me about Sandy, de black stanes and de crab holes where de wean was gotten; and then it turned to a hubbub an cullyshangy, and or ere you could kiss my arse,

my lord, we was aboon iither on the mussel midden. I trow I tell'd him o' Randy Rab, his unqle, his ain titty, it steal d de sarks and drank de siller, and how his mither sal d mauky-mutton an mair than a' that, my Lord.

My Lord had a friend, a captain in the army, who came to visit him, and having heard of the Buckers sayings and exploits, was desirous to see them. My Lord, to put them in a fright, sent his servant to order them, all men and women, to come up before his gate to-morrow 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 town in a terrible consternation; some ran to Wise Willie to see if he could tell what it meant. Willie said, that it was before something; and he said he was sure death was the worst o't, come what will. But Witty Eppie said I ken well what's to come, he's gaun to make de men o's a' soldiers, and the wives dragoons, because they're the best fighters; I ken there's something to come on the town, for our Nancy saw Maggy's ghaist the streen, it was buried about four weeks sinsyne. A hech, co' Willie, that's a sign the meal is dear in the iither warld, when she comes back to this ane again; we'll tak our dinner afore we gae to my Lord, we'll may be ne'er come back again. So away they went, lamenting, all in a crowd. My Lord and the Captain was looking over the window when they arrived; and the Captain

ies to them, To the right about. To which they answer'd, O bless you, my Lord, what is that man sayin? Says my Lord, he bids you turn your faces to Maggy's hill, and your a—s to the sea; which they did in all haste. An, what will we do now? said Willie. No more, said my Lord, but go all home Willie. O my dow! ly blessing come on your bozny face, my lord, I wish you may never die, nor ever grow cack, nor nae body fell you, ye are the best man a' the world, for we thought a to be dead men or sodgers, ye're wiser than a' the witches in the coast of Fife, or in a' the world.

There was a custom in Bucky harbour, when they got a hearty drink, that they went down to dance among the boats; and two or three of the oldest went into a boat to see the best dance. And when they admitted a burgher, there was always a dance. One day they admitted gly'd Rob, who was a warlike, and made them a'l to stop their dancing; for which he was carried before Wise Willie, to answer for this his crime; for which he was banished to the isle of May, at the mouth of the Frith of Forth, to carry coals to the Light House.

The Bucky lads and lasses, when they go to gather bait, tell strange stories, about ghosts, witches, Willie wi' the wisp, and the Kelpy, fairies, maukins, and bogles of all sorts. They think the ghosts go all night. like auld horses,

for fear of being seen, and be made to carry skate fish, and dulce. They think witches are the worst kind of devils, and make use of cats to ride upon, or kail kebbers and besom shafts; and that they sail over the sea in cockle shells, and bewitches lads and lasses and disables bridegrooms. They think Willie and the Wisp is a fiery devil, and lead people off their road to drown them in the sea. They think Kelpy is a fly devil and roars before a loss at sea. And they believe that the Fairies lift new born bairns from their mothers, and that none of them are safe to lie with their mothers for a night or two after they are born, unless the mother get a pair of men's breeches under their head, which sets the fairies adrift. But if they neglect to do this, they say the fairies will carry off the child, and leave a block of wood with the mother.

FINIS.