

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN

H I S T O R Y

OF

B U C K - H A V E N

IN

F I F E - S H I R E .

Wherein is contained

The antiquities of their old dress. The Bucky-boat, with the flag of a green tree; with their dancing, Willy and his trully rappier. Their Burges's Ticket with a view of their new college; the noted sayings and exploits of Wife Willy in the Brae, Witty Eppie the ale-wife, and Lingle-tail'd Nancy.

By MERRY ANDREW at TAMT ALLAN.



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 strick search for that set of sea robbers, they dispersed; what of them escaped justice in the southren 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 Buck-haven, 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 fisher's 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 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 these 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 buogels-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 temple their oath was, "I wish the de il may tak me an I binna an honest man to you an ye binna de ke 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 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 conē

tained in their tickers, viz. lobsters, partans, podles, spout-fish, sea-cats, sea-dogs, flukes, pikes, dike-paddock, 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 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 awa', if she married one of the fishers in Bucky-harbour, and Witty Eppie the ale wife, had a sworn



Le go, laddie, I had rather see my boat, and a' my

three sons daret against the Bafs or I faw ony ane o^r them married on a milk a byre's daughter, a wheen uselefs taupies than 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 and witty Eppie the ale-wife lived there about an hundred years ago. Eppie's chamber was their college and court house, where they decid-ed their controversies, and 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 piack the pint, they had neither minister nor magistrate, nor yet a turly 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 nae curpen for a creel being Embruch bred, and brought up wi' her lowdin aunty, was learned to read and sew, made corse cloiths and callico mutches, there wasna a scholar in the towk but hersel, she read the Bible, and the book of Kirk-sangs, which was newly come in fashion, Willy and Eppie tell'd 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? anaith my Lord's ain house; Willy, Adeed, said Willy, 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 I saw her, she was hinging on her back aboon Embruch; a hech co' Willy, we'll hae her set up on the highest house in the town, and we'll hae moon-light o' our a' ain the days o' the year.

THE NEW COLLEGE.

The whole town
 rant to see the moon
 Hout tout, cried
 Witty Eppie, ye're
 a' fools together. it
 is but an o' the
 things that my
 Lord's mare wear

on her lufe.

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 soft horns: Na, na, cried wife Willy, it's ane o' the maukins, that gentlemen's dogs worries. What will you do wi't? Haith 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 stap an iron stick thro, the guts o't and gar't rin round afore the fire till it be roasted: Na, ná said wise Willy, we'll ro do that indeed for my Lord would mak us a' dogs, 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, and 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 horned 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 manna cast out wir him at the first as he's gotten the twa burden o fish, he'll ables gang' Lis wa' an' no fash uae mair; he's o'er stuple to be

catch'd in a net, a' your pith will neither hang nor drown him, and the country he comes frae is a' hot 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 lingle tail'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 afs fell a crying, which caused many of them to faint and run back: Na, na, co' Willy, that's no the deil's words ava, it's my Lord's trumpeter, touting on his brass whistle, Will ventured till he saw the afs's twa lugs, now, cried Willy back to the rest, Come forward and had him fast, I see his twa horns, hech sirs, he has a white beard like an auld beggar man, so they enclosed the poor afs on all sides, thinking it was the deil, but when Wise Willy saw he had nae cloven feet, he cried out, F'earna, lads, this is no the de'il, it's some living beast, 'tis neither a cow nor 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 satyrical a history, but it's according to the knowledge of those times, not to say 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 Buck haven 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 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.

Now it happen'd when Wife Willy turn'd 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 and none could cure him or tell what ail'd him, till a mountebank stage doctor, came to Kircaldy. that could judge by people's piss the troubles of their person, and 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, fir dochter, fir dochter, here is a bottle o' my father's wash, he has a sair guts, never needs to drite eny, 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 it's 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 fir a figs ye're a great liar, home she came, an tell'd Willy her father that the doctor said he was wi' bairn. O waes 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 and fand a Willy's wame to be sure about it, indeed 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 wally wame weel I wat but how men bear bairns I never saw them yet, but I wou'd drink sa't water an drown't in my guts for an men get anes the gait o' bearing weans, they'll seek nae mair wives, so Willy drank sea water till his guts was like to rive, an out he goes to ease himself amang the kail, and wi' the terrible hurl of farting, up starts a mauken be-

hind him, thinking she was flit, Willy sees her jumping o'er the dyke, 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.

P A R T II.

NOW wife Willy had a daughter, called Rolloch-
ing Jenny because she spoke thich, six words at
three times, half sense and half nonsense, as her
own words and actions will bear witness. She be-
ing with child, was brought to bed of a bonny lass
bairn: and a' the wives in the town cried Be-
loddie, its 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's tae bowed at
the at the point like a hawk's neb, and Sandy him-
self said, it was surely his or some ither body's. but
he had used a his birr at the getting o't. to sey his
ability, being the first time e'er he w s at sic a busi-
ness before, and when he had done a' that man cou'd
do at it said. it was nonsense, and shamefa' him, but
he wad rather ro 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 pa-
ture in't, nor the auldest wife about the town, it
piss'd the bed, and shite the bed, skirl'd like a wild
cat, and keep him frae his night's rest; and a' the
auld hags about th 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 bleir cie'd bell-man, ca'ae blad.

ering about the buttock-mail, summoned him and
er before the hally hand, a court that is held in the
kirk on Sunday morning; and a' the ill bred laddies.
ound about, cried, Ay, ay, Sandy, pay the bill-
ller, or we'll cut the cow's tail awa, so poor San-
y suffered sadly in the flesh, besides the penalty and
kirk pe'ance.

But wife 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 hally-band were convened, eld-
ers and youngers, deacons and dog payers keeping
the door, the cankeredest carles that could be gotten
between Dyfart and Dubby side, white heads and
bald heads sitting wanting bonnets, wi' their white
headed staves, and hodding grey jockey coats about
them

Mefs John says, Come away Jannet, we're a'
waiting on you here,

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

Jan. A deed s'ir it was gotten amang the black
stones, at the ckeck o' the crab holes.

Mefs 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 that time.

Jan. A by my figs s'ir, that's a great lie ye're tel-
ling now, for the de'il wafna thereabout, it I saw,
nor nae body else, to bid us do either ae thing or a-
nither, we loo'd ither unco weel for a lang time be-
fore 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.

Whicst, whicst cried they, you should be scourged
saufe loon quean it thou is, ye're speaking nonsense,

Jan. De de'ls i' de carles, for you and your minister is liars, when ye say that de de'il was helpin' 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 bell man.

Jan. The auld thief speed the dearth o't, stir, 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 ay de poor deil ahint his back, and gie him de wyte o' a' de ill its dune in the kintry, bastard bairns and every thing, and if it be as you say, ye may thank de deil for that gude four pound and de groat I ha'e gi'en you, that gars your pots boil brown and get jockey coats, purl handed farks, 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 fint hait ye gie them but wee pickles o' pease meal, didna I see't in their pocks. and de minister's wife gies naething awa to unco beggars, but bids them gang hame to their ain parish, and yet ye'll tak te purse frae poor souks for naething but playing the lown a wee or they be married, and sync cocks them up to be looked on and laught at by every body a deil speed you and your justice stir; hute, tute, ye are a coming on me now like a when colly dogs, hunting awa a poor ragget chapman frae the door, and out she comes, cursing and greeting: Sandy's next called upon, and in he goes.

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

San. A vow, Mese John, stir, ye hae 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, an then we'll be baith alike good at the business.

The minister looks at him, hute, tute, Sanders, lay down four pound 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. Then there's your filler stir, I've gotten poor penny-worths 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, figs its nonsense to pay filler, repent and do't again too, a fine advice indeed master minister, and that is how ye live.

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

A well, a well, said they, but they must 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 paise bannocks, up he gets a lump of her laven 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 l ne grace he might a given the meat thou filthy dog that tu is, thou hast the bulk of a little whalpie o' my leaven in your guts, it wada been four good bannocks and a skone, and a saird our Sunday's dinner, sae wad it een, but an ye keep a reeking house an a rocking cradle three eeven years- as I hae done less o' that will fair yet baggity beast it tu is, mair tha (I bore thee now) hearye that my dow.

The next exploit was an action at law against the goodman of Muir edge, a farmer who 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 fish guts or ony thing they could get. so it happend that one of their children, sitting easing itself, one of the swine tumbles it over, and bits a piece out of the child's backside; the whole to an rose in an uproar, and after Grunkie as they called her, they catched her, and took her before wife Willy: Willy taks an ax and cuts two or three inches off her long nose, now says Willy, I trow I have made the something Christian like, thou had sic a long mouth and nose before, it wad a frighted a very de'il to look at ye; but now ye're fac'd like a little horse or cow; the poor fow ran home roaring all blood and wanting the nose' which caus'd Muir-edge to warn them in before my Lord; so

the wives that had their kail eaten, appeared first in the court, complaining against Muir edge. Indeed, my Lord, Muir-edge is no a good man when he sic an ill neighbour, he keeps black hares and white hares little wee brown backed haers w^t white arses, and loofe wagging horns, de muckle anes louns o'er the dyke and eats a^d de kail and de little anes wi^t de wagging horns creeps in at our water gush-holes an^d does de like, when we cry pisue they rin awa^t hame to Muir-edge, but I'll gar my colly haud^tem by de fit, and I'll haud 'em by de horn, and pu^t a^d de hair aff 'em^t and fend him hame wanting de skin as he did wi^t Sowen Tammy's wee Sandy for-codding o' his pease, he took de poor laddies coat, a fae 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 sitting d——g, and you to bite my arse sudna I tak amends o' yon for that? Od my Lord ye wadna hae sic a bit out o' your arse for twenty merks ye maun just 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 agin? A fi's my Lord, said Willy, she's honeste like wanting it, and she'll bite nae mair arses wi^t 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 other and the tis mine now

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 Thums the weaver, was dean of guild, but Witty Eppie had at the calling 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 'ou is setting your muckle iron lufe on my bairns wee fittie

ed sir, I'll rive the hair out o' your head gripping the horse by the mane and the twa lugs, cuffing his chafts as if he had been her fellow creature, crying, be go-liddie, 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 kinty on a barrow, or on twa shule staffs like Rob the Randy, an' a meal pock about your neck: Her neighbour-wife hearing and seeing what past, cried, A you fool taupy, what gars you say dat a horse was born o' a woman, do ye think that a 'orse has a fedder or a midder like you or me, or ony body about; a what way do they come to the warldan? A ye fool taupy divna they whalp like the lousies at auld horse hobbles on anither anes back, and da

whalps a young 'orse; Gosh woman it wad be illfar d
 o see a woman sitting wi' a young 'orse on her knee
 lighting it's arse and gi'en it the pap.

The next occasion was lang Sardy and Rólioching
 enny's wedding, which held threedays and twanights,
 by landlord and my lady, with several gentlemen and
 ladies attended for eiverfion's sake, the piper of Kirk-
 caldy and 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
 anfair'd, for these twa should get a' the filler that was
 to be gi'en that day, the dinner and dórder meat sat
 flood in twa

dancing

dangling of their heels, dang down a' the sea
 some tumbled in, and some held by the stanes,
 fiddler fell o'er the lugs and druket a' his fiddle,
 rings gied out of order, and the tripes turn'd
 ke pudding skins, so the bag pipe had to do for
 d the fiddler got nought to do but sup kail, and
 canes wi' the rest of them.

Now my Lord's cook was to order the kettle, but

Pate of the Panns playd a sad prat, casting in twa pound of candles among the kail, which made them so fat, that some could not sup them, for the candle wicks came into thir catties like futter'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 hose wi' in a pinch; my Lord and the Gentry, Mess John and the clerk were all placed at the head of the table, opposite to the bride, but would sup none of the canale kail. Wife Willy and the bridegroom served the table, and cried, sup and a sorrow to you, for I never likd four 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 Lord; 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 hir it now; but how come you to eat with your gloves on? Indeed my Lord, there is a reason for dat, I hae 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 wish 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 rather, you do not teach your daughter to speak otherwise. be my fae, my Lord, ye may as soon kiss her a— as par 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 dip my fowlarse amang your sauce! Upon my word, and

that I will not, said he, if it be as you tell'd me; out my Lord, it's no my arse, its but de hen's I mean; O but, said he bride, its the fashion to every one to eat off their own trencher; you may get more fauce, 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-u' jade, she thinks that we sud mak the fish a' alike, we 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, fer 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' de 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 fornent 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.

Now, after dinner and dancing, my Lord exhorted the bride to be a good neighbour, and to agree well wi' every body round about; I wat well my Lord, ye ken I never cast out wi' nae body, but lang Pate o' the Pans, as he was a de wyte o't, it began wi' a hiertieing, and jamphing me about Sandy, de black-stanes and de crab holes, where de wean was gotten, and then it turn'd to a hub bub and 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 feif titty it steal'd de fark

and drank de filler and how his midder fell'd maik
mutton, an' mair nor a' that, a fae did I een, my Lord

My Lord had a friend of his own, who was a cap-



tain in the army, who
came to visit him, an
hearing of the Bucke
sayings and exploits, wa
desirous to put them i
a fright, sent his servan
and ordered them, bod
men and women, to

come up before his gate directly the morn about kail
time, and a' that did not come was to flit and remove
out of my Lord's ground directly, this put the whole
of them in great terror, some ran to Wife Willy to
know what it mean'd, Willy said it was before some-
thing, and he was sure that death would be the warf-
o't, come what will; but witty Eppie said, I ken
weel what's to come, he's gain to make the men o'
us sodgers and de wives dragoons, because we're de
best fighters: I ken there is something to come on
de town, for our Nanay saw Maggy's gaist the streer
it was buried four ooks syne, a hech co' Willy, that's
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 bless you my Lord, what
does dat man say? Then said my Lord, turn your
face to Maggy-mill-heads, 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 away
home Willy; O my bows, O my blessing come o'er
your bonny face my Lord, I wish you may never die

ye yet grow sick, nor naebody kill you; ye're the
 Lord I ken on earth, for we thought a' to be
 the dead men and fagers, ye're wiler than a' the
 stiches in Fife.

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

boat several time and put them in great terror, some
 cried, O 'tis i' the air, and then they cried they saw
 him i' the air hinging, 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 banish'd for a slave to the May, to carry coals he would not take with him, on account he had but an ae aye. After that there was no more dancing and admitting of burgers; but the old usual way of scattering 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, Gardy-Tib says, 'tis a man driving a big mauken. Tib flang her creel and fish away, the other three ran 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 ass) driving the auld mauken. The fishers look on all maukens to be devils and witches, and if they but see a sight of a dead maukin, it sets them a trembling. The aither lasses look with disdain on a farmer's daughter, and a' country lasses, they call them muck-byers and sherney-tail, jades.


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

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

The Ghoits, 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 warst kind of devils, and mak use of cats to ride upon, or kill-kebbers, and besoms, and sail ova 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 out feet, and then turns before with his candle, as if he were twa or three mile before us, many a good boat has Spunkie drown'd; the boats coming to land in the night-time, they observe a light off the land, and set in upon it and drownit.

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 fouckslums, and rin through the houses they haunt, and play odd trick, and lift now-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 men's 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 lift 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 boggles both by land and sea.



Muffel-Mou'd Harrie, 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 off. He assumed a head dress as he had been a devil, and went and play'd his tricks in the night time, which frightened the whole town until the time he was caught by my Lord's piper. He was then sent for to the minister, and was obliged to put on his frightful dress 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 frightened his own town, but that he frightened the whole parish, by telling them to repent or be d——d, this is your gate o't stir; for I made them repent 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.

F I N I S.