

25
THE ANCIENT AND MODERN

H I S T O R Y
O F
BUCK-HAVEN
I N
F I F E - S H I R E.

WHEREIN IS CONTAINED,

The Antiquities of their old Dress. The Bucky-boat, with a flag of a green tree; with their dancing, Willy and his trusty rapper. Their Burgefs Ticket, with a view of their new College: the noted sayings and exploits of Wise Willy in the Brae, Witty Eppie the ale-wife, and Lingle-tail'd Nancy.

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THE
HISTORY
OF
BUCK-HAVEN.

Amongst several ancient records, this Bucky is not mentioned; there was a set called Buccaniers, 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 northward 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 is now named boxing or fighting. Another party of these Buckers, settled in another town northward of 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 shift 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 snails to be found so plenty 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 burgessticket, 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 rump, 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 a good morning, was to raise all the rest to go to sea, but if a bad morning, they piss and lie down again till break of day then raise Wise Willy, who could judge the weather by the blowing of the wind.



Their freedoms were to take all kinds of fish contained in their tickets, viz, lobsters, partans, podles, spout-fish, sea-cats, sea-dogs, flukes, pikes, dike-padocks, 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 ashore 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 of any other name dwelt among 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, wad a sworn be-go' lad-



die, I wad rather see my boat and a' my three sons dadet against the Bass, or I saw ony ane o' them married, on a muck-a-byre's daughter, a when useles taupies, that can do naething but rive at a

row rock, and cut corn; they can neither bait a hook nor red 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 decided 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 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 nae curpen for a creel, being Embruch bred, and brought up wi' her Lowdin aunty, was learned to read and sew, made corse-claiths and callico-mutches, there wasna a scholar in the town 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

dores 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 hame, 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 til't, aha, co' Willy, but whair did you find it? aneath my Lords ain house, Willy. Aceed, said Willy, its 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

THE NEW COLLEGE.



ain a' the days o' the year. 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 it my Lord's mare wears upo' 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 kirlen, because it had fast horns; Na, na, cry'd Wife Willy, it's ane o' the maukens, that gentleman's dogs worrie. What will you do wi't? haith co' Maggy, I'll singe the woo' aff't, and mak

fish and sauce o't to my Tammy's parrich: No, no, said Witty Eppie, better gie't to my Lord, and he'd 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 wad mak us a' dogs, an 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 tedder'd, and the poor a's seeing



the wives coming 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 horn'd de'il, an that he had spoken to them, and cried after them, but they did not ken what he said, for it was worse word than a Highlandman's. The whole town was in an uproar, some would go with picks and spades and hag him a' in pieces, others wad gang and catch him in a strong net, and then they could either hang or drown him. Na, na, co' Wife Willy, we manna cast out wi' him at the first, as he's gotten the twa burden o' fish, he'll ables gang his wa' and no fash, nae mair, he's o'er souple to be catch'd in a net, a' your pith 'ill neither hang him nor drown him, an' the kintry he comes fr, he

is a' bet coals, he'll never burn; we'll go 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 the Saum-book: so aff they came in a croud, either to kill the de'il or catch him alive, and as they came near the place, the afs fell a crying, which caus'd 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 brais whistle, Willy ventured till he saw the afs's twa lugs, now, cried Willy back to the rest, come forward and haud 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 de'il: but when Wife Willy saw he had nœ cloven feet, he cried out, Fearn' 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 satirical a history, but it is 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 Bucky-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 or 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, ald 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 happened, when Wife Willy turnee

BUCK-HAVEN IN FIFE-SHIRE.

old he took a great swelling in his wame, and casting up o' his kail, collups 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 Kirk-caldy, that could judge by people's water, 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, Sir Dochter, Sir Dochter, here is a bottle o' my father's wash, he has a fair guts, never needs to drite ony, he spues a' he eats, 'tis true I tell you my dow; the doctor looks at it, and says, It is not your father's, surely it is your mother's; a de'il's i' the man, co' she, divva I ken my father by my mither? Then, said he, he is with child: A de'il's i' the man co' she, for my mother bore a' de bairns before, dats no true sir, a figs ye're a great liar, home she came, and tell'd Willy her father, that the doctor said he was wi' bairn. O waes me, co' Willy, for I hae a muckle wame, and I fear it's o'er true, O plague on you Janet, far 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 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 pever saw them yet, but I would drink salt water and drown't in my guts, for an men get anes the gate o' bearing weans themfells, they'll seek nae mae wives: so Willy drank sea-water till his guts was like to rive, and out he goes to ease himself among the

kail, and with the terrible hurl of farting, up start a maucken behind 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.

P A R T 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-go-laddie, its just like its ain daddy, lang Sandy Tason (or Thomson) we ken by its nose: for Sandy had a great muckle red nose like a lobster-tae, bowed at the point like a hawk's neb, and Sandy himself said, that it was surely his or someither 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 was at sic a business before, and when he had done a' that man could do at it, said, it was nonsense and shamesa' 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, than the auldest wife about the town, it piss'd the bed, and shate the bed, skir'd like a wil-cat, and kept him frae his night's rest; and a' the auld hags about the town, ca'd him Sandy de bairn's daddy and a' the young gilly-gawkie lasses, held out their singets, and cried, Tie, hic, Sandy, the kirk will stittle your hips for you yet.

And after a', the bleir-ein'd bell-man came bladdering about the buttock-mail, summoned him and her before the hally-band, a court that held in the kirk on Saturday morning; and a' the bred ladies round about, cried, Ay, ay, Sandy, pay the bill-filler, or we'll cut the cow's tail awa', so poor Sandy suffered sadly in the flesh, besides the penalty and kirk-penance.

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 conveened, elders and youngers, deacons, and dog-payers keeping the door, the cankerdest Carles that could be gotten between Dyfart and Dubby-side, white heads and bald heads sitting wanting bonnets, wi' their white headed staves and hodden-grey jockey-coats about them.

Mefs John says, Come away 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 stanes, at the cheek 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 was busy with you at that time.

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

Whist, whist, cried they, you should be scourged, fause loon quean it thou is, ye're speaking nonsense.

Jan. The de'il's i' the carles, for you and your minister is liars; when ye say it de de'il was helping Sandy and me to get the bairn.

Come, come, say 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 sir, for less might fair you and your bell-man baith, O but this be a hard world indeed, when poor honest fouk maun pay for making use o' their ain a—, ye misca' ay de poor de'il a-hint his back, and gie him de wyte o' a' de ill it's done in the kintry, baltard barns and every thing, and if it be sae as ye say, ye may thank de de'il for that gude four pund and de groat I hae gi'en you, that gars your pots boil brown, and get jockey-coats, purl-handed farkes and white-headed slaves, when my father's pot wallops up rough bear and blue water.

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

Jan. The poor o' the parish, said she, and that's the way o't, a fint hate ye gie them but wee pickles o' pease-meal, didna I see't in their pocks, and the minister's wife gie's naething ava to unco beggars, but, bids them gang hame to their ain parish, an yet ye'll tak de purse frae poor fouks, for naething but playing the lown awee or they be married, and syne cocks them up to be looked on and laught at by every body, a de'il speed you and your justice sir; 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 Saunders, you maun tell us how this child was gotten?

San. A wow, Mefs John sir, you hae bairns o' your ain, how did you get them? but yours is

2' laddies, and mine is but a lassie, if you'll tell me how ye got your laddie, I'll tell you how I got my lassie, and then we'll be baith alike good o' the business.

The minister looks at him, hute, tute, Saunders, 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. Then there is your filler stir, I hae gotten but 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 it's 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 creepy till they be married; they 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 filler, fule hate ye'll 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 lamp 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 gi'en you meat thou filthy dog it tu is, thou hast the bulk of a little whalpie o' ny leaven in your guts, it wada been four good bannocks and a scone, and a fair'd our Sunday's dinner, sae wad it een, but an ye keep a reeking house and a rocking cradle three eleven years as I hae done, less o' that will fair ye yet, baggity beast

it tu is, mair it I bore thee now, a hear ye 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 into their 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 and ony thing they cou'd get, so it happened 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 Wise Willy: Willy takes an ax 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 frichted a very de'il to look at ye; but now ye're fac'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 who 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's sick an ill neighbour, he keeps black hares and white hares, little wee brown backed hares wi' white arses, and loose wagging horns, de muckle

nes loaps o'er the dyke and eats a de kail, and de little anes wi' de wagging horns, creeps in at our water gush-holes, and does the like, when we cry 'silue, they ran awa hame to Muir-edge, but I'll gar my colly hand 'em by the fit, and I'll haud 'em by the horn; an pu' a' de hair aff 'em, and send 'em hame wanting the skin, as he did wi' Sown Cammy's wi' Sandy, for coddin' o' his pease, he took aff 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' you for that? Od my Lord, ye wadna hae sic a bite out 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, says my Lord, but who puts on the sow's nose again? A figs my lord, said Willy, she's honest-ke wanting it; and she'll bite nae mair arses wi't, and gin ye had hane a nose, my Lord, as lang as the sow had, ye'd been obliged to ony body it wad cut a piece aft.

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

PART III.

NOW Wife Willy was so admired for his just judgement in cutting off the sow's nose, that my Lord in a mocking manner, made him curly-bailie of Bucky-hine. Lang Sandy was proffost, and John Thrums, the weaver, was dean of

guild, but Wirty 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 o' a woman, filthy barbarian bruit it t'ou is, setting your muckle iron lufe on my



bairn's wee-fittie, od stir, I'll rive the hair out o' your head, gripping the horse by the mane and the twa lugs, cuffing his chafis 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 will cut aff your hand wi' de iron lufe, and dan you will be cripple, and gang thro' the kintry on a barrow, or on twa shule-staffs like Rab the Randy, an a meal-pock about your neck; Her neighbour wife hearing and seeing what past, cried, A ye fool taupy, what gars you say that a 'orse was born o' a woman, do you think dat a 'orse has a fadder or a midder like you or me, or ony ither body about; a what way do they come to the world dan? A ye fool taupy, divna they whalp like the horses, ae auld 'orse hobbles on anither anes back, and dat whalps a young 'orse: Gosh woman, it wad be ill-far'd to see a women

sitting wi' a young 'orse on her knee, dighting its
 arse, and gien it de pap.

The next occasion was Lang Sandy, and Ro-
 loching Jenny's wedding; which held three days
 and twa nights, my Lord and my Lady, with se-
 veral gentlemen and ladies, attended for diversion's
 sake, the piper of Kirkcaldy and the fidler of King-
 horn, were both bidden by Wife Willy the bride's
 father, and if ony mae came to play unbidden,
 Wife Willy swore they should sit unfair'd, for
 these twa should get a' the siller that was to be
 gien or won that day, the dinner and dorder-meat
 at a' in Eppie's college, and the dancing stood in



twa rings before the door, and the first day with
 lunting and dangling of their heels, dang down
 the sea-dyke, some tumbled in and some held by
 the stanes, the fidler fell o'er the lugs an drouket
 ' his fiddle, the strings gade out of order, and the
 pipes turned saft like pudding stans, so the bag-
 pipe had to do for a', and the fidler got nought to
 do but sup kail, and pike banes wi' the rest o' them.

Now my Lord's cook was to order the kettle,
 but Pate o' the Pans play'd a sad prat, by casting

in twa pounds of candle among the kail, which made them fat, for some could not sup them, for the candle wicks came ay into their cutties like futter's lingles in the dish, but some wi' stronger stomachs, stripped them thro' their teeth like ratton tails, an 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 candle kail. Wife Willy and the Bridegroom served the table, and cried, Sup and 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 hie, my Lord, what an a plece is dat? O, said he, bride, 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 hit 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 o' her gloves, and shews him; O yes, said he, I see it is so; Aha, but 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 maid'n; I wonder, said he to Wife Willy her father, you do not teach your daughter to speak otherwise. A be my fae, 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 dip my fowl arse, amang your sauce? Upon my word, and that I will not, said he, if it be as

you tell'd me; hout my Lord, its no my arse, its
 at de hen's I mean; O but, said he, bride, its
 e fashion to every one to eat off their own tren-
 ner; you may get more sauce, I can manage all
 fine myself; indeed, my Lord; I thought ye liket
 e better than ony body; O but, said he, I love
 yself better than you, bride; Deed my Lord, I
 ink ye're the best body about the house, for your
 ady's but a sinking pridefu' jade, she thinks that
 e sud mak the fish a' alike, be-go, my Lord, she
 inks we sud mak the haddies a' like herrin, and
 at we can shape them as the hens do their eggs
 i' deir arse. O bride, said he, you should not
 eak ill of my Lady; for she hears you very well:
 deed my Lord, I had nae mind o' that, a well
 en, said he, drink to me, or them ye like best;
 en here's to you a' de gither, arse o'er head.
 ery well said, says my Lord, that's good sence or
 mething like it.

Dinner being over, my Lord desired the bride to
 ance; Indeed, my Lord, I canna dance ony, but
 I gar my wame wallop fornent yours, and then
 a round about as fast as ye can; very well, said
 e, bride, that will just do, we shall neither kiss
 or shake hands, but I'll bow to you, and ye'll
 eck to me, and so we'll have doue.

Now, after dinner and dancing, my Lord ex-
 orted the bride to be a good neighbour, and to
 ee well, wi' every body round about, I wat well
 y Lord, ye ken I did never cast out wi' nae body
 at lang Pate o' de Pans, an' he was a' de wyte
 ; it began wi' a hiertieing, and a jamffing me
 out Sandy, de black-stanes and de crab-holes,
 here de wean was gotten, and then it turn'd to
 hub-bub and colly-shangy, an or e'er ye wad
 d kiss my a—, my Lord, we were aboon i' ther on
 e mussel midden, I trow I tell'd him o' Randy
 ob his uncle, his seif-titty it steal'd de fark and

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drank de filler, an hio w his midder fell'd mauky mutton, an mair nor a' that, a fae did I een, my Lord.

My Lord had a friend of his own who was captain in the army, who came to visit him, and hearing of the Buckers' sayings and exploits; was desirous to see them, and my Lord as desirous to put them in a fright, sent his servant, and order'd them, both men and women, to come up before his gate; directly the morn about kail-time, and all 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 see what it mean'd, Willy said, it was before something, and he was sure that death would be the warst ot', come what will; But Witty Eppie said, I ken weel what's to come, he's gaun to make de men o' us fogers, and the wives dragoons, because we're de best fighters; I ken there is something to come on the town, for our Nancy saw Maggy's gairt the streen, it was bury'd four onk syne; a hech co' Willy, that's a sign the meal dear i' the ither warld, when she comes to thin on't again; we will tak our dinner or we go, we'll may be neler come back again, so away they went lamenting all in a crowd. My Lord and the Captain were looking out at the window to them, the Captain cries to them, To the right about, to which they answered, good bliss you my Lord, what does that man say? Then said my Lord, turn your face to Maggy Millheads, and your aric to the sea; this they did in all haste. And what will we do now said Willy; no more, said my Lord; but gang a way home Willy; O my bows, O my blessings come o'er your bonny face, my Lord, I wish you ma 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, ye're wifer than a' the witches in life.

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 over seas in cockle-shells, and witch 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 turns before us with his candle, as if he were twa or three miles 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 drown.

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 fouks lums, and rin through the houses, they haunt, and play odd tricks, and lift new born bairns from their mothers, and none of them is safe to ly 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 Mauken, or if a wretched body put in a Mauken'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 by sea.



Mussel Mou'd Harry, the skull-maker, whose lug was nailed to a tree near my Lord's garden, for cutting young saughs, for to make sculls and creeks of. He assumed a head-dress as he had been a devil, and went playing 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 b-d—d, this is your gate o't stir, so I made them repent by fright, and I think, I sud be paid by year honour for it; as you tell me stir about my Lord's saughs which I iuffered for, if your 'onour lug had been there, you could not get off so eas for stir, your lugs is as long as my grey cat's, so bid you farewell until our next meeting.

F I N I S.