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THE ANCIENT AND MODERN

H I S T O R Y

OF

B U C K - H A V E N

I N

F I F E - S H I R E.

Wherein is Contained.

The antiquities of there old dress. The Bucky-boat, with the flag of a green tree; with their dancing Willy and his trusty rapper. Their Burgesss Ticket with a vew of their new college; the notted sayings and exploits of Wife Willy in the Brae, Witty Eppie the ale-wife and Lingle tail'd Nncy.

By MERRY ANDREW at TAMTALLAN.



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HISTORY

OF

BUCK-HAVEN.

AMONGST several ancient records this Bucky is not mentioned: there was a set called Buckaneers, 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 it is said, the party who gained this Bucky-battle, feared the English law to take place, set forward and took up their residence at this Bucky 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 northwards to Banff called Bucky, near the river Spey, which is a large sea-town; but among all the sea towns in Scotland, the fishers still retain a language quite different from the people in the country, and they almost all miss the letter B, 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 terms and ways of pronouncing words from others, even some in the south of Scotland can hardly be understood by those in the north, though

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

In the county of Wiſe, on the ſea coaſt, there ſtands a little town, inhabited by few but fiſhers, called Buck-haven, becauſe of the ſea buckies and ſhells that are found ſo plenty upon the rocks. in and about the place; there is little mention made of this town by hiſtorians, to know its original extraction and antiquities, but in their own burgeiſs ticket, which was part of it perfect truths, but more of it by way of ſampoon; this ticket was dated the two and thirty day of the month Julius Cæſar, their coat of arms was twa 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 in 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 ly down again, till break of day, then raiſes wiſe Willy who could judge the weather by the blowing of the wind.



Their freedoms were to take all kinds of fiſh con-

tained in their tickets, viz, lobsters, partans, podles, spout-fish, sea orts, sea dogs, slukes, pikes, dike-paddockts. and p—— fish.

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



be-go, laddie, I wad rather see my boat, and a'

he took a great swelling o' his wame, and casting
 ap o' 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-morn-
 ing, 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 peo-
 ple's water, the troubles of their person, and Willy
 hearing of his fame, piss'd unto 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, piss'd in it herself, and on she goes,
 came to the stage, and cries Sir Doctor, Sir Doctor,
 here is a bottle of my father's wash, and he has a
 fair guts, never needs to drite, he spues a' he eats,
 'tis true I tell you my dow; the doctor looks at it,
 and says, it is not you father's, surely it is your
 mother's; a di'el's i' the man, co' the divna 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, dat's 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 wae
 me, co' Willy, for I hae a muckle wame, and I fear
 it's o'er true, O plague on you Jannet, 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 howdy, 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 diins' ken, ye hae a wally wame
 weel i' wat, but how men bear bairns I never saw them
 yet, but I would drink fat water and drown't in my
 guts, for an men get ance the gate o' bearing weans
 themselves, 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 starts a mauken be-

hind him, thinking she was shot, 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 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 daddy, lang Sandy Tison, (or Thomson) we ken by its nose, for Sandy had a great muckle red nose like a lobster's tae bowed at the point like a hawk's neb, and Sandy himself said it was fa' cly his or some other body's but he had used a his birr at the getting o't, to see his ability, being the first time that e'er he was at sick a business before, and when he had done a' that man cou'd do at it, said it was nonsense and shame fa' him, but he wad rather row his boat round the Bass and back again, or he did the like again: For wife Willy gade wood at the wean, and said, it had mair ill nature in't nor the auldest wife about the town, it pifs'd the bed and flait the bed, skirl'd like a wild cat, and keeps nim frae his night's rest; and a' the auld bags about the town ca'd Sandy de bairn's daddy, and a' the young gilly gawkie lassies held out their fingers and cried, Tee, hee, Sandy the kirk will kittle your hips yet.

And after a' the bleir eyed bell man, came blad-

ering about the buttock mail, summoned him and
 er before the hally band' 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
 nd kirk penance.

But wife Willy had pity upon them and gade
 wi' them to the kirk court, what learned folks call
 he session, Jenny was first called upon and in the
 goes where all the hally-band were convened, eld-
 ers and youngers, deacons and dog payers keeping
 the door, the cankerdest carels that could be gotten,
 between Dysart and Dubby side, white heads and
 bald heads, sitting wanting bonnets, wi' their white
 headed staves, and hodding gray jockey coats upon
 them.

Mess^r John says, Come away Jannet, we're a
 waiting on you here.

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

Jan. A deed fir it was gotten among the black
 stanes at the cheek of the crab holes.

Mess^r John stares at her, not knowing the place,
 but some of the elders did; then said he, O Jannet
 but the devil has been busy with you at the time.

Jan. By my figs fir, that's a great lie ye're telling
 now, for the devil wisna thereabout, it I saw, nor
 nae body else, to bid us do either ae thing or anither,
 we lood it at unco weel for a lang time before that
 and syne we tell'd ither, and greed to marry ither
 like ither honest fouk, then mightna we learn to do
 the thing married fouk does, without the devil help-
 ing us.

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

Jan. De de'ils i the carles for you and your minister is liars, when ye say that the de'il was helping Sandy and me 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 chief speed the dearth o't, stir, for less might fair you and your bell man baith, O but this be a hard world indeed when poor honest folks 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 that is done in the kintry, bastard bairns and every thing, and if it be as you say you may thank de deil for that guide four pound and a groat i hae gi'en you, that gars your pots boil brown and get jockey-coats, purl handed farkes, and white headed staves, when my fathers 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 sient hait ye gie them, but we pickles o' pease meal, didna i see't in their pocks and de minister's wife gies naething ava to unca beggars, but bids them gang hame to their ain parish, and yet ye'll tak de purse frae poor souks for naething but playing the loun a wee or they be married. and syne cocks them up to be looked on and laught at by every body. a deil speed you and your justice itir; hute, tute, ye are a coming on me now like a wheen colly dogs, hunting awa a poor ragget chapman frae the door, and out she comes, cursing and greeting: Sanday's next called upon and in he goes.

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

three sons daudet against the Bass or I saw ony ane of them married on a muck a byre's daughter, a wheen usefess taupies that can do naething but rive at a tow rock and cut corn. they can neither bait a hook, nor red a line, hook sandles, nor gather periwinkels.

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 xpained their wouders, for the house was wide like a little kirk, and 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 nei-er minister nor magistrate nor yet a burly ballie to brag them wi' his tolbooth, my Lord was their landlord, Wife Willy and Witt, Eppie the ale-wife were the rulers of the town.



Now Eppie had a daughtsr, called Lingle tail'd Nancy, because of her feckless growth, her wail 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 mutchas, there wisna a scholor in the town but hersel, she read the Bible, and the book of Kirk sangs, which was newly come in fashion, Willy and Eppie tel'd ay what it meant, and said at the lette

in it was lifted by my lord, for they saw him hae a feather that he dipped in black water and made crooked scores just like the Tame, and then he spoke to it over again and it told 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 where did you find it? Anath my Lord's ain house, Willy, A deed said Willy, it's the auld moon, I ken by the holes in't for nailing it to the list; but I wonder it 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 ain a the days o' the year.

THE NEW COLLEGE.



The whole town ran 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 wears

on her luse.

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 gentlemen's cat, or my Lady's lap dog, or a sheeps young kitten, because it had fast horns: Na, na, cried wife Willy, it's ane o' the maukins, that gentlemans dogs worries. What will you do wit? Haith co' Maggy, I'll finge

the woo' all t, and make fish and fauce o't to my Tammys parich: 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, na said wife Willy, we'll nae do that indeed, for my Lord would mak us a' dogs and gar us rin thro' the kintry seeking maikins 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 fit 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 Highlander's; the whole town was in an uproar, some would go with picks and spades, to hack him in pieces, others would catch him in a strong net, and then they could either hang or drown him. Na, na, so wife Willy, we manna cast out wi' him at the first as he's gotten twa burden o' fish he'll ablen's gan, his wa' an no fash na'e mair; he's o'er souple to be

catch'd in a net at your pitch will neather hang nor drown him, and the country he comes frae is a het coals he'll never burn, we'll go to him in a civil manner and see what he wants; Get out Eppie the ale-wife, 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 devils 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 Will back to the rest. Come foreward and had him fast, I see his twa horns. In hech firs, he has a white beard like an auld beggar man, so they incloled the poor afs on all sides, thinking it was the devil, but when wife Willy saw he had nae cloven feet, he cried out, Fearnalads, this is no the devil, 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 it's lugs.

Now some says: this is two satirical 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 grand mothers, and dead wives coming again to visit their families long after their being buried: but this Buckhaven which was once noted for droll exploits is now become more knowing, and as a place said to produce the best and hardiest watermen of sailors of any town on the Scots coast; many of the old people in it still retain the old tincture of their o'd and uncultivated speech, as be go laddie, also of a fiery nature if you ask any of the wives where their college stands, they'll tell you if your nose were in their orse, your mouth would be at the door of it.

Now it happened, when Wife Willy turned old,

whalps a young horse; Gosh woman it wad be ill far'd to see a woman sitting wi' a young 'orse on her knee, dighting it's arse, and gien it the pap.

The next occasion was lang Sandy and Roloching Jenny's wedding, which held three days and twa nights, my lord and my lady with several gentlemen and ladies attended for diversion's sake, the piper of Kirkcaldy and the fiddler of Kinghorn, were both bidden by Wife Willy the brides father, and if ony ane came to play unbidden, Wife Willy swore they should sit unair'd, for these two should get a' the filler that was to be gien that day; the dinner and dorder-meat sat a' in Eppie's college, and the dancing stood in twa



rings before the door, and the first day with dunting and dangling of their heels: dang down a' the sea dyke, some tumbled in, and some held by the stanes, the fiddler fell over the lugs and druket a' his fiddle, the rings gied out of order, and the tripes turn'd soft like pudding skins. So the bag pipe has to do for a', and the fiddler got nought to do but sup kail, and pike banes wi' the rest of them.

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

Pate of the Pans, play'd a sad prat, casting in two pound of candles among the kail which made them sae fat, that some could not sup them, for the candle wicks came into their cotties like futter's lingsles in the dish, but some of them wi' stronger stomachs, stripped them thro' their teeth like ratton tails, and said mony a an would be blythe o' sic a string to tie their hose wi' in a pinch: my Lord and the Gestry, 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, hi, my Lord, what an a piece is dat? O, said he, that's the tail piece, that belongs to you; Mæ, 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, es, said he, bride, you have hit it now: but how come you to eat with your gloves on? Indeed my Lord, their is a reason for dat, I hae scabbit hands. O fy, said he, I canna 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 hotter; O fy said he, bride, you should not speak so before Ladies and your maiden; I wonder, said he to Wife Willy, her father, you do not teach your daughter to speak otherwise. A be my feg, 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 brides 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, it's no my arse, it's but de hen's I mean; O but said he bride, it's the fashion to every one to eat off their own trencher; you may get more sauce, I can manage all mine myself; indeed, my Lord, I thought ye liket me better than ony body; O but, said he, I love myself better than you bride; Deed my Lord, I think ye're the best body, about the house, for your Lady's but a stinking pride-fu' jade, she thinks that we sud make the fish a like, be go, my Lord, she thinks that we sud shape them as the hens do their eggs wi' deir arse, O bride, said he, you should not speak ill of my lady, for she hears you very well; O deed my Lord, I had nae mind o' that; a well then, said he, drink to me or them ye like best; then here's to you a' 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 wollop 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 back 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 sniering, and jamphing me about Sandy, de black-flanes and the crab hole, where the wean was gotten and then it turn'd to a hub bub and a colly shangy, an' or you wad fae kiss my arse—, my Lord; we were aboon ither on the mussel midden, I true I tell'd him o' Randy Rob his uncle, his seif titty it steal'd de fark

and drank de filler, and how 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 a captain in the army, who came to visit him, and hearing of the Buckers sayings and exploits, was desirous to put them in a fright, sent his servant and ordered them, both men and women, to



come up before his gate directly the morn' about kail-time, and a' that did not come was to slit and remove out of my Lords Ground directly, this put the whole of them in a great terror, some ran to Wife Willy to know what it mean'd, Willy said it was before something, and he was sure that death should be the warst, o't come what will; but witty Eppie said, I ken weel what's to come he's gaun to make the men o' us sodgers and de wives draggons, because we're de best fighters; I ken there is something to come on the town, for our Nanny saw Maggy's gairt the streen it was buried four ooks syne; a hech co' Willy that's a sign the 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 out at the window to them, the captain cri's to them "To the right about," to which they answer: "God bless you my Lord, what does that 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? And 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



San. A vow Mess 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 bominable 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 matter minister, and that is how ye live.

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

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

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

His name came Sandy starving o' hunger, ye might casten a knot on his lang guts, his mither was backing pease bannocks up he gets a lump of her leven into his mouth auld thief be on yor 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 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 bannock and a scone, and a faird our Sunday's dinner, sae wad it een, but an ye keep a reeking house an a rocking cradle three eleven years as I hae done, less o' that wad sair you baggity beast it tuis, maire that I bore thee, now bearye that my dow.

The next exploit was an action at law against the godman 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 any thing they could 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 wife Willy, Will takes 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 sow ran home roaring all blood and wanting the nose, which caused Muir-edge to warn them in before my Lord; so

the wives that had their kail eaten appeared first in the court, complaining against Muir-edge. Indeed my Lord, Muir edge is not a good man, when he's sic an ill neighbour, he keeps black hairs, and white hares little wee brown backed hares wi' white arses, and loose wagging horns, de muckle anes leups o'er the dyke and eats a de kail, and de little anes wi' de wagging horns creeps in at our water gush holes an' does de like; when we cry pisae they rin awa' hame to Muir-edge, but i'll gar my colly haudem by de fit, and I'll had'em by de horn, and pu' a' de hair aff 'em and send him hame wanting de skin as he did wi' Sowen Tammy's wee Sandy for coddin' o' his pease. he took de poor laddies coat, a sae did he ecn.

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 c——g, and you to bite my arse sudna I tak amends o' you for that; Od my Lord ye wadna hae sic a bit out o' your arse for twentie 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 again? A figs my Lord said Willy; she's honestier 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 t'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 shew you both sides of it; he gives her a shilling, thinking to see some curious sight, now there's one side of your shilling, and here is the other and it's 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 Buckhine. Lang Sandy was provost, and John Thrums the weaver, was dean of guild, but Witty Kppie had ay the casting vote in a' their courts and controversies.

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



wee fittie, odd stir, I'll rive the hair out o' your head, griping the horse by the mane, and the twa lugs, cuffing his chafts as if he had been a fellow creature, crying, Be-goddadie, 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, ana gang through the kintry on a barrow, or on twa shuie 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 louses, ae auld 'orse hobbles on anither anes buck. and dat

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

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



boat several times 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 tak with him, on account he had but ae eye. After that there was no more dancing at admitting of burgers; but the old usual way of scate ruple, and then drink until they were almost blind.

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



was a horned devil. Tib told the frightsome story, and many ran to see the poor cadger man and his (as) 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 mauken, it sets them a trembling. The fisher lasses look with disdain on a farmer's daughter, and a country lasses, they call them muck-byers and sherney-tail'd jades.

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

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

The Ghosts like old hories, 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 over seas in cockle shells. and witch the lads and lasses and disables bridegrooms. As for Willv and the Wisp he is a fiery devil, and loads people off their read in order to drown them, for he sparks sometimes at our feet, and then turns before with his candle as if he were two 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 are drown'd.

The Kelpy is a ste 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 foucks lums, and rin through the houses they haunt and play odd tricks, and lift new born bairns from their mothers, and none of them are safe to 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 puts 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 at the boats at sea.

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

The MINISTER and Muffel-Mou'd HARRIE.



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 of. He assumed a head dress as he had been the devil, and went and play'd his tricks in the night time, which frightened the whole town until the time he was catch'd 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 frighted his own town, but that he frighted the whole parish, by telling them to repent or be d—d, this is your gate o't stir; so I made them repent by fright, and I think I sud be paid by your honour for't, as you tell me sir about my Lord's saughs whith I suffered for, if your honour's lug had been there you would not have got so easy off stir, your lug is as lang as my grey cats, so I bid you farewel until our next meeting.

F I N I S.