

HISTORY

OF

BUCKHAVEN:

OR THE EXPLOITS OF

WISE WILLIE

OF

AND

BUCKHAVEN. WITTY EPIE.



FALKIRK:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

BUCKHAVEN

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AMONST all the ancient records yet found, Bucky, or Buckhaven is never mentioned. There was a set called Bucchaneers, who were pirates, that is to say, sea-robbers, but strict search being made for these sea-robbers, they were dispersed.— What of them escaped in the southern climate, are said to shelter at or near Berwick upon Tweed. Having differed amongst themselves, a smart battle ensued, after which they divided, and it is said, the party who gained the Bucky battle, feared the English law would take place, they set northward, and took up their residence at Buckhaven, so called, not only on account of the great quantity of buckies that are found in and about the place, but on account of the battle they had with their neighbours at Berwick, when they divided, which they called bucking one and other, but now named boxing, or fighting. Another party of

those Buckers settled in a fishing town at Banff, called Bucky and near the river Spey, which is now a pretty large sea-port 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 always shift the letter H and use O instead thereof, which no country-people in Scotland do but themselves. There is a corruption of speech in every country over all Britain, and likewise they use different tones and ways of pronouncing words from others; even some in the south of Scotland can hardly be understood by those in the north, though both pretend to speak good English, and have a liberal part of education. But since learning is now so easy to be obtained, ignorance and 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 Buck Harbour, because of sea buckies and shell's to be found so plenty on the rocks about that place. There is little mention made of this place by historians, to know its original extraction and antiquities, but in their own burges ticket which was partly perfect truth, but more of it by way of lampoon, This ticket was dated the thirty second day of the month of Julius Cæsar, Their Coat of Arms were two hands gripping each other over a scate's rumple. Their oath was, 'I wish that de de'il may tak me an I binna an horest man to you an

ye binna de like to me.' An article of good neighbourhood they had, whoever was first up in a good morning, was to raise all the rest to go to sea; but if a very bad morning, piss and go to bed again till break of day, then raise Wise Willie, who could judge of the weather by the blawing of the wind.—Their freedoms were to take all sorts of fish contained in their tickets, as lobsters, partens, podles, spout-fish, sea-cats, sea-dogs, flucks, pikes, dick-poddocks, and p-fish.

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

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

Now Eppie had a daughter, she called her Lingle tailed Nancy, because of her feckless growth; her waist was like a twitter, she had nae curpen for her creel, being Edinburgh bred, and brought up with her London aunty, was learned to read and sew, made course claes, and collicoe mancoes, there was nae a scholar in the town but herself, she read the Bible, and the book of kirk songs was newly come in fashion. Willie and Eppie told them aye what it meant, and said a' the letters in it was litted by my Lord, for they saw him hae a feather that he dipped in black water, and made crooked scores, just like the same, and then he spoke o'er again, and it told him what to say.

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

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

rin round about the fire till it be roasted. No, no, said Wise Willie we'll no do that indeed, for my Lord wad mak us a' dogs, and gar us rin through the country seeking maukins for him.

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

alive; and as they came near the place, the ass fell a crying, which caused many of them to faint and run back. Na, na, co' Willie, that's no the de'il's words at a', its my Lord's trumpeter, touting on his brass whistle. Willie, ventured till he saw the asse's twa lugs, now, cried Willie, back to the rest, come forward and haud him fast, I see his twa horns, heh, sirs, he has a white beard like an auld beggar man; so they enclosed the poor ass on all sides, thinking it was the de'il, but when Wise Willie saw he had nae coven feet, he cried out, I carena lads, this is no the de'il, its some living beast, its neither cow nor hose. And what is't then, Willie? Indeed, co' Willie, its the father of the maukins, I ken by its lang lugs,

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

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

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

Wise Willie hearing of his fame, pissed into a bottle, and sent it away with his daughter. The bottle being uncorked his daughter spilt it by the way; to conceal her sloth in so doing, she pissed in it herself, and goes on till she came to the stage-doctor, when she cried out aloud, Sir Doctor, sir Doctor, here's a bottle of my father's wash, he has a sair guts, and needs na drite ony, but spews a' he eats. Its true I tell you my dow. The doctor looks at it, then says, It's no your father's surely, it is your mother's. The de'il's itha man, said she, dinna I ken my father frae my mither. Then, said he, he is with child. The de il's i' the man, said she, for my mither bare a' the bairns before; dats no true sir, fegs you're a great liar. Hame she comes, and tell'd Willie, her father, that the doctor said he was with bairn. O waes me, co'

Willie, for I have a muckle wame, an' I fear it's o'er true. O plague on you, Janet ! for ye're the father o't. Very soon after this Witty Eppie was sent for, as she was the howdy, and she fand a' Willie's wame to be sure about it. Indeed, co' Eppie, ye're the first man e'er I saw wi bairn before an how ye'll bear I dinna ken. Ye hae a wally wame, weel I wat, but how men bears bairns I dinna ken. But I would drink salt water and drown it in my guts ; for if men get ance the gate o' bearing weans themselves, they'll seek nae mair wives, So Willie drank sea water till his guts was like to rive, and out he got to ease himself in the kailyard. and with the terrible noise of his farting, up started a maukin behind him, whe thought it was shot ; Willie seeing her jump o'er the dyke, thought it was a child brought forth, and cries out. Come back my dear, and be christened, and dinna rin to the hills to be a Pagan. So Willie grew better every day there-after, being brought to bed in the kail-yard, but his daughter was brought to bed some months after, which was the cause of the doctor's mistake.

PART II

Now Wise Willie had a daughter, called Rolling Couching Jenny, as she spoke thick, sax words at three times, ha'f sense, ha'f nonsense, as her own records will bear witness. She being with child, she was delivered of a bonny lass, and all the wives in the town cried out, be go laddie, its just like its ain faither, Lang Sandy Tason, (or Thomson) we ken by its nose; for Sandy had a great muckle red nose like a lobsters tae, bowed at the point like a hawk's neb, and Sandy himsel' said, it was surely his or some other body's, but he had used a' his birr at the getting o't, trying his abilities, being the first time e'er he was at sic a business before; and when he had done a' that man could do at it, he said it was nonsense; and shame sa' him, but he wad rather row his boat round the Bass and back again or he'd do the like again; for Wise Willie gade wude at the wane. and said it had mair ill nature in't than the auldest wife about the town; for it pissed the bed, and shit the bed; skirled like a wild cat, and keeped him frae his night's rest, and the auld hags about the town ca'd him Sandy, the bairns daddy, and a' the young gillie gauky lasses held out their fingers, and cried, Ti hie, hie Sandy the kirk will kittle your hips for that; and after a' the bleer-eyed bell man

came bladdering about the buttock meal, summoned him and her before the haly band, a court that was held in the kirk on Saturday morning; and all the herd laddies round about, cried, ay, ay, Sandy, pay the bull siller, or we'll cut the cow's tail away. So poor Sandy suffered sadly in the flesh, besides the penalty and kirk penance.

But Wise Willie took pity on them, and gade wi' them to the kirk's court, what learned folk call the session. Jenny was first called upon, and in she goes, where all the haly band was convened, elders and younger deacons, and dog-payer keeping the door, the cankerdest carle that could be gotten between Dysart and Duby-side, white heads and bald heads, siting wanting bonnets, wi' their white headed staves and hoden grey jockey coats about them.

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

Minister. Now Janet, where was this child gotten?

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

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

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

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

Whisht, whisht, cried they, you should be scourged, false jillet be quiet, you're speaking norsense.

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

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

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

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

Janet. The poor o' the parish, said she, fient a hait ye gi'e them but wee pickles o' pease meal, didna I see't in their pocks: and the minister's wife gies naething ava to unco' beggars, but bids them gang hame to their ain parishes; and yet ye'll take the purse frae poor folk for naething but playing the loon awee or they married, an syne cock them up to be looked on and laughed at by every body; a deil speed you an your justice, sir. Hute tute, ye're a' coming on me like a when colly dogs hunting awa a poor ragged chapman frae the door. So out she goes curseing and greeting. Sandy is next called upon, and in he goes.

Minister. Now Saunders, you must tell us how the child was gotten.

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

The minister looks at him, and says, Hute tute. Saunders, lay down four pound ane a groat, and come back to-morrow to the stool, and give satisfaction to the congregation; ye had more need to be seeking repentance for that abominable sin of uncleanness, than speaking so to me.

Sandy. Well here is your siller, sir, I hae gotten but poor penny worths for't, and so ye tell me to

repent for't ; what the auld theif needs I repent, when I'm gaun to marry the woman ; and then I hae to do't o'er again every day, or there'll be nae peace in the house ; figs its nonsense to pay siller, repent and do't again too, a great advice, ineed, maister minister, an' that's the way to do.

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

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

I true, says Sandy, ye'll be wanting some mair clink ; foul haet ye do for naething here.

Hame comes Sandy, starving o' hunger ; ye might a cast a knot on his lang guts. His mither was baking pease bunnocks, up he gets a lump o' her leaven into his mouth. Auld theif be in your haggies' bag, Sandy, says his mither, kirk folk are aye greedy, ye hae been wi' the ministers a' day ; you'd get a gude lang grace, he might a gi'en ye meat too ; filthy dog that thou is, you ha'e the bulk o' a little pye o' my leaven in your guts : it would a saired anes dinner, sae wad it e'en, but an ye keep a reeking house and a rocking cradle three eleven years as I hae done, less o' that will serve you yet, baggy beast it thou is, mind it I bore thee now, a hear you that my dow.

The next exploit was an action at law, against the goodman of Muiredge, 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 to his house when they were hunted. The swine came very often in about their houses, seeking fish guts and any thing they could get; so it happened, when one of the children was sitting easing itself, that one of the swine tumbled it over, and bit a piece out of its backside! The whole town rose in an uproar against grumphy, as they called her, caught her, and took her before Wise Willie. He took an axe and cut two or three inches off her long nose. Now, says he, I trow I hae made thee something like another beast, thou had sic a lang mouth before it wad frightened a very de'il to look at ye, but now ye're faced like a little horse or cow. The poor sow ran home roaring, all blood, and wanting that nose; which caused Muiredge to warn them in before my Lord. So the wives that had their kail eaten appeared first in the court, complaining against Muiredge. Indeed, my Lord, said they, Muiredge is no a good man when he is sic an ill neighbour, he keeps black hares and white hares, little wee brown backed hares, with white arses, and loose wagging horns; they creep in at our water gush holes, and does the like. When we cry pussy, pussy, they rin hame to Muiredge;

but I'll gar my colley haud them by the fit an I'll haud them by the horn, an' pu' the hair aff them; and send them hame wanting the skin, as wi' Sowen Tammy's wee Sandy, for coding o' his pease, he took aff the poor laddie's coat, and sae did he e'er. And Willie said, if you were a sow, my Lord, and me sitting droiting, and you to bite my arse, sudna I hae amends of you for that! Od, my Lord, ye wadna hae a bite out of your arse for twenty merks; ye maun e'en gar Muir-edge gife ten merks to buy a plaister, to heal the poor bit wean's arse again.

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

A'fegs, my Lord, said Willie, she's honestest like wanting ity and she'll bite nae mair arsies. An 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 aff.

A gentlemen in 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 baith sides o't. He gives her the shilling thinking to see something curious. Now, says she, there's the one side of your shilling, and there's the other, so its mine now.

Now, Wise Willie been greatly admired for his judgment in cutting off the sow's nose, my Lord, in a mocking manner, made him burley bailie of Buckhaven; Lang Sanby was Provost,

and John Thrums the weaver was dean of guild,
 But Witty Eppie had aye the casting vote in a'
 their courts and controversier.

PART III.

There happened one day a running horse
 to be standing at one of their doors, and a child
 going about, the horse tramped upon the child's
 foot, which caused the poor child to cry: the
 mother came running in a passion, crying, A wae
 be to you for a horse, filthy barbarian brute it
 thou is, setting a muckle iron lufe on my bairns
 we fittie. Od sir, I'd rive the hair out o'
 your head, gripping the horse by the main and
 the twa lugs, cuffing his chaffs, as he had been
 her fellow creature, crying Be go laddie, I'll gar
 you as good, I'll take you afore Wise Willie the
 baillie, an he' l cut aff your hand wi' de iron lufe
 and ye'll be cripple, and gang thro' the kintry in
 a barrow, or on twa shule staves, like Rab the
 Randy, and a meal pock about your neck.—
 Her neighbour hearing and seeing what passed,
 cries, O you foolish tawpy, what gars you speak
 that gate till a horse, he disna ken ae word that
 ye're saying to him.

When Lang Sandy and Rolling Couching
 Jenny were married, their wedding took up
 three days and two nights; My Lord and my

Lady, with several other ladies and gentlemen attended for diversions sake. The piper of Kirkcaldy and the fiddler of Kinghorn were both bidden by Wise Willie the bride's father, and if any more came to play unbidden, Willie swore they should sit unsair'd, for these twa sud get a' de siller dat was to be gi'en or wan. That day the dinner and dorter-meat sat in Eppie's Colledge, and the dancing stood in twa rings before the door; and the first day the daunting and dangling of their heels dang down the sea-dyke; some tumbled in, and some held by the stones, the fiddler fell in o'er the lugs and druckit his fiddle, the strings gade out o' order, and the tripes turned saft like pudding skins: so the piper had to do for a', and the fiddler had naething to do but sup kail and pick banes wi' the rest of them. Now my Lord's cook was to order the kettle, but lang Pate o' the Pans played a sad pret, by casting twa pound o' candle among the kail, which made them so fat that some could not sup them, and the candle wicks came aye into their cutties like sutors' lingsles in the dishes; but some wi' stronger stomachs, stripped them trough their teeth like rats' tails, and said, mony ane wad be blythe o' sic a string to tie up their hose in a pinch, My Lord and the gentry, Mess John and the clerk, were all placed at the head of the table, opposite the bride, but would sup none of their candle kail. Willie and the bridegroom served the table, and cried, Sup on a sorrow to ye, for i never liked sour

rails 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-hee, my Lord, what an a piece is this! Oh, said my Lord, that's the tail piece, it belongs to you, bride. It's no mines, I never had the like o't, it's a fish tail; see how it wags, but it is a bit o' some dead beast. O yes, said he, bride, you have hit it now; but how come you to eat with your gloves on. Indeed, my Lord, there's a reason for dat too, I ha'e scabbed hands. O said he I cannot believe you. She pulled off a part of the glove and shewed him. O yes said he, I see it is so. Aha, said she, but I wish ye saw my arse, my Lord, its a' in a hatter. O fie, William, said my Lord, I wonder you don't teach your daughter to speak with more modesty. By my sae, my Lord, ye may as weel kiss her arse. I find so, said my Lord, but it is for want of a teacher.

The next dish that was set on the table was roasted hens, and the bride's portion being laid on her plate, she says to my Lord, will ye let me dip my foul arse amang your sauce! Upon my word, said my Lord, I will not if it be as ye tell me. Hout, my Lord, said the bride, its no my arse, its but the hens that I mean, O but said he its the fashion for every one to eat off their own trencher, you may get more sauce, I can manage my own myself. Indeed my Lord, said she, I thought you liked me better

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

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

my Lord, we was aboon ither on the mussel midden. I trow I tell'd him o' Randy Rab, his uncle, his ? in titty that steal'd de sarks and drank de siller, and how his mither sal'd mauky mutton, and mair than a' that, my Lord.

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

cries to them, to the right about. To which they answered O bless you, my Lord, what is dat man saying? Says my Lord, he bids you turn your face to Maggy's hill, and your a—— to the sea, which they did in all haste. An what what will we do now? said Willie. No more, said my Lord, but go all home, Willie. O my dear, My blessing come on your bonny face, my Lord, I wish you may never die, nor never grow sick, nor nae body fell you, ye are the best man in a' the world, for we thought a' to be dead men or sodgers. ye're wiser than a' the witches on the coast o' Fife or in a' the world.

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

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

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

And when they admitted a purgher three of the oldest went into a boat to see the test dance. One day they admitted gly'd Rob who was a warlock and made them all stop their dancing; for which he was carried before Wile Willie, to answer for this, his crime; for which he was banished to the isle of May, at the mouth of the Frith of Forth, to carry coals to the Light House,

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