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20.00
The Rev. Arthur Kentworth Hamilton Seton
in memento of his visit here
in September 1887
with the kindest regards of
Mrs B. Dunlop.

Seton Castle, East Lothian. h.B. }
31st October 1887. }

TRANENT AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Gift of

Mr Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton



J. W. Mason,

Margaret Court

SETON CHAPEL.

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TRANENT

AND ITS SURROUNDINGS:

Historical, Ecclesiastical, & Traditional.

BY

P. M'NEILL, TRANENT,

AUTHOR OF "THE BATTLE OF PRESTON, AND OTHER POEMS AND SONGS"—
"THE PARISH BEADLE"—"SANDY GLEN"—"ADVENTURES OF
GEORDIE BORTHWICK," &c. &c.

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PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.



THE first edition of "Tranent and its Surroundings" having been sold out in a little over three months of the date of its publication, and orders for further copies continuing to come in almost daily from nearly every quarter of the globe, the Author has thereby been constrained to bring out this second edition of his work. In it, he flatters himself, the reader will find many improvements upon the other,—indeed, the greater part of the book has been entirely re-written. Much old and curious matter, drawn from various sources, has also been added, for the greater part of which he has again to thank his many kind and considerate friends. Among them he would specially mention John Polson, Esq. of Tranent; General Robert Cadell, C.B., Cockenzie; James Lambert Bailey, Esq., F.R.S.E., Solicitor and Banker, Ardrossan; James Cuthbertson Cunningham, Esq., Adniston; D. Lister Shand, Esq., W.S.; James Nicholson, Esq.; and R. R. Stoddart, Esq., of the Lyon Office, Edinburgh. Nor would he forget to mention with gratitude the artists whose happy pencil sketches have helped so much to enhance the value of his work. In fine, the Author would thank his numerous readers and reviewers for the generous support and appreciative notices accorded to his first edition, without which this now offered to the public had not possibly seen the light.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.



IN bringing these pages before the courteous reader, the Author, by way of preface, would remark that here he has sought to supply a want long and deeply felt by tourists and others—viz., authentic information regarding “Tranent and its Surroundings.” He has also had another motive for the publication of this work constantly before him, namely, a desire to awaken on the part of the inhabitants themselves a just pride in the place of their nativity—a pride which its many historical associations, no less than its rich and varied landscapes, are so well fitted to call forth. Hoping, then, that a discerning public will find in this, his “labour of love,” much that is interesting, amusing, and instructive, the Author would take this opportunity of thanking his many kind and disinterested friends for the valuable assistance they have rendered him in his congenial task. Some of these have been unceasing in their efforts to furnish him with material for his work, while others have been ready to assist him with their pens, and even to throw open their valuable libraries to his inspection. Particularly would he gratefully remember the aid given him by A. P. Purves, Esq., W.S.; George Seton, Esq., Advocate; and the Rev. Mr Paulin, of Edinburgh; the Rev. Dr Caesar and the late Rev. W. Parlane of Tranent; Messrs J. Forsyth, J. C. Edie, J. Durie, Robert Wilson, and Robert Ovens. Last, though not least, the late Mr George Inglis, to whose kindly sympathy and encouragement the Author is under the deepest obligation. Alas!—

“ How quickly brother follows brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land.”



CONTENTS.



	PAGE
Charter,	xiv
Translation of Charter,	xv



HISTORICAL.

CHAPTER I.

Charter to the Monks of Newbattle, with Translation—Thor filius Swani (1145)—The De Quincies (1165 to 1264)—Roger de Quincy (Lord Tranent) as Lord High Constable of Scotland—Earl of Derby as Lord Tranent—Earl of Buchan as Lord High Constable, and Alan de la Suche as Master of the Mines and Miners, through Marrying the Heiresses of Tranent—Join their Cousin Baliol against the Bruces, and Lose the Estate—Alexander Seton Proprietor—Seton created Lord Seton—Created Earl of Winton—The York Buildings Company—Breaking-up of the Estate—The Cadells, A Pedigree of the Family—Tennant—Polson, A Sketch of his Career, I

CHAPTER II.

The Village—Derivation of its Name—Boundaries of the Parish—Burning of Preston Castle—Prestonpans formed into a Parish—Annexation of Seton to Tranent—Disjunction of Winton from Tranent—Coal Discovery—Second Charter to the Monks of Newbattle—Protector Somerset—Witless Jock—The Villagers seek Refuge in the Waste—Burning of Tranent, 13

CHAPTER III.

Master and Servant—Abolition of Neyfship—Miners exempted from Taxation—Fire-raising in Coal Heuchs—Fawside Conflagration—John Henry beheaded—Miners and Salters reduced to Slavery—Acts regulating the Export of Coal—Idle Days prohibited—Habeas Corpus Act—Miners and Salters emancipated—Pride's Petition—Reminiscences of James M'Neill—Copy of Contract, .	19
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

Female Labour in Mines—Coal Winding—Construction of the First Tramway—Children in Mines—Lord Dundonald and Mr R. Bald of Edinburgh on Female Labour in Mines—Public Indignation aroused against the System—Government Inquiry Commission—Evidence given by Women and Children—Tables showing the Number of Children in East Lothian Coalworks—Examination of Coalmasters: Sir G. G. Suttie, Messrs H. F. Cadell, John Deans, John Grieve, and A. G. Cuthbertson—Examination of Coal Managers: Messrs T. H. Moore, W. Shearer, and J. Thomson—Table of Weekly Wages, &c.—Length of Life amongst Colliers, by Dr M'Kellar—Different Systems of Lighting to Work in Mines—Coal Draining—The Heuch, Bankton, and Great Day Levels—Sudden Collapse of a Shaft—The Miner of To-day; a Comparison,	29
---	----

CHAPTER V.

Water Supply of the Village—Tampering with the Great Sand Bed—A Water Famine—Legal Advice Taken—Law Proceedings Instituted—A Compromise—More Tampering with the Sand Bed—Smiddy Pit Supply—Crichton Springs—New Water Scheme—Opening Ceremony,	49
--	----

ECCLESIASTICAL.

CHAPTER VI.

The Old Church of Tranent—Description of Edifice—Walleran the Chaplain (1145)—Church Confirmed to the Canons "De Castello Puellarum"—Johannes the Priest (1222)—Andrew the Vicar (1320)—Thomas Cranston the First Minister after the Reformation—Forrester Suspended for Baptizing ane Bairn in Private—Markets held on Sundays—Nicolle Steinsone Opposes their Abolition—Lord Seton under the Ban of the Kirk—Gibson	
---	--

Imprisoned for Comparing the King to Jeroboam—Wallace
 Warded with the Bishop of Rochester—The Five Articles of
 Perth—Disturbances in the Churchyard—Sir Alexander Seton,
 Lady Seton, and the Countess of Winton Excommunicated—
 M'Laren's Returns—Jottings from the Minutes of Session—
 Sabbath-day School Opened in 1788, 55

CHAPTER VII.

Tombstones, Ancient and Modern—John Cadell—H. F. Cadell—
 George Cadell—The Great Unknown—Seton—Haldane—Val-
 lance—Hynd—Hutchison—Turnbull—Mather—Sinclair—
 Broven—A. B.—John Sheil—Notman—Bathgate—A. S.—
 Forrest—The Murrays—The Allans—Galhuayes—Smith—
 Darton—Pearson—Fender—The Cuthbertsons—Letter from
 the Duke of Wellington's Mother, giving the correct Date
 of his Birthday—Williamson—Strathearn—Johnstone—Colonel
 Gardiner—Balcanqual—Burnet—Denham—M'Neill—Trotem—
 Baxter—Blossom, 71

CHAPTER VIII.

United Presbyterian Church—Free Church—Primitive Methodist—
 Salvation Army—Christadelphian—Roman Catholic—Latter-
 Day Saints, 89

CHAPTER IX.

Stiell's Hospital—George Stiell—Trust-Deed and Settlement—Con-
 struction of the Institute—Teachers and Pupils at Opening—
 Abandonment of the Monastic System—Action of Declarator
 against the Directors—Provisional Order—Allocation of Funds
 —Public School—Description of Building, &c, 99

CHAPTER X.

Witchcraft—Study of Necromancy—Persecutions—Bessie Boswell
 Banished—Janet Boyman Burned—Trial of Bessie Dunlop—
 Discourse on Witchcraft—David Seton and his Maid Geilles
 Duncan—Torture of the Pilliwinkes—Terrible Disclosures—
 The Devil at North Berwick—Geilles at Holyrood—Dr Feane,
 the Devil's Secretary—Feane's Trial—The Devil in the Pulpit—
 Feane Condemned—Kincaid and Cowan, the Witch-Finders—
 Kincaid Imprisoned in Kinross—Cowan Imprisoned in Edin-
 burgh—The Last Case of Execution for Witchcraft in Scotland, 130

HISTORICAL AND TRADITIONAL.

CHAPTER XI.

PAGE

Disaffection at the Union of the Crowns—Intrigue with the Court of France—Jacobites Assemble at Braemar—James VIII. Proclaimed King—Collapse of the Rebellion—Charles Edward—Louis XV. aids the Pretender—Destruction of French Fleet—Charles Lands in Erisca—Attitude of the Clans—Standard Unfurled—Reward of £30,000—Charles at Perth—Letters between the Marquis of Tweeddale and Sir John Cope—The March on Edinburgh—Retreat of the Royalists—Cope at Dunbar—March to Preston—Position of the Different Armies—Military Evolutions—Order of Battle—Impetuous Charge of the Highlanders—Gardiner Mortally Wounded—Defeat of the Royalists—Names of the Killed and Wounded—Invasion of England—Return to Scotland—Culloden—Escape to Bretagne, .	114
--	-----

CHAPTER XII.

Tranent Mob—The British Army—6000 Militia wanted—Aversion to join the Ranks—Power of Appeal—Spirit of Rebellion Aroused—Cry of “No Militia”—The Schoolmaster’s House ransacked—Paisley’s Flight—Gladsmuir, Salton, and Ormiston Teachers in peril—St Germain’s in Alarm—Note from the Marquis of Tweeddale—Dragoon intercepted—Military called out—Glen’s Inn—Arrival of the Deputy-Lieutenants—Intense Excitement—Jackie Crookstone beats the Drum—Couterside presents a Round Robin from Prestonpans—Volleys of Stones thrown—Attempt to read the Riot Act—The Streets cleared—Hunter killed—Orders to clear the Country for two miles round—Terrible Cruelties—Many killed and wounded—Action against the <i>Scots Chronicle</i> —Decision,	138
--	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

Fawside Castle—Early Fawsidians—Conflicts between the Houses of Fawside and Preston—Death of Sir John of that Ilk—Hamilton of Preston makes Reparation to Lady Fawside—Battle of Little Fawside, Birsley, and Tranent—Battle of Pinkie—Burning of the Castle—Slaughter of 14,000 Scots—Abduction of a Girl of 13 years—Murder of John Fawside—Robertson Beheaded—The Last of the Fawsides—Marquis of Queensberry a Lineal Descendant of the House of Fawside—Description of the Fortalice—Queen Mary’s Hiding-place—St Clement’s Wells—Extensive Distillery—Harry’s Burn—Cross’s Houses,	159
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

	PAGE
Elphinstone Village—John de Elphinstone—Alexander de Elphinstone killed at Piper Dean—First Lord Elphinstone killed at the Battle of Flodden—Second Lord Elphinstone killed at the Battle of Pinkie—The Master of Elphinstone—Sir Samuel Johnstone—Sir Archibald Primrose—Burn Callander—Early Coal Working on the Estate—Durie's Contract—Pate's Fair—Cockfighting—Will Campbell—Great Cockfight at Fawside between Fifeshire and the Lothians—Cockle Reid the Schoolmaster—Meg's Chuck—Four Boys lost in the Waste—James Smeaton,	171

CHAPTER XV.

Elphinstone Tower—Letter from Lord Elphinstone—Description of the Tower—Armorial Shields—The Yew Tree at Ormistonhall—Wishart the Preacher at Tranent, Longniddry, Haddington, Ormiston, and Elphinstone Tower—Lord Bothwell—Cardinal Beaton—Wishart burned at the Stake—Cardinal Beaton murdered—Sir Thomas Dick Lauder—Description of the Grounds 100 years ago—The Chapel Yard—Tombstones—Burnet—H—Ker—Mill—Lawson—Clydesdale,	182
---	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

St Germain's—Bartholmu Mestre de la maeson de St Germen—Knights Templars—Lady Carmichael—The Andersons—Tennant—Seton Chapel—Catherine Sinclair—Lord Seton—Burning of the Edifice—Restoration by the late Lord Wemyss—Burial-place of Lord and Lady Wemyss—Seton Castle—Description of the Old Building—Bow and Arrow Shooting by Queen Mary, Lords Bothwell, Huntly, and Seton—Hill Burton on Tranent—King James at Seton—King Charles at Seton—Earl of Winton—Destruction of the Old and Building of the Present Castle—Seton Mill—Flint Mills—Morton Cottage—Seton Village—Corporation of Tailors—Full Account of the Feuars prior to their Banishment from Seton—Meadowmill,	191
---	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

Cockenzie and Port-Seton—Situation—Early History—A Free Port and Burgh of Barony—Harbour Building—Salt Pans—The Fisheries—The Cadells—Cockenzie New Harbour—Port-Seton New Harbour—Opening Ceremony—Ecclesiastical—Scholastic—Saltmasters, their Wives, Servants, and Children in 1695—Dr Schwediaur—Port-Seton Glass Works—Barracks—Oil Works—Oyster Dredging—Superstitions—The Black Doctor—The Pressgang—Craniums,	204
---	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

	PAGE
Washing Wells—Guidwives o' Tranent—Skeleton Discovered in a Pit Bottom—A Catastrophe—Capon Ha'—A Peculiar Laird—Destruction of Capon Ha'—The Big Wife o' Birsley—Birsley Old Pit—Ear Cropping—Bankhead House and the Robbers—Kingslaw—Blindwells—Witch Wife's House—The Old Dookit—Bank Park House—Bankton House (<i>i.e.</i> , Holy Stop and Olive Stob),	215

CHAPTER XIX.

Lucius Vallatinus—Relic of the Roman Occupation—Sir David Lindsay the Poet—The Tranent Beggar—The Last Earl of Bothwell born in the Parish of Tranent—George Sinclair, Author of "Satan's Invisible World," &c.—The Beggs—Abstract of Rental of the Parish in 1627, and Excerpt from Abstract of some of the Forfeited Estates in Scotland—Dr Adair—Old Registers—Butcher Market—Tanners—Lock and Nail Makers—Weavers—Brewers and Maltsters—Candle Makers—Straw Hat and Bonnet Makers—Agriculture in 1790—Tranent Muir—Cow-herding of Old—Trades and Professions in 1790—Napoleon's Threatened Invasion of Scotland—Letter from the Marquis of Tweeddale—Volunteer Roll—Private Instructions to the Deputy-Lieutenants—Orders by the Lord-Lieutenant of East Lothian—The False Alarm—Gasworks—Licensed Alehouses in 1840 and 1884,	226
--	-----

CHAPTER XX.

The Heuch—Tranent Old Tower—The Abbey—The Meeting-house—Pigeon Square—Davie Dobson's House—Babylon: Ye Change House—Old Mansion House—Sandy Burns' House—The Royal George—Kerse's Close and Robie Dunse's Smiddy,	242
---	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

The Resurrectionists—Mode of Disentombing the Dead—Henry Steel the Grave-digger—Grave's End—Vallance's Quarry—Lost in the Waste—Pate Tosh's Prayer—Ancient Customs in the Village—Sunday Sprees—Running the Gauntlet—Riding the Stang—Ancient System of Divorcement—Marriage Processions—Creeling—Kissing—Funeral Processions—Psalmody—Post-office—Benefit Societies—Co-operative Store—Banking—Volunteers—Tranent Puddin's—Poaching—Execution of Two Poachers—Tea Manufacturing—Geordie Hamilton's Snuff—Tam Preston's Pills—Captain Hutchison,	254
--	-----

CHAPTER XXII.

	PAGE
Village Notables, &c.—The Laird's Convoy—Jockie Howie's Epistolary Correspondence—Worsted Rob—Jock Davidson's Dinner—James Dalglish—Archie Howie's Purse—Sprees and Battles—Willie Welsh's Prayer—Tam Logan—Tam Swanson's Prayer—A Drinking Match—Wattie Russell—Old Sign-boards—The Traveller's Rest—The Brown Cow,	270



CHARTER.

1210—1219.¹

UNIVERSIS Sancte Matris Ecclesie Filiis, Seyr de Quency comes Wyntonie, salutem. Sciatis me dedisse et hac mea carta confirmasse Deo et ecclesia Sancte Maria de Newbotle et monachis ibidem Der seruientibus in puram et perpetuam elemosinam ad incrementum ecclesia quam pater meus Robertus eisdem contulit in territoria de Trauernent totam uidelicet medietatem maresii extendentis se ab occidente in orientem usque ad riuulum de Wygtrig illam scilicet partem que propior est culture sue. Insuper carbonarium et quararium infra prenominatum riuulum de Wygtrig et diuisas de Pontekyn et Inuereske et in accessu maris et in recessu. Volo itaque et precipio vt nullus hominum meorum infra diuisas Grange de Preston nec in pastura nec in carbonario nec in quarrario possit communiam aliquam habere absque consensu vel bona voluntate eorundem monachorum hiis testibus, W. Episcopo Sancti Andree, Ingeramno de Ballia, Symone de Quency, Alexandro de Seton, et aliis. Et nota quod ista carta habet sigillum differens ab aliis.

¹ Newbattle Chartulary, p. 53.

TRANSLATION OF CHARTER.

To all the Sons of the Holy Mother Church, Seyr de Quency, Earl of Wynton, greeting. Know that I have given and by this my Charter confirmed to God and the Church of St Mary of Newbattle, and to the monks serving God in that place, for an unconditional and perpetual gift towards the increase of the Church which Røbert my father bestowed on the same—to wit, in the territory of Tranent the full half of the marsh which extends from west to east as far as the rivulet of Whitrig, that is to say, that portion which lies nearer to their cultivated land. Further, the Coal-Heuch and the Quarry between the aforementioned rivulet of Whitrig and the bounds of Pinkie and Inveresk, both in the ebb and the flow of the sea. Therefore I will and direct that none of my men may have any share either in the pasture or in the Coal Heuch or in the Quarry, within the bounds of Prestongrange, without the consent or goodwill of the same monks, these being witness, W., Bishop of St Andrews, Ingeram de Ballia, Simon de Quency, Alexander de Seton, and others.

And observe that this Charter has a different seal from the others.

Translated by GEORGE PAULIN, M.A.



Tranent and its Surroundings.

HISTORICAL.

CHAPTER I.

Charter to the Monks of Newbattle, with Translation—Thor filius Swani (1145)—The De Quincies (1165 to 1264)—Roger de Quincy (Lord Tranent) as Lord High Constable of Scotland—Earl of Derby as Lord Tranent—Earl of Buchan as Lord High Constable, and Alan de la Suche as Master of the Mines and Miners, through Marrying the Heiresses of Tranent—Join their Cousin Baliol against the Bruces, and Lose the Estate—Alexander Seton Proprietor—Seton created Lord Seton—Created Earl of Winton—The York Buildings Company—Breaking-up of the Estate—The Cadells, A Pedigree of the Family—Tennant—Polson, A Sketch of his Career.

IN the oldest writs relating to the Barony of Tranent, Swan, as "Lord of the Manor," claims pre-eminence. Whence he came, or from whom descended—whether he obtained the lands by grant or by purchase, or whether they descended to him through successive generations—there exists no record to show. It is probable that when David I. (1124) bestowed lands in East Lothian on Seton, he also conferred on Swan a similar favour. At all events, ancient Scottish history asserts¹ that shortly after that date the same monarch granted certain lands to Thor filius Swani de Traunent, Edmundo de Ffauside bearing witness to the same. Further, in the same charters it is recorded that "Thorald, the son of Swan, then possessing

¹ Charters of Holyroodhouse.

the lands of Tranent, confirmed to the canons of Holyroodhouse about 1145 the church of Tranent."

Of the death of Swan we know nothing; but that his son Thorald died in 1154 is a matter of certainty, for in that year "the church of Tranent was, on his decease, confirmed once more to the canons of Holyroodhouse, probably, it is said, by Malcolm IV."

From the foregoing it would appear that with Thorald departed the last of his race, and that the extensive barony of Tranent thereafter passed into the possession of Malcolm, the reigning prince.

The next proprietor of these lands is Robert de Quincy, a Northamptonshire baron, who in 1165 acquired them from William the Lion. This same monarch made him his justiciary. That this acquisition was effected within a few years after the death of Thorald, we learn from the following entry in "Newbattle Chartulary" (p. 71):—

"Robert de Quincy granted to the monks of Newbattle, about the year 1184, the lands of Preston, where they settled an agricultural establishment, which was afterwards called Prestongrange, with common pasture in the manor of Tranent for ten sheep, and for oxen to cultivate their grange. He also gave them six acres of meadows in his manor of Tranent, and twenty cartloads of peats from the peatry of his lordship, with the liberty of taking wood for fuel for the use of their grange, where the men of his manor could take the same. His son, Seyer de Quincy, confirmed to the monks all these several privileges." In all those charters of the De Quincies, says the writer, "we may perceive the fuel mentioned were peats and wood, but never coals, yet this useful fossil was soon discovered by these monks. Thus early, then, were coals worked and used at Preston in East Lothian, and were even exported to other countries."

That the decease of Robert and the succession of his son Seyer to the barony of Tranent took place shortly after 1184, may be affirmed from the fact that it was between 1210 and 1218 that the latter granted a charter anent coal-working on their lands to the monks of Newbattle. This Seyer de Quincy, according to Dugdale, set out in 1218 for Palestine, from which he never returned. He was slain in the wars of 1219.

To Seyer succeeded his brother Roger de Quincy, whom he left in possession when he set out to fight the infidel.

This Roger de Quincy was Earl of Winchester as well as Lord of Tranent. In right of his wife Helen he was hereditary

Constable of Scotland. This Helen was the eldest of three daughters of Alan Lord of Galloway, whose mother, Ela de Mereville, had brought to her husband Roland Lord of Galloway, the high dignity of Constable.

The second daughter of Alan, Dervegulde, married John de Baliol, Lord of Bouvard Castle, whose only surviving son, John Baliol, was crowned king of Scotland at Scone, 30th November 1292.

Roger de Quincy died on 28th April 1264, leaving three daughters co-heiresses. The eldest, Margret, married William de Foirariis, Earl of Derby, who got by her the "Barony of Tranent." The second, Elizabeth, married Alexander Earl of Buchan, carrying with her the "Constablership of Scotland." She owned "Elphinstone, Myles, and Commonty of Tranent." The third was Ela, who married Alan de la Suche. He got with her "the mines and miners of Tranent," also "the lands of Fawside." These ladies were first cousins of John Baliol, King of Scotland, with whom their husbands naturally sided in the contest for the crown against the Bruces. When the latter became victorious, Robert the Bruce gave their lands to his relative and companion-in-arms, Alexander de Seton, whose family had for several generations possessed the neighbouring lands of Seton and Winton.

This Alexander was the son of Sir Christopher Seton, who married a sister of Robert the Bruce. He was beheaded in England some time previous to the success of his brother-in-law. Of the family of Seton, from the early records of that house, we learn that in 1124 one Saytun or Seton obtained a charter of lands in East Lothian from David I., and that in the reign of William the Lion this same Seton, or a lineal descendant, acquired a right to the lands of Seton, Winton, and Winchburgh.

In Alexander, who obtained from his uncle, Robert the Bruce, the barony of Tranent, we find not only a lineal descendant of that family, but the head of the house of Seton.

At an early period the family became one of the most opulent and influential in Scotland, and was connected by marriage with all the principal families in the country. The families of Gordon and Eglinton were in fact Setons, the heiresses of these houses having married younger sons of the Seton family.

In the reign of James I. of Scotland, the head of this ancient house became Lord Seton; and in the year 1600, six days after the baptism of the ill-fated Charles I., Lord Seton was, in honour of the occasion, created Earl of Winton.

It was customary, it is said, for the Earls of Winton once a year "to ride the marches,"—that is, to ride in state round the boundaries of their possession, the magnitude of which may, in part at least, be inferred from the fact of its taking a whole day, from sunrise to sunset, to accomplish the feat. On these occasions the "head of the house" was always accompanied by a very large retinue of friends and retainers, mounted on gaily caparisoned horses, that of the chief being arrayed in a cloth of silk with gold tassels hanging to its feet. The festivities lasted over many days.

In the thirteenth century the value of this great estate was, we find, £15 annually. In the seventeenth century (1653), according to the cess-roll of the county of Haddington, including casualties arising from coal, salt, &c., it was estimated at £14,925. Throughout a long term of years, in all civil affairs, the house of Seton or Winton is ever found either leading the van or pressing determinedly forward. But in religious matters their progressive part seems to have been played prior to the days of Wishart, Knox, and Melville. All through that family are said to have been "bitterly and resolutely" opposed to the Reformation. But the glories of the house of Winton had departed for ever; and sad it is to think that this ancient and once powerful family, after possessing these lands for about six hundred years, should at last, in 1715, be deprived of all, through their devoted attachment to the unfortunate house of Stuart.

In 1719 the York Buildings Company of London became possessors of the Winton estates, at the price of £49,622. This company, according to the "Calender of State Papers, Domestic Series," page 588, 1663-4, was incorporated in 1665, in the reign of Charles II., who, by letters-patent May 6th of that year, empowered Francis Williamson and Ralf Wayne to convey certain springs to and for the use of the inhabitants of St James's Fields, Piccadilly, Charing Cross, and parts adjacent. Further, on 7th May 1675, the same monarch granted letters-patent under the great seal to Ralf Bucknall and Ralf Wayne, empowering them for a period of ninety-nine years to erect a water-work and water-house near the river Thames, upon part of the grounds of York House Garden, for the same purpose. The property was soon divided into a great many shares.

In 1719 the York Buildings Water Works became by purchase the property of Messrs Case Bellingsley, James Bradley, Beryamen Broadley, John Hadwar, Robert Thomson, and Edmund Watts, at the price of £7000. The Duke of Chandos was chosen governor of the new company, and under these

new proprietors a subscription was at once laid open for raising a joint stock and fund of £1,200,000 for purchasing forfeited estates in Great Britain. Thus was the money raised, and such were the parties who, amongst other estates, became proprietors of the lands of Winton. In taking possession this company displayed no want of energy in the management of their estate, and during the years it remained in their hands wrought many improvements in the district. But after holding it a little over half a century, the company became entangled in the meshes of hopeless insolvency, and in 1778-9 the great "Winton estate" was broken up into fragments, and acquired by several individuals.

In "The Decreet of Sale," a MS. volume referring to the above, kindly lent us by John Polson, Esq., we find that this estate in its entirety comprised, beside the parish of Tranent, a great part of Gladsmuir and Pencaitland; and as this MS. volume is the only legal document extant containing the whole transactions of "sale," we presume that a few particulars concerning the breaking up of an estate, held together for so many centuries by the illustrious house of Winton, may still be interesting to many. We make the following quotations, and that the more willingly, finding so many crude stories abroad concerning at least the purchase by Mackenzie of the Seton portion of the estate:—

Decreet of Sale of the Winton Estate, &c., in favour of Alexander Mackenzie, W.S., George Buchan Hepburn, Esq., and others.

"At Edinburgh, the 22d day of June and 17th and 27th days of July 1779, anent the Summons and action of Ranking and Sale originally raised, intended, and pursued before the Lords of Council and Session at the instance of Edward Duke of Norfolk, George Lord Carpenter, Sir Robert Clifton of Clifton, Bart., Sir Archibald Grant of Monymusk, Bart., William Nelson of Edinburgh, Merchant, Richard Graham of Glasgow, Merchant, Provost John Murdoch of Glasgow, Merchant, and Alexander Ochterlony of London, Merchant, — Against the Governor and Company of Undertakers for raising the Thames water in York Buildings, London, and their Creditors after-named, viz.: — James Peachy, Esq., William Smith, Esq., John Edwin, Esq., Hillard Kelly, Esq., Andrew Holborn, Esq., Edmund Netherwell, Esq., Henry Shelby, Esq., Alexander Bennet, Esq., Anthony Stevenson, Esq., William Duncan, Esq., and Abraham Muir, Esq., all of London, in the County of

Middlesex,—all for themselves and as trustees for the other proprietors of Annuities or Rent Charges payable by the said Governor and Company out of their Lands and Estates after-mentioned, and Dame Elizabeth Pellus, Thomas Haley, Esq., London, Thomas Whichcoat, Esq. of Harpswell, Lincoln, Daniel Campbell of Shawfield, William Earl of Panmure, and all and every person who are or pretend to be Creditors of the said Governor and Company, and all and every other persons having or pretending Interest, and the Tutors and Curators of such of them as are minors, if they any have, for their Interest; and thereafter Carried on By and At The Instance of John Walsh, Esq., Francis Barlow, Esq., and Alexander Gerard, Esq., Trustees for the Creditors under a Trust Disposition executed by the said Governor and Company, &c. . . . It should be Found and Declared that the said Governor and Company are Bankrupt and Insolvent, &c. . . . The same being Found and Declared, Their whole Lands and Heritages Ought and and Should be Ordained to be Rouped or Sold, jointly or separately, at the price to be determined by said Lords or more if it can be got, and the price which shall be got should be distributed and divided amongst the pursuers and the other Creditors proportionately according to the several sums due to them.” Follows an abstract of the Value of the Estate of Winton, viz. :—“Value of the Lordship and Barony of Seton, Longniddry, and Winton, contained in the York Building Company’s Lease to Mr Buchan, Tacksman on the estate, £68,312, 19s. $\frac{4}{12}$ d.; Value of the Barony of Tranent and others, contained in the said Company’s Lease to Mr Adam, Tacksman on the estate, £30,901, 7s. 1d.; Value of the Coal and Saltworks, £900.—Total value of the Estate of Winton, £100,114, 6s. $1\frac{4}{12}$ d. sterling. Free rental, £4200 sterling yearly.”

An Act of Parliament having been obtained empowering pursuers to sell the estate in favour of the creditors, it was ordained that the roup should proceed, and that the conditions be as follows :—

“A half-hour glass be set up, and that the lands, baronies, and others contained in the ‘Act of Roup,’ be exposed to sale in the several lots, portions, and parcels, and at the respective prices put thereon by the Lords, as aftermentioned, viz. :—

The Lordship of Seton, in 3 lots.

The Barony of Longniddry, in 4 lots.

The Barony of Tranent and Cockenzie, in 3 lots.

And the Barony of Winton, in 1 lot.

All agreeable to the schemes and plans thereof mentioned, &c. Further, there shall be but one decret of sale extracted for the said whole lots and parcels. The purchaser of the first lot of the barony of Tranent shall have the custody and keeping of the said 'Decreet of Sale,' and also of the title-deeds of the said whole lands in East Lothian."

A half-hour glass being set up, and the first lot of the lordship of Seton being exposed to sale, thereupon compeared Alexander Mackenzie, W.S., and offered for said lot the upset price, £9739, os. 2 $\frac{6}{12}$ d. sterling. The half-hour glass being run out, and Alexander Mackenzie being the only offerer, the presiding judge, Lord Monboddo, preferred him to the purchase of the said first lot of the lordship of Seton. This contained the old palace, orchards, mills, village of Seton, &c. Mackenzie bought also the second lot, at £8732, 13s. 3 $\frac{4}{12}$ d. sterling. John Hunter, W.S., Edinburgh, bought the third lot, at £7600 sterling.

The first lot of the barony of Longniddry (including the village) being exposed to sale in a similar manner, William Mackillop, Writer in Edinburgh, bought it for £12,000 sterling. John Hunter, W.S., bought the second lot, at £5100 sterling. James Marshall, W.S., bought the third lot, at £6574 sterling. James Walker, W.S., bought the fourth lot, at £8830 sterling.

The first lot of the barony of Tranent and Cockenzie being exposed, and none compearing to offer, the sale of this lot was put off till 16th June same year, when David Erskine, W.S., became purchaser at the price of £17,500 sterling. This lot comprehended all that part of the barony lying to the north of the post-road from Haddington to Tranent, including that part of the village of Tranent on the north side of said road, also the park west of the Heuch, and the Heuch itself, bounded on the west and north by the lands of Bankton and Preston, and on the east by Seton, St Germain's, and Easter Addinstone.

John Graham, W.S., bought the second lot, 15th February 1779, at £6350 sterling. This comprised the farm of Carlaverock and all the muir east of it to the south and west of the post-road; the feus of Tranent, Windygoul, St Germain's improvements on the muir, town, and feus of Cockenzie; also the coal works, salt works, oyster scalps, teind fish, and custom of the fair at Cockenzie; with the teinds, parsonage and vicarage, of the subjects contained in said second lot.

John Graham bought also the third lot, the price paid being £15,400 sterling. This comprised the part of the village of Tranent lying on the south side of the post-road; the lands

of Windygoul, including the farms of Myles, Birsley, Wester Windygoul, and Caponha⁷.

The barony of Winton being exposed to sale in one lot, it was purchased by James Walker, W.S., for the sum of £13,500 sterling. A petition being given in, it was therein shown that George Buchan Hepburn¹ had become purchaser of the first lot of the barony of Tranent, and John Graham the second and third lots.

At this period the greater part of "Lot 1" was almost immediately purchased by Mr John Cadell of Cockenzie; and in 1787, lots 2 and 3—with the exception of Myles and Birsley farms, which were acquired by Lady Hyndford, and a few other odd lots obtained by different individuals—came also into possession of the same gentleman; thus forming the barony of Tranent once more into a very large and compact estate.

The family of Cadell has now for nearly two centuries been of influence in the parish. The monument to the first of the name who had some property at Cockenzie, is still in fair preservation within the unroofed south entrance of the Abbey of Haddington. The inscription shows that he was a "merchant burghess" of the town, and that he died in 1728. Though the family do not at present trace any ancient lineage, the name occurs in the oldest extant Scotch records, and they believe the ancestors of the burghess came from the north of Scotland. In the shires of Caithness and Nairn several families of that name during and prior to the sixteenth century possessed estates. About the latter period the name became corrupted into that of Calder and Cawdor. There are in a room at Castle Grant, the seat of the Earl of Seafield, a number of old coats of arms of the neighbouring gentry, among which is one bearing the deer's head crest, with "Caddel of Yat ilk" carved below it. This family was afterwards known as the "Calders of Calder." A brother of the Earl of Argyle who was killed at the battle of Flodden, 1513, married the heiress of Calder, and their descendant is the present Earl of Cawdor. A son of the "merchant burghess" was William Cadell, a very clever and enterprising man. He carried on a large mercantile trade at Portseton, and had vessels which sailed to the Baltic and other places then considered distant. He was lessee of the Tranent Collieries from the York Buildings Company after the attainder of

¹ Mr George Buchan Hepburn of Smeaton, afterwards made a Baronet, was brother-in-law to Mr John Cadell, who afterwards purchased Tranent estate.

the Setons. Among his friends was the celebrated Dr Roebuck, who, though a Sheffield man, did much to advance practical science in Scotland. Utilising a chemical discovery, the latter erected and carried on at Prestonpans large vitriol works, while Mr William Cadell, at the same place, established potteries on a large scale, bringing the clay from Devonshire and the flint from London in vessels to Portseton. His ventures on the whole seem to have prospered, for, besides property at Cockenzie, he became the owner of Carronpark and Glenquoy in Stirlingshire and Grange in Linlithgowshire. Aided by the science and capital of Dr Roebuck and Mr Garbet, another Englishman, and by the skill of Smeaton and other leading engineers, he founded the Carron Ironworks, which for many years were the most celebrated in Europe. The machinery, partly invented for them, and the adaptations of water and afterwards steam power, were thought to be among the engineering wonders of the day. The three gentlemen whose names we have given were joined by others of local standing, and had a charter for expending £150,000 on the works. This was considered a vast sum for such an undertaking. Mr William Cadell left Carronpark to his eldest son, whose representative is the present Mr Henry Cadell of Carronpark and Grange. He left Glenquoy and Cockenzie to his second son, Mr John Cadell, who is frequently mentioned in this volume. On the latter purchasing Tranent, Glenquoy was sold. The late Mr H. F. Cadell, whose name is also mentioned in these pages, began life as a midshipman in the Royal Navy, and left it, though in many ways admirably adapted for the profession, because he could not bear to witness the frequent punishments of flogging inflicted to a shocking extent in H.M.S. *Atlas* in which he was sailing. His unostentatious courage and kindness were strongly exhibited during the terrible outbreak of cholera in 1832. In recognition of his "truly benevolent exertions," a handsome piece of plate was afterwards presented to him by persons in the neighbourhood.

A brother of this gentleman, Mr Robert Cadell, was associated with Constable, of Edinburgh, the publisher of Sir Walter Scott's novels, and to him it was, we understand, the great novelist was first indebted for information concerning the firm's financial difficulties.

One of Mr Hugh Francis Cadell's sons was the late Mr Francis Cadell, who earned for himself a great name in the colonies of Australia, by his adventures and enterprise in various ways, among others by exploring and introducing steam navi-

gation on the river Murray and its tributaries. In 1879 he met with a sad fate by being killed while sailing among the South Sea Islands. Another is General Robert Cadell, C.B., of Cockenzie House, a distinguished Indian officer; while a third son, Colonel Thomas Cadell, V.C., also an Indian officer of distinction, is Governor of the Andaman Islands. A quotation from the *London Gazette* shows that the present Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Cadell, the youngest son of the late Mr H. F. Cadell, inherited the latter's strength, courage, and humanity. He was still a lad when his regiment was engaged at the siege of Delhi, where it lost more men than the whole British army did during the late Egyptian War ending with the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He distinguished himself in leading his men, and as a swordsman in several personal encounters with rebel soldiers; and, five years after the occurrences, was surprised by seeing himself gazetted to the most coveted distinction a soldier can gain—the Victoria Cross—"for having on the 12th June 1857, at the flagstaff picquet at Delhi, when the whole of the picquet of Her Majesty's 75th Regiment and the 2d European Bengal Fusileers were driven in by a large body of the enemy, brought from amongst the enemy a wounded bugler of his own regiment, under a most severe fire, who would otherwise have been cut up by the rebels; and also, on the same day, when the Fusileers were retiring, by order, on Metcalfe's house, on its being represented that there was a wounded man left behind, Lieutenant Cadell went back of his own accord towards the enemy, accompanied by three men, and brought in a man of the 75th Regiment, who was severely wounded, under a heavy fire from the advancing enemy."

Returning to this country on a three years' furlough, the Colonel was in 1882 elected chairman of the Tranent School Board, in which capacity he had much to do in shaping the scheme for the reorganisation of George Stiell's Trust.

The barony of Tranent remained in possession of the Cadell family till the year 1861, when Mr Robert Tennant of Leeds became proprietor. It was destined, however, within the lapse of a few years once more to change hands, and in 1871 the manor of Tranent was acquired, at a very high price, by Mr John Polson of Paisley.

Thinking it quite in keeping with a work of this nature to introduce the superior of these lands to his people a little more fully than by a mere formal mention of name and surname, and well knowing the warmth with which it will be welcomed, we have taken upon us the somewhat pleasing task of deline-

ating, in a necessarily brief form, a few episodes in the stirring and truly successful career of that spirited gentleman.

According to the "County Families Directory," Mr Polson—whose father was John Polson, Esq. of Thrushcraig, Paisley, and died in the memorable 1843—was born at Paisley, in the county of Renfrew, on the 5th day of February 1825.

At an early age Mr Polson was sent to the Grammar School in the town of his nativity, where, under the charge of a strict though not oppressive disciplinarian, the apt abilities of the pupil soon began to assert themselves. Here also, it is said, at a comparatively early period of his life, shone forth in the boy the persevering determination and brilliant business habits that have ever since distinguished the man.

The subject of our narrative afterwards proceeded to the Andersonian University, Glasgow, where, with high honours, he finished an education which, in after-times, was to stand him in good stead, and on the completion of which he, with all his wonted eagerness, at once launched into the struggle of life, determined to make for himself a name at least in connection with the commerce of the nation. That his early mental powers and lofty aspirations have been ultimately crowned with not a little success, as a partner in the world-renowned firm of "Brown & Polson," and latterly his becoming superior of one of the richest mineral parishes in the kingdom, is evident to all.

No sooner had Mr Polson become proprietor of Tranent, than his ardent nature was all afire to have the village thoroughly purified of its unwholesome habitations. These in most part have now been swept away, and handsome blocks of houses erected in their stead.

For upwards of half a century the village had actually languished for want of water,—indeed the straits to which the inhabitants were often reduced, were such that several times a wholesale desertion of the village was in contemplation. The question of a pure and wholesome supply of that indispensable commodity for the wants of the villagers that gentleman at once took up, and, acting conjointly with the Commissioners of the Burgh Police, never rested till the article was found.

In order to further the scheme and hurry on the movement, Mr Polson not only devoted a great deal of his invaluable time, but at once and unconditionally subscribed the handsome sum of £500, giving at the same time a promise of adding 25 per cent. to all other subscriptions, from whomsoever received, for the furtherance of that special object.

Mr Polson was for a session chairman of Tranent School

Board, and has for many years been chairman of the Parochial Board.

Mr Polson was, we understand, the first in this country to introduce the manufacture of corn-flour from maize. All throughout his life has been an exceedingly busy one, yet despite all the hurry and worry of business Mr Polson has found leisure to indulge in the pleasing pastime of authorship, and neither in the field of literature has he laboured without success.

Mr Polson married in 1859 Mary, daughter of Thomas Shanks, Esq., of Johnstone, and has issue a daughter. His residences are West Mount, Paisley, and Castle Leven, by Gourock.





CHAPTER II.

The Village—Derivation of its Name—Boundaries of the Parish—Burning of Preston Castle—Prestonpans formed into a Parish—Annexation of Seton to Tranent—Disjunction of Winton from Tranent—Coal Discovery—Second Charter to the Monks of Newbattle—Protector Somerset—Witless Jock—The Villagers seek Refuge in the Waste—Burning of Tranent.

ACCORDING to Chalmers in his "Caledonia,"¹ the village of Tranent derives its name from its natural situation, "Trev-er-nent signifying in the ancient British language a village on a river or ravine." Others who have since treated of this subject have accepted this derivation, and doubtless it is correct. The ravine or heuch, through which a small stream flows, and out of which coal had been wrought and stone quarried for centuries, is still there, and the village in close proximity to it.

We may mention, however, that the first rendering of the name is not Trev-er-nent, but Trauent—Thor de Trauent.² It next appears in the form of Trauernent,³ afterwards as Treuernent,⁴ and last of all as Tranent.⁵

When the village of Tranent was founded, or who were its first inhabitants, is now a mystery beyond solution. Nevertheless there it stands, one of the most ancient, and to-day one of the most prosperous, villages in East Lothian. It is about equidistant from the market towns of Haddington (its county town) and Dalkeith, and lies about ten miles to the east of the city of Edinburgh.

As seen from Gladsmuir, on the east, it seems, from the

¹ Vol. ii., p. 523.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 9.

⁵ In both of the above Charters.

² Charters of Holyroodhouse, p. 8.

⁴ Newbattle Chartulary.

Free Church near the Muir to the Parish Church at the foot of the glen, reclining very much at ease on the brow of a gentle declivity which runs north and south.

As beheld from Upper Birsley, to the west, it appears a most peculiarly constructed village. From one end to the other its irregular and detached blocks of houses look as if they were built alternately on hills and in hollows ; and though so terribly scattered as to compel a body of land-surveyors on one occasion to assert that "the plan of Tranent could at any time be had by emptying a bag of potatoes on the ground," it is not at all unpleasant to behold.

As seen from Cockenzie Pier, to the north, like the western view no regular formation of any street or lane whatever can be observed. From there it has the appearance of a hundred villas clustering closely on the brow of a hill ; and interspersed and partly surrounded as it is by the village orchards, a more picturesque little spot it is impossible to conceive.

But as beheld from within the walls, truly many of its rural beauties as seen from afar seem to have vanished. The great want of uniformity in its buildings, and the many crumbling ill-shapen blocks that everywhere, even in its principal streets, project over the footpaths, give to it a rather uncouth appearance, especially to the eye of a stranger.

The parish of Tranent is bounded on the east by the parishes of Gladsmuir and Pencaitland, on the west by Inveresk and Prestonpans, on the south by Ormiston and Cranstoun, and on the north by the Firth of Forth.

Its extreme breadth from east to west is about three miles, and its greatest length from north to south four and a half miles. Its area is about nine square miles, or 5464 acres. In extent, however, the parish of Tranent was at one time much greater than it now is, embracing as it did the whole parish of Prestonpans and considerable portions of Gladsmuir and Pencaitland.

In reference to Prestonpans, we learn that although it was not a separate parish it had from a very early date a church of its own, which was burned along with the town and castle of Preston about three years prior to the battle of Pinkie. The inhabitants of the united baronies of Preston and Prestonpans obtained thereafter the right of attending the church of Tranent. This continued until about the close of the century, when George Hamilton, proprietor of the united baronies of Preston and Prestonpans, and Sir John his son, bestowed ground for a church, churchyard, and school. They also endowed a

minister and schoolmaster, with glebe, garden, and stipend. The celebrated John Davidson, then minister of the district, erected a church and schoolhouse at his own expense.

In 1595 Prestonpans was recognised as *quoad sacra*, an independent parish, and in 1606 it was finally disjoined from the parish of Tranent.

The old parish of Seton, which remained intact until the Reformation, was thereafter annexed to the parish of Tranent.

In 1649 the lands of Winton, hitherto part of the parish of Tranent, were disjoined from it, and in 1681 they were once more annexed. In 1715, after the forfeiture of the Winton family, they were finally separated from Tranent, and became part of the parish of Pencaitland.

A new parish, called Gladsmuir, was formed in 1695, between Haddington and Tranent, out of portions of Haddington, Aberlady, and Tranent.

The parish of Tranent at its greatest elevation lies 320 feet above the level of the Firth of Forth. It is poorly wooded to the south, but richly adorned with grand old trees to the north.

There is in the parish no river, only a few trifling rivulets. The most conspicuous is Harry's Burn, which takes its rise a little below Hillhead, and proceeds through the Peth or Burnshot, gathering strength from the surrounding fields as it gurgles on its rugged course through the once pleasant-looking old Heuch, till it loses itself a little to the east of Meadowmill, in the great day level.

The soil, from the fine sandy shore of the Firth of Forth to the dark loamy fields around Elphinstone Tower, may be described as one vast fruitful field, capable of raising in all their variety the different crops of the country.

The ordinary strata connected with the formation of coal everywhere abound. The regularity of the stratification, however, is much disturbed by clay and whinstone dykes, upthrowing and downcasting hitches.

Of the trap dykes which disarrange the coal strata, the most extensive in the parish is that known as Stony Brae Quarry. It lies about half a mile to the south of Cockenzie, and stretches away to the east right through the Garleton hills into the German Ocean, and to the west through Preston-grange harbour into the Firth of Forth.

There is near Meadowmill a clay dyke, about fourteen feet wide, which throws the strata sixteen fathoms up to the south, and here most of the coal seams crop out.

There are several coal basins in the parish, the most important of which lies a little to the west of Carlaverock farmhouse. From this trough, or basin, the coal seams rise in all directions, and gradually crop out, but only to be succeeded by the same, or other seams in their stead, behind some trap dyke or other in the vicinity of the outcrop.

There are at least six well-known coal seams in the parish, and how many more may still lie unbroken in their watery beds it is impossible to say. These six consist of The Great Seam, The Splint, The Parrot, The Three Feet, The Four Feet, and The Five Feet Seams. The last mentioned, though well known, is still untouched; the others have been wrought to a considerable extent. After all the excavations, however, that have been made, it is reckoned there is still coal sufficient in these lands to keep the trade going at its present rate for a thousand years to come.

That the "black stone" which burns was known to exist in this locality many years previous to its being found elsewhere, is an indisputable fact; and that it was in use about the year 1200 we may, from existing agreements, safely affirm.

But how the combustible properties of that mineral were first discovered is uncertain. Tradition is probably right in ascribing its discovery to some happy coincidence. It tells us something like this:—The shepherds who tended their flocks in the meadows near by were in the habit of lighting fires of wood on the soil; that one day kindling accidentally on the top of a coal out-crop, to their surprise the whole surrounding soil became ignited through contact with the burning wood, and in their exertions to subdue the flames they came upon a beautiful black stone, the cause of the conflagration. This they carried home to their masters, the monks, who were not slow to put its heat-producing properties to the test, and apply it to their best advantage.

In reference to the above, we find in Chalmers' "Caledonia,"—"The monks of Newbattle had the merit to discover and to work coal on their lands of Prestongrange as early as 1200 A.D. There remains a charter of Seyer de Quincy, the lord of the manor of Tranent, to those monks, granting to them 'carbonarium et quararium' on their lands of Preston, bound by the rivulet of Pinkie, with the exclusive power to work them. This charter must have been granted between 1202 and 1218, for the granter set out for the Holy Land in 1218 and died there in 1219, as we know from Dugdale; and one of the witnesses was William, who became Bishop of St Andrews in 1202."

The second notice of the existence of coal in Tranent is the charter of James, Steward of Scotland, dated the 26th day of January 1284-5, when he granted his lands of Tranent, with the moors, marshes, peatrics, et carbonariis, and other easements. "The autograph," says the writer, "is in my library. Here, then, are two charters which precede the charter mentioning coals in Dunfermline in 1291; so that coals were worked ninety years at least in East Lothian before they were known in Fife. From the age of Robert the Bruce there is a series of charters granting collieries in East Lothian."

At what period these religious fathers—these curious monks of old—ceased to work coal on the manor of Tranent, there are no records to show; probably it was only after the out-crop had disappeared under ground and the black stone had become too difficult to acquire.

That coalworking, however, had been extensively gone into from the time of its discovery up to the year 1547 is evident from the fact, that when Protector Somerset with his army arrived at Tranent a few days previous to the battle of Pinkie, not a living being—man, woman, or child—remained in the village to greet the English commander; the whole community, with all their "gudes an' gear," had fled for safety to the coalwastes of the district. So completely had the people and their belongings disappeared, that nothing save a poor old ox, so crushed with the weight of years that he was unable to get out of the way, was left; and there he stood unflinchingly in the centre of the street, staring the valiant English soldiers in the face.

This grim old village watcher the invading army are said to have hailed as a most valuable prize. Hunger had for some time worked such havoc in their ranks that they were glad to lay hold of anything digestible. But hardly had the frail brute been despatched, distributed, and eaten, when "witless Jock, the village fule," appeared in the midst of the soldiers claiming the missing ox, which had been his, "a gift frae his puir auld mither when she dee'd." But the gift had been devoured, and little cared the starving army either for the memory of Jock's mither or the person of the living son. Jock was laid hold of and pricked with spear points till he disclosed to his tormentors the hiding-place of his fellow-villagers, and led them to the mouths of the several pits where he knew they had fled for security.

Out of the old excavations the soldiers made many endeavours to drive the villagers. They closed up the pit mouths

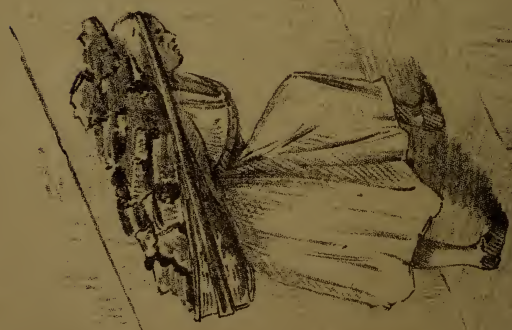
that gave air to the workings, and lighted fires at the entrances with a view either to drive them out at other apertures or suffocate them by smoke. But as they dreaded to enter the gloomy caverns in pursuit, all their efforts to dislodge the Tranentonians were in vain. Patten, the historian, who accompanied the English army, remarks, "Forasmuch as we found not that they dyd the tone, we thought it for certain they were sure of the toother. We had doon that we came for, and so left them."

All the houses in the village were at this time sacked, and many of them destroyed by fire, but with the exception of Jock's ox not another victim fell. The inhabitants were out of harm's way, and such of them as were possessed of domestic fowls, pigs, or cows, had them driven into the old wastes previously mentioned, and thus escaped the hands of the plunderers.

At the present day the hiding away in the old coal workings of cattle, pigs, &c., would be attended with many difficulties; but in those early days it was a simple matter indeed, seeing that previous to and for many years after 1547, none but the upper or great seam, which is nine feet in thickness, was wrought, and that on the "in-gaun-ee" system. This means that the miners followed the crop in from the surface, and cut a road into the coal face from the nearest hillside.

There is said to have been several "in-gaun-ees" in that field on Portobello farm to the north of Vallance's quarry. These were largely taken advantage of on the occasion referred to. The last "in-gaun-ee" in operation in the parish was in connection with Bankpark pit, opened by the late Mr John Grieve, about twenty-five years ago.

Tranent, from its situation, being peculiarly adapted for coal excavation in this manner, the system was everywhere taken advantage of; and the district being so completely honeycombed all round, and even underneath the village, it was a very simple matter for the villagers, who were mostly a mining population, to enter by these "in-gaun-ees, with all their gudes and gear," and keep out of the reach of any number of pursuers unacquainted with the numerous intricate windings of old coal workings. These having so many inlets and outlets, it was impossible that any smoke the soldiers might force into the wastes could harm those who had sought shelter there.



COAL BEARERS.



CHAPTER III.

Master and Servant—Abolition of Neyfship—Miners exempted from Taxation—Fire-raising in Coal Heuchs—Fawside Conflagration—John Henry beheaded—Miners and Salters reduced to Slavery—Acts regulating the Export of Coal—Idle Days prohibited—Habeas Corpus Act—Miners and Salters emancipated—Pride's Petition—Reminiscences of James M'Neill—Copy of Contract.

AT what period the Seton family commenced to work coal on the lands of Seton is uncertain, probably it was not later than when the monks of Newbattle began to excavate it near Preston. The famous black stone crops out all along their adjacent grounds, and what was known to the one would not likely remain long a secret from the other. At all events, no sooner had the Setons acquired the barony of Tranent than the excavation of coal on that estate was prosecuted with vigour.

It would be interesting could we learn with certainty the nature of the relationship that existed in these early days between master and servant, the number of people employed in that industry, the price of the fuel, and the remuneration awarded to the labourer. These, however, are questions—and many others might be asked—the answers to which cannot now be determined with accuracy.

Slavery, or Neyfship, died out in Scotland in the fourteenth century, the last claim proved being in 1364.¹ From that period the collier was as free as any other labourer. Not only so, but, whether owing to the perilous nature of his calling, or some other undefined cause, he was henceforth exempted from many of the hardships to which other workmen were sub-

¹ Innes' "Legal Antiquities," p. 159.

jected. In support of this we refer to an Act passed in 1592,¹ whereby "miners were exempted from all taxation, charges, and proclamations, whether in time of peace or war, and all their families, guidis, and gear" taken under royal protection. Further, it was declared that any "wrong or oppression done to them, directly or indirectly, would be severely punished, as done contrary to his majesty's special safeguard."

Perhaps it was owing to these very privileges of exemption and protection, we cannot tell, but colliers, as a class, became of a sudden exceptionally lawless. Amongst the serious crimes of which they were guilty was that of destroying by fire the very collieries from which they obtained their livelihood.

This system of fire-raising was carried on to such an extent throughout the coal-producing districts of Scotland, that the Legislature was compelled to pass, in 1592,² an Act declaring "that, for the better punishment of the wicked crime of wilfully setting fire to coal heuchs by ungodly persons, from motives of private revenge and spite, this crime should for the future be treason, and that whoever was found guilty of the same should suffer the punishment of treason in their bodies, lands, and goods."

Strange as it may appear, only a short time after this Act became law, "a culprit," and the only one we read of, was found, if not in the village, certainly within the parish of Tranent.

Thus, in Pitcairn's "Criminal Trials"³ we find:—"A miner, named John Henry, in Little Fawside, was accused and found guilty of the crime of wilfully setting fire to the coal heuch of Fawside, belonging to Mungo M'Call, against whom he had conceived 'ane deidly rancour and evill will,' because 'the said Johnne had nocht that liberty and commandiment under him quhilk he had under Johnne Livingstone, his predicessour.'"

This John Henry, says tradition, was at first but a common working miner. He displayed, however, as a workman, abilities superior to the rest of his fellows, and thereby attained, under the easy-going and unsuspecting Livingstone, the position of underground manager. On a change of masters taking place, John was found unsuitable for the situation, and was on the verge of being dismissed, when he sought revenge by setting fire to the colliery. For the above crime "John Henry was hanged at the market-cross of Edinburgh, and afterwards

¹ Act of Parl. Scot., vol. xi., p. 43.

² *Ibid.*, vol. iii., p. 575.

³ Vol. iii., p. 361.

beheaded, and his head sent out to Fawside and placed on a pole beside the mine as a warning to others."

Fawside conflagration, simply we believe because of its being recorded, is supposed by many to have been the origin of that same fire which burned itself out, on a time, opposite the Old Abbey in the Heuch. This, however, is not according to the old traditions of the village. The former occurred in the early part of the seventeenth century, the latter a hundred years or so afterwards, and originated at Lower Birsley, in the following manner:—At the bottom of the shaft, a large furnace was kept burning, night and day, to cause a draught throughout the workings. By the negligence of the man in charge, however, one of the stoops became ignited through contact with the furnace, and before it was discovered the fire had made such progress that it was found impossible to extinguish it. After the expiration of many years, it burned itself out in the Heuch, where the effects of the conflagration are still to be seen.

This fire did comparatively little damage. It extended neither to the one side nor the other, being confined all the way between two trap-dykes, one to the north and the other to the south of it. The route it pursued is said to have been easily detected for many years afterwards, especially after a snowstorm, the snow invariably disappearing from that ground much earlier than elsewhere. Whether the furnacekeeper escaped or perished in the flames is uncertain, but he was never more heard of in that locality.

If many favours were bestowed on the miner by the Act of 1592, these were very soon afterwards recalled, and his freedom materially curtailed. Through the influence of the Earl of Winton, it is supposed, who was at that period not only a favourite at court, but perhaps the most extensive coalowner and salt manufacturer in Great Britain, along with the pressure brought to bear on the Legislature by other coalowners in the United Kingdom, another Act was passed, which practically abrogated the former, and reduced colliers and salters alike to a state of servitude,—a position, in fact, little short of that of a common slave. By this Act of 1606,¹ their service was to be perpetual; if the owner sold the work, the labourer went with it.

The principal reason given for introducing a measure so stringent, was the dread that, in course of time, men would not

¹ Act of Parl. Scot., vol. iv., p. 286.

be found willing to engage in work so unremunerative and laborious.

It was further enacted in the same year, that "no person should fee or engage any colliers, coal-hewers, or salters, without a testimonial from their last masters, showing a reasonable cause for their removing; and if any one engaged them without such certificate, the master from whom they had deserted could claim them within a year and a day; and they had to be given back within twenty-four hours, under pain of an hundred pounds damages—the deserting workers to be punished as thieves."

By the same Act, express commission was given to the owners of coal-heuchs and salt pans to "apprehend and put to labour all vagabonds and sturdy beggars," by whom it is said that the country was literally overrun. They went about in bands of from four to six, and those of the community who would not be terrified into the delivering up of their goods had very often to submit to be deprived of them by force.

In 1609¹ an Act was passed, confirming former Acts, against the export of coal, the alarming reason being that "the hail coill within this kingdome sall in a verie schorte tyme be waisted and consumed."

Being in the position of a serf, which differed from that of a slave only in this, that the master had not the power to bring him out of the mine and dispose of him by public auction in the market-place, the miner, it may be easily conceived, would not be consulted about the price of his produce, but that his master should be also powerless in the matter is surprising. Such, however, was the case; it was the Privy Council that always then fixed the price of coal.

In 1621 it was fixed at 7s. Scots per load, which had evidently made a considerable reduction in the price, because to it "several owners of coal-heuchs demurred." Amongst those belonging to this locality who objected by petition, were the Master of Elphinstone, Samuel Johnstone of Elphinstone, and Lady Fawside. They set forth that the cost of working the coal had greatly increased, and that the dearth of it was owing to "base fellows" who carried it.²

There being neither carts nor cartways, trams nor tramways, men in those days were engaged for the conveyance of coal from the pit-mouth to the houses of those that desired it. In most cases the carriers brought their loads in creels on their

¹ Act of Parl. Scot., vol. iv., p. 408. ² Regist. Sec. Con., Acta, 1621, March 1.

backs, but for long journeys the horse and the donkey were in general requisition. In every case, however, men had to assist in delivering the coals, and to them the term "base fellows" was applied. The petitioners, one and all, united in blaming them for the dearth of coal, and for dealing fraudulently with the public.

The petitioners then go on to recount their losses. "The Master of Elphinstone's coal-pit at Little Fawside was on fire and useless, and he had expended £8000 on another pit; while the coal of Mickle Fawside (Lady Fawside's) had done so badly, that a part of the ancient heritage had to be sold to pay the debts incurred in working it."

This petition had the effect desired. "The Privy Council altered their former decision, and fixed the price at 7s. 8d. the load."

Coal meanwhile was being exported to such an extent that the natives became apprehensive of no supply being left for themselves. The Legislature was approached, and in 1625¹ it was proposed, with a view to stop coal exportation, that a custom of 48s. Scots should be imposed on every ton of coal exported in foreign ships. This, as might be expected, the coalowners objected to; and on their assurance that the supply of coal was almost inexhaustible, the above Act was deleted from the statute-books.

Notwithstanding the stringent Act of 1609, the miner had still been in the habit of enjoying an occasional holiday; but this was to be no longer allowed, and so we find that Act not only reaffirmed but extended in 1641² to all employed about the works, even those employed to pump water, clear the passages, &c.

The same Act further provided that no higher fee than 20 merks should be paid to any coal-worker, and concludes with the following regarding idle days:—"And because the said coalhewers and salters, and other workmen within the coal-heuchs within this kingdom, doe ly from ther work at Pasch, Yule, Whitsonday, and certane other tymes in the yeer, which tymes they imploy in drinking and deboishrie, to the great offence of God and prejudice of ther maister: it is therfor statute and ordeaned that the said coalhewers and salters, and other workmen of coal-heuchs in this kingdom, work all the sex days of the weeke, under the pains following: That is to say, that everie coallhewer or salter who lyes ydle, shall pay tuentie

¹ Act of Parl. Scot., vol. v., pp. 176, 181, 186.

² *Ibid.*, vol. v., p. 419.

shillingis for everie day, by and atour the prejudice susteened by ther maister, and other punishment of ther bodies.”

In 1644¹ a duty of 6s. per ton was imposed on coal exported in English or Scottish ships of the value of £12; but if in foreign ships, the duty was fixed at 12s. But at all times no exportation was allowed until the natives were supplied.

Like other people, it sometimes happened that the miner had to shift his household goods; and he, it seems, was not only in the custom of flitting and entering at Yule, but of celebrating both the event and the day in a boisterous manner, in consequence of which Parliament ordered that, “from and after 1647,² the flitting and entering of colliers should be on the 1st of December, and that no superstitious observance of Yule should, under pains and penalties, take place.”

During the troubles of 1649 the party in power, to show their resentment at the Earl of Winton, had, among other vexatious acts, over-assessed his coal mine at Tranent; but in 1681³ his coal rents were exempted from public burdens. This exemption was also extended to other coalowners.

In 1656⁴ the duty on exported coal was reduced to 4s. per ton if in British ships, but 8s. per ton if in foreign ships. On small coal, rates were reduced by a half.

By an Act passed in 1661,⁵ all former Acts anent the working of colliers were confirmed. By this, however, the collier was allowed a vacant time at Christmas.

In 1672⁶ it was made lawful for any one to export coal.

Throughout all these years, so completely were colliers and salters considered beyond the pale of the law, that even in the Habeas Corpus Act of Scotland (1701), which declared that “the imprisonment of persons without expressing the reasons thereof, and delaying to put them on trial, is contrary to law,” that “no person shall hereafter be imprisoned for custody in order to take his trial for any crime or offence without a warrant or writ, expressing the particular cause for which he is imprisoned,” with other valuable clauses providing for the liberty of the subject, it was expressly declared “that this present Act is in no way to be extended to colliers and salters.”

It was not until 1775 that an Act of the British Parliament, of the 15 George III., c. 22, contained this preamble:—“Whereas by the law of Scotland, as explained by the judges

¹ Act of Parl. Scot., vol. vi. (i.), p. 76.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 609, c. 45.

⁵ Vol. vii., p. 304.

² *Ibid.*, vol. viii., p. 361, c. 105.

⁴ Vol. vi. (ii.), p. 857.

⁶ *Ibid.*, vol. viii., p. 63.

of the courts of law there, many colliers, and coal-bearers, and salters are in a state of slavery and bondage, bound to the collieries or saltworks where they work for life, transferable with the coalworks and saltworks, &c.; and whereas the emancipating and setting free the said colliers, &c., who are now in a state of servitude, gradually and upon reasonable conditions, and the preventing others from coming into such a state of servitude, would be the means of increasing the number of colliers, &c., to the great benefit of the public, without doing injury to their present masters, and would remove the reproach of allowing such a state of servitude to exist in a free country," it was enacted "that all those who were colliers at the passing of this Act should become free on certain conditions, and under certain regulations, at periods varying from three to ten years, according to their ages, and that no person who, after the passing of the Act, should begin to work as a collier, should be bound in any way different from what was permitted by law with regard to other servants and labourers."

The above Act, it would appear, was ineffectual in relieving the parties in whose behalf it was passed; and in 1779 the Act of 39 Geo. III., c. 56, was passed, declaring "that many colliers and coal-bearers still continue in a state of bondage, from not having complied with the provisions, or from having become subject to the penalties of the said Act," it was therefore "enacted that from and after the passing of the said Act, all the colliers in that part of Great Britain called Scotland, who were bound colliers at the time of passing this Act, shall be, and are hereby declared to be, free from their servitude."

Thus up to the passing of the Act 1779, colliers were literally "slaves of the soil," and unable to seek employment elsewhere without the permission of their master.

In illustration of the above, Mr R. H. Franks, in his "Report on Children in the Mines," says:—It may be interesting to lay before you the petition of Robert Pride in 1746 to the lord of Prestongrange (for which I am indebted to Sir George Suttie, Bart.), requesting such permission to seek work elsewhere during the temporary suspension of the works in his lordship's colliery.

Copy of Pride's Petition to Lord Prestongrange, dated 1746.

"Unto ye Honourable ye Lord Grange at Prestongrange, ye petition of Robert Pride, James Pride his son, James Pride, Robert Thomson, and William Innes, all Colliers belonging to his lordship: Humbly sheweth that we are all your Lordship's servants, and is willing to serve your Lordship, qn yt you have work for us; but since yt your Lordship's work

is not going on at Prestongrange, we are at ye time at Pinkey, under Mr Robertson, and not far from your Lordship, if yt qn yt you are pleased to fit your work in Prestongrange, we are near to be gatton qn yt your Lordship pleases. Aud at ye tyme John Binel, oversman to ye Duke of Hamilton, is hard upon us, stopping us of bread, where we now are by lifting us out of ys work, to place us in yt sd Duke's work at Bawerstoness. And now ye workmen yt is there, sweres yt if yt we go to yt work yt they shall be our dead. And now we humbly beg yt you, out of your clemency and goodness, will keep us from gwing to yt place where our life shall be in so much danger, and we your Lordship's humble petitioners shall ever pray.

ROBERT PRIDE.

His

His

His

WILLIAM W. J. INNES.

JAMES J. P. PRIDE.

JAMES J. P. PRIDE.

Mark.

Mark.

Mark.

His

ROB. RT. THOMSON.

Mark."

That such a state of matters as already shown really existed in Scotland from the sixteenth to about the close of the eighteenth century, is, to the natives of the present day, hardly credible. The time, however, of the miners' emancipation from serfdom is yet of so recent date that not a few of the emancipated are still remembered in the village, notably amongst whom was James M'Neill, who died in 1844, aged seventy-two years.

James was the last relic of those barbarous laws, if not in Scotland, in East Lothian at least; and often he used to tell of the ill-usage the miner was subjected to, at times for very little wrongdoing. The three favourite modes of punishment, according to James, were placing the iron collar round the neck of the refractory subject, and nailing him to the stoopside or to a wooden support at the pit-bottom, where he was allowed to remain at least one whole day; bringing him to the pithead, tying his hands in front of the gin-horse, and compelling him to run round the gin-gang, back foremost, before the horse, when winding the coal to the pithead. "In this manner," said the narrator, "he was forced to keep clear o' the horse's huifs, or geet trampit taes." Or, when there were "twa-three in a fau't, the horse was lowsed out, and the callants yoked in, and compelled to draw the gin at the crack o' the whip while the horse stood lookin' on. A' that an' mickle mair," said he, "was dune in the auld Stair Pit, in that field adjoining the Saundee Quarry Park."

According to the same authority, this was the last pit on the Tranent estate in which the miner laboured as a serf. In support of the foregoing statements regarding the punishment of miners while in serfdom, we quote the following evidence from the Report already referred to.

Walter Pryde, aged eighty-one years, said,—“I was yoked to work coal at Prestongrange when I was nine years old. We were then all slaves to the Prestongrange laird. The laird, or the tacksman, selected our place of work, and if we did not do his bidding, we were placed by the necks in iron collars, called jugs, and fastened to the wall, ‘or made to go the round’—the latter I recollect well—the men’s hands were tied in face of the horse at the gin, and made run backwards all day.”

Robert Inglis, aged eighty-two years, said,—“I worked at Pinkie Pit long before the colliers got their freedom. The first emancipation took place on the 3d of July 1775. We always kept the day as a holiday. Lord Abercorn got us out of our slavery. Father and grandfather were slaves to the Laird of Prestongrange. So binding was the bondage, that the laird had the power of taking colliers who had left him out of any of his majesty’s ships, or bringing back any one who had enlisted in the army. Such ill-feeling existed against colliers and salters years past, that they were buried in unconsecrated ground. This was common in Fife. If colliers had been better treated, they would have been better men.”

As a tree acclimatised and fairly rooted in the soil is difficult to remove, so are old laws, old manners, old customs in a nation; once let them get established, and they are not easily uprooted. The law of serfdom was now obsolete in the land—it was practically dead—but from its ashes arose a new form of bondage, called the “long contract” system.

Under this new arrangement, the miner no doubt could make his own bargain with his master, but once “arled,” and at work, it was difficult indeed to get free. As certain as the miner began to labour, so certain was he to get indebted to his master, and once in that position, he dared not leave his employment so long as he owed him a plack.

The following is a copy of an agreement between Messrs Cadell, coalowners, Tranent, and two of their workmen, dated 1827, which will at once show the nature of such contracts:—

“We, John Davidson, and John Davidson son of the said John Davidson, colliers in Tranent, hereby engage to work in the coal works of Messrs William and H. F. Cadell for one year from this date, and during that period to work the different seams of coal in the fields of Easter Windygoul at the following prices:—The main coal at 4½d. per corf containing 4 cwt. of great coal, and 2d. per corf containing 1½ bolls barley measure of panwood, all delivered at the pit bottom, free of redding and every other expense except the above-mentioned prices. During the currency of this agreement, if we attend our work regularly, and put out a sufficient quantity of coals every lawful day, and behave ourselves in a

quiet and peaceable manner, we are, at the termination of this agreement, to receive £2, 17s. 3d. sterling of bounty-money; but in case we do not conduct ourselves as above-mentioned, we agree to forfeit all claim to said bounty-money.

“We also engage to work in any of the pits we may be desired, and if we, without permission previously obtained from Messrs Cadell or their managers, absent ourselves from our work, we agree to work two days for every day we are absent without leave. We are to be allowed three corfs coals every three weeks for the use of ourselves and bearers, and if any of us take more than that quantity, we agree to forfeit 5s. for each offence.

“We also engage to observe the same regulations of the work as formerly, and particularly that old-established rule whereby we are bound to forfeit 5s. for every time that we work coals or panwood off the sides of the stoops that are left to support the roof of the coal. In witness whereof these presents are written by George Alexander, and signed by us at Tranent Colliery, this 24th November 1827, before George Alexander and John Thomson, oversmen to Messrs Cadell.

“GEORGE ALEXANDER, Witness.	(Signed)	JOHN DAVIDSON.
“JOHN THOMSON, Witness.	„	JOHN DAVIDSON.”

On the abolition of serfdom amongst miners, coalowners became so much afraid of losing their working families, that it became a regular custom, instituted along with the yearly contract system, to have every male child of their miners arled on his christening-day. By this system of arling, the child, when able to work, was supposed to be held bound to labour for the master that arled him. All this, however, has long since been abolished, and the mode now generally adopted between master and workman is one day's notice. This is found equally convenient for both.

On the decease of the late Mr H. F. Cadell, Mr James Snowdowne became lessee of Tranent coalworks.

Now these ancient and still almost inexhaustible coal-fields are leased by the Messrs Waldie of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and under their energetic manager, Mr Hew Stewart, they continue to turn out the black stone, “which burns,” with unabated vigour.



SPIRAL STAIR.



D Macfarlane & Co^{rs} Edin^g

TRAP STAIRCASE.



CHAPTER IV.

Female Labour in Mines—Coal Winding—Construction of the First Tramway—Children in Mines—Lord Dundonald and Mr R. Bald of Edinburgh on Female Labour in Mines—Public Indignation aroused against the System—Government Inquiry Commission—Evidence given by Women and Children—Tables showing the Number of Children in East Lothian Coalworks—Examination of Coalmasters: Sir G. G. Suttie, Messrs H. F. Cadell, John Deans, John Grieve, and A. G. Cuthbertson—Examination of Coal Managers: Messrs T. H. Moore, W. Shearer, and J. Thomson—Table of Weekly Wages, &c.—Length of Life amongst Colliers, by Dr M'Kellar—Different Systems of Lighting to Work in Mines—Coal Draining—The Heuch, Bankton, and Great Day Levels—Sudden Collapse of a Shaft—The Miner of To-day; a Comparison.



IN all our researches we can find no record relating to the introduction of that degrading practice, female labour in mines; and though there are still in the village many old wives who have worked below ground, even from them no further information can be gleaned to enlighten us than this, that women laboured in the mines long before slavery was abolished; that when they first went below, the coal was all wrought on the "in-gaun-ee" system; that the men and the boys worked the coal, while the women and the girls, who were called "bearers," carried it in creels to the bing-head on the surface, where each had a coal-fauld, in which her coals were stored until a sale was made, but until that was effected no money was paid by the master.

In course of time, coal working on the "in-gaun-ee" system, from various causes, became impracticable; hence shafts, hitherto sunk for the purpose of ventilation, were rigged out with strong wooden ladders, called "traps." These were made to run in a zig-zag fashion from bottom to top. Owing, how-

ever, to the danger attending the ascent and descent of these open ladders, the "spiral stair" system was shortly afterwards introduced, and up these terrible windings the poor bearer, with a heavy load of coal on her back, and no other support than her ten-inch wooden staff in her hand, had to trudge perhaps thirty times a day.

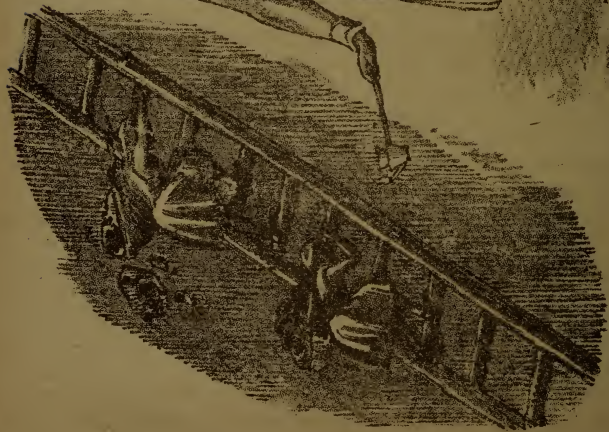
Latterly, the masters took wholly into their own hands the raising of the coal to the pitheads, and the sale of them as well. This brought great relief to the "bearers," who now had their "coal-faulds" transferred to the pit bottom, and thither only they required to carry their loads.

For the purpose of coal-winding, the windlass was first brought into use, but it soon gave place to the one-horse gin. This was rather a lumberous piece of mechanism, much like the old thrashing-mills in use long ago at farm steadings, and worked by horse power on a similar system. A strong hempen rope, wound around the barrel or drum of the gin, stretched over the pulleys down into the shaft, and by the action of the gin the coal was raised in baskets to the pithead. The last gin used for winding coal in this locality was on Upper Birsley Pit, where it continued in operation until about the year 1844, and was then succeeded by steam power.

The York Buildings Company, who on the attainder of the Winton family acquired the lands of Tranent, were the means of introducing many improvements into the district, especially in the raising of coal and the conveying of it away.

This company had the honour of constructing, in 1722, the first tram-road, or waggon-way, that ever was made. The rails were formed of wood, and it stretched from Port-Seton harbour, by way of the Heuch, to the west end of Tranent, there being a pit going then, and for many years afterwards, in the centre of that piece of garden ground now belonging to Mr George Neill,—where, so thin was the crust, the miners, when working, could distinguish the mail coach from other vehicles running over them, while James Watt, the New Row blacksmith, was heard hammering on his anvil every hour of the day. Down this wooden tramway, both coals and panwood were hurled in waggons containing two tons each, one horse being attached to each waggon. By this means were the salt pans at Cockenzie and the shipping at Port-Seton harbour supplied.

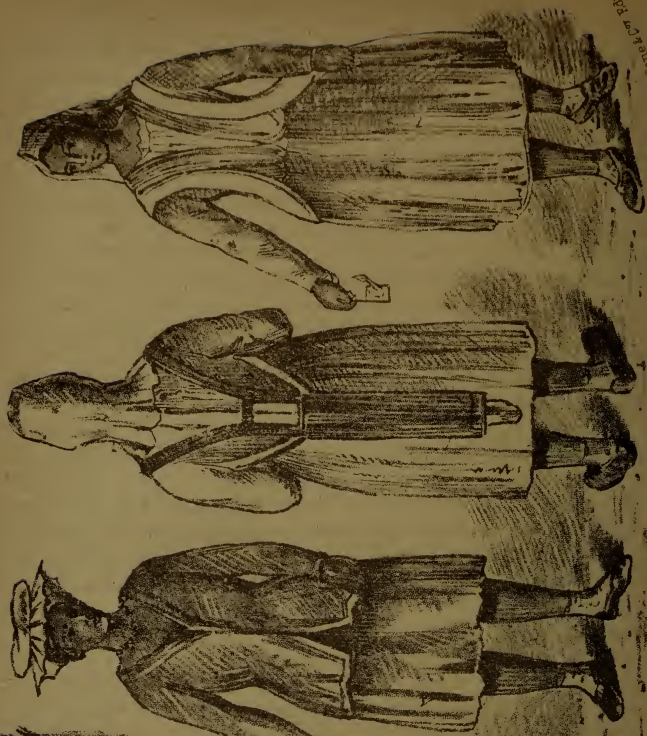
In 1815, Mr John Cadell, who sometime previous to this had acquired the lands of Tranent, removed the wooden tramway, and had an iron one substituted. Shortly afterwards the tramway system was introduced below ground, when the old-



BEARERS MOUNTING TRAP STAIR.

No. 4.

FEMALE PUTTERS IN HARNESS.



THE GEMME & CO. ENGL.

fashioned creel was thrown aside, to be superseded, about the year 1830, first by baskets on wheels, and latterly by wooden boxes or hutches; and these full of coal, the bearers, who had hitherto carried their burdens on their backs, were taught to push before them, hence the term "bearer" ceased, and that of pusher, or putter, began.

It was impossible, however, that such a state of matters as then prevailed in the mines could much longer continue. The age was becoming more and more enlightened, and many generous-hearted people were beginning to take an interest in the underground female labourer, and the children of the mines as well; for children were being taken down below so early, that they actually had to be conveyed thither in the arms of their parents. Not because of the labour they could perform were they wanted there, but for every man-child taken to the mines, the parents of that boy received certain benefits, which, however, were only realised when the output of coal was restricted.

That outsiders may understand this, it may be as well to explain, that in pit phraseology every old miner has a whole "hook" or "turn," which means an equal share of the "sale;" every young man of twenty has the same; a youth of fifteen, three-quarters; a boy of ten, a half; and a child under ten, a quarter turn.

Should the output of coal be restricted to a ton per man, a miner with four sons below, at the above ages, would be allowed to put out a ton for himself, another for his eldest son, three-quarters for his second, a half for his third, and a quarter for his youngest child; whereas a man with a working family equally as large, if they were girls, was allowed to put out a ton for himself only,—female labourers counted as nothing.

In every case, however, when there was no restriction of output, as bearers the miner always preferred the girl to the boy, for, strange as it may appear, a woman or girl could always carry about double the weight of coal that a man or boy could scramble out with.

On the subject of female labour in the mines, Lord Dundonald is said, so early as 1793, to have "aroused public indignation;" and in 1808, Mr Robert Bald, of Edinburgh, endeavoured to bring into view the state and condition of a class of women in society whose peculiar situation was but little known to the world, and which he described as "severe, slavish, and oppressive in the highest degree." In surveying of an extensive colliery underground, says Mr Bald, a married woman came forward groaning under an excessive weight of

coals, trembling in every nerve, and almost unable to keep her knees from sinking under her. On coming up, she said in a plaintive and melancholy voice, "Oh, sir, this is sair, sair, sair work. I wish to God that the first woman who tried to bear coals had broke her back, and none would have tried it again."

Subsequently many others treated of the same subject, but never had the Legislature seen it convenient to move in the matter till about the year 1839, when a Commission, moved for by Lord Ashley,¹ was appointed to inquire into the whole system of child and female labour in the mines; and in 1840, in view of this, Mr R. H. Franks was sent to Scotland to take evidence at the different coalworks, and make a report.

In order to further illustrate the subject, we here quote part of the evidence given, chosen out of some 420 examinations, and selected purposely from various localities throughout the coal-producing districts of Scotland.

1. Janet Cumming, eleven years, Sheriffhall Colliery, Midlothian, on examination, said,—“I gang wi' the women at five, and come hame at five at night; work all night on Fridays, and come hame at twelve in the day. I carry the big bits of coal from the wall-face to the pit bottom, and the sma' pieces, ca'ed chows, in a creel. The weight is usually a hundredweight. I do not know how many pounds there are in a hundredweight, but it is some weight to carry. It takes three journeys to fill a tub of four hundredweight. The distance varies, as the work is not always on the same 'wall,'—sometimes 150 fathoms, whiles 250 fathoms. The roof is very low. I have to bend my back and legs, and the water comes often up to the calves of my legs. I have no liking for the work, but faither makes me like it. I never got hurt, but often obliged to scramble out of the pit when bad air was in. I am at night-school, learning to read in the twopenny book. Jesus was God, and David wrote the Bible.”

2. Agnes Moffat, seventeen years, Edmonston Colliery, Midlothian:—“I began working at ten; work twelve and fourteen hours daily, and can earn 12s. in a fortnight, if work be not stopped by bad air or otherwise. Father took sister and I down; he gets our wages. I fill five baskets; the weight is more than 22 cwt. It takes me five journeys. The work is ower sair for females. Had my shooter knocked out some time ago. It is no uncommon thing for women to lose their

¹ In the Minutes of Session we find that out of £100 subscribed by Lord Ashley, to assist the women who had been expelled from the pits, £20 was sent for that purpose to Tranent.

burthen and drop off the ladder down the dyke below. Margaret M'Neill did a few weeks since, and injured both legs. When the tugs which pass over the forehead break, it is very dangerous to be under a load. The lassies hate the work, but they canna rin away frae it."

3. Helen Reid, sixteen years, Edmonstone Colliery, Midlothian:—"I have been five years in the mines in this part; work frequently from five in the morning till six at night. I can carry near two cwt. on my back. I dinna like the work, but think I am fit for none other. Many accidents happen below ground; have met two serious ones myself. Two years ago the pit closed on thirteen of us, and we were two days without food or light; nearly one day we were up to our chins in water. At last we picked our way to an old shaft, and were heard by people watching above. All were saved. Two months ago I was filling tubs at the pit bottom, when the gig clicked too early, and the hook caught me by my pit clothes. The people did not hear my shrieks. My hands had fast grappled the chain, and the great height of the shaft caused me to lose my courage, and I swooned. The banksmen could scarcely remove my hands; the deadly grasp saved my life."

4. Ellison Jack, eleven years, Loanhead Colliery, Midlothian:—"I have been workin' three years below on my faither's account. He takes me doon at two in the mornin', and I come up at one or two next afternoon. I gang to bed at six to be ready for work next mornin'. The pit I bear in, the seams are much on the edge. I have to bear my burthen up four traps before I get to the main road which leads to the pit bottom. My task is four to five tubs; each tub holds $4\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. I fill five tubs in twenty journeys. I have had the strap when I didna do my bidding. I am very glad when my task is wrought, as it sair fatigues."

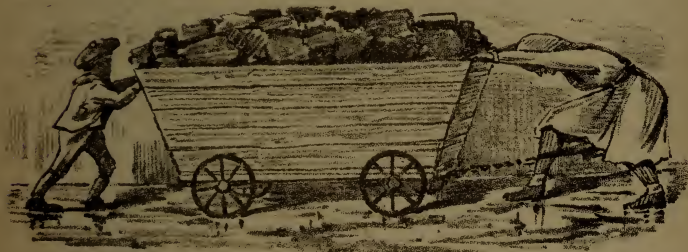
A brief description of this child's place of work, says the reporter (R. H. Franks, Esq.), will illustrate her evidence. "She has first to descend a nine-ladder pit to the first rest, even to which a shaft is sunk, to draw up the baskets or tubs of coals filled by the bearers. She then takes her creel (a basket formed to the back, not unlike a cockle-shell, flattened towards the neck so as to allow the lumps of coal to rest on the back of the neck and shoulders), and pursues her journey to the wall-face or 'room' as it is called. She then lays down her basket, into which the coal is rolled, and it is frequently more than one man can do to lift the burthen on her back. The tugs are then placed over the forehead, and the body bent

in a semicircular form, in order to stiffen the arch. Large lumps of coal are then placed on the neck, and she then commences her journey with her burthen to the pit bottom, first hanging her lamp to the cloth crossing her head. In this girl's case, she has first to travel about 84 feet from the wall-face to the first ladder, which is 18 feet high; leaving the first ladder, she proceeds along the main road, from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, to the second ladder, 18 feet high; and so on to the third and fourth ladders, till she reaches the pit bottom, where she casts her load, varying from 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt., into the tub. This one journey is designated 'a rake,' the height ascended and the distance along the roads added together exceed the height of St Paul's Cathedral. And it not unfrequently happens that the tugs break, and the load falls upon those females who are following. However incredible it may appear, yet I have taken the evidence of fathers who have ruptured themselves from straining to lift coal on their children's backs."

5. Margaret Leveston, six years, Harlaw-muir Colliery, West Linton, Peeblesshire:—"Been doon at coal carrying six weeks; makes ten to fourteen rakes a day; carries full fifty-six lbs. of coal in a wooden basket. The work is na guid, it is sae vera sair. I work with sister Jessie and mother. I dinna ken the time we gang; it is gey dark. Get plenty of broth and porridge, and run hame and get bannock, as we just live by the pit; never been to school, it is so far away." "A most interesting child," says the reporter, "and perfectly beautiful. I ascertained her age to be six years, 24th May 1840. She was registered in Inveresk."

6. Jane Peacock Watson, forty years, Harlaw-muir Colliery, West Linton, Peeblesshire:—"I have wrought in the bowels of the earth thirty-three years; have been married twenty-three years, and had nine children, six are alive and three dead. Have had two dead-born; think they were so from oppressive work. A vast number of women have dead-born children, and false births, which are worse, as they are never able to work after the latter. I have always been obliged to work below till forced to go home to bear the bairn, and so have all other women. We return as soon as we are able, never longer than ten or twelve days, many less, if they are needed. It is only horse-work, and ruins the women; it crushes their haunches, bends their ankles, and makes them old women at forty."

7. Elizabeth M'Neill, thirty-eight years, Elphinstone Colliery, Tranent, Haddingtonshire:—"I was sent below before ten years old; have been married twenty years, and had eight



D. Macfarlane & Co^y Edin^g

SLYPE AND HUTCH DRAWING BY WOMEN AND BOYS.

children,—seven alive, three of whom work below. I must confess that children are sent down too early, but it is better for them than running wild about, there being no teacher here till last week. Women think little of working below when with child; have wrought myself till the last hour, and returned again twelve or fourteen days after. I knew a woman who came up, and the child was born in the field next the coalhill.”

8. Mary Sneddon, fifteen years, Bo’ness Colliery, Linlithgowshire:—“I have only wrought at Bo’ness pit three months. Should not have ganged, but brother Robert was killed on the 21st of January last. A piece of the roof fell upon his head, and he died instantly. He was brought home, coffined, and buried in Bo’ness Kirkyard. No one came to inquire about how he was killed; they never do so in this place.”

9. Mary Hunter, ten years, Stonyrig Colliery, Stirlingshire:—“I assist sister Ellison to draw the hutches. She is fourteen years old. We gang at six in the morning, and come hame at five and six at night with brother John, who hews the coal with father. Brother is twelve years old, and has been five and a half years below. We drag the coal in boggies, which have nae wheels, to the main road, and fill the hutches. Three boggies fill one hutch. Canna say how many boggies would fill three hutches. It wad take a gude lot. We no gang to the kirk, as have nae claes gude enough to gang wi’.”

10. Margaret Hipps, seventeen years, Stonyrig Colliery, Stirlingshire:—“On short shifts I work from eight in the morning till six at night. When at night work, from six at night till eight and ten in the morning. Only bread is taken below, and the only rests we have are when waiting on the men picking the coal. My employment on reaching the wall-face is to fill a boggie or slype with from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 cwt. of coal. I then hook it on to my chain, and drag it through the seam, which is from 26 to 28 inches high, till I get to the main road, from 200 to 400 yards long. The pavement I drag on is wet, and I am obliged at all times to crawl on my hands and feet, with the boggie hung to the chain and ropes. I turn the contents of the boggie into the carts till they are filled, and then run them upon the iron rails to the shaft, a distance of from 400 to 500 yards. It is sad sweating and sair fatiguing work, and often maims the women.”

“It is almost incredible,” says the reporter, “to believe that human beings can submit to such employment, crawling on hands and knees, harnessed like horses, over soft slushy floors, more difficult than dragging the same weight through

our lowest common sewers, and more difficult in consequence of the inclination, which is frequently 1 in 3 to 1 in 6 inches."

11. Elizabeth Lister, fifteen years, Wemyss Colliery, Fifeshire:—"I have wrought below three years; works from six in the morning till six at night; works for contractors. The distance is 300 fathoms from the incline to pit bottom. I have to make fourteen races before porridge time, and fourteen and fifteen races between porridge and the time we take our pieces of bread; fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen races afterwards, and get 15d. a day, but only employed nine and sometimes ten days a fortnight. When I wrought on day's wages for master, was not so hard wrought. The work is sairer as the men drive us mair, for they do the work cheap. Many girls have left and gone to work on the fields, not liking to be driven."

1. James Wood, twelve years, Tranent Colliery:—"I have worked below ground three years, except when I was laid idle by a pick striking a piece of metal, which cast fire, and caused me the loss of my eye. Was idle near twelve months. I go down at five in the morning, and come away about seven at night, except when bad air is in the pit, when we are compelled to stop away sometimes for three or four days together. A little tea, which is made overnight, and pieces of bread is all that we get to eat till we return, when we have broth or some such. The part of the pit I work in is very wet, and am obliged to sit on a bit of coal to keep the water off. Sometimes I change myself after work; do so when home early; never on full long days."

2. William Martin, ten years, Tranent Colliery, Haddingtonshire:—"Have been below eighteen months on my faither's work at puttin'; works on night and day shifts. I fa' asleep sometimes when we canna get the coals away, but the shaft o' my faither's pick soon wakens me up. The place I work in the noo is wet; the water covers my shae-taps, and am obliged to sit in it to work. Naebody takes anything but cake or bread below, and we seldom change our clothes, as it is so late before we get hame."

3. Barney Walker, ten years, Tranent Colliery, Haddingtonshire:—"Sometimes I push the cairts, at other times carry big bits o' coal; have done so for two years and a gude time. I work on Johnnie Scott's account, and gets my licks. Johnnie's work is very wet; the water gets into my shoes. I gang doon at six in the morning, and come hame at seven at nicht, when mother sends me to bed, as am sae fatigued. When I get 3s

or 4s. a week mother gi'es me 3d., which I spend on sweeties. Never been to school. Has some brothers and sisters; don't know how many."

4. David Neill, nine years, Tranent Colliery, Haddingtonshire:—"I work for a maister on mother's account; have done so for three years, at 4d. a day for short shifts, and 6d. for long ones. I leave hame at six in the mornin', and work till four in the afternoon; sometimes earlier, whiles later. Am very sick at times, as the work is hard, and gets naething but bits o' bread. Cannot read, and does not know whether he lives in Tranent or not, but thinks he lives in Allan's Boons."

5. John Howie, eight years, Tranent Colliery, Haddingtonshire:—"Have wrought below twelve months; gangs wi' faither and helps uncle Airchie to putt. It is sometimes dark when faither gangs, whiles licht. Dinna ken hoo lang I wark; it's a gude bit, and gey sair. I like being up better. Gangs to Mr Shiell's school to learn my letters when no needed below."

6. David M'Neill, nine years, Tranent Colliery, Haddingtonshire:—"I work wi' Johnnie Scott; have done so for three years. Faither at first carried me doon. Faither is dead. Mother gets my weekly wages (3s.). I get my licks when I no like work. Mother gi'es me porridge and sour milk when am no weel to work. Am no vera strong."

7. John Hogg, ten years, Penston Colliery, Gladsmuir, Haddingtonshire:—"I push the tubs wi' mother when she works, and sometimes wi' sister. Faither is idle the noo wi' black spittle and bad breath. It's a lang time since I was at the schule; I could read in the 'big-spell.' I have heard the boys read the Testament at the Sabbath schule, but don't know anything about it. Sometimes I work lang, and other times short. Can't say how many hours; don't know what is meant by hours. It's dark when I gang doon and so when I come up, and sometimes licht. I get my corn (licks) as other laddies do."

8. John Hadden, nine years, Elphinstone Colliery, Tranent, Haddingtonshire:—"I and brother fill cairts in the coal-room, which is wet and covers our shae-taps; have done so for two years. We gang at three and four in the mornin', and come at four and five at nicht. We get porridge and pieces o' bread. Often fa's asleep, for the work is gey sair. It was vera awfu' at first. I shift mysel' of a nicht noo and gang to the schule to learn the letters. Never been ta kirk, but means ta gang as soon as I can read. Has heard that God made us all

out of nothing, and if we curse and swear we will be burned in brimstin. I dinna curse and swear, as I should not like to be burned in brimstin."

9. John Robertson, ten years, Pencaitland Colliery, Haddingtonshire :—"Have been below two years, and not been to school since last harvest. I dinna like the work below, and have tried to run away twice, but they aye brought me back again."

10. Thomas Duncan, eleven years, trapper, East and West Bryants Colliery, Midlothian :—"I open the air doors for the putters, frae six o'clock in the morning till six at nicht. Mother wakens me at five, and gives me a piece o' cake, which is a' I geet till I return at nicht; sometimes I eat it as I gang. There's plenty o' water in the pit; the pairt I am in takes me up till the knees. Knows that twice 6 makes 12, and that four times 7 makes 20. Have read the New Testament, in which Matthew says that Christ was crucified. Don't know what crucified means. Knows that he shall die, because many people do so in 'East Houses.' I geet 3s. a week and take it hame to mother. Sometimes she licks me, and sometimes she gi'es me a bawbee, which I spend on scones or sweeties."

11. David Brown, sixteen years, Edmonstone Colliery, Midlothian :—"Began to work at seven; used to carry coal. Can hew 22 to 24 cwt. a day, which sister bears to the pit-bottom. I can read and write. Was born at Glasgow, which is Scotland. Pharaoh followed Moses, and got drowned in the Red Sea. Jesus was the Son of God. Eight times 7 is 64, nine times 8 is 91; 365 days in the year. When I have done work I play the fiddle."

The following table will show the age and number of children and young persons in 1840 employed in the coalfields of East Lothian :—

County of Haddington.	Parish.	Name of Mine or Locality.	Occupiers.	Persons Employed.					
				Males.			Females.		
				Adults.	Under 18 years.	Under 13 years.	Adults.	Under 18 years.	Under 13 years.
East Lothian	Gladsmuir .	Penston .	J. Deans, Esq.	30	10	7	15	10	2
	"	Macmerry .	A. G. Cuthbertson, Esq. .	11
	Pencaitland .	Pencaitland .	"	51	7	8	15	15	8
	"	Huntlaw .	Mr Alexander Minshhead .	21	6	...	12	5	...
	Ormiston .	House of Muir .	Earl of Hopetoun	8	2	2	4	2	1
	"	Ormistonhall .	"	2	2	1	2
	Tranent .	Tranent .	Messrs Cadell	100	51	15	20	21	4
	"	Elphinstone .	Messrs Durie & Nisbet . .	48	13	9	19	25	6
	"	Birsley . . .	Sir George Grant Suttie, Bart.	15	2	3	11	5	6
	"	St Germain's .	A. G. Cuthbertson, Esq. .	5	4	...	6	2	1
	Prestonpans .	Preston Links	John Grieve, Esq.	31	12	9	5	9	5
	"	*Prestongrange	Sir George Grant Suttie, Bart.
				322	107	53	109	95	35

* Prestongrange flooded, Birnsley and other minor works suspended, through prices not paying the working.

*Examination of Coalmasters and others—East Lothian only—
in relation to Children in the Mines.*

Mr A. G. Cuthbertson, Pencaitland Colliery:—"Children should not be employed before they are 12 years of age; and they are of little use before they are 14."

Mr John Deans, Penston Colliery:—"Boys past the age of 12 years are stronger, and consequently are abler for the duties they have to perform than when taken down younger."

Mr H. F. Cadell, Tranent Colliery:—"Children under 10 years might be altogether dispensed with underground. The age of 11 or 12 years is sufficiently early for young people to commence work."

Mr John Grieve, Preston Links Colliery:—"It is my opinion that it would be advantageous to exclude children under 10 years of age and their mothers, so that the children might be better educated and looked after."

Sir G. G. Suttie, Bart., Prestongrange Colliery:—"I have no control whatever over the colliers in my employment; the engagement on their part is merely nominal, as although a fortnight's notice is stipulated for previous to leaving their employment, it is in point of fact of no avail; the colliers—men, women, and children—go to their work at whatever hour of the night or day they think proper, and just work as long as they choose. There is in all the mines in this district a greater or less number of women and children employed; and I beg leave to state to you my conviction, that the employment of women in the mines of Scotland is one of the reasons which tends to depreciate the character and habits of the collier population; and that to remedy this evil a legislative enactment is required, as any resolution on the part of one or two mine proprietors not to employ women or children would be injurious to them, without tending at all to remedy the evil. I am aware that a different opinion is entertained on this subject by parties connected with the coal trade in this district, who fear that an enactment preventing women from working in the mines would tend to raise the rate of wages, already too high; but of this I entertain no apprehension, if protection is afforded to the mine proprietor who may be disposed to employ labourers in his mine. In the present state of the law, or at all events in the way in which it is enforced, no mine proprietor can employ a labourer, nor can any labourer venture to work in a mine. The result of this system is, that the

fathers of families frequently remain idle the greatest part of the week, supported by the labour of their families."

H. F. Cadell, Esq., Tranent Collieries:—"I think the want of unity of purpose amongst coal proprietors contributes to perpetuate the bad customs of the colliers, who, I regret to say, make but very slow progress, if any, in the way of improvement. I think that women ought not to be allowed to labour below; it is not fit employment, and it causes them to leave and neglect their families. In my capacity of magistrate I have had no public complaints of the conduct of colliers, although their habits are not good. They are also much given to flitting from place to place. In the Act 39 Geo. III., cap. 56, which freed colliers from servitude, there is a clause regarding lent money to colliers, which is unfortunately too little known and acted upon by the men, many of whom are ruined and their families kept in misery by the improper conduct of coalmasters, in bribing the inconsiderate people by loans of money to remove from work to work."

Mr Thomas Moore, Manager, Penston Colliery:—I have been manager for James Deans, Esq., five years, during which period I have observed very little change in the conduct or condition of the collier people. The system of working in families or groups induces fathers and mothers to take their offspring down much too early, and the long hours children work are caused by the irregular habits of their parents. Married women working below causes great neglect of children, and there is a vast difference in the comforts of the homes and children where mothers stop above ground. Colliers marry very young to get female assistance; they also decay very early, from the absorption of bad air. Those employed on stone below are soon subject to shortness of breath, from the dust they swallow while hewing. Medical assistance is found gratis in case of accident."

Mr W. Shearer, Manager, Elphinstone Collieries:—"Have been thirty-two years connected with coal-working, and fifteen years manager at Elphinstone. I consider the employment of women and young children in mines as most demoralising. The want of agreement amongst coal proprietors is the sole cause of the continuance of this debasing practice; the labour could be cheaper and better done by stout lads and horses. The encouragement to females working below creates early marriages, and women work below till the last hour of confinement. There is no sound excuse can be made to justify children or females being employed, as steady men can get

stant work in those pits. The claims made by colliers for privileges, or quarters and half turns for children, should be abolished. Coalmasters ought to make their colliers comfortable in their dwellings, and give good education, which would soon change bad practices into good."

Mr John Thomson, Oversman, Tranent Collieries:—"I have been twenty-four years mining oversman to Messrs Cadell, prior to which I wrought as a collier fifteen years, and am well acquainted with the habits and practices of the collier people of this locality. I consider one of the worst practices here, as in other parts of the Lothians, to be that of taking very young children below ground, especially female children, many of whom are carried down into the mines at six and seven years of age. I am also of opinion that the employment of females below much contributes to demoralise and degrade the collier people; the want of the comforts of home causes men to drink hard; poverty and disease soon follow. Messrs Cadell have, to my knowledge, often objected to the bad practices. There is little hope of remedy until the proprietors of mines adopt some new and wholesome regulation to exclude women and children, as the old-fashioned customs of colliers prevent or neutralise any regulations made by individual proprietors. The custom of colliers to work below at their own pleasure, as to hours, causes them to be irregular. They frequently exhaust themselves and their children. If regular, they would not require the assistance of so much infant labour."

From a table compiled by the late Mr William Shearer, Manager, Elphinstone Colliery, and dated June 1841, we extract the following relating to the weekly earnings of the collier in that district, compared with the prices of wheat and oatmeal in East Lothian:—

Year.	Average Weekly Earnings.		Average No. of D.ys.	Medical Attend'nce.	Amount stopped for Education.	Value of Firecoal weekly allowed.		House-rent, &c., per Week.	Year.	Value of Wheat.		Value of Oatmeal.		
	Hewers.	Putters.				s.	d.			s.	d.	s.	d.	s.
1812	s.	d.	5	None.	None.	1	0	0	9	1833	48	0	12	11
	20	0								8	0	1834	39	0
1822	25	0	5	None.	None.	1	0	0	9	1835	32	0	15	6
	9	0								7	0	1836	49	0
1832	18	0	5	None.	None.	1	0	0	9	1837	51	0	16	3
	7	0								5	0	1838	65	0
1841	16	0	5	2d.	None.	0	9	9d.	to 1/	1839	56	0	17	4
	5	10								5	2d.	None.	0	9

The figures in the table represent the price of a quarter of wheat and oatmeal by the boll of 140 lbs. weight.

In 1840, to a population of 3620 there were 40 houses licensed to sell spirits.

In Ormiston, Arniston, Rosewell, and Dalkeith Collieries, women and children were excluded from the mines about 1836, four years before the Commission met; and the evidence of the managers of these several works is:—"Men labour here on the average from eleven to twelve days in the fortnight, whereas when they depended on their wives and children, they rarely wrought nine days in the same period. Neither have we been compelled to raise the price of coals. Colliers are more stationary, with a few exceptions, and the women themselves are opposed to moving since they have found the benefit of homes. Many of the daughters of miners are now at respectable service."

Length of Life amongst Colliers.

"So far as my experience has led me to observe," says Dr A. Mackellar, of Pencaitland, writing in 1840, "length of life amongst miners is from forty to forty-five years, an average of those who are engaged entirely at coal working; but men who have been employed at stone blasting in the same pit live much shorter, about thirty-five or forty years terminates their existence."

A very striking instance of this was exemplified at the Messrs Cadell's colliery at Tranent some years ago. A very extensive coal (stone) level was carried through their coalfield, where a great many men were employed, every one of whom died before reaching the age of thirty-five years; they used gunpowder, and all died of black-spit. In general, duration of life is longer experienced.

From the evidences given, some idea may be formed of what life in the mines prior to 1840 really was; and truly a deplorable picture it is. The appointing of the above-mentioned Commission, however, had a most desirable effect; and in 1843 Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria issued an edict, prohibiting henceforth all female labour in mines within the realm of Great Britain and Ireland.

At this time there was no "bearing" or "slype drawing" done in the neighbourhood of Tranent, except in the Quaker's Pit at Blindwells, where, says one¹ who was engaged there as

¹ George M'Neill—still alive.

a boy helping his mother, "some of the most degrading work that ever woman put her hand to, was performed."

The coal being wrought, says the narrator, "was tumbled into a heavy wooden box without wheels. This being filled, mother put on the 'somes' (a sort of harness fixed over the head and shoulders), and went before the box, and attaching her tail-chain (this came down over the back and through between the legs) to the bottom of the box, she began to pull with hands and chain, and I to push behind. Thus we went, pushing and dragging through glaur-holes innumerable, often up to the knees, until we got to the stair-foot, where the box had to be emptied, and the coals carried up the stair to the bank head in creels."

Incredible as it may seem, the Act of 1843 was not hailed as a boon by all whom it was meant to relieve. It is a well-known fact that both women and girls, although driven back morning after morning by volleys of stones, persisted in following out their usual employment. Not until the authorities stepped in with a strong hand, and by threatening fines and imprisonments, could they be restrained from going below.

We even know of a case in Midlothian Dryden Colliery, in which about a score of girls—some of whom are still alive—assumed male attire, and in this guise actually wrought in the mines for about three months after the passing of the prohibitory Act. This case became at length so notorious, that the whole band were summoned to appear in court at Edinburgh; where they displayed such ignorance, real or feigned, in regard to the most trifling things, and made such ridiculous answers to questions asked them, that the whole court became convulsed with laughter. They were ultimately dismissed, on promising not to go below again. This was the last case in Scotland of female labour in the mines. All the putting is now done by boys when they can be had, they being better adapted for the work than men.

Throughout these well-nigh 700 years of coal-raising, it may easily be supposed that various methods of lighting the miner to his work have been devised. The earliest of which we have any knowledge is the hollow stone,—a flat stone hollowed out in the centre, into which was put the fat of animals, together with the inside rind of the bark of trees, or any other sort of stuff that would burst into a flame. Then came the rushlight, quickly followed by the "penny dip" or candle.

The first sort of lamp used in the district was called the Picker lamp. This was made to fit into a circular piece of

iron, to which was attached six or eight inches of the same metal sharpened at the point. This the miner, when working at the wall face, forced into the wall-side; or when "putting," fixed in the end of his hutch. The sharp point was also used as a picker for trimming the lamp, hence its name. Oil was burned in these lamps.

About 1830 a number of miners, male and female, coming from Fifeshire to work in Birsley Pit, rather surprised the natives here. Instead of iron pickers attached to their lamps, they had wooden ones, which, when working, they held between their teeth, with the lamp burning at the further end of it. The hanger lamp, made of tin, in which oil was burned, followed next. Now the copper or the brass lamp, in which tallow is burned, is almost universal. This the miner, when working at the wall-face, sets on the pavement, and the "putter," when pushing his hurley before him, hangs it either on the end of his box or in his bonnet on his forehead.

Like coalfields in general, those of Tranent have long had a deal of water to contend with. While the "in-gaun-ee" system prevailed, however, in most cases it could be disposed of, by making a cutting in the pavement to carry it away; and if the strata took a sudden dip, then recourse was had to the system known as "dam and lave," a most laborious undertaking, and often to very little purpose. The following was the mode of operation:—At the head of the cutting, as near as possible to where the dip began, a dam of clay was made, over which the water was "laved," with a scoop made for the purpose, and allowed to run off. As the mine was driven farther down hill, other dams were made, and the water laved from one to another. Thus it went on till the dams reached such a height, the system could be pursued no further.

When coal-raising by means of the shaft began, a deep hole called a "sump" was sunk at the bottom, into which all the water from the surrounding workings was gathered and raised to the surface in buckets made for the purpose. Now the great force pump, driven by steam power, is in general use for lifting the water from the mines.

So early had coal draining on the lands of Tranent, by means of the level system, been taken advantage of, that in the year 1600 we find—says Sinclair in his Preface to "Satan's Invisible World"—"the Earl of Winton of that day had run free levels for several miles below ground," and had excited the admiration of that writer, by "cutting impregnable rocks, with more difficulty than Hannibal cut the Alps, by deep pits and air-holes, and

floods of water running through the labyrinths for several miles."

There are three "Day Levels" in the parish. The one to the east, called the Great Day Level, comes to light in a field on Riggonhead Farm, about 200 yards east of Meadowmill, pursues its journey by Seton and Seton Castle, driving several mills in its course, ultimately emptying itself into the Firth of Forth. This is said to have been begun in the sixteenth century, and was driven in a southern direction upwards of half a mile.

From the year 1600 no other party attempted to drive this Level farther, until the late persevering and indefatigable Mr H. F. Cadell, of Cockenzie, became lessee of Tranent coal-fields. That gentleman, with a view to opening up the great coal-beds which lay as yet unbroken on the estate, determined, at great cost, to drive it a couple of miles farther. Having taken a survey from the bottom of that old pit opposite the Mains farm, he caused a shaft to be sunk about 150 yards farther south, and so well directed was the aim that it went down upon the forehead of the Level.

Without delay operations were begun, and after a great many years of laborious work, in which, by means of foul air, many valuable lives were sacrificed, and a large amount of money spent, fully two miles were added, bringing the Level up to the bottom of the Smiddy Pit. At a subsequent period this gentleman made a continuation, carrying it almost into the centre of the great coal basin. This latter part is known as the "Coal-Level," it being raised at the Smiddy Pit, from the Splint to the Great Seam, and carried through the latter seam all the way.

The second is the Heuch Level. This branches off the other, a little to the north of the Mains farm, cuts across the fields, entering the glen at the foot of the Dookit Brae, and proceeding up the Heuch, sweeps past the west end of the village, skirting Caponha' Splint pit bottom, and finishes a little to the north of Wester Windygoul.

When opened up at Caponha', many years ago, the bed of this Level was found to contain some twelve or fourteen inches of rich yellow ochre, most of which was raised to the surface and used in the village for housewashing purposes. This Level was begun and finished by the Earls of Winton, but at what period is unknown.

The third Day Level, to the west of the parish, discharges itself at the east end of Bankton gardens. It has always been known as the Black Well, and now supplies the village of

Prestonpans with an abundant supply of water. This and the Heuch Level are supposed to have been driven about the same time; the Heuch one on purpose to relieve the coal-fields west of Tranent, the other for the relief of Bankpark and Birsley.

How far the Bankton Level was driven it is impossible to ascertain,—in all probability not farther than the foot of the Roupin Stairs, that strip of trees a little to the west of Messrs Grieve's brickwork. That it had, however, relieved the coal-bed to a certain extent, is evident from the fact that about the middle of the eighteenth century a shaft was sunk some fifty yards west of the present brickwork, out of which coal was wrought for many years.

This work came to a very tragic end. The episode we give in the narrator's¹ own words. "At nicht, when the folks lowsed tae gang hame, there was naething wrang wi' the pit. Next morning, when they gaed back, there was nae shaft there." The whole affair had collapsed during the night. Every man's "graith" was irrecoverably gone, but no lives were lost.

In drawing this curious chapter to a close, we feel constrained, for the purpose of comparing the past with the present life of those hardy sons of toil, who daily risk their lives in the bowels of the earth for the comfort of cottage and palace alike, to linger even a little longer over its already lengthened pages. In the earliest writs, the evidence is conclusive that "coalhewers" were in nowise differently treated from other labourers. In later times we find them the most highly favoured class in the land, being exempted even from many burdens that other natives, without distinction, were called upon to bear. Still later, and we find them sunk to the lowest depths of degradation, not even allowed an hour's holiday, when all other natives were enjoying themselves to their hearts' content. Not only so, but their wives and their little ones compelled to labour—almost to live—in these gloomy caverns along with them. Compelled, we say, if not by "Act of Parliament," at least by force of circumstance, to win their daily bread.

Considering the indignities to which they have so often been subjected, and the abuse that has been so freely bestowed upon them, the wonder is not that "miners" as a class have so often erred in the past, but rather that they have so seldom forfeited their rights to good citizenship.

Not so very long ago it was difficult indeed for a "child of

¹ James M'Neill.

the mine," who wished to better his position in life, to get quit of his underground labours. No matter what situation in life he aspired to, as soon as it became known that he was a "collier," all further application was in vain. It is becoming very different now, however. Should the moral character of the aspirant stand the test, and his abilities be equal to the occasion, the calling is seldom taken into account.

In order to observe more fully the change for the better that has overtaken the followers of this branch of industry, one needs only look around, to find not only the warehouses of our merchants, the masterships of our schools, and the pulpits of our churches, but even seats in the great senate-house of the United Kingdom, adorned by the presence of the "sons of the mine."





CHAPTER V.

Water Supply of the Village—Tampering with the Great Sand Bed—A Water Famine—Legal Advice Taken—Law Proceedings Instituted—A Compromise—More Tampering with the Sand Bed—Smiddy Pit Supply—Crichton Springs—New Water Scheme—Opening Ceremony.

FROM time immemorial a gushing spring, fresh from the hand of God, took its rise nigh where the Fountainhead now is, and lazily pursued its journey some thousand feet to the east, then suddenly striking down hill in a northerly direction, laughingly tumbled over mossy banks, and gurgled through pebbly beds, right away over the hillside on which Tranent now stands, when neither hut nor ha' was there.

In course of time, when buildings began to be set up, the early Tranentonians, if we may judge from the formation of the oldest street, however awkward in the planting of their clay-built and thatch-covered dwellings, always aimed, at least, at the picturesque, ever contriving to keep their "biggin's on ilk side," with the limping burnie coursing down between; and it is said that they scooped many little hollows out of the grassy sod, to hold in retention a generous supply of that sparkling beverage for the use of man and beast.

How sweet to muse on these primeval times! what a feeling of delight steals over the heart as we call up before us those ancient grassy streets, bedotted on each side with rural huts, inhabited by a people peculiar in their life, and rustic in their manners! But these aborigines have long since departed, and of their straw-roofed biggin's only a fragment now remains.

Improvements have been going on in the village. The laughing burnie is blithe no more. This is little to be wondered at, seeing it has been driven from its pebbly course of a

thousand years in the centre of the street to one side, where, confined between two narrow wooden walls, it murmurs forth its wailings all day long, unheeded as it goes; and now, instead of hollows scooped to catch the stream, barrels, in which the village wives may dip their cans to catch the flow as it passes, have been sunk all along the street.

But again the improvers have met in council, and judgment has gone forth that the stream which has from time immemorial flowed down the streets of Tranent, looking forth and laughing up to heaven, has at length become an eyesore to the villagers, and must be buried out of sight. Thereafter it was compelled to travel underground, at first in small leaden pipes, ultimately in rough cast-iron ones; and stone wells, which have now also given place to articles of more modern erection, were erected to retain a supply where formerly the barrels stood. But alas! amidst all these improvements, it was found, in 1830, that the supply had vanished altogether,—and whither had it gone? was now the question for solution. The villagers, meanwhile, were perishing for lack of water.

Affairs had arrived at such a pass, that all the stagnant pools, horse-ponds, and rivulets in the neighbourhood were eagerly sought and drained for domestic use. Many of the inhabitants at this time for a supply resorted to the mouth of the Great Day Level; others took up a position at the principal well in the village, where night and day they fought with each other for the few drops that now and again fell.

The baneful effects of these proceedings on the people were soon apparent. Hundreds were laid on beds of sickness, many stricken with diseases until then unheard of in the locality. During this time, however, a steady if a scanty supply was being brought into the village in water-puncheons from Myles Cover, Black Well, and elsewhere, and sold at so much per can; but those who were unable to carry or purchase were in a pitiable condition indeed.

The cause of the disaster was at length discovered. A shaft had been driven through the Great Sand Bed which supplied the village, and thither the water flowed. Meanwhile the villagers were bestirring themselves, and on the 29th of July 1830 a meeting of feuars was held, at which it was unanimously resolved to memorialise the Messrs Cadell, laird, and lessee of the coalworks, on the subject, requesting them to make an investigation into their workings to ascertain if the scarcity of water was owing to the mines, and if so, to take means to restore it to its original course. At this meeting a committee,

consisting of Messrs David Aitken, George Wilson, James Steele, Richard Nisbet, David Roger, and William Black, with David Aitken as chairman, was appointed to watch over the public rights.

The committee appointed had the conduit opened without delay, and all the available level carried to the Fountainhead, but without getting any additional supply. During these months scarcely any but borrowed water was to be obtained. The epidemic that had some time ago set in amongst the villagers was daily increasing, and laird and lessee were approached in vain.

Many meetings were held to consider the question. The "contemptuous silence" of the parties memorialised was strongly animadverted on, and ultimately it was resolved to have recourse to legal action. Mr David Aitken was entrusted to look out for a new law-agent; while, to further the process at law, it was arranged that all the feuars in the village should assess themselves at 1s. per pound on their rentals. To show who were the leading spirits in those days in Tranent, we append the names of feuars and others who voluntarily assessed themselves in order that the water question might be tried at law:—

David Aitken . . .	£5 0 0	Charles Gullan . . .	£0 10 0
Richard Nisbet . . .	1 1 0	George Fowler . . .	1 0 0
John Moncreiff . . .	0 5 0	William Steele . . .	1 1 1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Laurence Lee . . .	8 0 0	William Smith . . .	0 2 6
Rev. William Parlane . . .	2 10 0	John Sinclair . . .	0 10 6
Janet Glass . . .	1 0 0	John Hencher . . .	0 5 0
Charles Robertson . . .	1 1 0	James Murray . . .	5 0 0
Thomas Mortimer . . .	2 2 0	Robert Hislop . . .	0 3 0
George Wilkie . . .	5 0 0	Hugh Hutchison . . .	0 10 6
William Forrest . . .	1 1 0	George Mitchell . . .	0 5 0
David Rodger . . .	1 1 0	James Forrest . . .	1 1 0
Mary Johnston . . .	0 5 0	Mark Loudon . . .	0 6 0
James Dickson . . .	0 5 0	Thomas Cumming . . .	0 10 0
Dr Thomas Cunningham . . .	5 0 0	William Cumming . . .	0 10 0
George Wilson . . .	5 0 0	John Fowler . . .	1 0 0
Adam Morrison . . .	0 5 0	John Durie & Co., value . . .	1 3 6
James Watt . . .	0 5 0	Heirs of Jo. Finlay . . .	0 12 0
Robert Shiels . . .	0 3 0	Mrs Logan . . .	0 5 0
James Pringle . . .	3 3 0	George Allan . . .	0 6 0
Rev. John Henderson . . .	3 3 0	Margaret Duncan . . .	0 1 0
Edward Forrest . . .	0 10 6	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Yards of Rope . . .	0 0 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
John Brydone . . .	1 1 0	Peter Bryson . . .	0 10 0
Mrs Swanstone . . .	5 0 0	Robert Hislop, addl. . .	0 3 0
Heirs of John Smith . . .	1 0 0		

Three years had elapsed since the scarcity began, yet nothing had been done to ameliorate the distress into which the village

had been thrown. So it was resolved to raise at once a plea at law for the restoration of the people's rights, the following gentlemen volunteering to act, singly or collectively, as pursuers in the action:—David Aitken, merchant; Thos. Cunningham, surgeon; John Wilson, farmer; John Williamson, wright; Richd. Nisbet, merchant; William Black, saddler; James Murray, baker; and William Steele, merchant. The crisis had arrived, witnesses were summoned, and actual warfare on the eve of beginning, when a compromise was effected by the Messrs Cadell undertaking to "iron tub" the shaft down which the water was flowing, on condition the money so spent should be reimbursed if the water did not return to its original course.

The work was completed without delay, but many months passed before the water showed any signs of returning, and the people began to fear that the defective part was as yet undiscovered. Of this the Messrs Cadell were so convinced in their own minds, that the laird one day called upon Mr Aitken about the reimbursement part of the bargain. "But," said David, in his own quiet way, "give the water, Mr Cadell, as much time to return as it took to go away, and if it does not come back you shall have the money!"

It was evident from the length of time it took to rise to its proper height, that the Great Sand Bed had been literally drained. But the retrograde movement towards the Fountain-head had been rapidly going on; for, shortly after the above meeting took place, the water not only returned to its old course, but the supply was such that a new set of iron pipes had to be got to carry it off. As water became plentiful, the epidemic, which had never ceased to rage, began to abate.

In 1837 a second shaft was driven through the Sand Bed, and blighted once more the prospects of the villagers. The same old battle had again to be fought, and the same work of iron tubing gone through. This, however, availed only for a time. Gradually the supply altogether ceased, and the state of misery to which the village was again reduced is almost beyond description. In these straits, what men such as Messrs J. Forsyth, J. C. Edie, the late Mr George Inglis, and a few others, did for the inhabitants of Tranent is hard to narrate. The exertions they put forth in the service of a truly distressed community are still fresh in the memory of all. Henceforth, however, it was evidently futile to expect from its original source anything like an adequate water supply. The Splint Coal was being wrought on the "long wall" system, not only all around,

but beneath the very Fountainhead. The metals were wracked from seam to surface, and water flowed through them in all directions. Meantime attempts had been made to find a supply elsewhere, but without success.

Attention being called to the Smiddy Pit, one of those shafts down which the water was flowing into the Great Day Level, a false bottom was made about seventy feet from the surface to catch the downpour, and a steam-engine erected on top to force up a supply suitable for the requirements of the village. But even this for many years back has at times been found so very insecure, that the Burgh Commissioners have thought it expedient to go to Crichton, in the parish of Cranston, where a water supply has been obtained, which they expect will be everlasting as the hills.

The springs, of which possession has been secured, arise about eight miles from the village of Tranent, on the estate of Mr H. Burn Callander. From an analysis made by Dr Macadam, of Edinburgh, the water is said to be slightly hard, but of excellent quality for domestic purposes. A reservoir, at a level of 330 feet above the High Street of Tranent, and capable of containing water to the amount of two and a half millions of gallons, has been constructed at a gathering point about half a mile to the south-west of Pathhead.

The main pipe is six inches in diameter, and can deliver 150,000 gallons of water in twelve hours. It runs for a considerable distance along the public road, and gives off a supply to Prestonha' mansion-house. It then proceeds through the village of Ormiston straight on to Tranent. No mechanical power is required to force the water, there being a gentle declivity the greater part of the way.

The opening ceremony took place on Thursday the 10th of May 1883. The day was observed in the burgh as a holiday. At eleven o'clock a considerable number set off in carriages to inspect the reservoir, which, containing as it did a large supply of beautifully clear water, presented a very pleasing aspect, the built sides of the tank, as well as the masonry surrounding the entrance pipes, valves, and metre, having a solid and substantial appearance, reflecting the highest credit alike on engineer and contractor.

Mr, Mrs, and Miss Polson, the Burgh Commissioners, and others, at length proceeded to the outlet to turn on the water. This interesting duty having been gracefully performed by Miss Polson, Dr Caesar, after a few appropriate remarks, proposed a hearty vote of thanks to that lady for her kindness in agreeing

to perform so important a part in the day's programme. Mr Polson, in a few well-chosen words, returned thanks for Miss Polson. Returning to Tranent about two o'clock, here, near the upper end of the village, where a platform had been erected, a large crowd had congregated to witness the ceremony of inaugurating the works. Amongst others on the platform, besides those already mentioned, were the Rev. Mr Paterson, Colonel Cadell, Captain Wyllie; Mr Dalmahoy, W.S., Edinburgh; Mr Stenhouse, factor on the estate; Messrs R. & J. Durie, coalmasters; Mr Thomas Waldie, coalmaster; Mr H. Stewart, coal manager; Mr Hislop, Castlepark, Prestonpans, &c.

The proceedings being duly opened, Mr Brebner, contractor, presented Mrs Polson with a handsome circular key, which she applied to the pipes, and forthwith the water flowed. The key was in the form of a silver salver, neatly carved, and set upon a polished oak and ebony frame. It bore the following inscription:—"Presented to Mrs Polson by Brebner & Duncan, contractors, on the occasion of the opening of the Tranent Water Works, 10th May 1883."

No sooner had the water begun to flow, than an exquisitely chased silver cup was, on behalf of the Commissioners, presented by Chief Commissioner Kirkwood to Mrs Polson. It bore the following inscription:—"Presented to Mrs Polson by the Commissioners of the Burgh of Tranent, on the occasion of the opening of the Water Works, 10th May 1883." The cup was then filled with the crystal fluid, and its quality tested by those on the platform.

Mr Polson, in returning thanks for Mrs Polson, mentioned the happy coincident of that being his wife's birthday, and said:—"We have just returned from the reservoir, and I am sure that those who were present will bear me out in this, that a more beautiful reservoir and volume of water they had never seen. It looked like the water of the river Rhone, so clear and transparent, and of most excellent quality. Indeed, I do not know that any town, of whatever size, can now boast of a better supply of water than Tranent." Mr Polson concluded his remarks by thanking the Commissioners and the contractor for their handsome presentations. "They," he said, "will remain in my family as precious heirlooms, and will go down to future generations as mementoes of this day's proceedings."

Mr John Forsyth, accompanied by Mr J. C. Edie, the late Mr George Inglis, and Mr Alexander Smith, had the honour of cutting the first turf in connection with the water works, the cost of which altogether has been considerably over £7000.



ECCLESIASTICAL.

CHAPTER VI.

The Old Church of Tranent—Description of Edifice—Walleran the Chaplain (1145)—Church Confirmed to the Canons “De Castello Puellarum”—Johannes the Priest (1222)—Andrew the Vicar (1320)—Thomas Cranston the First Minister after the Reformation—Forrester Suspended for Baptizing ane Bairn in Private—Markets held on Sundays—Nicolle Steinsone Opposes their Abolition—Lord Seton under the Ban of the Kirk—Gibson Imprisoned for Comparing the King to Jeroboam—Wallace Warded with the Bishop of Rochester—The Five Articles of Perth—Disturbances in the Churchyard—Sir Alexander Seton, Lady Seton, and the Countess of Winton Excommunicated—M'Laren's Returns—Jottings from the Minutes of Session—Sabbath-day School Opened in 1788.



TRADITION asserts—and after considerable research around the ruins and in the records of early historians, we can find no grounds for disputing the assertion—that the ancient church of Tranent was constructed about the middle of the eleventh century. Further, that it was the Picts, then the lords of the soil, who reared that grand old structure, so ruthlessly destroyed in 1797, and that the stones with which it was constructed were quarried out of the Heuch. On this last point there is another tradition, that the stones with which the edifice was raised were taken from the shore at Cockenzie, and that those sturdy if rough-hewn aborigines, ranging themselves in a line from shore to site, rolled or carried the material from the one to the other until the “holy fane” was completed. On examination of the ruin, the latter tradition seems the more correct of the two.

In the Abbotford edition of "Waverley" is given a representation of the old historical "Church of Tranent." It is a beautiful illustration, one which, on being first shown, compelled us to extol to the highest the exquisite taste of the ancients in rearing such a fabric. But in sifting the matter a little, our opinion regarding the faithfulness of the picture, as representing the "kirk that was," soon began to waver. Had the artist who about 1840 prepared the sketch examined the parts that remain of the old church; or had he applied to such as Mr James Cuthbertson, of Seton Mains, or Mr David Aitken, of Tranent, men who had worshipped in the ruinous edifice for well-nigh half their lifetime, and were at that period still alive; or had he referred to the "Old Statistical Account of the Parish," where Mr Cunningham, the minister, so graphically describes his place of worship,—certain we are, that instead of the grand, high-towering, modern-looking building, as depicted in "Waverley," he would have given something very different as the "Church of Tranent."

Mr Cuthbertson, who always lamented the destruction of the ruin, said, that "inwardly it was arched on both sides, the arches being supported by strong stone pillars. Outwardly it was a curious, little, old-fashioned-looking building, and always seemed as if it were sinking into the earth."

Mr Aitken said, "Tranent old church looked like a donkey with a man on its back, and two creels on its sides." The donkey was the centre building, the creels were the other two oblongs, while the man was represented by the square tower that rose from the centre of the whole.

"The church," says the Rev. Hugh Cunningham in the "Old Statistical Account of the Parish" (1790), "is a very ancient, incommodious, and unhealthy fabric. No account of its antiquity is anywhere to be found, but most people skilled in architecture have little hesitation in pronouncing it five or six hundred years old. The outward form resembles three oblong buildings placed sideways, the middle being considerably longer at each end than the other two. The communication within is by arches of different forms and sizes. A square tower rises from the centre of the whole, supported by the side walls of the middle building, and by two cross arches. The roof is vaulted and covered with stone. The windows are few and ill-constructed, and in a dark and gloomy day serve only to make 'darkness visible.' Either the church has originally been sunk below the surface of the ground, or the surrounding burying-ground has been much heightened by the immense number of

bodies interred in it, for the access to the pulpit is by a descent of four steps from the churchyard."

Mr John Forsyth, present postmaster in Tranent, says his father used to tell him there were at the south-east corner of the middle building two buttresses, up which the boys used to climb, and enter by holes in the roof, when a marriage ceremony was being performed in the church by Mr Cunningham.

With such pointed descriptions of the old fabric before us, we find it impossible to deceive ourselves into the belief that such a dignified building as that represented in "Waverley" ever stood in the churchyard of Tranent. Under this impression, and amid calls from every quarter for an illustration of the old "Historical Church," we set about constructing a representative picture somewhat in keeping with the descriptive notes already given; and, going to the churchyard, there we found plenty material, not only whereon to base our proceedings, but to finish the sketch, an illustration of which we herewith produce.

Mr Cunningham's report says:—"The outward form resembles three oblong buildings placed sideways, the middle being considerably longer at each end than the other two."

Of the southmost of these "oblongs," we find not only the original foundation extending the whole length of the old building, but a good part of the wall as well. In this also we find the formation of the congregational doorway, now, alas, blocked up with all that remains of the fine old monument of Balcanqual, he who served in the ancient church, first in the capacity of Presbyterian minister and anon as Episcopalian priest. Closely adjoining this is also the doorway by which access was had to the pulpit mentioned by Mr Cunningham, as having a descent of four steps from the graveyard. The south wall of the present church is built on this old foundation, with an extension at both ends. Of the middle "oblong," in the one-half of the western gable, and the north wall of the present church, we have the original building. The formation of the gable window is there in its entirety, while at the north-east corner of the church stand the old buttresses, firm and strong as ever. From this point an almost correct idea of the formation of the old church can easily be obtained.

Of the northmost "oblong," in the burial-ground of Mr John Cadell, still remains more than one-half of the original building almost in its entirety. Inside of this, and stretching down towards the buttresses, may easily be followed the quaint stone arches by which access was had from one oblong building

in the old church to the other. In this wall there is also a fine sample of the rich old Gothic windows which were so rare in the building. The entire height of the outside wall is about twelve feet. The south "oblong" would be similar, while the middle building was a little higher than the two outsides. On the top of the north wall may still be seen a number of the niched flags with which the roofs were covered. The "square tower" which rose from the centre of the whole, is said to have been almost identical with the present one.

In the minutes of session from 1786 we find frequent petitions made by the heads of families and others for more church accommodation, the want of which was causing many persons to leave and go to other churches. The last petition, presented in 1796, set forth that the "walls and the roof of the church were in such disrepair that, especially in wet weather, it was very unhealthy and uncomfortable. Nor are these the worst circumstances. The petitioners are apprehensive, and have reason to believe, that their lives are in imminent danger." Shortly afterwards this fine old church was destroyed.

A small part of the ruin is all that remains. This lies to the north of the present edifice, and was turned into a place of sepulture by the late Mr John Cadell, and has served as burying-ground for his family ever since. It now belongs to Mr John Polson as "Lord of the Manor."

Much of the early ecclesiastical history of Tranent is buried in oblivion; the oldest record relating to the subject states that Thor filius Swani, then lord of the manor, confirmed to the canons of Holyroodhouse the church of Tranent, reserving the rights of Walleran, the chaplain, during his life.

On Walleran's decease, which occurred in 1145, the church was once more confirmed, probably by Malcolm IV., to the canons De Castello Puellarum,—that is, of Holyroodhouse. These canons, we are further informed, enjoyed the church of Tranent, with its rights and revenues, till the Reformation introduced very different characters.

In the "ancient taxatio" the church of Tranent was rated at 65 marks, which imply that it was of great value. The cure was served by a vicar, who enjoyed the small tithes. In "Baigment's Roll," the church was rated at £4 c.

In 1222 we find Johannes exercising the office of Chaplain de Treuernent, but the name of no other religious instructor can be found till the early part of the fourteenth century, 1320, when "Andrew the vicar" flourishes. From this ecclesiastic's incessant epistolary correspondence with the monks of Holyrood

Abbey, as recorded in the writs of that house, he seems to have been a man of note; and that he was not without power in the church is evident from the following:—"In 1320 the monks of Newbattle made an agreement with Andrew, the perpetual vicar of Treuernent, about the tithes of the village and the land, which was called the Cottarie of Preston."

From the time of Andrew the vicar, we are compelled to pass to the times of the Reformation, when a totally different régime prevailed.

In 1562, June 29th, we learn from the charters of Holyrood Abbey that Thomas Cranston was already installed minister of Tranent, and a member of the Assembly. But in what year or in what manner he became possessor of the edifice does not transpire. That he, however, had been inducted under the sway of Roman Catholicism, that he had previously served in the church of Tranent according to the rites of that Church, and that his presentation had in a way emanated from the Abbey of Holyrood, can easily be inferred from this:—

In June 1566, Robert, Commendator of Holyrudhouse, desired that said Thomas might be transplanted, and that his servitor, Alexander Foster, might be planted, which the Assembly refused, seeing the parishioners were not content of the change. Cranston married Catherine Greig, who survived him. He died in December 1568. Among other things, he left to Stephen Moffat, vicar of Tranent, his "silk furrit gown." Moffat, in 1595, is said to have "altogether dilapidat the benefice."

The above-mentioned Robert, who wished to remove Cranston, was "Robert Stuart, son of James V., and was made Commendator of Holyroodhouse in 1539, being then but seven years old."

In 1568, Alexander Forrester was translated from Jedburgh to Tranent. He was presented to the vicarage by James VI., on the 2d of December 1574, and entered at Candlemas. Seaton and Aberladie were also under his charge the same year, with jc. lxxij. li. vjs. viij. d. of stipend. In the Assembly of October 1581, Forrester was accused of "baptizing ane bairne, in ane private house, against the order of the kirk," for which he was suspended, and ordained to make public repentance in the kirk of Tranent, "before he be restored to the ministrie again."

In 1589 he is said to be "cauld in doctrine, and slack in discipline." He, on his part, complains of the "mercat being held on Sunday," which he had wished Lord Seyton to change, but without success. Being questioned, he replied, that "the

usual number of his auditorie at the doctrine was 80 or 100 at the fullest, and the number of communicants about twa thousand." "Quhair of the brethren jugeis that thair is ower rare an auditorie among sa mony communicants." He also complained that he had "na concurrence of the elders." On that same day, Nicolle Steinsone, ane meall maker in Tranent, started up unspoken to, and said, "that in dispyte of the minister's hart, and all that will tak his pairt, the mercat sall not be put away." Under threat of excommunication, Lord Seton agreed to change the market-day to Friday, "but fell from his promise."

In 1592 the minister complained that "thair war certane hail houses in the parochin that never cam to the kirk, as, the Laird of Fasyd, this three year never—the Laird of Newbothillgrange, this seven year never—George Hamilton, this hail last year—John Cranstoune of Burncastle, now dwelland in Langniddrie, never sen he cam to the parochin." On the 15th of August 1597, Mr Alexander Forrester demitted his charge in favour of his son, Mr Andrew, minister of Corstorphine, who was presented by his majesty on September the 27th. But the Presbytery, on the 5th of October, refused to give collation. Alexander, however, died before the 27th of December of the same year. He married a daughter of the house of Gosford, and had Andrew, above mentioned.

In 1580, Patrick Symssoune was translated from Spott to Tranent, and in 1584 he was translated from Tranent to Cramond. In comparing dates, it is evident that either an error here occurs, or Symssoune must have officiated in Tranent while Forrester was under suspension.

In 1596, Archibald Oswald, A.M., was translated from Smallholm, residenter in Hawick. He was written to on the 16th of June anent becoming helper, and was admitted on the 14th of September. The parishioners on being asked to contribute to his support, allege that "they pay their teinds otherwise, and will give nothing to help new innovations." Oswald was translated to Pencaitland on the 17th of November 1598.

In 1597, Andrew Forrester, minister of Corstorphine, was presented by James VI., September 27th; and on October 5th, the Presbytery find that they cannot proceed to his collation and admission, because "he lackis ane license of transportation; and by dealing with his father for the place, is under danger of ane Act of Assembly." The parishioners ask "a leet," which, if sustenance is provided, the Presbytery promise, February 15th, 1598.

In 1598, James Gibson was translated from Pencaitland, and admitted to Tranent on the 13th of June, and he was presented by James VI. on June the 13th following. He died in 1602, sometime between the 21st of July and the 6th October, "of gude memorie." Marion Tait, his widow, "was to possess the manse, as weill as the stipend, for a year and a half." He had a daughter Catherine, for whom a collection was made in seven parishes of the Presbytery in May, which amounted to lxx. li. xijs.

Among those, says Calderwood, who perhaps justly incurred the displeasure of the King was James Gibson, minister of Pencaitland. In a sermon which he preached in Edinburgh, he made use of the following indiscreet language:—"I thought that Captain James Stewart, Lady Jesabell, his wife, and William Stewart, had persecuted the Church; but now I have found the truth, that it was the King himself. As Jeroboam and his posterity were rooted out for staying of the true worshipping of God, so, I fear, that if our King continue in his present course, he will be the last of his race." Gibson was immediately brought before the Privy Council, and, having acknowledged the above expressions, he was imprisoned on the charge of high treason; but he was afterwards liberated and suspended from the ministry by the General Assembly. Being apprehended a second time for resuming the exercise of his office, Duncanson, one of the King's chaplains, complained to the King, saying that the people were offended that "Gibson was so badly used while Jesuits were overlooked." James replied, that "no Jesuit had wronged his person so much as James Gibson." Gibson was afterwards presented to the living of Tranent by the King.

In 1602, Robert Wallace, A.M., translated from Glenluce on December 10th, was presented to the vicarage by James VI. on the 28th of January 1603. He was one of the ministers who waited on his majesty at Haddington, on April the 5th, 1603, while on his route to possess the crown of England. He was also one of the forty-two who, on July 1st, 1606, signed the protest to Parliament against the introduction of Episcopacy, and one of the eight sent for to London by his majesty. He was warded with Dr Barlow, Bishop of Rochester, on the 23d of November. On the 8th of March he petitioned the Privy Council of England; was charged to remove to Lauder on the 1st of May, and confined in 1607 to his own parish, where he died on December the 25th, 1617, of grief at the prospect of changes in the Church, lamenting the fate of Calderwood.

Wallace, at his decease, was fifty-three years of age, and in the twenty-seventh year of his ministry. He married Margaret Borthwick, who survived him, and had three sons and one daughter.

In 1618, Robert Balcanqual,¹ A.M., was presented to Tranent by James VI. on the 24th of January. In 1620 he was elected a minister of Edinburgh, but refused to accept.

In 1627, from the report of the "Paroche of Tranent," given in by Mr Robert Balcanqual to His Majesty's Comissioners for Plantation of Kirks, &c., in Scotland, we find the following:—"At Tranent, the 6th of May 1627, the quhilk day Mr Robert Balcanquall, Minister of Tranent, for obedience of the charge geavin be his Majisties Counsell to the Moderatour and Ministeris of the Presbitrie of Haddingtoun, haueing gevin his aith on the secund day of the samin moneth of Maii to the said Moderatour and Presbitrie, and with advyse from thame, and in presens of the hail heritouris and uther inhabitants of the said Paroche of Tranent, electit and chossit Robert Seton, baillie in Tranent, and Robert Smith in Carlaureroock, as to his knowledge most indifferent and best seine for this purpose. Quhilkis they haueing acceptit he ministrat unto thame the aith in the samin wordis and down in the said charge, quhilk aith they swear and thairefter declairit and ansuerit to the particularis mentionat and conteneit in the said charge as efter follows:—

"1. The communicantis within the said Paroche is twa thousand persones or thairby.

"2. The extent of the samin Paroche will be allyk in breid and lenth thrie mylles or thairby, and betuix the paroche kirk and the forrest toun thairof twa mylles.

"3. Thair is no unitting of kirks to our knowledge.

"4. Tranent is ane kirk of Haliruidhous.

"5. Thair is ane colledge kirk in Setoun, with ane proveist and sex prebendis, ffoundit be the Lord of Setoun, quhairof the Lordis thame selfis ar patrones, and unto the saids proveist and prebendis belongis the teindis of Setoun and Wintoun.

"6. The ministeris stipend thrie chalder victuall, quhairof 24 bollis aittis, 12 bollis beir, and 12 bollis quheit, payit be my Lord Holiruidhous with the vicareidge.

"7. Thair is no skuill nor hous for the samin nor stipend thairto within the said paroche, except ane voluntar quaha is

¹ This was a nephew of the Dr Balcanqual who drew up the statutes for the regulation of Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh.

reider at the kirk of Tranent upoun the charge of the parochiners."

In 1647 the communicants are stated to be nearly "thrie thousand."

Balcanqual was suspended by the General Assembly in 1649. He was deposed, and the charge declared vacant before the 13th of March 1650, for being "accessorie to the divisive supplies." In July 1651 he had £200 sterling modified by Parliament from vacant stipends.

In 1651, November 30th, the heritors and elders unanimously fixed upon Mr Walter Balcanqual, A.M., the son of the preceding, for their minister, and resolved that they will "firmly adhere to him, and will admit no other." On July the 24th, 1653, the session, "taking into consideratioune that the Englishes had taken all affaires in relatioune to the church in ther owen handis, did present the petitione following—subscribed by ane great number of handis—to the English judges at that time sitting in Edinburgh:—

"To the noble the Commissioners of the Commonwealth of England for plantation of churches in Scotland, the humble petition of the Heritoris and Elderis of the parish of Tranent. May it please your Honors, the church of Tranent being vacant by the depositioun of our former Minister, M. Robt. Balcanqual, we, your Honors humble petitioners, that God might be glorified, and pietie promoved amongst us, unanimously maid choice of, and gave ane call to Mr Walter Balcanqual, a man of knowen abilities, and blamles conversatioun, being ane actual minister, who hath painfullie and cairfullie exercised the function of the ministrie in the said parish these two zeirs and above, to our exceeding great comfort and content. We therefore, your honors most humble petitioners, with the same unanimity, do most humbly supplicate your Honoris impoured to that effect, that approving our electione, your Honoris would be pleased to establish him by your authoritie in his charge. Whereby the Gospel shall flourish, Faith shall increase, Chairitie be augmented, our lives amended, and we obleiged ever to pray for your happiness."

The Presbytery, however, on the 13th August 1651, had stated regarding Mr Walter Balcanqual and Mr George Balcanqual's preaching in Tranent, that the former had been inhibited by the Presbytery four or five years ago, in regard he was put from preaching in England for his "scandalous offences;" and that the latter went away to England seven or eight years ago, when he was to be processed by the Presbytery for approving

the "Five Articles of Perth," in a sermon at Prestonpans, and for other things spoken there wherein he gave offence.

The Five Articles of Perth, so offensive to the Presbyterians of that day, were—1st, That communicants should celebrate the Lord's Supper on their knees; 2d, That in the event of sickness, the pastor might administer the Sacrament in the invalid's house; 3d, That children should be baptized the first Lord's Day after their birth, and, if possible, openly in the church; 4th, That children of eight years should be catechised by the priest, and presented to the bishop for his blessing; 5th, That the festival days commemorative of the nativity and sufferings of Christ should be observed.

The Presbytery had also, on May 26th, 1652, ordered citation of Mr Walter Balcanqual from all the pulpits of the Presbytery, but he did not compare; and on February 1657, when one of their number was sent to preach in Tranent, he had to do so amidst the railings of profane people around the windows. Mr Walter was meantime addressing a crowd in the kirkyard, which afterwards created such disturbance as to oblige him to stop.

In March he was processed before the Presbytery for "frequent tipping and tavern hunting;" and on April 30th he was summoned before the Council. In May 1657 the heritors and session asked the kirk to be "planted," and the vacant stipend to be given to Mr Robert Balcanqual and his distressed family. This recommendation was ultimately agreed to on the 2d April 1658, on Mr Walter submitting himself absolutely to the Presbytery, and giving up the manse.

In 1658, Thomas Kirkcaldie, A.M., was translated from Carnwath. He was called on the 18th of August 1657, and admitted on April 1st following. He was deprived by the Acts of Parliament, June 11th, and of Privy Council, October 1st, 1662, but obtained the stipend for that year. He died before February 5th, 1668.

In the Presbytery of Haddington there were but three nonconformists to Prelacy, amongst whom was Thomas Kirkcaldie, minister of Tranent, for which he was turned out of his church.

In 1662, Robert Balcanqual, A.M., was reponed by the bishop and Synod. He returned in 1663, and died between 17th May and 15th September 1664, at the age of seventy-eight, and in the forty-seventh year of his ministry. This is the same Balcanqual who was deposed from the Presbyterian ministry in 1650 for being "accessorie to the divisive supplies,"

and who, according to Kingston, by "order of the rebellious Church Assembly," did in 1643, in Tranent Church, excommunicate Sir Alexander Seton, his mother-in-law the Lady Seton, and his sister-in-law, because they would not "subscryve the Scots rebellious covenant."

In 1666, Andrew Barclay, A.M., was translated from Lecroft, and presented by George, Earl of Winton. He was called on the 7th, and inducted on the 28th of September. He died on the 1st of August 1671, at the age of forty-eight, in the twentieth year of his ministry, "a faithful, vigilant, and orthodox pastor." Barclay married Catherine Couper, and had a son, George, who was nominated bursar to the Presbytery on April 26th, 1683, and to the diocese of Dunblane on October 2d, 1688.

In 1672, William Meldrum was translated from Auchterless, and presented by . . . in July; called Admitted and installed on the 8th of August. He was appointed to the Tolbooth, Edinburgh, in 1675.

In 1676, James Craig, A.M., was translated from Selkirk. Admitted and installed on the 6th of October, but deprived by refusing the test in 1681.

In 1683, James Gartshore, D.D., was translated from Cardross. He was called before the 28th of June, and installed before the 26th of July. He demitted his charge in 1687. In 1694, as a member of Presbytery, he went on the 4th of December to supply the pulpit at Tranent, when he found not only a rabble throwing stones at those assembled to hear him, but the pulpit preoccupied by Mr Bernard M'Kenzie. He was obliged to conduct both diets in the kirkyaird.

John Mutter, A.M., studied and took his degrees at Edinburgh. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Linlithgow on the 17th of August 1698. He was called to Tranent by the Presbytery of Haddington, *jure devoluto*, on the 24th October 1700, after the parish had been "vacant ten yeirs together." Was ordained on the 17th of April 1701. Mutter refused to sign the Formula, having already done so at his ordination, and saw no need of repeating these engagements. He changed his mind, however, and signed. He died on the 19th of January 1739, aged sixty-four, in the thirty-eighth year of his ministry. He married Elizabeth, daughter of George White, Edinburgh, 1701, and had a son, Thomas, minister of Dumfries, and a daughter, named Robina.

Charles Cunningham was licensed by the Presbytery of Dunbar on the 6th of August 1729, and presented by George

II. in June 1739, through political influence in the burgh of Haddington. This settlement was delayed till appointed by the Assembly on the 13th of May 1740, and he was ordained on the 25th of September following. He died on the 4th of April 1793, in his ninety-second year, and the fifty-third of his ministry. This appointment is said to have caused more bitterness than any such hitherto attempted in Scotland. The congregation wished to retain as minister the Rev. Mr Porteous, who had acted as assistant to Mr Mutter. The military were called out, and Mr Cunningham installed at the point of the bayonet. Not many years elapsed, however, before Mr Cunningham had entirely won the confidence of his congregation, and was regarded with the greatest esteem throughout the whole parish. It was beneath this good man's roof that the gallant Colonel Gardiner breathed his last, after the battle of Preston.

Hugh Cunningham, nephew of the preceding, was licensed by the Presbytery of Haddington on the 2d of October 1781. He was presented by George III. in January, and ordained assistant and successor on the 15th of April, 1784. He died on the 20th of July 1801, in the eighteenth year of his ministry. He married Janet Brown, and had a son, John Macpherson, minister of Kinglassie. He was the author of a short explanation of the Ten Commandments.

In 1802, Andrew Brown, D.D., transferred from Falkland. He was presented by George III. on the 22d December 1801, and admitted 29th April thereafter. He died on the 26th of April 1805, at the age of sixty-one years, and in the twenty-ninth of his ministry. "Respected for his highly cultivated understanding, sound judgment, and liberal mind. In him rational piety, true patriotism, exemplary fortitude, disinterested benevolence, and inflexible integrity were eminently conspicuous." He married Anne, youngest daughter of Professor Thomas Gordon, of King's College, Aberdeen. He wrote an "Account of Falkland." Dr Brown was a man of great size and strength, with no want of courage. It is said of him while chaplain in the army, and when at the Dutch wars with his regiment, the officer in command at one of the engagements being killed, the Doctor galloped to the front, and, throwing his cap in the air, bade the men follow him, and led them on to victory. It was no uncommon thing of Dr Brown on a Saturday night to enter the "Buckie" and the "Hole i' the Wa'" (two of the most frequented taverns in the village of Tranent), and, driving the loungers out before him, command

the doors to be locked. Many a riot he is said to have quelled on the streets, simply by joining in the melee and thrashing all concerned in it with the large oaken staff he used as a travelling companion. It is traditional in the village, that on the outbreak of any unusual disturbance he used to be sent for, and that he liked not a little to be so engaged.

John Henderson, A.M., a native of Methven, was licensed by the Presbytery of Dunoon on the 27th March 1798. He became tutor in the family of the Hon. Francis Charteris, was presented by George III. on the 30th of July 1805, and ordained on the 6th of March following. He died on the 4th of January 1850, aged eighty years, in the forty-fourth year of his ministry. He married Grace, daughter of Thomas Bell, Esq., Fenwick, Northumberland. He had two sons, Francis and Charles, in the medical service of the H.E.I.C. He was author of "Character of the Rev. Dr Primrose." Of Mr Henderson it may be said with truth that he gave his goods to the poor. Never was an alms-seeker known to leave his door without being a recipient of his generosity; and he made it a custom, for many years before his death, that all and sundry who approached his door on New Year's Day should receive a sum, more or less, from his own hand as a New Year gift.

Robert Stewart, called from Newington, Edinburgh, and ordained in Tranent on the 26th September 1850. He died on the 2d of June 1851, in the thirty-third year of his age, and the second of his ministry. "He was greatly esteemed by all who knew him, and deeply lamented by his attached parishioners."

The present incumbent, the Rev. Dr Caesar, is a native of Tinwald, Dumfriesshire, and was educated at the parish schools of Tinwald and Torthorwald. On leaving school he entered the University of St Andrews, where he completed his literary and theological curriculum in 1847. In the end of that year he was licensed by the Presbytery of Dumfries, and immediately thereafter was appointed assistant minister to the Rev. Mr Menilaws of Annan. In 1849 he was chosen by the people of Alloa to be assistant minister there; and in 1850 he was elected minister of St Bernard's, Edinburgh. Through his exertions during his incumbency St Bernard's was erected into a *quoad sacra*. In the end of 1851, on the recommendation of the people of Tranent, he was appointed by the Crown to be minister of this parish, and was inducted in January 1852. Dr Caesar was for many years the chief Trustee in connection with George Stiell's Trust, and under the new provisional

order is chairman of the trustees. He has always taken an active part in Church Courts, and now holds the office of clerk to the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale. He is convener of the committee of the General Council of the University of St Andrews on University legislation. In 1874 that University conferred on him the degree of D.D. He is author of a volume on the "Authorship and Authenticity of the Fourth Gospel."

The present church, built in 1801, was constructed to a great extent out of the old, and erected in part on its foundation. The old bell, which was replaced some years ago by a new one, bore on both sides the inscription, "George, Lord Seton." It was cast in Holland in 1587, and is said to have belonged at one time to the church of Seton. The church has accommodation for 912 persons. The seats were allocated as follows:—Heritors, 802; communion seats, which were let by the session, 80; ministers', elders' and schoolmaster's seats, 30. The number of communicants in 1589 was 2000; in 1618, about 3000. On July 27th, 1788, the number who communicated was 626. On that same day the new psalmody was first introduced. In 1835, 641; in 1838, 723; in 1873, the number of communicants, according to Mr M'Laren's returns, was 590; and in 1882, 670. Minister's stipend, about 1154, was 65 merks; and about 1320, £4, c. In 1574 the stipend was jc. lxxij. li. vjs. viijd. In 1627 it was 3 chalders of victual. In 1651 it was £200 sterling, modified by Parliament for vacant stipends. In 1755 the stipend was £82, 12s. 4d., and in 1798 it was £153, 16s. In 1840 the stipend was £349, 6s. 10¼d., and according to M'Laren's returns is now about £450. "An annual payment," says the Rev. J. Henderson, writing in 1840, "of £11, 6s. 8d. from Queen Anne's Bounty had also been made to the minister and his predecessors since 1707, but it was held at last term till I can show my right to it. It was paid by the collector of bishop's rents."

There is a large and flourishing Sabbath-school in connection with the church. The manse was built in 1781.

FRAGMENTARY JOTTINGS FROM THE MINUTES OF SESSION.

In 1776 the elders were George Morrison, Robert Lindsay, John Kedzlie, and John Turcan. The latter was also schoolmaster and precentor.

In 1796, Robert Lindsay, Patrick Brown, George Jack, William Penderleith, Robert Forsyth, and David Bisset.

In 1824, D. Bisset, Patrick Brown, G. Jack, John Brydon, Js. Cuthbertson, Archd. Thomson, and George Turnbull.

In 1884, Messrs John Craig, Robt. Horne, John Charles, A. Gaw, J. K. Gardner, and John Wilson.

Little more than a century ago, royal proclamations and advertisements were frequently read from the pulpit and the precentor's desk, advertisements such as those cautioning landlords against letting houses to people of bad character.

Irregular marriages.—Those who married irregularly were not only severely reprov'd and exhorted, but, over and above paying full proclamation dues, they were compelled to give five shillings for the benefit of the poor, before their marriage was recorded; and if they wished the Session to meet on a week-day to deliberate on their case, they had to pay one shilling extra before even their desire could be granted. It was held illegal for parties to be proclaimed three times in one day.

January 20th, 1775.—A meeting called by the Session for remedying the inconvenience found by the elders in carrying the collections in their pockets on Sundays; it was agreed to have a reposit made, with lock and key, for the purpose of holding it, W. Lawson, wright, to procure the same.

Act of Parliament against Child Murder, &c.—This day, June 16th, 1776, was read from the pulpit the Act of Parliament against child murder, and that part of the abbreviate of the Act against immorality, profaneness, &c. It was also intimated that the Session, agreeably to the said laws, was meditating the propriety of adopting into their discipline the method of exacting fines from those guilty of fornication, and improving the same for the benefit of the poor. All this was done for warning to the people to beware of committing such trespass.

We may mention that women were liable by Act of Parliament to be subjected to a fine of £10 Scots for having illegitimate children. Fines had to be paid before the censure was removed. Acts of Parliament, fines imposed, and exhortations delivered had, however, little or no effect in diminishing the vices complained of.

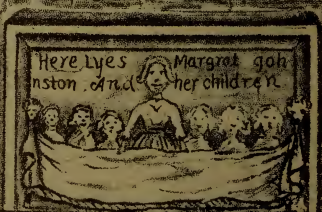
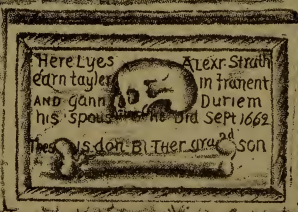
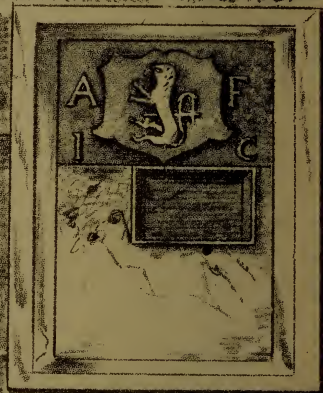
November 5th, 1788.—This day observed throughout Scotland, and in this parish in particular, as a day of solemn thanksgiving to Almighty God for the glorious Revolution of 1688, and the preservation of our liberties, civil and religious, from that period to this day. Perhaps no nation under heaven can boast of so long a continuance of any of their darling blessings.

Long may the happy island—the seat of liberty—enjoy them !
 And highly ever may poor Scotland in particular prize them !
 Our minister preached from Psalm xliv. 1.

December 17th, 1788.—£2 sterling settled on Paisley, the schoolmaster, as precentor.

Sabbath-day School—December 17th, 1788.—The earliest intimation we have of Sabbath-day schools in Tranent is of the above date. Entry in Session-book as follows:—“Mr Paisley informed the Session of his plan of teaching a Sabbath-day school, which met with their hearty approbation.” That this Sabbath-day school was begun then, and carried on for a number of years under Mr Paisley, the parochial schoolmaster, we have ample evidence. Mr John Craig, joiner here, informs us that Jean and Susan Craig, his two aunts, of whom he well remembers, used to tell him that they with many others when children went to Paisley’s Sunday school, and along with the children, to help to keep them in order, went some of their mothers. Old David Dobson, still alive, aged 89 years, tells us that his eldest sister Margaret was at Paisley’s Sunday school; and both he and Mr Craig tell us the following anecdote that Dobson’s sister used to relate:—“One day Jean Craig began to misconduct herself, when over went her mother, took her out of the class, and gave her a gude skelpin’ before the rest o’ the bairns.” The school was continued for some time by old John Brydon, parochial teacher under the Rev. John Henderson. We wonder how many parishes in Scotland can show that a Sabbath school flourished in their midst so early as 1788.







CHAPTER VII.

Tombstones, Ancient and Modern—John Cadell—H. F. Cadell—George Cadell—The Great Unknown—Seton—Haldane—Vallance—Hynd—Hutchison—Turnbull—Mather—Sinclair—Brogen—A. B.—John Sheil—Notman—Bathgate—A. S.—Forrest—The Murrays—The Allans—Galhuayes—Smith—Darton—Pearson—Fender—The Cuthbertsons—Letter from the Duke of Wellington's Mother, giving the correct Date of his Birthday—Williamson—Strathearn—Johnstone—Colonel Gardiner—Balcanqual—Burnet—Denham—M'Neill—Trottem—Baxter—Blossom.



FOR chasteness of design, beauty of sculpture, and variety of device, there are, in East Lothian at least, few if any ancient tombstones that may be compared with those in the churchyard of Tranent. Few, however, of the earliest and best can now be deciphered; their sculptural beauties in part remain, but the crumbling hand of time has so obliterated the names of the inhabitants below, that henceforth they are known to us no more.

The churchyard is divided by a stone dyke in two parts—the old and the new. The former surrounds the church; the latter is to the east of the old churchyard. It was formerly taken up by a few old houses and a garden, and was consecrated as a place of sepulture many years ago, the original burying-ground having been altogether inadequate for the increasing requirements of the parish.

The monuments erected inside the church seem to demand our earliest attention; but as those to whom they are set up "in memory of" are already noticed among the "Ecclesiastics," there is no need of a recapitulation here.

The first, therefore, to deserve attention, though erected less than half a century ago, claims notice from a twofold point

of view,—Firstly, Because it is erected within a part of the very ancient church of Travernent; Secondly, Because this venerated spot alone of all the churchyard is known to contain the remains of those who were in bygone times superiors of the barony of Tranent,—and is that of Mr John Cadell. It reads—

In Memory of
 John Cadell, Esq. of Cockenzie,
 Who died 20th Jany. 1814,
 Aged 47 years.
 Mrs Christian Moubray,
 Wife of William Cadell, Esq. of Tranent,
 Who died April 6th, 1822,
 Aged 45 years.
 William Cadell, Esq. of Tranent,
 Eldest son of John Cadell, Esq. of Cockenzie,
 Who died June 16th, 1840,
 Aged 60 years.
 Mrs Mary Buchan,
 Wife of John Cadell, Esq. of Cockenzie,
 Who died Oct. 3rd, 1841,
 Aged 88 years,
 Beloved, revered, and lamented by her numerous offspring,
 Of whom 9 children, 57 grandchildren,
 And 36 great-grandchildren were alive at her decease.

HUGH FRANCIS CADELL.

The following is found within the only enclosed piece of burying-ground in the churchyard, and is that of a branch of the same family, long and honourably connected with the parish:—

In Memory of
 Janet Marion Buchan Sydserf,
 Wife of Hugh Francis Cadell, Esq., Cockenzie,
 Who died March 5th, 1847, aged 48 years.
 Also their Children,
 Charles, William George, Marion, John, Annie.
 Also H. F. Cadell, born April 27th, 1790,
 Died April 27th, 1873.

GEORGE CADELL.

On a separate stone, within the same place of sepulture, is the following:—

In Memory of
 George Cadell,
 Who died on the 2nd of May 1879,
 Aged 15 years 9 months,
 Eldest son of
 Lieutenant Cadell and Susan Tod his wife.

This burial-place, unlike any other in the churchyard, has an opening into the coal-waste. It has, however, been substantially built, and a number of "niches" left wherein to lay the remains of departed relatives of the family. The last to find a resting-place there was Miss Janet Buchan Sydserf Cadell, daughter of the late Hugh Francis Cadell, who died on the 12th of January 1884.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

A little to the north of the above lies a large flat stone, on which there is a finely cut shield in size about 15 X 12 inches, bearing in its centre a lion rampant with a sword driven through its body, all in good preservation. To the left of the shield, near the top, is the letter A, opposite which is the letter F; and near the bottom of the shield, also opposite each other, are the letters I and C. Towards the centre of the stone is a square-cut hole, out of which a piece of the monument evidently has been wrenched. Here probably would be the name and day of decease of the Great Unknown who sleeps beneath. But it also, like the sleeper, alas, has gone for ever. In reference to the above shield, we communicated with the Office of Heraldry, and are in receipt of the following:—

"Lyon Office, 15th November 1883.

"DEAR SIR,—I have your letter of yesterday, with copy of a shield cut on a stone in Tranent churchyard, which is curious, as there is no Scotch coat of arms known to me in which a lion rampant is so pierced by a sword through his body. The names beginning with F that suggest themselves are Fawsyde, and Alexr. Forrester, minister of the parish 1568-97, but unluckily no Fawsyde or Forrester bore a lion.

"The Lyon King of Arms, to whom I have shown the sketch, thinks the arms might perhaps be Fairlie or Ferguson, if there were persons of either of these names settled in the parish. Fairlie bore a lion rampant, holding a star in his paws, and with a beadlet over all. This beadlet could not, however, be mistaken for a sword. It was not horizontal, but extended diagonally from corner to corner on the shield.

"The 'arms' of the Dumfriesshire Fergusons are, a lion rampant, with a cross, a star, and a rose on the chief or upper part of the shield.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

R. R. STODART.

"Mr P. M'Neill."

BAILIE SETON.

The two following tombstones, that of Seton to the right and that of Vallance to the left of the entrance from the new to the old churchyard, seem to have been the most beautiful ever erected within these grounds. The fact of the Seton

shield, &c., being elaborately carved on the former, indicates that he to whose memory the stone was raised must have been a scion of the house of Winton. Inscription as follows:—

Bailie
George Seton,
Farmer at Seton,
Died the 10th day of May 1760, aged 82.

You err, O reader, if you should expect
Big swelling words, immodesty, respect
How short man's life, 'las, while we live we die ;
To know man's life, keep death still in your eye.

To the Memory
Of Katherine Turnbull, relict
Of George Seton, Farmer in Seton,
Who died Oct. 5th, 1766,
Aged 73 years.

MATHEW HALDANE.

The monument which marks the spot where rest the remains of the once bright and boisterous Mathew Haldane adjoins all but one the tombstone of Bailie Seton. Haldane is said to have been proprietor of "Haldane's House," now known as "Kingslaw," and farmed many fields around Tranent. He died about the latter end of last century.

His is one of the largest and best monuments the churchyard contains. In its general appearance it so closely resembles others of the seventeenth century, we are led to suppose it must have been erected many years previous to the days of Mathew Haldane. The centre of the tombstone was at one time wholly taken up with inscriptions; now all that can be deciphered is "Mathew Haldane;" and all that can be learned from the eldest villagers is, that never more was visible in their day than the hindmost line, which ran:—

"And also Mathew Haldane."

VALLANCE.

16—23.

The burying-place of the Vallances is to the left, at the entrance from the new to the old churchyard. It was formerly enclosed with a strong iron railing; but some years ago, on the churchyard being remodelled, it was swept away. Latterly a new centre-piece, in imitation of the old, was inserted in the

grand old monument, on which are skilfully carved two crescents and a thistle, with a scroll beneath, on which we read :—

IN UTRO QUE

Robert Vallance, proprietor, born 1630 ;

His son Pat Vallance ;

His son William Cum. Vallance, born 1746, died 1827.

&c. &c. &c.

Erected by their son, Dr William Vallance, of the 33rd Regiment.

Whether Pat Vallance showed any special acts of kindness to the Highlanders when enjoying themselves in Tranent after the battle of Preston, or that he was afraid and hid himself, we know not. One thing, however, is certain, on their defeat at the battle of Culloden, in order to show his devoted attachment to the ruling powers, he hastened to have his son William named after the Duke of Cumberland, the hero of the day.

HYND.

To the right of the entrance gate, from the manse to the churchyard, stands the monument of Hynd. This is one of the largest tombstones, and certainly not the least beautiful, in these grounds. On each side are finely chiselled pillars, and many exquisitely cut figures surrounding the whole. Much of the lettering, however, is worn out, and the earliest date to be found on it is 1716. Towards the bottom we trace :—

Christopher, Marion, and Margaret Hynd,
Children to John Hynd and Jean Tod his spouse.

HUTCHISON.

A rare old stone is that of the Hutchisons. It stands in the foreground, between those of Hynd and Vallance. This memorial stone is placed on four stout pillars. Its sculptural adornments are many and most beautiful.

Amongst various other carvings, it gives a representation of the husbandman preparing the soil, the sower scattering the seed, the reaper cutting the grain, the gleaner carrying home the sheaves, the beater pounding the corn, the baker disposing of his bread, and the hungry man in the act of eating it.

This monument is said to have been erected by an Earl of Winton. The earliest inscription it contains is that of

William Seton, Tenant in Seton,
died . . . 1706. Agnes . . . his spouse, &c.

In all probability, to this worthy couple was the stone erected. The Hutchisons, to whom the place of sepulture now belongs, claim descent from the "house of Seton," and to this, and other property in the village, they succeeded through a relative named Chisholm.

The first in these later times known to have been interred beneath this stone was Captain William Hutchison, who was Governor at Cape Coast Castle, and died when at home on a visit in 1832. The stone also bears the following inscription:—

Captain George Hutchison, R.N.
Died 3rd February 1859.
Emma Portch, his wife,
Died 5th January 1873.

TURNBULL.

A little to the north of the Hutchisons lies a large flat stone, said to be over the tomb of the Turnbulls. This may or may not be the case; there is neither name nor date to show. The only thing we suppose that has led to the above conclusion, is that there is a grand old "bull's head" standing out in bold relief on the monument. Probably it covers the remains of one or more of our sturdy old butchers, who in days of yore followed the craft on the "Puddin Tower." Still, even amongst them may have been Turnbulls, for that name we find has flourished in Tranent, if not from the time of the Flood at least from the days of Dr Feane the wizard.

MATHER.

Closely adjoining Turnbull's stands another of those richly sculptured grand old tombstones with which the churchyard abounds. This shows the resting-place of the ancient family of "Mather," renowned in their day and generation as "quaigh" makers. The quaigh was the forerunner of the "bicker" and "luggie" of the present day, and served a similar purpose. The stone is sculpturally adorned on both sides. On the west occur the words:—

Memento Mori.

On the east:—

D.M. M.B.
Here lieth David Mather,
Quaighmaker, who died
The 22nd of September 1687, age 55,
And Margret Brown his spouse.

Here lieth John Mather,
Quaighmaker, who died
The 23rd of March 1756, age 74.

SINCLAIR.

Near the tomb of the Mathers is that of Sinclair. This is a large flat stone, on which are beautifully carved many curious devices. It bears the following :—

Here lyeth Johane Halliday,
Spouse to James Sinclair, who died 10th of February
1691, and of her age 66 years.

The husband and children are also here interred, but other particulars we fail to decipher.

BROVEN.

A little to the west of "Sinclair's" stands the quaint tombstone of an Elphinstone blacksmith. On the west side of the monument is a finely cut hammer and other tools of the trade. On the east side the following occurs :—

T. B. I. H.
Here lies the body of Isabell Hastie,
Spouse to Thomas Broven, Smith of Elphingstoune,
Who departed this life December 27th, 1691,
And of her age the 34th year.

A. B.

In an almost direct line northward with the tomb of the Mathers is a queer little monument about 15 inches in height. This is the oldest tombstone but one we can point to in the churchyard of Tranent, and all that we can make out on it is :—

A. B.
1622.

JOHN SHEIL.

In line with, and a few yards to the north of the above, stands, so far as we have yet discovered, the oldest monument the churchyard contains. This curious little tombstone has at one time been broken over, but some kindly hand had hastened to the rescue, bound it fast with iron rods, and thus the puny little thing stands. It is altogether about two feet in height, with circular top. On the east side of it, finely cut, are a very large pair of tailor's scissors, and also a tailor's goose, with the date below 1620. On the west side we read :—

HEIR LIES IOHN SH
EIL TAILYOWER HWS
BAND TO ALISON IOHNS
TON IN PAIN.

A great many of our oldest tombstones, this among the rest, we find are simply flags taken from the adjoining Heuch. These when raised are of so smooth a surface that they require no polishing, and were for many generations taken advantage of for cottage hearthstones in the village, as well as for tombstones in the churchyard.

NOTMAN.

Near the tomb of the Mathers is that of Notman. Over this there is a very plain monument, but it tells a melancholy tale.

Reader,
This Stone informs of one
William Notman, aged 52 years,
And Thomas Notman, his Nephew,
Aged 13 years,
Who both perished underground
By means of foul air, July 8th, 1797,
And here lie interred in one grave.

Watch ye, for ye know neither
The day nor the hour wherein
The Son of Man cometh.

The elder Notman was a shaftsman. He had a number of men engaged stone-cutting in a mine in the Eastfields Pit, Tranent. On a Saturday afternoon when the men had all gone home he wished to go below and see their work. Several times he set out but always returned, saying that he had a foreboding of evil, and could not go alone. He offered young Notman, his nephew, who was not a miner, a penny to accompany him. This he refused, but on being offered sixpence he agreed to go, and the pair set off. Meantime foul air had been rapidly gathering in the mine, and they venturing too far in had evidently become stupefied, and failing to retrace their steps, they ultimately succumbed to the foul gases, and fell to rise no more.

BATHGATE.

On a plain flat stone, set on two pillars, opposite the old Dovecot, is found an inscription which reads thus:—

Weep not for us, our race is run,
It is the Lord, His will be done.

In Memory of
Patrick, Margaret, and William,
Sons and Daughter of William Bathgate,
Land Surveyor in Cockenzie,
Who are interred here, 1790.

A.S.

Only a few yards from the east church-door, stands, if not the best, at least the most curious little monument in the churchyard. Near the top occurs the following:—

¹⁶ A.S. ³⁵
 SIC VIVE UI SERPE
 A. — VIVAS — S.

In the centre of the stone there are the remains of a finely cut shield, bearing three stars, &c. From the initials, we have been led to wonder if this stone has been erected in memory of some member of the old Seton family.

FORREST.

Closely adjoining the above stand three tombstones abreast. These are very plain modest monuments, but they speak to much departed worth. They tell of the families of Forrest, who for many generations held leading positions in the village of Tranent. It is with the centre stone, however, that we have now particularly to do. This is a beautiful highly-polished marble slab, and reads:—

In Memory of
 Edward Forrest, died 2d June 1858,
 Age 70 years.
 Also his Son George,
 Died 12th January 1838, aged 5 years.
 And his Daughter, Margret Donaldson,
 Died 11th February 1853, aged 32 years.
 Erected by his Sons.

Mr Forrest was for many years a coalmaster in Tranent. He it was who opened up Rigganhead Colliery, and found, to the surprise of all concerned, instead of an unbroken coalfield, the best of the coal had been wrought out hundreds of years before his day. Mr Forrest was a fine specimen of the old Tranentonian. His widow, Elizabeth Bruce, 84 years, still survives him.

A little to the east of Forrest's stand the tombstones, two in number, of

THE MURRAYS.

These tell of our bakers and brewers; but why names so conspicuous in the calendar of Tranent worthies as that of Cowan, Bruce, Russell, &c., our tanners, curriers, and candle manufacturers of old, should have no stone to mark the spot where rest their remains, we are at a loss to understand.

W. ALLANE.

At the south-east corner gable of the church stands the tombstone of William Allane. This is not a very large monument, but its sculptural beauties are manifold. The stone, however, is not more beautiful than it is interesting to many people, though widely scattered, even at the present day. Thus it tells its story:—

Here lyeth

Elizabeth Henderson, Spouse to William Allane,

Who dyed Apryle the 8th, 1689, age 41 years.

Also William Allane,

Who dyed on Nov. the 12th, 1723, of his age 68 years.

Also Jonet Lauson,

Spouse to the said William Allane,

Who dyed Dec. the 16th, 1723, of age 59 years.

Here lyeth Mary Allane,

Spouse to David Allane, who died 1738.

DAVID ALLAN.

Nestling at the foot of the tombstone of William lies the equally handsome, if less aged, monumental stone of David Allan. This stone is interesting in forming as it does a fine connecting link between the Allanes of the seventeenth and the Allans of the nineteenth centuries. At the west corner of the monument we find:—

D. A. — E. L.

Then follows a long inscription, which we fail to decipher further than that "David Allan" was buried here in 1765, age 91 years. The latter had a son, named David, who was for many years a purser in the Royal Navy. He also was buried here, November 16, 1799. This David had both sons and daughters, amongst whom were Mr David, who for many years followed the trade of candle manufacturer, in that house at the foot of Wellwynd, adjoining the Post-Office; and Ann, said to have been peerless for her beauty, and known far and wide as the "Bonnie Annie Allan" of her day. Amongst the many lineal descendants of this beautiful lass, not the least notable person is Mr James Lambert Bailey, solicitor and banker, Ardrossan, J.P. for Ayrshire, &c.; his wife, though a Douglas, being a lineal descendant of the Bruces, a family high in repute in the days that are gone as tanners and curriers in the village of Tranent.

GALHUAYES.

At the south-west corner of the church, near the door, stands the tombstone of the Galhuayes. The name is a strange one, and is, so far as we can learn, quite unknown otherwise to this locality. When it was erected we fail to discover. The chiselling, however, resembles very much that of other stones we have found about 1690, but as a work of art it far exceeds any of that date. Indeed, it is one of the most beautiful in the churchyard. On the west side of the stone are a pair of exquisitely carved twisted pillars, several floral wreaths entwining bunches of grapes, &c. There are also in large letters

G. G. — A. H.

the initials of husband and wife. On the east side of the monument are four children beautifully carved, beneath which we read :—

Here lyeth
John, James, Alexander, and Margret,
Children of George Galhuayes, and A— H— his Spouse.

The wife's name we are unable to make out, but on turning up the sod we find the date 1702.

SMITH.

A neat little stone is that of John Smith. It stands on the south side of the footpath a short distance from the Galhuayes'. Rather finely cut on this monument are two spades crossing each other, a ghastly looking skull, &c. Thus it reads :—

Memento	Here lies John Smith, Salt Grieve in Cockenzie, Husband unto Isabell Turnbull, Who died Feb. 29th, 1726, Aged 36 years. Also Thomas Smith, Who died July 17th, 1723, Aged 2 years.	Mori
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DARTON.

A peculiar little upright tombstone is that of Thomas Darton. It stands a little to the west of Smith's, and has a sandglass, crossbones, skull, &c., rather finely carved on it. There is also near the top in large letters

T. D. I. G

followed by—

Here lies Isabel Gray,
Who Spouse was to Thomas Darton,
Who died in the year 1689,
And of her age 52 years.

Me Mento Mori.

ADAM PERSONE.

The tombstone of Adam Persone stands in close proximity to that of Darton. The slab is of modest bearing, but most interesting, insomuch as it speaks to the time when Seton was a bright little village, teaming with a people very different in their callings to those who now inhabit its quiet abodes. Thus it reads :—

Here lyeth Margret Stanners,
Spouse was to Adam Persone,
Shoemaker and Tanner in Seton,
Who deceist Nov. 26th, 1700,
Her age 67.

WILLIAM FENDER.

Another, almost adjoining the foregoing, from the same old village. This of Fender, however, is a most elaborately carved monument. On the east side of it are many curious designs ; while on the west side, surrounded with other sculptural adornments, stands a matron holding out in her two hands a scroll, on which we read :—

Here lies Margret Robertson,
Spouse to William Fender, Mason, Seton,
Who died February 29th, 1740, age 80 years.
Also William Fender, Mason, Seton,
Who died January 13th, 1748,
Age 80 years.

ARCHIBALD CUTHBERTSON.

Near the foregoing, and in close proximity to the tomb of the Rev. John Henderson, lies the massive and elaborately carved monument of the Cuthbertsons, a family who for at least two centuries held a leading position in the parish of Tranent as agriculturists. At the head of the stone, in large letters, we find—

A. C.—J. K.

The stone reads :—

Here lyes Archibald Cuthbertson,
Farmer in Addingstone,
Who died April 7th, 1715, aged 61 years.
Also William, Christina, and Helen Cuthbertson,
Children to
Archd. Cuthbertson and Isobell Kirkwood his spouse.
Also
Archibald Cuthbertson, son to the above,
Farmer in Addingstone,
Who died 2nd Oct. 1760.
And also
Marion Herriot, spouse to the said Archd. Cuthbertson,
Who died 1748, aged 64 years.

JAMES CUTHBERTSON.

Close beside the above stands a highly finished but unpretentious tombstone, and thus it records the decease of another descendant of this worthy family :—

In Memory of
James Cuthbertson,
Farmer in Seton Mains,
Who died January 1840.
Aged 83 years.

Truly a suitable spot was this wherein to lay the remains of that highly cultivated, upright gentleman, for here lay the dust of his fathers. Here also by his side were soon to be laid the remains of the worthy old minister (the Rev. John Henderson) so dear to him.

Mr Cuthbertson was for a long term of years ruling elder in the church of Tranent, under the ministry of the Rev. John Henderson. He was a member of the church, however, long before the old fabric was pulled down ; and loudly he did protest against the destruction of the fine old ruin, maintaining to the end that the present church was erected more with a view to suit the purse of the heritors than either to please the eyes or meet the requirements of the parishioners.

We have been favoured by James C. Cunningham, Esq., farmer at Addinston, and nephew of the late Mr Cuthbertson, with a sight of a very curious document, which came into the hands of his uncle while farmer at Seton Mains, Tranent. This we believe is the only document which contains the authentic date of the birth of the Duke of Wellington, and thus it came to the parish of Tranent :—

In 1815, a short time prior to the battle of Waterloo, and while the Duke, at the head of the British army, was carrying

everything triumphantly before him, Mr Cuthbertson conceived the idea of celebrating the great warrior's birthday by a grand entertainment at Seton Mains. While arrangements were progressing, it occurred to the gentleman that the real birthday of his hero was doubtful, and wishing to do the desired thing at the right time, he set out for Gosford, hoping to elicit from Lord Wemyss what he had failed to obtain elsewhere; but his Lordship knew nothing of the matter. One of the Ladies Charteris, however, hearing the conversation,—“There, Mr Cuthbertson,” said she, “you have paper, pen, and ink, write at once to his mother; no one can so well know of the Duke's birth as she.” Mr Cuthbertson there and then wrote, and was favoured with the following reply:—

*London, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square,
April 6th, 1815.*

SIR,—In answer to your enquiry respecting my son the Duke of Wellington, I inform you that he was born the first of May 1769. I am much flattered by your intention of celebrating his birthday. The good wishes and prayers of Worthy Respectable Persons I trust will continue to my Son the good Fortune and Success that it has hitherto pleased The Almighty to grant him in the Service of his King and Country.

I happened yesterday to meet with a very striking Likeness of the Duke, which you will Do me a favour by accepting of from your very Humble Servant,

ANNE MORNINGTON.

Addressed—

Mr James Cuthbertson,
Seton Mains, Tranent,
Scotland.

The original document and likeness of the Duke are still in the possession of Mr Cunningham. In Burke's "Peerage," the date of the Duke's birth is set down as the 27th April 1769. It is curious, indeed, to find a document emanating from the parish of Tranent contradicting such a high authority. Such, however, is the fact.

ALEXANDER WILLIAMSON.

A chaste, and at the same time highly adorned, monument is that of Alexander Williamson. It stands close by the tomb of Fender. On the east side of the stone we find a man in the act of sowing seed, two men standing ready with their sickles, &c.; while on the west side, amongst other things, stand two men, holding out between them a scroll, which says:—

Here lyeth Alex. Williamson,
Farmer in Elphingstoune West Mains,
Husband to Jane Gray, who died
December 4th, 1708, age 54 years.

ALEXANDER STRATHEARN.

A very small and a rather curious tombstone is that which tells of the ancient village name of Strathearn. We find it first mentioned in the annals of Tranent in 1599, when William of that name was chosen one of the "Assise" which tried and condemned the famous Dr Feane for having dealings with the devil; and this Alexander, we have no doubt, would be a son of William above mentioned. The monument thus reads:—

Here Lyes
Alexr. Strathearn, Tayler in Tranent,
And Jann Duriem his Spouse,
Hi Did Sept. 1, 1662;
Thes is don be ther grandson,
A. A.

The above stands a little to the south of the west church-door, on the very brink of the "brae face," looking towards the Heuch, and closely adjoining it is that of

MARGRET JOHNSTON.

This is a monument similar in every form to that of Strathearn, and has evidently been sculptured by the same hand, and erected about the same date. It bears the following:—

Here Lyes
Margret Johnstone and her children.

The mother stands, finely carved, in the centre of the stone, with her six children, three on each side of her, the whole being surrounded with cords and tassels and other sculptural adornments.

COLONEL GARDINER.

The remains of Colonel Gardiner were interred at the south-west corner of the chancel of Tranent old church, and a small tombstone was placed in the church wall by his wife to mark the spot where the gallant soldier lay.

When the all but worn-out fabric was pulled down, many of those curious tombstones which are to be found in the churchyard were removed from the inside of the church, amongst which was that of the Rev. Robert Balcanqual, who died in 1664. This stone is said to lie only a short distance from the west church-doors, but hitherto we have failed to distinguish it.

Another of the removals at this period was that of Fawside of that ilk. This beautifully finished monument had been care-

fully preserved, and built into the north wall of the present church, where it remains.

The tombstone of Gardiner, the gallant old warrior, was also at this time removed, but what became of the interesting relic is now impossible to say. When the present church was erected, its southern wall was built on the outside foundation of the chancel. This having to be carried westward, its extension was such as to completely enclose Gardiner's tomb, so that the dust of the warrior now quietly reposes within the precincts of the sacred edifice.

REV. ROBERT BALCANQUAL.

At length we have discovered what is supposed to be the tombstone of the Rev. Robert Balcanqual, a gentleman who in his day played many parts, and who, together with his family, caused the Presbytery of Haddington and the heritors of Tranent more trouble than did all his successors in office put together.

The finding of this ancient tombstone, however, we may add, has after all given far less cause of joy than of sorrow, inasmuch as we found that it had not been re-set up to honour the dead, but rather to benefit the living. The stone in fact, after being stripped of its adornments, had been taken by the callous-hearted builder who erected the present edifice, and placed so as to effectually block up the very doorway—the congregational entrance—to that fine old church in which Balcanqual himself preached, first as a Presbyterian minister, and afterwards as an Episcopalian priest.

This monument has been wholly covered with inscriptions, but all we can now make out is—

“MINISTER.”

Mr R. Balcanqual was presented to the church of Tranent in 1618. He was deposed in 1650. He became a conformist to Prelacy, and was reponed by the bishop in 1662, and died in 1664.

JAMES BURNET.

A handsome, and truly a substantial, monument is that which marks the spot where rest the remains of the late Mr James Burnet. This place of sepulture closely adjoins the ground which contains the hallowed dust of Gardiner. Mr Burnet was a man of sterling character, of great mental capacity, of thorough business habits, and held the responsible position of

factor to the late Earl of Wemyss for a period of forty years. He was also tenant in Seton farm, and was one of the leading agriculturists in East Lothian up to the day of his decease. His tombstone reads :—

In Memory of
James Burnet,
Who died 27th March 1870,
Aged 72.
Also
Eliza Ainslie his wife,
Who died June 9th, 1848,
Aged 39.

DENHAM.

We may not be able to show anything so humorous as the following couplet over the tomb of Jamie Denham in a neighbouring churchyard :—

Here lies Jamie Denham,
If ye saw him noo ye wadna ken 'im.

But that our churchyard literature is not altogether void of humour, or something near akin to it, the following will show :—

JOHN M'NEILL.

This monument is near the west church-door, and was erected by John M'Neill, merchant in Edinburgh.

In Memory of
Margaret Kenlay his wife,
35 years,
As a tribute
Of Filial Affection and Gratitude
For her many Amiable qualities.

TAMAS TROTEM.

The following, among other curious epitaphs, are said at one time to have had a place in our village churchyard. They may be there still, but it will, we think, be difficult to find them :—

Here lyes Tamas Trotem,
Beneath the divots at the bottom ;
Folks say he ne'er indulged in srees,
Nor brynt his tongue wi' tellin' lees,
And yet thae sweer auld Hornie got 'im.

Tranent and its Surroundings.

TAM BAXTER.

1. Tam Baxter coft this quiet nook,
His hell'cat wife to bury ;
Tam was a slow gaun coach we ken,
But wed her in a hurry.
2. First year wi' din she dang 'im deaf,
Half blind the second knock'd 'im ;
Third year she reft 'im of his beard,
Syne wi' the tangs she choked 'im.

BETSY BLOSSOM.

In June she wore a rosy blush,
She blossomed till September,
October she began to droop,
She dropit in December.





CHAPTER VIII.

United Presbyterian Church—Free Church—Primitive Methodist—
Salvation Army—Christadelphian—Roman Catholic—Latter-Day Saints.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

THE denomination known as the United Presbyterian Church consists of the churches usually called Burgher, Antiburgher, and Relief. The Secession Church was formed in 1733 by four ministers—Messrs E. Erskine, of Stirling; J. Fisher, Kinclaven; W. Wilson, Perth; and A. Moncrieff, Abernethy, who constituted themselves into a Presbytery at Gairney Bridge, Kinross-shire.

Their chief reasons for seceding from the Church of Scotland were, “the sufferance of error without adequate censure; the settling of ministers by patronage, even in reclaiming congregations; the neglect or relaxation of discipline; and the restraint of ministerial freedom in testifying against mal-administration.” This new Church rapidly increased, but at the end of twenty years it was divided by a controversy as to the lawfulness of its members swearing the following clause in the Burgess Oath:—“Here I protest before God and your Lordships, that I profess and allow with my heart, the true religion presently professed within this realm, and authorised by the law thereof; I shall abide thereat, and defend the same to my life’s end.” Those who considered it lawful to take this oath were called Burghers, and those who considered it unlawful Antiburghers. The two parties, after remaining separate for about seventy years, were reunited in 1820, the clause objected to having been abolished by Act of Parliament, and formed the United Secession Church.

The Relief Church originated with Mr Gillespie of Carnock, who was deposed for refusing to countenance the forced settlement of a minister at Inverkeithing. The Church he formed was joined to the Secession Church in 1847; thus forming the United Presbyterian Church.

But though united, that many years elapsed ere the bitterness which at one time existed between the parties forming the United Secession Church was finally obliterated, may be seen from the following. In 1821, when the congregation of Tranent, originally Burgher, called the late Rev. W. Parlane, who had belonged to the other side, Mr Pringle, a worthy elder, got up and said, "I have nae objection to the young man, but there are three reasons why he shouldna be chosen—1. He is an Antiburgher. 2. He will sing nae paraphrases. 3. He'll have nane but Antiburghers to help him at sacrament, an' ye ken ye dinna like them." As an illustration of the mellowing influence of time, it may be added, that the three successive junior ministers have been chosen irrespective of these old divisions.

Dr M'Kelvie, in his "Annals of the Secession Church," says, "The church and parish of Tranent becoming vacant by the death of Mr Mutter in 1740, the parishioners generally made choice of Mr John Porteous, the assistant, to be their minister, while the Crown, as patron, presented Mr Charles Cunningham, probationer, to the charge." The *Caledonian Mercury* newspaper of the time, referring to the case, says, that "contests have seldom been known to run higher for or against presentation than on this occasion. There were scarcely any concurrence of the elders, heritors, or heads of families. The dividing of the people by violent settlement should be considered by the thinking part of mankind, as building with the one hand and pulling down with the other." The case was settled by the General Assembly ordering the Presbytery to ordain the Crown presentee as minister of the parish. Meantime, without waiting for the Assembly's decision, the reclaiming party had gone over to the Seceders. But the Associate Presbytery were unable to supply them with preachers, so they joined the congregation then forming at Haddington.

In 1741 they petitioned the Presbytery to be disjoined from Haddington, and formed into a separate congregation. The "Burgess Oath" controversy, which arose soon after, divided them in sentiment, as it did all other congregations of the denomination, and prevented them making a similar attempt for the next thirty years. At the end of that period, the

members resident in and around Tranent applied for and obtained supply of service in 1771, the congregation being regularly formed in 1777.

The erection of their place of worship was arrested for a time by a sheriff's interdict, taken out at the instance of the Church party, but was afterwards allowed to proceed. In 1826 a new church, seated for 637 persons, was erected at a cost of £1463, 16s. 8d.; and in 1868 a new manse was built at a cost of £950.

The first minister of the congregation was Mr Robert Sheriff, from Dunbar. He was ordained on the 5th of January 1779, and died on the 17th of January 1829, in the sixty-sixth year of his age and forty-second of his ministry. Mr Sheriff's diary was published after his death.

The congregation then called Mr M'Gilchrist, who preferred Duns. Strange how opinions differ. On Mr M'Gilchrist being called to Tranent, a member of Presbytery remarked, "It would be a pity, nay more, it would be a shame, to allow such a good and able man to go to such a dry and barren place as Tranent." Jean Pringle, a worthy member of the congregation, thought that, "If Tranent was dry and barren, the Lord had the mair need ta send some gude and able man to water it."

Second minister, Mr Wm. Parlane, A.M., from Bucklyvie, called to Sanday, Carnoustie, and ordained at Tranent on the 26th of March 1822; author of "Hints to Parents," &c., "The Good Soldier of Jesus Christ," "A Discourse on the Death of Colonel Gardiner," "The Banner of the Truth," "Divers and Strange Doctrines Exposed," and an "Exposition of the Eighth Chapter of Romans." Mr Parlane died 7th February 1884, in the eighty-sixth year of his age and sixty-second of his ministry. He was for many years the father of the United Presbyterian Church.

On June 11th, 1872, Mr Thomas Mathie, Kinross, was ordained as colleague to Mr Parlane. He demitted his charge in 1875.

On January 16th, 1877, Mr George B. Carr, from Berwick, formerly minister at Silverhill, near Hastings, was inducted. He resigned his charge on the 7th of June 1881, on accepting of a call from Colston Street Church, Edinburgh.

Mr A. G. Brotherston, M.A., present minister, was ordained on the 23d of May 1882.

The following ministers have been brought up in the congregation:—Rev. Dr Pringle, Auchterarder; Rev. John Pringle, Elgin; Rev. Robert Watt, Aberlady; Rev. Robert

Balgarnie, Gravesend, formerly of Woolwich ; Rev. Wm. Steele, South Shields. And the following missionaries :—Rev. Thomas Steele, M.A., India ; Rev. Henry Dickson, South Seas ; and Dr John Hogg, of the American United Presbyterian Mission in Egypt. Mr Alexander Steele and Mr James Hogg, young men of promise, died before completing their studies.

In 1822 there was only one Sabbath school in the parish of Tranent, taught by members of the Secession Church, when Mr Parlane, the newly ordained minister, at the instance of Mr Stobie, Town Clerk of Haddington, introduced Dr Chalmers's system of local Sabbath schools to the district. This at first found little favour, but was eventually crowned with success. There is a flourishing Sabbath school still in connection with the church, superintended by Mr Brotherston, pastor of the congregation.

FREE CHURCH.

At the extreme east end of the town, facing the public road to Haddington, stands the Free Church. It is a plain unpretentious building, and was erected, as an inscription over the entrance informs us, in 1843. Previous to the erection of the church, however, a congregation had been in the course of formation, of which the late Mr S. L. Seymour was the leading spirit, but which comprised, among other friends of the cause, Dr Watson, Messrs Davie, M'Nicol, Alexander, Rodger, Simpson, and John Smith, besides others from a distance, notably the Messrs A. & C. Christie from Gladsmuir. These gentlemen having formed themselves into a working committee, appointed the Rev. Mr Mitchell, from Edinburgh, their pastor *pro tem.*, and had regular services, at first in a schoolroom in Church Street, afterwards in the Heuch, where a pulpit was put up, and the sacraments in due course administered.

Curiously enough, in the Parish Session Records of this time there occurs the following entry:—"This day Stewart Lyall Seymour resigned his eldership. His resignation has been thankfully received.—John Brydone, S.C." The extract requires no comment ; it speaks to the bitter party spirit which prevailed at this period. The writer was for long the highly respected parish schoolmaster of Tranent ; while the person whose resignation is said to have been "thankfully received," was a man of sterling worth, justly esteemed throughout the whole community, not more for his business capacity, than for his abounding charities.

But to return to our narrative. The "Church in the Heuch" continued to thrive apace. There was in these open-air preachings a flavour of the covenanting times, and numbers freely joined the movement. In course of time a church was built, the stones for the building being gratuitously supplied by the late Mr Hew Francis Cadell of Cockenzie. Shortly after the Disruption the congregation met in their new place of worship. In calling a minister the congregation was fortunate in securing the services of the Rev. John Paterson, a native of the parish of Lauder, and a young man of promise. Mr Paterson has now completed the term of a forty years' ministry. There is a flourishing Sabbath school in connection with the denomination, in which the reverend gentleman takes an active part. To the east of the church is the manse, a commodious building planted in the midst of a well-cultivated garden. To the west of the manse, behind the church, is the schoolhouse, now disused, but which, filled as it was by a series of able instructors, did excellent work in its day.

PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.

The Rev. A. Wallace Williamson, St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, in one of the St Giles Lectures, speaking of the Methodist Church, says,—“It was of very humble and very recent origin. Its position could hardly be said to have any clearly defined beginning, for it was the result not of secession, but slow and steady development.

“Its organisation, doctrine, and influence were among the most interesting facts of Church history in recent times. It had produced many works of Christian benevolence, infused a new spirit of earnestness; and the influence it had exerted on the religious life of England had been so marked and powerful, that no historian could venture to ignore, however much he might depreciate it.

“As a Church, a century and a half had comprised its entire history; but its progress had been simply marvellous. Its declared object was to reform the nation, and to spread Scriptural holiness over the land. This lay at the root, explained its origin, determined its progress, underlay all its organisation, and permeated its whole history. It had still, he believed, a great future before it.”

The body, however, with which we are now more especially called upon to deal, is that known as Primitive Methodists. This religious community is a branch offshoot of the great

Methodist Church. It originated in the year 1810, in Staffordshire, England, and its clergymen have laboured in Scotland nearly half a century.

In 1866, at the instigation of Mr James Gracie, merchant, Macmerry, the first Primitive Methodist minister visited this parish from Edinburgh, and preached in the Subscription School. Successive visits followed, and ere long several preaching stations were formed and regularly supplied by the denomination. Here the methods hitherto practised in England and elsewhere were adopted, such as open-air meetings, house-to-house visitation, cottage prayer-meetings, &c. The congregation formed in Tranent increased to such an extent, that it was shortly afterwards thought requisite to have a meeting-place erected; and in 1870, under the superintendence of the Rev. B. B. Rogers, who was then stationed here, the present edifice was built. The building is of plain proportions, it has a good position, and is well lighted and ventilated. It is seated to accommodate 250 persons, and cost about £600.

The Methodist system of changing their ministers every three years has been the means of bringing not a few earnest and faithful labourers into this neighbourhood, amongst whom not the least conspicuous is the Rev. John Coxon, present pastor of the congregation.

Mr Coxon, who is a native of Durham, was trained for the work at the Sunderland Theological Institute. He has been nine years in the ministry, is thoroughly devoted to his calling, and has proved himself an earnest labourer in the vineyard of his Master. Like others of his predecessors here, the temperance party find in Mr Coxon a strong support and a willing worker in their cause.

Mr Coxon is a man of large Christian charity, and is ever found ready to co-operate with others engaged in evangelistic work in the district. The Primitives have also growing congregations in Elphinstone and Cockenzie. Mr Coxon superintends the whole.

SALVATION ARMY.

The Salvation Army, in so far at least as the Tranent division of it is concerned, is an offshoot of the Primitive Methodists, a few of whom dissolved connection with that body some time ago, joined themselves to the Leith branch of the army, and forthwith opened their batteries upon the stronghold of Satan in Tranent. Mr Peter Wilson, a native of Elphinstone,

and a powerful preacher, takes the initiative in this district. Their meeting-place is the Public Hall, and the members affirm that the devil has not had it all his own way since the bullets from their guns began to rattle about the ears of his followers in Tranent. The army deserted this stronghold a short time ago.

CHRISTADELPHIAN.

The religious body known as Christadelphian first found a footing in the village about the year 1864. Mr Robert Strathearn, formerly a miner, subsequently a general merchant, was the first, we believe, in this locality to embrace their peculiar tenets.

Although a keen disputant at all times, perhaps as much by the generous heartedness of the man, and the exemplary life he otherwise led, as by his persuasive powers, he ere long succeeded in gathering a nucleus of kindred spirits around him. A meeting-place having been secured, an *Ecclesia* was formed, and the number gradually increased until a membership of between forty and fifty was reached.

Meantime doctrinal differences had arisen and spread throughout the whole body professing this faith. One party maintained, that all saints at the last day were raised "mortal," judged, and, if found worthy, "made immortal." The other party, held that none but the "worthy" were raised, and that they were raised "immortal from the dead."

These "doctrinal differences" extended also to this corner of the vineyard. A division took place, when those who adhered to the latter dogma "hived" off, leaving their late brethren in possession of the field. Sadly crippled in numbers, but nowise dispirited, the few brethren left knit themselves more firmly together, continued their weekly meetings, and are being rewarded with not a little success. At their religious services there is no recognised leader, all stand on an equal platform; any brother may take the chair, and whoever will expound the Scriptures.

Originally this religious community was by other sects called "Thomasites," after Dr Thomas, the first expositor of their peculiar tenets. But on the suggestion of Dr Thomas himself, they about fifteen years ago adopted the name "Christadelphian," from two Greek words meaning "Brethren in Christ."

They believe that Dr Thomas did not originate any new doctrines, but was the Providential instrument in the unearthing of apostolic truths. The Bible they hold to be divine. They reject the doctrine of the Trinity, while believing in the

essential unity and superiority of God, and the miraculous Sonship of Jesus Christ. The Spirit (sometimes personified) is not a person, but the infinite power of God. Man is absolutely mortal; immortality, a gift to be bestowed upon the righteous after resurrection and judgment. The soul is the dust,—organised man, or breathing creature; the spirit, his breath; hell is the grave; hell-fire, the Gehenna fire; the devil is sin personified; the dead are unconscious; the punishment of the wicked, not endless torture but the “Second Death,”—destruction; the death of Christ not substitutionary, but representative; the earth, when renovated, and not heaven, the abode of the saints; Christ the future King of the whole world, in personal presence on the earth. The conditions of salvation are,—Belief in the gospel of the Kingdom and Name of Jesus Christ, with introduction into His Name by baptism, and strict conformity to His Commandments.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

For the benefit of the Irish population resident in the district, service in connection with the above Church was instituted here many years ago,—formerly once a fortnight, when a small room sufficed; latterly, with the increase of numbers, a regular weekly Sunday morning service was inaugurated, and a larger house leased for the purpose. Ultimately a house in near proximity to the Parish Church was purchased, and in it the body continue to worship. The congregation consists exclusively of natives of Ireland, or those of Irish descent, and is now under the charge of the Rev. Father Morris, of Portobello. A number of years ago a day-school in connection with this Church was begun, but after a short trial it was abandoned.

THE MORMON CHURCH.

The Church of “The Latter-Day Saints” originated in the United States of America about the year 1838, its peculiar tenets being first promulgated in Great Britain about 1840, by an American preacher, and thus he told his story:—

“In the midst of a great ‘Methodist’ revival in that far western land, the Lord Himself, and another heavenly being, appeared to a boy of fifteen years, and warned him not to unite with any of the sects which other converts were joining, promising him further light. Three years later a wondrous being

appeared in his room, announcing that he was a messenger from God; that his name was Moroni, an ancient of the American continent, and had been sent to appoint him for a great work. Further, that he would soon discover a book, inscribed on plates of gold, giving an account of the aborigines of America, also the Urim and Thummim; that he must not show these to any one on the pain of death. He then proceeded to interpret the Old Testament as the prophecy and symbolism of their new and final latter-day revelation. This youth, he added, had become a mighty prophet, and was gathering around him thousands of men and women, who were living in perpetual beatitude, and realising the latter-day glory, which to the rest of Christendom was a mere hope."

The advent of a new prophet was hailed with delight; many became converts to the new doctrine, forsook the old country, and crossed the Atlantic, to behold face to face and admire this mighty wonder.

The strange and alluring tenets of this ecclesiastical body soon found their way to Tranent, where many at once, without fear or favour, proclaimed themselves disciples of Joseph Smith. These, for the most part, consisted of the "great unlettered" of the community, whom, however, the leaders of the movement very soon put under instruction, and, to their credit be it said, made of them at least respectable citizens.

Having gained a footing in the village, the "saints" took possession of the Heuch, where for a considerable time they held their regular Sunday-morning services; and here some curious, furious, polemical discussions arose. On one occasion a saint, who had barely yet mastered his letters, was, after his own fashion, found wildly haranguing a crowd on some vital point of doctrine. One of his statements being called in question by a listening "gentile," he instantly opened his Bible and began to quote verse after verse in defence of his principles. His attention being called to the fact that not only had he turned up the New Testament instead of the Old, but that he held his book upside down, without the least abashment he bawled out, that he "didn't care a fig for a fellow that couldn't read his Bible both ways." On several occasions the saints, when worsted in words, were known to show up old Tranent over again, by casting their coats to their opponents, and offering to settle their disputed points by blows.

The following, rightly or wrongly, is alleged to have transpired at one of these Sunday Heuch services:—The preacher, on drawing his remarks to a close as usual, consigned all to

eternal damnation, to be roasted by the devil in hell-fire for ever, who would not relinquish their own "false faith and follow the prophet." A coalmaster, or coal-agent, and his son of eleven or twelve years, had been among the listeners, and on the conclusion of the harangue, the boy, looking up, "Father," he said, "does the devil burn coals in hell?" "Ou, ay, it's very likely," said the father; "but why do you ask, Boy?" "Because," replied he, "I think you should try and get him for a customer."

So rapidly did the Latter-Day Saints in and around Tranent increase in number, that they actually organised amongst themselves, and upheld for a considerable time, an instrumental brass band for their own amusement. For a great many years back, however, the "body" has been entirely defunct in the district, all having either renounced the doctrines of Joseph Smith, or flown to the land of promise.





CHAPTER IX.

Stiell's Hospital—George Stiell—Trust-Deed and Settlement—Construction of the Institute—Teachers and Pupils at Opening—Abandonment of the Monastic System—Action of Declarator against the Directors—Provisional Order—Allocation of Funds—Public School—Description of Building, &c.

STIELL'S HOSPITAL.



GEORGE STIELL, the founder of the above institution, was born in Tranent. The place of his nativity, however, was unable to contain him; he wished a wider sphere wherein to display his abilities, and selecting the city of Edinburgh, thither he proceeded at a comparatively early age, where he engaged in and followed out the different vocations of builder and blacksmith, and succeeded in amassing a considerable fortune.

A life sketch of this noble-minded and large-hearted working man would have been interesting indeed. To have had portrayed in real colours the pinching struggles of his early years, the growing success of his glorious manhood, and the crowning victory of his ripe old age, what a picture it would have been; but the material is wanting, therefore it must remain unfinished.

One ruling idea is said to have inspired the man throughout the most of his life,—that of doing something for the place of his birth—something for his brethren in adversity—something that would prove a blessing in reality to the villagers of the future.

In view of this life-long desire, George Stiell signed, on 27th January 1808, a trust-deed and settlement, whereby he disposed the residue of his estate, heritable and movable, for the establishment and maintenance of an hospital or institute in the village of Tranent, or its immediate neighbourhood, for

the aliment, clothing, and educating of poor children for ever,—children belonging to the parish of Tranent having the preference; after them the children of the parishes of Prestonpans, Gladsmuir, and Pencaitland in succession. On 30th January 1812, four years and three days after signing the above trust-deed, George Stiell was called to his rest, from the field in which he had so successfully laboured.

Much anxiety was manifested among the parishioners on the decease of Stiell concerning where the building would be erected; and no pains were spared by those entrusted with the matter to find a site at once convenient for all, and salubrious as a residence. A small field to the west of the village was at first considered, but it found no favour. Another to the east of the village was looked at, and almost fixed upon, but at the last moment the convenience of the Cockenzie children outweighed that of the Elphinstonians, and a site in the pleasant little hollow near Meadowmill, about half a mile to the north of Tranent, was secured, and there in 1822 a massive and not altogether unpretentious edifice was constructed at a cost of about £3000. The institution was at once taken possession of by Mr James Cunningham as master and Miss Yetts as matron; Mr James Campbell followed shortly after as assistant teacher; and the first day-scholar to enter the hospital was the late Sergeant-Major Craig of the Bombay Artillery, brother to Mr John Craig, joiner, Tranent.

At the opening of Stiell's Hospital there were admitted twenty-two inmates,—six girls and sixteen boys,—and twenty free day-scholars. The former were clothed, fed, and educated free of charge, in accordance with the testator's will; the latter for dinner had each a scone and a small allowance of milk.

Thinking it might yet interest a few in the parish, we here append the names of the first batch of inmates admitted to the institution, amongst whom are representatives of Elphinstone, Cockenzie, and Tranent.

GIRLS.—Margaret Stewart, Margaret Howden, Ann Cummings, Alison Welsh, Mary Innes, Julia M'Cally.

BOYS.—George Thomson, William Dunse, Thomas Swanstone, James Carse, William Rodger, William M'Neill, William Burns, Allan Baxter, George Ferguson, Peter Allan, Robert Smith, William Dickson, Robert Steele, Hastings Crawford, Francis Porteous, James Anderson.

Previous to 1846 the number of inmates was gradually reduced to eight, six of whom were boys, and two girls, and the number of free day-scholars increased to about 140. In 1850



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PUBLIC SCHOOL, TRANENT.

the number of inmates had dwindled down to two boys and one girl, but shortly afterwards were increased to eight,—six boys and two girls.

About the year 1870 the trustees, with a view to improve the educational standard, disbanded the monastic system within the establishment, and instituted bursaries, available to all free scholars by open competition. Previous to this, a few fee-paying pupils had been admitted, and the number of free scholars considerably reduced. Certain parishioners considering this an infringement of the testator's will, raised in 1874 an action of declarator against the directors; and after three years' litigation, much bitter recrimination, and a vast expenditure of money, the Court of Session in 1878 gave a decision, which, with the exception of inserting a compulsory clause to the effect that the fees charged in Stuell's Institute should in no case be less than those charged in the public schools in the parish, left the matter very much as it was.

Latterly, taking advantage of the Endowed Institution (Scotland) Act 1878, the trustees, by petition, obtained a Provisional Order for George Stuell's Hospital.

The working out of this Provisional Order, however, having proved unsatisfactory, the trustees have again applied to the Endowed School Commission for a change in its provisions. Amongst other things they suggest the discontinuance of their schools altogether, and the education of the children in the public schools. They also propose to sell Stuell's Institution, to establish a secondary department in connection with Tranent Public School, and to appropriate £200 towards its support, the rest of the funds to be devoted to bursaries.

On 23d July 1884, this noble institution, after undergoing a variety of changes, not one of which, we believe, was at the instigation of the poor, for the benefit of whom it was founded, or received with favour by the general public, had its doors, as George Stuell's Hospital, closed for ever. The last rector of the institute was Mr Harry Ranken; master of elementary school, Mr T. D. Foster; teacher of music, Mrs Squire.

PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Visitors in general, on entering the village for the first time, usually take up a position at the street crossing, where they have three separate views—east, west, and north; and after scanning each direction in turn, seldom fail to exclaim that in Tranent they have been not a little deceived. They entered

the village under the impression that, instead of a flourishing little town, they would behold a few squalid lanes, containing a number of rickety old houses. Such is the description given of Tranent in certain old gazetteers, and such a description writers of even a more recent period have not been ashamed to retail.

But if visitors do feel a little pleasingly surprised at the general order of the village, compared with what they were led to expect, their wonder is certainly considerably increased when they stand before the village school. There they never fail in amazement to exclaim, "How, even with all its recent improvements, could such a magnificent structure as that possibly be raised in Tranent?" for truly a noble building it is.

Prior to the passing of the "School Board (Scotland) Act," there were three schools in the village,—the Parochial or Parish School, the Free Church School, and the Subscription or Infant School. On the enforcement of the said Act, the School Board of Tranent became possessors of the Parish and Infant Schools. These they afterwards disposed of, and, under the chairmanship of John Polson, Esq., of Tranent, a number of disreputable buildings, forming what was called Pigeon Square, and inhabited by the vilest of the village, were purchased, levelled with the ground, and the Public School reared in its stead. This, though it entailed a grievous burden upon the ratepayers, must be admitted to have added considerably to the amenity of the village. The cost of building was £6500. It was built by Mr David Bryson, the architect being Mr Starforth, of Glasgow. The school was opened on 8th March 1877, under the mastership of the late Mr James Stewart, a native of Peeblesshire, and who in a very short time raised its educational standard to a height second to none in East Lothian. This position his successor has ever emulated to uphold, and most successfully sustained. The school has accommodation for 557 pupils; the average attendance is 420.

Head-master, Mr Robert Horne; assistant, Mr R. W. Ritchie; female teachers, Misses M. Walker and R. Robson. There are also a number of pupil-teachers.



CHAPTER X.

Witchcraft—Study of Necromancy—Persecutions—Bessie Boswell Banished—Janet Boyman Burned—Trial of Bessie Dunlop—Discourse on Witchcraft—David Seton and his Maid Geilles Duncan—Torture of the Pilliwinkes—Terrible Disclosures—The Devil at North Berwick—Geilles at Holyrood—Dr Feane, the Devil's Secretary—Feane's Trial—The Devil in the Pulpit—Feane Condemned—Kincaid and Cowan, the Witch-Finders—Kincaid Imprisoned in Kinross—Cowan Imprisoned in Edinburgh—The Last Case of Execution for Witchcraft in Scotland.

“**T**HOU shalt not suffer a witch to live,” so says the Mosaic law (Exodus xxii. 18).

Nevertheless, though occasionally the objects of bitter persecution, witches have lived and flourished, in fear and honour, from the time of the Witch of Endor, made famous throughout all ages by the folly of a desperate king.

From the age of Endor's Witch, the devotees of witchcraft multiplied exceedingly, not only in the land of Jewry, but wherever a vain and superstitious people abounded, there in their midst were ever to be found necromancers, as false and delusive as the Biblical witch, plying their nefarious trade.

Scotland was no exception, she was also from an early age infested with the votaries of witchcraft. Men and women had alike betaken themselves to the study of necromancy with a zeal worthy of a better cause,—some to obtain power over their fellow-mortals and gratify their foolish whims, others for private gain and public notoriety.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, however, when people had become more enlightened, and a great revolution in the religious affairs of the nation had taken place, then the Mosaic law was being fulfilled to the very letter.

Not only was the wrinkled hag, who had studied the so-called "devil's arts" from her infancy, prosecuted and tortured for her necromantic tricks, but even the young and beautiful, the virtuous and accomplished maiden, by reason of her very attainments, was laid hold of, stripped, scourged, pricked, and burned, till forced to confess that she had dealings with the devil, and compelled often to implicate others, as little known to her as she to sin and sorcery.

In what age persecution for witchcraft, sorcery, &c., began in Scotland is uncertain; but we know that in 1563 Agnes Mullikine, *alias* Bessie Boswell, in Dunfermline, was "banist and exilt for witchcraft."

This, says Pitcairn, is the earliest existing case in the Records of the High Court of this nature, and it is almost the only instance of so mild a sentence having been pronounced.

The second case on record bears the date of December 1572, and is that of Janet Boyman, the wife of William Steill, "delatit of diuerss of witchcraft, conducit and brint." Of Janet's antecedents nothing is said.

The third in 1576, in which Bessie Dunlop, the wife of Andra Jak, is the suspected woman.

This, says Pitcairn, is one of the earliest and one of the most extraordinary cases of trial for witchcraft on record. Bessie was conducit and brint.

The first and second of the male sex on record as tried for the crime of witchcraft, &c., is that of Eduart Kyninmonth and William Gilmour, son to Richard Gilmour, Bontoune Pulquhene, 15th June 1582. They were tried severally. It is not stated to where Kyninmonth belonged, but he was condemned to be brint. What befell Gilmour is not on record.

The next case, also from Pitcairn, to be dealt with, comes a little nearer our own door, and is that of Geilles Duncan, whose confessions and implications appear at great length in "A True Discourse on Witcherie," from which the following is extracted:—"Within the town of Tranent, in the kingdom of Scotland, there dwelleth David Seaton" (David Seaton at this time was chamberlain to the Earl of Winton, and occupied that house in Tranent known as the Royal George), "who, being Deputy Bailliffe in the said town, had a maid called Geilles Duncan, who used secretly to absent and be furth of hir master's house every other night.

"This Geilles Duncan took in hand to help all such as were troubled or grieved with ony kind of seikness or infirmitie, and in short space did perform many matters most miraculously,

which things, forasmuch as she began to do them upon a sudden, having never done the like before, made her maister and others to be in great admiration, and wondered thereat, by means whereof the said David Seaton had his maid in great suspicion that she did not these things by natural and lawful ways, but rather supposed it to be done by some extraordinary and unlawful manner; whereupon her maister began to be very inquisitive, and examined her, which way and by what means she was able to perform matters of so great importance; whereat she gave him no answer. Nevertheless her maister, to the intent that he might the better try and find out the truth of the same, did, with the help of others, torment her with the torture of the pilniewinkis or thumbscrew upon her fingers, which is a grievous torture, and binding or wrenching her head with a cord or rope, which is a most cruel torment also, yet would she not confess anything; whereupon they, suspecting that she had been marked by the devil (as witches commonly are), made diligent search about her, and found the enemy's mark on her forehead, or fore part of her throat, which being found, she confessed that all her doings were done by the wicked allurements and enticements of the devil, and that she did them by witchcraft. After this she was committed to prison for a season, where, on being subjected to more exquisite torture, she disclosed the names of other thirty persons in league with the devil, all of whom were also committed to prison."

Here Geilles made some wonderful confessions, amongst which she emitted a declaration to the effect, that she had attended a witches' meeting at North Berwick, where the devil, Dr Feane, his register, and Jockie Gray Meill, the miller at Meadowmill, his doorkeeper, with about two hundred witches, assembled; that amidst their orgies she played on a trump before the devil such favourite reels as—

"Cummer, go ye before, cummer, go ye;
If ye winna go before, cummer, let me;"

that at this meeting a plan was devised for the destruction of the ship that carried the King on his return from Denmark, for which purpose the whole crew set out over the sea sailing in sieves; that by practising one of their cantrips a tremendous storm arose, and only by a miracle was the royal ship saved from destruction.

The name and fame of Geilles Duncan reaching the ears of the King, his majesty sent for her to Holyrood, and made her play on her trump before him the same reel as she played

before the devil at North Berwick, "with which his majesty was wondrously pleased."

Of the thirty or forty persons implicated by Geilles when put to the torture,—some of whom were merchants' wives in Edinburgh, others occupying high positions in life,—many suffered death on the Castlehill at Edinburgh, but the greater part were dismissed, there being no foundation for the charges laid against them.

Geilles is said to have also come to an untimely end for her sorceries, but of this there is no evidence. She seems to have played the part of informer too well to be wanted. After giving most condemnatory evidence against Agnes Sampson, of Nether Keythe, designated "the Wyse Wife of Keith,"—who "being the eldest witch, was sentenced be the mouth of James Sheill, Dempstar, to be tane to the Castle(hill) of Edinburgh, and thair bund to ane staik and wirreit till sche wes deid, and thair-efter hir body to be brunt in assis,"—Geilles again turns up, this time in evidence against Barbara Naipar, for the same offence. But after this her name altogether disappears from the pages of the recorder.

Amongst others implicated by Geilles Duncan as being servants of the devil, as already noticed, was Dr Feane, who was tried at great length before the Assize at Edinburgh; and whose trial, in order to show the frivolous nature of the charges which were brought against people, in many cases of unblemished character, and for which they were cruelly put to death, we are constrained to give in its entirety almost word for word.

In the "History of King James VI.," the culprit in this case is designated "Schoolmaster at Tranent, Master of the school at Saltpans." He is termed also "Register and Secretar to the Devil;" and is set down in the indictment, December 26, 1599, as Johnne Feane, *alias* Cunningham, last dwelling in Preston; Condu, convict of divers poyntes of Witchcraft, condemit in the dittay; comperit the samin Maister David M'Gill of Cranstoune Rydell, Advocate to our Sovereign Lord, as pursuer, and productit ane dittay against the said Johnne Feanne;

John Wilson, Edinburgh
Robert Thriskie
John Halket, Edinburgh
James Watson, do.
Thomas Wright
Richard Newtoun, Tranent
William Strathearn, Tranent

Richard Halzeot, Tranent
Robert Seyton, Tranent
John Donaldson, Edinburgh
Thomas Craig, Edinburgh
John Colvile
James Milton, Tranent
Robert Smith, do.

Verdict—Quhilkis persons of Assize being chosen, sworn, and admitit upon the said Johnne Feane. He being accused be dittay of the said crimes, they chuse James Watson, Chancellor ; after which, by the mouth of the said Chancellor, ffand, pronouncit, and delyuerit the said Johnne Feane to be fylit and convict. Fyrst, that when the devil appeared and come to him, when he was lying in his bed at Tranent, in Thomas Trumbellis chalmer, mwsand¹ and panpand¹ how he mycht be revenged of the said Thomas, who had offended him in nocht spargeing² of his room as he had promised, his face being towards the wall ; the devil appeared to him in white raiment, where he, the devil, spak to him in thir terms, or ever he, Feane, spak to the devil,—“Will ze be ma serwand,³ and adore me and ma serwands, and ze sall never want, and also ze suld be revengit of zour enimies ;” like as, the same devil persuaded him to burn Thomas Trumbellis hoose, in respect he had not kept his promise.

2d Item—Fylit for suffering of himself to be markit by the devil with ane rod the second nicht that he appeared to him in white arayment as said is, in his bed, and for feigning of himself to be seik in the said Thomas Trumbillis chalmer, where he was struck in great estasies and transis by and be the space of twa or three hours deid, his spirit tane, and suffered himself to be careit and transportit to mony mountains, as thocht through all the world, according to his ain deposition.

3d Item—Fylit according to his ain confession for the abusing of the bodie of Margret Spens, wedo, in —, promising to haif mareit hir, but at Satan’s command he stayit, quhu said to him, “Gif he mareit hir he sould tyne him of muckill ruches.”⁴

4th Item—Fylit for the suffering of himself to be careit to North Berwick kirk, he being lyand in ane close bed in Prestonpans, as if he had been fouchand athout the aird, quhair Satan commandit him to mak’ him homage with the rest of his serwandis, quhare he thocht he saw the lycht of ane candill standand in the midst of his serwandis, whilk appereit blue lowe, and Satan stood as in a pulpit, making ane sermon of dowsoume speechis, saying, “Many cum to be fair, and byis nocht all wares, and desired nocht to fear tho’ he wes grymme, for he had mony serwandis quha sould never want, and sould aill nathing sa lang as thayre hair wes on, and sould never let ane teir fall frae thair een sa lang as they servit him, and gaif

¹ Thinking and cogitating.

³ Servant.

² Washing or cleaning.

⁴ Wealth.

them thair lessons and commands to him as follows: Spair not to do evill, and to eit, drink, and be blyth, taking rest and eise, for he sould raise thame at the last day gloriously.”

5th Item—Fylit for the being in company with Satan at his convention, quhair he saw Robert Greirsoune, Michaell Clark, Annie Sampsoune, with sundrie others; and at the same tyme for the bewitching and possessing of William Hutsoune in Windygoul, with ane evill speirit.

6th Item—Fylit for suffering himself to be careit to the sea with Satan, and at the first he was skimin’ ower all the sea without land in ane boit, accompanit with the persons above written, and being of the fair knowledge of the leek that strak up in the Queen’s schip as the devil foirtald him.

7th Item—Fylit for the raising of wyndis at the King’s passing to Denmark, and for the sending of ane letter to Marioun Linkup, in Leith, to that effect, bidding her to meet him and the rest on the sea within five days, quhair Satan delivered ane cat out of his ain hand to Robert Greirsoune, giving the word to cast the same in the sea hola, and thereafter being mounted in a schip and drawn ilk ane to others, quhair Satan said, “Ye sall sink the schip,” like as they thought it did.

8th Item—Fylit for assembling himself with Satan at the King’s returning frae Denmark, quhair Satan promesit to raise ane mist, and cast the King’s majesty in England; and for performing thair of he took ane thing like ane futeball, quhilk appearit to the said Johnne lyke a wisp, and cast the same in the sea, quhilk caused ane vapour and ane reik to ryis.

9th Item—Fylit for being in company with Satan in the kirk of North Berwick, quhair he appearit to him in the form of ane black man within the pulpit thair of, and after his outcoming of the kirk, pointed the graves and stood above them, quhilk were opened in thrie sundrie pairts, twa within and ane without, when the women dememberit the deid corps and bodies therein with thair gullies, and incontinent wes transportit with words.

10th Item—Fylit for opening of locks, and specialy ane lock in David Seytoun’s younger, in Tranent and sic-lyke, for the opening of the said Davide’s foir yett, the key thair of being lyand upon the buird at the supper. As also for opening of ane lock by his sorcerie in David Seytoun’s moderis, he blawing in ane woman’s hand, himself sitting at the fyre syde.

11th Item—Fylit for the being cumand furth of Patrick Umphrie’s son’s house in the mylne under nicht fra his supper,

and passand to Tranent on horseback, and ane man with him, be his devilitch craft raisit up four candills on the horse's twa legs, and ane other candill upon the staff quhilk the man had in his hand, and gaif sic lycht as if it had been daylycht, lyke as the said candills returned with the said man at his hame-cuming, and causit him fall deid at his entrie within the house.

12th Item—Fylit for the witching and possessing of the said William Hutchisoune with ane evill speirit, which continued with him twentie-sax outhis; lyke as the same speirit departit and left, how soon the said Johnne was tane and apprehendit.

13th Item—Fylit for being in company with Annie Sampsonne, Robert Greirsoune, Kaet Gray, and others, upon Hallowene; they embarkit in ane boit beside Robert Greirsoune's house in the Pannis, and sailit ower the sea to ane tryst they had with ane other witch, quhen they entered within ane schip and drank gude wine and aill therein, and thereafter causing baith schip and boit to perish with the persons therein, and their returning hame.

14th Item—Fylit for the using be way of witchcraft of mouidiwart's feet upon him in his purse given to him be Satan for the cause that sa lang as he had them upon him he sould never want siller.

15th Item—Fylit for being in North Berwick kirk at ane convention with Satan and other witches, where Satan made ane devilitch sermon, where the said Johnne sat upon the left side of the pulpit nearest him; and the sermon being endit, he came down and tuke the said Johnne by the hand and led him widdershins about, and thereafter causit him kiss him behind.

16th Item—Fylit for the chasing of ane cat in Tranent, in the quilk chase he wes carreit heich above the ground with great swiftness, and as lichtly as the cat herself, ower ane dyke heicher nor he wes able to lay his hand on the tap of; and being enquirit to what effect he chased the same, answerit that, in ane convention haldin at Brumhollis, Satan commanded all that wes present ta tak' cats, lyke as he for obedience to Satan chased the said cat purposely to be cassin in the sea, to raise wyndis for destruction of ships and boits.

17th Item—Fylit that for as muckle as be his airt of witchcraft, majic, and sorcerie, he gaif himself to declair to ony man how lang they sould live, and what sould be thair end, gif they wad tell the day of thair birth, like as he foirtald the same to Marion Weddell, that her son sould not live xv. days, quhilk cam' to pass as he spak'.

18th Item—Fylit for declairing of the lyke to Alexander

Bowis wyffe in Edinburgh, and saying "hir son wad be a short while in hir aucht," as he died within a short space thereafter.

10th Item—Fylit for the receiving of thir directions and commandiments fra Satan:—1st, To deny God and all true religion. 2d, To gif his faith to the devil and adore him. 3d, He said to the devil that he sould persuade as mony as he could to his societie. 4th, He desmemberit the bodies of the deid corpse, and specialy of bairns unbaptisit. 5th, He destroyit men be land and sea, with cornis, cattell, and guideis, and raised tempests and stormy wedder, as the devil himself blawing in the air, &c.

20th Item—Fylit for ane common notorious witch and enchanter. Sentence: convict of divers poyntes of witchcraft, and to be brynt.

Dr Feane, we learn, while imprisoned in Edinburgh jail, "seemed to have a care of his ain soul, and would call upon God, showing himself penitent for his wicked life. Nevertheless he found means to steal the key of the prison door, got out and fled to Saltpans, where he was always resident, and first apprehendit. Of whose sudden departure, when the King's majesty had notice, he presently commanded diligent enquiry to be made for his apprehension, by public proclamation into all parts of the land to the same effect, by means of whose hot and hard pursuit, he was again taken and brought back to prison. He denied all. But through the confession he had been compelled to make in his own hand-writing, by tortures most cruel, he was condemned and burned on the Castlehill at Edinburgh, on January last, 1591."

The confessions of Feane, Sampson, and others, are said to have caused the King considerable amusement; and in respect of the strangeness of these matters, he took great delight to be present at their examinations.

If Tranent, of all places under heaven, was most famed for its witcheries, sorceries, and necromancies, it was no less so for having brought forth John Kincaid, the most famous witchfinder the world ever produced. The services of John were not by any means confined to Tranent, but wherever it was thought necessary to find a witch, John was soon on the spot with his six or eight inch needles to verify her. Accordingly, in 1649, we find him employed as pricker at the examination of some witches, in the great hall of Dirleton Castle. And "the same year, in an account given out by Alexander Loudon, factor on the estate of Burncastle, for the burning of Margret Dunhome, the following among other items appears. Item, mair to Jon Kinked for broding of her, iv. lib. Scotts."

And anon we find him, on the 17th of June 1661, in Dalkeith, pricking Janet Reaston, whom the said John declares upon his oath, and verifies by his subscription, to be a true witch. The last we hear of Kincaid is his being imprisoned like a common felon in Kinross, for impeaching a lady of noble birth with being a witch.

Kincaid, however, was not long without a successor, as the following quotation from Pitcairn amply testifies.

Catherine Liddel exhibited a complaint against Rutherford, baron bailie to Morrison of Prestongrange, and against David Cowan in Tranent, bearing that they had seized upon her, an innocent woman, and had defamed her as a witch, and detained her under restraint as a prisoner; and that the said Cowan had pricked her with his pins in sundry parts of her body, and bled and tortured her most cruelly.

The defence was, that she was delated by other witches *mala fama arboratat*, and was thereupon apprehended, and yet so kindly used as not to be thrust into any public prison, but kept in a private house. That she and her son-in-law consented that she might be searched, it being desired for the manifestation and vindication of her innocency.

As for the pricker:—1st, He learned his trade from Kincaid, a famous pricker. 2d, He never came unsent for, because he was either called by sheriffs, magistrates of boroughs, ministers, baron bailies, &c. 3d, The trade was not improbate, or condemned by any law among us. 4th, All divines and lawyers, when writing on witchcraft, acknowledge there are such marks, called by them *stigmata sagarum*. Why then may there not be an art for discerning them from other marks of the body? The Council may restrain that way of trial for the future, but must pardon bygones.

Answer 1st.—Denies consent.

2d. None can virtually consent to their own torture. As for the pricker, he was a cheat, and abused the people for gain; and the Chancellor remembered that he had caused imprison Kincaid at Kinross for abusing the country there.

The Lords of Privy Council first declared the woman innocent, and restored her to her good name and fame, and ordained it to be publicly intimated the first Sunday in her parish kirk. They reprov'd Rutherford for his rashness, and discharged him to proceed so hereafter, and found that no inferior judge or baron bailie had power to apprehend or detain any of the King's lieges under pretence of their being suspected as witches. But they must immediately intimate it either to the Lords of

Privy Council or to the Lords of Justiciary, and obtain their warrant for taking them. As also found they might not use any torture by pricking, or by withholding them from sleep; but reserved all that to themselves and the justices, and those who acted by commission from them. And as a mark of their displeasure against the pricker, they committed him to prison, there to lie during their pleasure.

From the summing up of the foregoing case, it is evident that superstition in the land was on the wane, and the game of witch-finder all but played out. By what means, however, such a state of matters was allowed to continue so long in a land, blessed even at that day with such light and liberty, it is hard to understand.

As at the beginning of this article we have referred to a few of the earliest cases on record in this country of trial and execution for witchcraft, so, in summing up, to give the chapter a semblance of completeness, we here revert to a few of the latest known cases as well.

Amongst these we find that of Janet M'Nicol, which took place on the 24th of October 1673, at the Gallows-Craig, Rothesay. Janet was brought before Archibald Earl of Argyle, Sir Colin Campbell, and Ninian Bannatyne, and was formally accused by the procurator-fiscal "of having shaken off all fear of God, &c., and of having sold herself in 1661 to the devil." These charges Janet could not deny, therefore she was condemned to be strangled to death at the Gallows-Craig.

Coming to a later date, we learn that at Paisley, in June 1697, as many as seven persons—three men and four women—were sentenced to death for this imaginary crime. Of these, six were burned at one time on the Gallowhill of the burgh; while the seventh, overcome by terror, committed suicide in prison.

Even so late as 1727, an old woman, charged with witchcraft, was executed in Dornoch, Sutherlandshire. This is supposed to have closed the sanguinary record so far as Scotland is concerned.

Traditional lore, amongst other (malicious) things, gives the following reason for the long continuance of this terrible state of affairs:—"In the sixteenth century an Act was passed, declaring that ministers of the gospel should be rewarded with five merks each for every witch they could find within their neighbour parish," and thus it was why they became so rife. Latterly the above Act was abrogated, and another passed in its stead, "declaring that ministers of the gospel should themselves

be fined five merks for every witch found in the parish," and then these children of the devil became very scarce. These Acts, it need hardly be said, we have failed to find in the records of the nation. One thing, however, is certain, it was only in the early part of the eighteenth century that the Act anent witchcraft was repealed, and even then was most strenuously opposed by sections of the Church on the grounds of divine revelation.





CHAPTER XI.

Disaffection at the Union of the Crowns—Intrigue with the Court of France—Jacobites Assemble at Braemar—James VIII. Proclaimed King—Collapse of the Rebellion—Charles Edward—Louis XV. aids the Pretender—Destruction of French Fleet—Charles Lands in Erisca—Attitude of the Clans—Standard Unfurled—Reward of £30,000—Charles at Perth—Letters between the Marquis of Tweeddale and Sir John Cope—The March on Edinburgh—Retreat of the Royalists—Cope at Dunbar—March to Preston—Position of the Different Armies—Military Evolutions—Order of Battle—Impetuous Charge of the Highlanders—Gardiner Mortally Wounded—Defeat of the Royalists—Names of the Killed and Wounded—Invasion of England—Return to Scotland—Culloden—Escape to Bretagne.



THE story of the battle of Preston, Tranent Muir, or Gladsmuir, as it has been severally called, according to the whim of the historian, has been often told, but, strange to say, few, even in the neighbourhood of the battle-ground, know anything about it, further than that such a battle was fought. The cause of the fight to them is unknown, no less are the consequences that followed; and though it is hardly possible, after the lapse of nearly 150 years, to infuse aught that is new into the old story, yet to us it seems the annals of a parish, in which two rival armies met and wrestled for victory, would be anything but complete without a sifting of the matter.

In 1603, the contention for supremacy between England and Scotland, which had lasted for centuries, came to a close. England placed her crown on the brow of a Scot, and the Scots henceforth were to be governed from England.

The Union of the Crowns was the cause of much bitterness in Scotland, especially in the northern counties. The people thought, and not without reason, their King transplanted to a

rival throne, and the Parliament that used to redress their wrongs broken up, other consequences materially affecting their interests must follow. The disaffection continued, and was augmented by the overthrow of the Stuart dynasty in 1689. Then, true to their old traditions, the Scots would have a king of their own, and who more likely to be welcomed than a Stuart? To this end a number of families intrigued with the Court of France and the Pretender to the throne of Great Britain, who called himself James the VIII. of Scotland, or III. of England. The result was, in 1708 he, along with Admiral Fourbin and 4000 men, appeared off Montrose, and afterwards in the Firth of Forth. They fled, however, before Byng, the British admiral.

On the accession of George I. an effort was made for the restoration of the expatriated house of Stuart. The Earl of Mar, who had been Secretary of State in the late administration, was among the first to raise the standard of rebellion. Having, on the 20th of August 1715, assembled a number of Jacobites from both sides of the Grampians for a grand hunt at Braemar, he avowed his real intentions; and shortly afterwards James VIII. was proclaimed in all the chief towns from Inverness to Perth, the latter of which Mar made his headquarters, where he soon had an army of 12,000 men.

It was generally expected that the greater part of England would at this time rise in favour of the Pretender, but only Northumberland responded. The rebel army having sustained a defeat at the hands of Argyll at Sheriffmuir, and being worsted the same day at Preston in England, the rebellion on James' behalf collapsed. With the flight of the Pretender ended the first attempt to replace the Stuarts on the throne. Three short months decided the matter, and James was again an exile.

About five years later, Charles Edward, the son of James, afterwards known as Prince Charlie, the Young Chevalier, was born, and with his name is connected the next attempt at restoring the house of Stuart.

At the age of fifteen, Charles, under his uncle the celebrated Marshal Berwick, served with distinction in the Spanish army. His father had abandoned all thought of again attempting, in his own person, to assert his right to the British throne. The handsome appearance of his son, however, together with the distinction he had achieved as a warrior, revived the hopes of the Jacobites; and in 1743 Cardinal Tencin, Prime Minister to Louis XV. of France, determined to support the claims of the Chevalier, then in his twenty-third year, to the throne of Great

Britain and Ireland. To this end an invading army about 15,000 strong assembled at Dunkirk, vessels were provided to transport them across the channel, and men-of-war to protect the transport squadron.

This army Charles Edward was to lead in person, Marshal Saxe, one of the most distinguished generals of the time, second in command; and the design was to land on the coast of Kent. All being ready for the invasion, the fleet set sail; but a British squadron, under Sir John Norris, had been collected in the Channel to intercept the invaders, and the Frenchmen, fearful of the "lions" in their path, dexterously put about ship and made off. They did not, however, escape. A storm overtook them, and such was the effect of its violence, that almost the whole fleet was wrecked and the greater part of the army drowned. Charles returned to Paris, sadly disappointed. The catastrophe that had befallen his troops damped his hopes, and utterly crushed the ardour of his friends. Still his confidence in his supporters remained unshaken. He was fully convinced, that if he could but land in Scotland, numbers would rush to his aid.

Under this impression much of his time was occupied collecting money and arms for his undertaking, for well he knew, no matter how faithful his friends might be, without these success was hopeless.

Supplies procured, on June 22, 1745, at seven o'clock in the evening, the Prince, disguised as a student of the Scottish College,—accompanied by the Marquis of Tullibardine; Sir Thomas Sheridan, the Prince's former tutor; Sir John Macdonald; an English clergyman named Kelly; O'Sullivan, an officer of the Irish Brigade in the service of France; Francis Strickland, an Englishman; and Æneas M'Donald, Charles' valet,—set out for Scotland. On nearing the coast, an eagle was observed hovering over the vessel, and the old marquis gaily exclaimed, "Sir, here is the king of birds come to welcome your royal highness to your own country." Charles and his friends landed on a wet stormy evening, and passed the first night on a small island named Erisca, belonging to Macdonald of Clanranald.

For a time the expected rising among the clans was anything but cheering. Indeed, Boisdale, the brother of Clanranald, was so hopeless of success in the enterprise, that he implored the Prince to return home, adding that Macleod of Macleod and Macdonald of Sleat, two powerful chiefs on whom the Prince relied, would be more likely to fight against than for him. Charles pleaded with Macdonald in vain; that chieftain

sailed off in his boat, leaving the Prince not a little cast down by this mortifying reception.

Disappointed in his first attempt, he determined to try elsewhere, and proceeding from the isles to the mainland, he sent for the younger Clanranald, who, with several other gentlemen, hastened around him.

But even they urged him to abandon his enterprise, assuring him that without more money, arms, and officers, a rising of the clans at that time would only bring ruin on all. A hot discussion ensued, in the course of which Charles, turning suddenly to a young Highlander standing near, "Will not you help me?" exclaimed the Prince. "I will," said he, "though not another Highlander should draw sword for you,—I will. This enthusiastic rejoinder instantly overcame the scrupulousness of the others, who at once tendered their service to him they considered their lawful prince.

Charles is described by one who was present at this time as a "tall handsome young man, wearing a plain black coat, a muslin stock round his neck fastened with a plain silver buckle, a wig of light coloured hair, flowing instead of being tightly curled up according to the custom of those times, black stockings, brass buckles on his shoes, and having his hat fastened by a string to one of his coat buttons." He afterwards adopted the Highland dress, to the delight of his followers.

The daring and resolute spirit shown by the Prince soon begot him many sterling friends, some of whom urged that he should seek succour from France. But he "preferred not to owe the restoration of his house to foreigners, but to his own trusty Scots." The first to rally round his standard were the Camerons, Stuarts of Appin, Macdonalds of Clanranald, Keppoch, Glengarry, and Glencoe.

The Governor of Fort Augustus, suspecting what was going on, sent two companies of infantry to Fort William, near where the Highlanders lay. The men were raw English soldiers, and as they wound their way through the Highland glen, heard to their consternation the shrill notes of the bagpipe, and saw their way barred by a threatening force of clansmen. These consisted of a dozen of the Macdonalds of Keppoch, who by their adroit manœuvring in the narrow pass, not only contrived to impress upon the enemy that their party was considerably larger than it really was, but also by opening upon them a shower of musketry, soon caused the Royalists to retreat, only, however, to fall into the hands of a still larger body of Highlanders under Keppoch himself, on their way to join the Prince.

Further resistance would have been death to all, and Macdonald offering favourable terms, the detachment laid down their arms. Cameron and Lochiel happening to arrive, took charge of the prisoners, sending those who had been wounded, amongst whom was Captain Scot, their commanding officer, to his own house, where they were treated with consideration and kindness. Thus was the first blood shed in behalf of the prince; and on the 19th of August 1745, in the quiet picturesque vale of Glenfinnan, by the old and feeble hands of Tullibardine, amid Highland huzzas and the warlike shriek of the pibroch, the royal standard was unfurled.

A declaration from the Prince's father was then read, reciting his wrongs, and exhorting his subjects to return to their allegiance under the regency of his son, now amongst them. Charles followed with a few words, summing up thus: "I have come to conquer or perish at the head of my loyal Scots, who, I well know, have resolved to live or die with me."

Among the spectators at the "raising of the standard" was Captain Scot, the wounded prisoner, and he, at the conclusion of the ceremony, was courteously dismissed by Charles, who told him he was free to go, and might inform his general of what had been said, and that the Prince was coming to give him battle.

Sir John Cope at this period was commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, and being fully acquainted with the state of affairs, began to prepare for the struggle. His troops, consisting of Gardiner's and Hamilton's dragoons, three regiments of infantry, several companies of other regiments, together with his artillery, which comprised two mortars and six field-pieces, he assembled at Stirling.

The dress of the dragoons of that day was rather peculiar. They wore great jack-boots, like milk pails, three-cornered cocked hats, curled wigs, and heavy long-tailed coats, the skirts of which hooked back to be out of the way. The infantry wore tall caps, shaped like sugar loaves.

Cope proceeded northwards, offering, as he went, a reward of £30,000 to any one who would bring the Prince, dead or alive. This irritated Charles very much; but not to be outdone, he in turn offered £30,000 for the Elector of Hanover (King George), dead or alive, if he should venture to land in any of the king's (King James') dominions, meaning Scotland. Arriving at Fort Augustus, Cope received intimation that the Highland army were lying in wait at the Devil's Staircase, a difficult pass in the mountain of Corryarrack, about twenty

miles in front of him. He called a council of war, the outcome of which was, that instead of proceeding farther northwards he turned aside to Inverness, leaving the path clear for Charles to march on Edinburgh.

“The clans,” says Cope, “from which we had reason to expect assistance on going to Inverness were,—the Duke of Gordon’s, Grant’s, M’Pherson’s, M’Intosh’s, Fraser’s, M’Kenzie’s of Fortrose and Cromartie, Monro’s, Rosse’s, Sutherland’s, M’Kay’s, Sir Alexander M’Donald’s, and M’Leod’s.” In all these, however, he was miserably disappointed. Information of Cope’s proceedings was received by the Prince with great glee, and with elated spirits he moved towards the city of Perth, his army gathering strength as it proceeded on its way.

The Duke of Perth, it would appear, had for some time previous to this been suspected of disloyalty to the Crown. A watch had been set on his movements, and, says Sir John Cope, writing on July 2, 1745, to the Marquis of Tweeddale :—

“I am informed the person commonly called the Duke of Perth has not been at his own house for some time, but is moving from one place to another in the Highlands, upon account, as it is said, of fishing and hunting.”

Shortly after this, the Duke of Perth and Lord Elcho joined the Rebellion, the duke escaping only by a hair-breadth the walls of a dungeon to obtain a commission in the army of his prince.

Captain Duncan Campbell, of Inveraw, had been sent to apprehend his grace. The duke, suspecting nothing, hospitably entertained him. Campbell, thinking his soldiers had time to be up, drew his grace aside, coolly informing him he was his prisoner.

Thunderstruck for the moment at the treachery of his guest, his grace, recovering himself, begged to be allowed to converse apart with a friend. Campbell granting this, the duke slipped out at a back-door, and hastily crossing the park, rode off with a single servant to the camp of the young Prince, leaving the captain to console himself under the circumstances as he might.

Captain Campbell thus wrote to Sir John Cope, on the Duke of Perth making his escape :—

SIR,—I have this day made an attempt to apprehend the Duke of Perth, and though I had my company under arms at his gate, and some friends in the house with me, by which I thought all secure, trusting too much to his honour, he slip’d out of our hands into the woods, which I have now surrounded by Sir Patrick Murray’s company and mine. Whether we can get him soon taken is a question ; but if your excellency approve of it, I am determined that he shall have little rest, if he keep the Highlands,

till we have him. I have writ to Colonel Whitney to secure the Bridge of Stirling and all the passes in the neighbourhood, in case he should attempt going into the low country. Your excellency will give the proper orders with regard to the ferries of Leith and Kinghorn. This unlucky accident gives me great uneasiness, but I hope to retrieve it. I laid the most probable scheme for it I could think of, tho' it failed, &c.—I am, with great esteem, sir, &c.,

DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

Crieff, 24th July 1745.

The Marquis of Tweeddale to Sir John Cope.

Whitehall, 1st August 1845.

SIR,—I have received yours of July 25th, with a copy of a letter from Capt. Campbell of Inveraw, which I laid before the Lords Justices. I am very sorry for the disappointment Capt. Campbell has met with, and shall expect to hear soon a particular account how this person, commonly called the Duke of Perth, slip'd out of his hands, which, I make no doubt, you will strictly enquire into, &c.—I am, sir, &c.,

TWEEDDALE.

On the 4th of September, Charles took possession of Perth, and the following day proclaimed his father King of England, Scotland, and Ireland, publishing at the same time his father's commission appointing himself regent of the kingdom.

Amongst others, here he added to his followers Lord George Murray, brother of the Marquis of Tullibardine, who became one of his most distinguished generals. When Charles entered Perth, he had only a guinea in his pocket, and to replenish his exchequer a sum of £500 was levied on the city. His friends in Edinburgh forwarded him money as well. About this time a valuable prize, consisting of two ship-loads of arms and ammunition, found at Dundee, fell also into his hands.

On the 11th, Charles moved from Perth *en route* for Edinburgh. The line of march chosen was perforce a roundabout one. He dared not cross too far down the Firth for war-ships on the look-out, nor too far up for the artillery in Stirling Castle, while the most accessible ford between the two was held by Gardiner's cavalry. These, however, on the Prince's advance withdrew. The march occupied several days. The first night was passed near Dunblane, the next Falkirk, then Linlithgow. All this time the dragoons had been quietly retreating, keeping always about twelve miles in front of the Highlanders.

The van of the Highland army arrived at Linlithgow on the 14th, and on that same day Gardiner's dragoons drew up at Corstorphine.

Next morning the city guard and the Edinburgh regiment marched from the city and joined the dragoons.

Meanwhile the rebels were marching on the metropolis, where the greatest consternation and confusion prevailed. On

their approach, an advanced party of Gardiner's and Hamilton's dragoons, posted near Corstorphine, retired to the main body at Coltbridge, a post they all quitted about three o'clock in the afternoon, galloping off in the most cowardly manner by the north side of Edinburgh to Leith, and proceeding by Musselburgh, never halted till they reached the town of Haddington. Their tents and baggage were all left behind. These, however, were carried into the castle by the city soldiers returning to Edinburgh.

Prince Charles, attended by the Duke of Perth and Lord Elcho, entered the city on the 17th, took possession of Holyrood House, and encamped his army in the King's Park.

On the 15th, General Cope, with his transports from the north, arrived off Dunbar. His troops were landed on the 17th, the artillery, &c., being unshipped next day. Leaving Dunbar on the 19th, he marched towards Edinburgh by way of Beanston, encamping that night in a field to the west of Haddington, near St Lawrence House.

The following order of battle was delivered to the commanding officers of the several corps by the Earl of Loudon before leaving Haddington :—

General Sir John Cope.	Brigadier Fowke.
Colonel Gardiner.	Colonel Lascelles.
2 Sq. Dragoons, 2 Ps. Can. Murray's, 2 Ps. Can. Lascelles', Lee's 2 Ps. Can., and Cohorn's 2 Sq. Dragoons.	

Corps de Reserve.

1 Squad. Dragoons.—Highland Volunteers.—1 Squad. Dragoons.

The line of battle consisted of the following troops, viz. :—

- 5 Companies of Lee's on the right.
- Murray's Regiment on the left.
- 8 Companies of Lascelles' Regiment, with
- 2 of Guise's, in the centre.
- 2 Squads. of Gardiner's Dragoons on the right, and
- 2 of Hamilton's on the left.

The *corps de reserve* was a squadron of Gardiner's on the right, and a squadron of Hamilton's on the left ; five companies of Highlanders, most of them very weak, and Mr Drummond with the volunteers, in the centre.

Cope departed early next morning, the 20th, following the ordinary road, which then led by Huntington, and striking off to the right he proceeded by the low tract nearer the sea, and passing St Germain and Seton, arrived at Preston that same day.

On the morning of the 20th, Charles joined his followers at Duddingston, and, presenting his sword, said, "My friends, I have flung away the scabbard," showing that he was prepared for action. Immediately after, the Highlanders set out to meet their foe. They drew up at Carberry Hill, but finding Cope had kept down towards Preston, the Highlanders directed their course by Fawside, and along the brow of the hill by Birsley, till they came in sight of the enemy, on which they raised a shout of defiance. This was heartily responded to by the Royal troops.

The eagerness of the Highlanders at this time for battle is said to have been so great, it took all the authority that could be brought to bear upon them by their superiors to restrain them from at once rushing to an engagement.

Sir John Cope had taken up his position, with a broad and deep ditch in front (through which the North British Railway now passes), Preston village to the west, the Meadows Mill and the great morass to the east, and the Firth of Forth in the rear, the deep ditch in front rendering an attack from that quarter almost impossible.

The Highlanders observing the strong position of the enemy, sent a large detachment towards Preston to take them in flank. This movement being perceived, the Royalists disposed their army in such a way as to prevent the rebels from making an immediate attack, and compel them to resume their former position.

The whole of the afternoon had been spent with these evolutions, which resembled (observes an ingenious author) nothing so much as the last moves of a well-contested game at draughts. Charles, deterred from making an immediate attack by the park dykes which screened Cope's front, shifted his ground and returned to his first station near Tranent. The King's army faced round at the same time, giving occasion to a bystander to exclaim, in derision of these ineffectual movements, "Why, they're just where they were, wi' their face to Tranent."

Later on in the evening, a party of Highlanders entered Tranent at the west end, and boldly pursuing their way down through the Heuch, stationed themselves in the churchyard, within five hundred yards of the Royal army, which was drawn up alongside the old waggon-way. This position the rebels held not long unchallenged; a few horsemen galloping up, began to practise upon them with their carbines, ultimately compelling them to beat a speedy retreat.

“About nine of the clock that night,” says Colonel Lascelles, in his examination, “all the dogs in the village of Tranent began to bark with the utmost fury, which it was believed was occasioned by the motions of the rebels. Upon which I visited some of the most advanced guards and sentries, and found all very alert, but could see or hear nothing but the barking of the dogs, which ceased half an hour past ten, in which time the rebels had removed from the west to the east side of Tranent.” Herein a slight error occurs. The march, as will be seen a little further on, did not begin till about three o’clock next morning.

The Highlanders pitched their tents to within two hundred yards of the west end of Tranent. A little farther up, where the road divides leading to Upper and Lower Birsleys, is supposed to have been the spot where the council of war was held, and the mode of attack for next day determined. Here also an incident occurred which was destined to tell terribly in favour of the rebels and against the Royalists in the approaching struggle.

Mr Robert Anderson, a son of Anderson of Whitburgh, in the parish of Humbie, who had been present at that council but took no part in it, shortly afterwards told his friend, Hepburn of Keith, that he knew of a better mode of attack than that which the council had resolved to follow. “I could undertake,” he said, “to show them a place where they might easily pass the morass without being seen by the enemy, and form without being exposed to their fire.”

Hepburn expressed his opinion of this information in such terms, that Anderson desired to be introduced to Lord George Murray. Hepburn advised him to go alone to the lieutenant-general, with whom he was already acquainted, and who, he thought, would prefer to receive such information without the presence of a third party. Anderson found Lord George asleep in a field of peas, with the Prince and several chiefs lying near him. He at once awoke his lordship, and informed him of his project. To Lord George it appeared so eligible, that he did not hesitate a moment to use with the Prince¹ the same freedom that Anderson had used with him. Charles sat up on his bed

¹ As a proof that Prince Charles lost no opportunity of making himself popular, when passing the house of Windygowl, a little distance from Tranent, a number of ladies came out to greet him. One of the party, more enthusiastic than the rest, approached him and desired to kiss his royal hand. He not only granted this favour, but took the girl in his arms and gave her a kiss of his lips, calling her in compliment “a bonnie lassie.”

of peas-straw and listened to the scheme with great attention. He then caused Lochiel and the other leaders to be taken into counsel. All approved of the plan, and a resolution was instantly passed to take advantage of it.

Preliminary matters arranged, the Highlanders began their march about three o'clock on the morning of Saturday the 21st September 1745. Anderson led the way, followed by Macdonald of Glenaladale, major of the Clanranald regiment, with a chosen body of sixty men, appointed to secure Cope's baggage whenever they saw the armies engaged. Close behind came the army, in column of three men abreast. The route pursued was by Washingwells, to the south of Tranent; and in order to avoid the east end of the village, as they had already avoided the west, they betook themselves to the fields, and by a rather circuitous march crossed Tranent Muir, near the farm-steading of Adinston. They thence proceeded by Riggonhead, and for greater security defiled through those hollows to the west of the farm-steading, crossing the morass about two hundred yards to the west of Seton mill-dam.

At the crossing-place there was a deep run of water, spanned by a narrow wooden bridge; on both sides the ground was soft and boggy. "When our first line had passed the marsh," says the Chevalier Johnstone, in his "Memoirs of the Rebellion," "Lord George Murray despatched me to the second line, which the Prince conducted in person, to see that it passed without noise or confusion. I found the Prince at the head of the column, accompanied by Lord Nairn, just as he was beginning to enter the marsh, when the enemy, seeing our first line in order of battle, fired an alarm gun. At the very end of the marsh there was a deep ditch; the Prince, in leaping across, fell upon his knees on the other side; I had hold of his arm, and immediately raised him up. On examining his countenance, it appeared to me that he considered this accident a bad omen."

The two armies now on the verge of conflict were very differently equipped. Though about equal in numbers, the Royalists were superior in cavalry, artillery, and other arms of warfare. Against Cope's six field-pieces, the Highlanders could place only one gun, which was conveyed to the field in a cart drawn by ponies, and was of no use whatever save to announce by its discharge the march or halt of the host. Charles, who knew what civilised warfare meant, would fain have left this cumbrous though innocent weapon behind, but the Highlanders would on no account lose their artillery. His men for

the most part were accoutred with broadswords, pistols and firelocks of various sorts, dirks, and targets. These were formed in the first line. There were many, however, who had no better weapon than a cudgel; and of such was the second line composed.

In drawing up this army, not a little difficulty arose among the clans in regard to who should form the right wing. The great Clan Cola, or Macdonalds, held the position to be theirs by heritage, because Bruce had assigned them that station at the battle of Bannockburn in gratitude for the treatment he had received from their chief when residing in the Hebrides. The Stuarts and Camerons insisted that they had equally as good a right to this post of honour; and thus the quarrel went on. In the end, however, the latter clans gave up the contention, and the position on the right was once more assigned to the great Clan Cola.

The left wing was composed of the Camerons and the Stuarts of Appin,—the former commanded by Lochiel, and the latter by Ardshiel; while the Duke of Perth's men under Major James Drummond, and the Clan Macgregor with Glencairney, stood in the centre.

The Duke of Perth commanded the right wing, and Lord George Murray the left. Behind was arranged, at the distance of fifty yards, a second line, consisting of the Athole men, the Robertsons, the Macdonalds of Glencoe, and the MacLauchlans, under the command of Lord Nairn. Charles took his place between the lines. His army consisted of 2400 men; but as the second line never came into action, the real number of combatants was only 1456.

When the alarm gun fired, it was found necessary to form the lines as quickly as possible. This effected, Charles addressed his army in the following words:—"Follow me, gentlemen; by the assistance of God I will this day make you a free and happy people."

General Cope—who is said to have passed the night at Cockenzie, where his baggage was placed under the protection of a guard of the 42d Regiment—on receiving intelligence that the Highlanders were moving, hastened to join his troops. His first impression regarding their movement was, that after finding it impossible to attack him either across the morass, or through the defiles of Preston, they were now about to take up a position on the open fields to the east, in order to fight a pitched battle when daylight should appear. In order to meet the enemy face to face, Cope changed the position of his army,

disposing his foot soldiers so, that from facing south they looked towards the east, having the village of Cockenzie on their left; their right extending to the public road, or the great mill-dam, the water of which ran along by where the village of Meadow-mill now stands, and by which the mill in the Meadows was driven; their front forming almost a direct line with the old waggon-way that leads to Cockenzie. The artillery remained on the right, with Colonel Whitney's squadron of cavalry in the rear, between them and the foot soldiers; the want of sufficient space for Colonel Gardiner's squadron to manœuvre causing his dragoons to form a second line behind Colonel Whitney's.

Scarcely were the men in position, when looming through the mist there appeared to his videttes what seemed to be a hedge where no hedge was known to exist. This turned out to be the advanced guard of the Highland army, crawling forward on their knees as if in the act of deer-stalking, hoping in this way to take their enemy by surprise. Ere long this hedge began to move; gradually it developed into a living army, when the videttes, firing off their pistols, hurried away to make known the approach of the Highlanders.

Following up this surprise, three large bodies of the rebel army advanced with the greatest impetuosity, attacking the right wing where the artillery, with Whitney's and Gardiner's dragoons, were placed. Simultaneously the Royalist artillery opened upon their approaching foe what might have been a murderous fire, but whether through trepidation, or owing to want of skill, grapeshot and canister flew almost harmlessly by. Bending their bodies to the blast of shot, and covering their faces with their targets, onward, torrent-like, the Highland army rushed, advancing until almost embracing the very mouths of the cannons. Here they uncovered, and with heads bent down, breathed out a prayer to heaven for help; then discharging their muskets, which they afterwards threw away as encumbrances, and drawing their broadswords, with hideous yells, like demons from the nether world, they flew upon their enemy.

The Camerons, under Lochiel, led the way to victory, and though exposed to the fire of the enemy's cannon, and receiving a discharge of musketry as they advanced, onwards they sped, and were the first to grapple with the Royalists.

Sweeping past the opposing cannon, the Camerons found themselves in front of Whitney's squadron of dragoons advancing to meet them. A few shots, however, made these dastards

wheel, and sent them galloping all over the ground where stood the harmless artillery.

A fatal panic then seized the whole line. The artillerymen deserted their guns, and dispersing fled in all directions. Gardiner's dragoons were then ordered to advance to the attack. Their gallant commander in person led them forward, encouraging them as he went. These, however, had not proceeded many steps when, on receiving a few shots from the Highlanders, they reeled in their saddles, turned, and followed their companions.

Lochiel had ordered his men to strike at the noses of the horses as the surest means of getting the better of their riders, but this ruse they never found an opportunity of practising.

Hamilton's dragoons, at the other extremity of the line, behaved in a similarly cowardly manner. No sooner had they seen their fellows flying before the Camerons, than they also turned and fled, without even discharging a carbine. Thus the whole of Cope's cavalry were completely routed, and had beat a precipitate retreat from the field before the second line of the rebels had time to be up, Cope himself not last in the race. His infantry, also broken and driven into utter confusion by the conduct of the cavalry, and with no one to extricate them from their difficulties, or lead them, if might be, to victory, each man for himself became the order of the day. Throwing their muskets down, many fell upon their knees imploring mercy from the victors, while others strove to imitate the ignoble example of their commander by flying like frightened deer from the scene of confusion and slaughter.

Of all the Royal army only a mere handful of the infantry made any resistance; and these, even without a leader, were showing a gallant front to their foes, when Colonel Gardiner, who, deserted by his dragoons and suffering from shot and sabre wounds, beholding their noble behaviour, hurried to their assistance, wildly exclaiming, "Those brave fellows will be cut to pieces for want of a commander!" Placing himself at their head, and while leading them into the heart of the strife and cheerily shouting to "Fire away and fear nothing," the gallant old colonel was cut down from behind by a stroke from one of those dreadful scythes with which many of the Macgregors were armed; and with the downfall of Gardiner ended the battle of Preston.

The exact spot where the gallant colonel fell it is impossible to ascertain. All local tradition, however, holds—and the belief seems to be well founded—that Gardiner, with the hand-

ful of infantry at his command, fell at or near the spot known as the "Thorn Tree."¹ Indeed, after carefully inspecting the battlefield, and taking into consideration the manner in which the Royal troops were disposed, it appears to be pretty certain that tradition is correct in assuming this particular part of the field to be the spot where this heroic soldier received his death-wound.

The official report states that Cope's artillery stretched northwards from near where the west end of Meadow-mill now stands, almost in a line with the old tramway leading to Cockenzie. An open front, forming a sort of hollow square, here followed, in the background of which stood Whitney's dragoons; Gardiner's, for want of space, forming a second line in rear of them. Beneath the open space to the front stood the infantry, forming an almost unbroken line to the Firth of Forth.

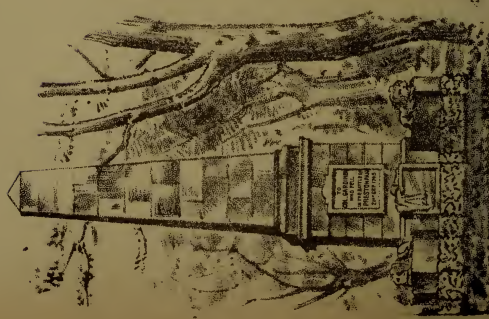
Presuming that six pieces of artillery and a squadron of cavalry would cover a distance of nearly two hundred yards, room enough there still would be for part of the infantry ranging in front of the "Thorn Tree." These were the lion-hearted few who feared neither the hideous yells nor the broad claymores of their Highland adversaries; and them it was the gallant colonel, when deserted by his own, flew to succour, receiving at their head the wound which ultimately cost him his life.

Stretched on the greensward, hacked like a dog and despoiled of his raiment, his own body-servant—the only man who stood by him when all others turned and fled—made his way to the mill in the Meadows, only a short distance from the scene of the conflict, where, having exchanged his military garb for a suit of the miller's dusty garments, and borrowed for the purpose a horse and cart, the faithful follower returned in search of his master.

Having recovered the all but lifeless body of the warrior, he had it conveyed, not to his own home in the vicinity of the battlefield, but to that of his minister, the Rev. Charles Cunningham's, at the manse of Tranent. Here the wounded veteran was laid in the principal bedroom, and every attention paid him.

The sufferings of the dying soldier, from the groans he uttered during the night, are supposed to have been very great. He lingered on until the morning, faithfully attended by the

¹ There is here a clump of three thorn trees.



COL. GARDINERS MONUMENT



K BANKTON HOUSE



THORN TREE

J. MacGillivray del.

in front of Bankton or Oliver's House, & Oliver's St.

two Misses Jenkinson, nieces of the minister, and died in the arms of one of the sisters, while the other was holding out to him a glass of water which he asked for in almost the last words he uttered. His age when death ensued was fifty-seven years, eight months, and a few days.

Colonel Gardiner's body on examination was found to have received eight wounds,—two from gunshots in the right side, and six sabre cuts on the head. He was buried at the west end of the south oblong of Tranent old church, where a monumental inscription was placed over his remains by his widow, Lady Frances Erskine, a daughter of David, fourth Lord Cardross.

When digging to lengthen the south-west foundation of the present church, his bones were discovered, the hair on the head quite fresh, and part of the queue remaining. The tablet erected to his memory was at this time removed, but what became of it remains a mystery.

As a tribute of regard to the memory of this brave man, there was in 1853 a monument erected in front of Bankton mansion-house, once the residence of Colonel Gardiner. Among others too numerous to mention who took an active part in its erection, were the Rev. Dr Graham, of North Berwick, the Rev. Dr Struthers, of Prestonpans, and the Rev. W. Parlane, of Tranent. It bears the following inscriptions:—On the north side—

“To Colonel Gardiner, who fell in the Battle of Prestonpans, 21st of September 1745. A faithful man, and feared God above many.—Neh. vii. 2.”

On the east—

“This neighbourhood, alike hallowed by his life, and renowned by his death, gratefully accepts the guardianship of his memory.”

On the west—

“His valour, his high scorn of death,
To fame's proud meed no impulse owed;
His was a pure unsullied zeal
For Britain and for God.

He fell—he died—the exulting foe
Trode careless on his noble clay;
Yet not in vain our champion fought
In that disastrous day.⁵¹

¹ This excellent couplet is quoted from a poem on Gardiner's death by the late Hugh Miller.

On the south—

“Erected by Public Subscription, 1853. Archibald Ritchie,
Sculptor, Edinburgh.”

Those slain in the battle were afterwards buried in Thorn-tree Field, close by where the triplet thorn trees still flourish. Towards the close of last century, when this field was being drained, the workmen came upon a number of bodies, the clothes covering the remains being so well preserved they could distinguish Royalist from rebel. One or two cannon balls, which in all likelihood were among the few discharged on that disastrous day, have also been found near Cockenzie.

We have from Mrs Edward Forrest the following:—Mr John Bruce, afterwards a tanner and currier in the village, when a boy was sent down to the field of battle by his mother with a large parcel of scones of her own baking to distribute among the wounded. She also bade him take a “pitcher” and “tinny,” to carry water for those that were unable to help themselves. John was presented with a cannon ball by one of the Highlanders whom he had assisted. John Bruce was Mrs Forrest’s grandfather, and the cannon ball is still to the fore, her son, John Forrest, who resides in Edinburgh, having it in his possession.

Old Mr Brydon, the parochial teacher here, used to tell his pupils that the great-grandfather of Mr Robert Wilson, proprietor in Tranent, was one of the boys that went from the village to the scene of battle, and engaged in carrying water to quench the thirst of the wounded.

The same authority used to relate how amused the people of Tranent were after the battle with the scattered bands of Highlanders who flocked into the town. Some driving oxen before them, obtained from the surrounding farms; others carrying horses’ collars over their heads and saddles on their backs; while not a few had live sheep in their arms, and live pigs rolled up in the folds of their plaids.

A number of these straggling warriors foregathered in the mansion-house of Tranent,—now the property of Miss Aitken, and occupied at present by Mr T. Smith, bootmaker,—where they feasted right royally till a late hour in the evening, the greatest friendship prevailing throughout between them and the villagers.

In the course of the evening a party of Highlanders made their way to the manse. They were hospitably entertained by one of the minister’s nieces, and went away delighted with

their reception. Colonel Gardiner was in bed upstairs at the time of their visit.

The mode of fighting as practised by the Highlanders at the battle of Preston was this,—they advanced with the utmost rapidity towards the enemy, gave fire when within a musket length of the object, and threw down their pieces; then drawing their swords, and holding a dirk in their left hand along with their target, darted with fury on the enemy through the smoke of their fire. When within reach of the bayonets of their opponents, bending the left knee, they contrived to receive the thrust of that weapon on their targets; then raising the target arm, and with it the enemy's point, they rushed in upon the defenceless soldier, killed him at a blow, and were in a moment within the lines, pushing right and left with sword and dagger, often bringing down two men at once. The battle was thus decided in an almost incredible short time, and all that followed was mere carnage.

“We,” says Balmerino, referring to the Highlanders, “had killed on the spot, in the battle of Gladsmuir, near Seton House :—

Capt. Robt. Stuart, of Auchsheill's Battalion; Capt. Archd. M'Donald, of Keppoch's; Lieut. Allan Cameron of Lindevra and Ensign James Cameron, of Lochiel's Regiment: Capt. James Drummond, *alias* M'Gregor, mortally wounded, of the Duke of Perth's.

About 30 private men killed, and 70 or 80 wounded.

The enemy had killed :—Colonel Gardiner and Ensign Forbes.

Prisoners.—Of Guise's Regiment :—Capts. Stuart of Phisgill, Rogers, Bishop, and Pointz; Lieuts. Cuming and Patton; Ensigns Wakeman and Irvine.

Of Lord John Murray's Regiment :—Capt. Sir Peter Murray; Lieuts. James Farquharson and Allan Campbell.

Of Lee's Regiment :—Col. Peter Halket; Capts. Basil Cochrane, Chapman, and Tatton; Lieuts. Sandilands, Drummond, Kennedy, and Hewitson; Ensigns Hardwick, Archer, and Dunbar; Q.-M. Wilson; and Dr Young.

Of Murray's Regiment :—Lieut.-Col. Clayton; Major Talbot; Capts. Reid, J. Cochrane, Scot, T. Lesly, and Blakes; Lieuts. T. Hay, Cranston, Disney, Wale, Wry, and Simms; Ensigns Sutherland, Lucey, Haldane, Birnie, and L'Estrange; Adjut. Spencer.

Of Earl of Lowden's Regiment :—Capts. Mackay, Munro, and Stewart; Lieuts. Macnab and Reed; Ensigns Grane, Ross, and Maclaggan.

Of Lascelles' Regiment :—Major Severn; Capts. Barlow, A. Drummond, Forrester, Anderson, Corbet, and Collier; Lieuts. Swinie, Johnstone, Carrick, Dundass, and Herring; Ensigns Stone, Cox, Bell, Gordon, Goulton; and Dr Drummond.

Of Hamilton's Dragoons :—Col. Wright; Major Bowles; Cornets Jacob and Nash; Q.-M. Nash; and Dr Trotter.

Of Gardiner's Dragoons :—Col. Whitney; Lieut. Graston; Cornets Burroughs and Acock; Q.-M. West; Col. Whiteford, Volunteer; Major Griffiths, Master-Gunner of Edinburgh Castle.

In all 84 officers, many of the above wounded.

“It is computed about 500 of the enemy were killed, 900 wounded, and that we have taken about 1400 prisoners; all their cannon, mortars, several colours, standards, abundance of horses and arms, together with all their baggage, equipage, &c. Of 2500 infantry brought into the field, about 200 are said to have escaped.”

The terror of the fugitive Royalists surpassed all imagination. They threw down their arms that they might run with more speed. Not one ever seemed to think of defending himself. A young Highlander about fourteen years of age was presented to the Prince as a prodigy, he having killed fourteen of the enemy. The Prince asked him if this was true. “I do not know,” replied he, “if I killed them, but I brought fourteen soldiers to the ground with my sword.” Another Highlander brought ten soldiers to the Prince; these he had overtaken between the dykes near Preston village, called upon them to lay down their arms, and taking all as prisoners, drove them back before him like a flock of sheep.

The military chest of the Royal army had been placed in Cockenzie House, and the baggage in a large field adjoining it. These were guarded by a few of Lord Loudon’s Highlanders, who, though many of the regiment had previously joined the rebels, stood true to their King. These guards, on seeing the result of the battle, also surrendered themselves prisoners of war, and specie to the amount of £3000 fell into the hands of the victors, Sir John Cope having secured the rest, which, says a (friend) of the general, was the only commendable action he did throughout the whole campaign.

Surgeons were brought from Edinburgh to attend the wounded, and such of them as were capable of being removed were next day conveyed to the Royal Infirmary. Charles remained on the battlefield till mid-day, giving orders for the relief of the wounded of both armies, and also for the disposal of his prisoners. This done, he left the ground and rode to Pinkie House, then the seat of the Marquis of Tweeddale, where, the marquis being absent, he lodged for the night.

General Cope, by means of a white cockade in his hat similar to that worn by the Highlanders, passed through their midst without being recognised. With the assistance of the Earls of Home and Loudon, he mustered at the west end of Preston village about 450 horsemen. These, however, he could not again entice to face the Highlanders; so, passing thence up Birsley Brae, he retreated by way of Soutra Hill to Lauder, thence to Coldstream, reaching it that same night, about forty miles’ march from the morning’s battle-ground.

Though acquitted on trial for cowardice, Cope has been consigned to eternal and well-merited infamy, more particularly in the ballad literature of his day, for the want of courage he displayed in this memorable battle. The well-known song of "Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauken yet?" pretty accurately interprets the feeling entertained towards him by his contemporaries.

However harrowing the scene on the battlefield, it is pleasing to reflect that no sooner had contention ceased than the greatest friendship prevailed between the victors and their wounded enemies. The Highlanders hurried in all directions in search of water to quench the thirst of those unable to assist themselves. In one case a Highlander came upon an English soldier so badly wounded that he could proceed no farther. He took him on his back, and carrying him to a place of safety, set him down, and gave him sixpence to pay for his night's lodging.

After the battle, the plunder of the dead and dying seems to have been pretty much resorted to, and many are the incidents—some of them not a little droll—recorded of those who engaged in this heartless pursuit. One stalwart Highlander was seen carrying off the field across his broad shoulders a huge military saddle, which he purposed taking back with him to his mountain home for the use of his little hill pony. Others, whose clothing hung in tatters around them, went strutting about the field arrayed in the fine laced coats and cocked hats of the English officers. Some packages of chocolate, found among the general's baggage, was hawked about by the plunderers as an ointment, which they entitled "Johnnie Cope's Salve." One Highlander who had become possessor of a gold watch, sold it the following day for a trifling sum, triumphantly remarking, on the close of the bargain, that "the creature had died the night before." Of course the seller knew nothing about a watch. It had run down, and stopped for want of winding.

The day after the battle Charles returned to Holyrood House, and his reception by the people of Edinburgh was such as left him no cause for complaint. His father was proclaimed at the Cross as James the VIII. of Scotland and III. of England. Public rejoicings, however, in honour of his victory were forbidden, "on account of the great slaughter of his father's subjects."

Charles remained in Edinburgh till the 31st of October, and during his stay there he seems to have spent his time

somewhat in the following manner:—In the morning, before the council met, he would hold a levee of officers, afterwards dining in public with the principal ones. Dinner over, he would ride out with his life guards, going usually to Duddingston, where his army lay, returning to Holyrood in the evening. Here he would receive the ladies who came to his drawing-room, and afterwards sup, concluding the day generally in public with a ball.

But though he feasted his friends in Edinburgh right royally, there is little doubt he fleeced his enemies all round. To show what was at the same time going on in the country districts, we quote from a most interesting work¹ by the late Sir Thomas Dick-Lauder. The quotation, as will be seen, has indeed a special interest for Tranentonians.

“Before leaving Fountainhall,” Sir Thomas says, “we should take the opportunity of introducing some very old documents, which, we believe, cannot fail to be extremely interesting to our courteous reader. They are papers contained in an old pocket-book which was found on the road near Tranent in the year 1745, which was preserved in the family charter-chest ever since. It seems to have dropped from the pocket of Mr George Gordon, of Beldorney, who appears to have been an officer in the Prince’s army, in command of a party sent to search the gentlemen’s houses of East Lothian for arms and horses. We shall first give an original letter to Mr Gordon from his mother, found in the pocket-book, which is in the following terms:—

“GEORGE GORDON, of Beldorney, att Edinbrought.

“DR. GEORGE,—I am glad to find by accedent you are weill, tho’ ye did not writt me all the whill ye wase in the country, that I atterbute more to the herrey than neglectt, wherer writt by post or the first occation what regiment or companey yo are in, and your driction. My Dr George be earnest wt the Almighty God to persever you and give scuckess to the prince viteruss armes beveve like a man of honner, and your father son.

“We are very weill all hear, but the news of the last engagement, the falls word of our frinds death, puts us all in alarme. However I am hartly sorry tillarey death in so a bad case. Your brother is at fatterneer. He took his live of me. What he is to do I know not. Giv my kind complayment to Cap Couk Strom, your uncle Sandy. I saw his wiffe weill on Sunday last. Cass him accept his word. Mr Brochy, your sister, and all hear jines in this complayment to you and all frinds, and ever I am, Der George, your effe Mother whill

MARY GORDON.”

“Oct. 2, 1745.”

¹ Scottish Rivers, pub. by Edmonston & Douglas, Edinburgh.

The next document produced is the warrant for proceeding on the expedition on which he was sent. It has the Prince's seal attached to it.

“CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES, &C., *Regent of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the dominion thereunto belonging.*

“TO GEORGE GORDON, Gentleman.

“These are empowering you to search for all horses, arms, and ammunition that you can find in the custody of, or belonging to any person or persons disaffected to our interest, and seize the same for our use; for the doing of which this shall be your warrant. Given at Holyroodhouse, the Eighteenth day of October 1745.

“By His Highness' command,

“J. MURRAY.”

After this follow the instructions given to George Gordon of Beldorney.

“You are to take the Musselburgh road, through Inveresk by Carberry, Cousland Wind Miln, Ormiston Kirk, and House-of-Muir, where old Mr Wright lives. You turn to the east from this place to Fountainhall, Sir Andrew Lauder's house. The stables are above the house; these secure in the first place, and if you please, Mr Currie's house, who lives hard by them and has arms. Don't forget Sir Andrew's horse, furniture, and pistols, which will be in his house. You may likewise ask for arms. His horse is a bay gelding I believe.

“From this place you march south through Templehall and Preston to Nether Keith. Leave your horses at ye change-house which is upon the road, and without delay go up to the house; but before you enquire for Mr Kerr of Keith, detach two men to secure the granary where the horse stands. This granary is a little to the westward of the house in ye garden. Send one man to the west end of it, which is without ye garden. Show him your warrant, and order him to open the garden door, and give you the key of the granary; take no saddle from him, but tell him, if you please, who you are, and you will be made very welcome.

“From this you go through Upper Keith to Johnstone Burn, belonging to Bailie Crokot. If you find no horse here worth while, take a saddle.

“You must return from this place through Upper Keith again, cross the water at Humby Miln, pass Humby because his horses are taken already, and go to the Leaston. The stables are just before the gate; secure them. Here you may expect something, but deal gently with him, and take only the best.

“When you go east by Kidla and Newton to Newton Hall, if Mr Newton has not sent his horses away with his friend, the Marquis of Tweeddale, he will have something worthy your acceptance. His wife is a very fine woman and a Stewart, a friend of John Roy Stewart. Judge for yourself whether you go there or not. From this place you return again and come to Newhall, Lord George Hay's house. You may call here, but I'm afraid everything will be put out of the way.

“From thence you go to Eaglescairyne. Enquire for a cropt-eared bay gelding, hollow-backed. Here you may get a good fowling-piece or two. Then you go to Clerkington; take a guide along with you, and go first to Blackhouse, which is the Mains; leave a guard here, and go down to the house. Mr Cockburn has a good gelding, and a gray Galloway, with good new furniture. If he has any good work horses take them, as he is a declared enemy. The stables are betwixt Blackhouse and ye house of Clerkington, opposite to the pigeon-house, upon your right hand as ye go down to the house.

“Mr Watkins of Kidsbuts, two brown mares and a grey; his stables just at ye back of ye house.

“Mr _____, at _____, in Giffordhall; Sir Francis Kinloch, at Gilmerton; his son, Sheriff of East Lothian—some good horses, a fowling-piece or two.

“The Laird of Congleton, some good horses; as likewise his good-brother, Mr Hepburn, of Beanston,” &c.

“A curious circumstance remains to be told concerning this pocket-book. The charter-box containing it was carried off from the Grange House in September 1836 by a housebreaker, who, having discovered that many of the articles of which he had possessed himself were of no use to him, deposited them in various concealments on Mr Scott’s farm of Craiglockhart, to the westward of Edinburgh; and this pocket-book having been thrust into a sheaf of corn, actually passed through the thrashing machine, and was afterwards safely recovered, even the Prince’s seal having sustained no damage.”

Prince Charles left Edinburgh on October 31, 1745, with about 6000 men, but of his plans or intentions little was known, till on the 9th November, when he invested Carlisle, which surrendered to his forces after a three days’ siege. This place had formerly been of great strength, but the fortifications had been long neglected, and there were at the time no regular troops in the city, only a few invalids to garrison the castle.

The divisions of the rebel army having formed a junction at Preston (in England), Charles proceeded on the 27th of November to Manchester, thence to Derby. Here he is said to have “awoke from his dream of ambition and paused.” The reception he met with was chilling in the extreme. No bells rung to welcome him, and few repaired to his standard.

On leaving Derby, the Prince retreated into Scotland before a harassing enemy, with a celerity and good order almost unparalleled. Having penetrated a considerable distance into Scotland, he defeated General Hawley at Falkirk, and met with several other successes. But his short, if hitherto successful, career was rapidly drawing to a close; his exchequer was almost exhausted, and his provisions run out. His men, too,

were getting mutinous, clamouring on the one hand for their daily rations, and on the other for their arrears of pay. In short his position was fast becoming a most critical one. To crown all, at this turning-point of his fortunes, he was compelled to give battle to the superiorly appointed army of the Duke of Cumberland, and on the fatal field of Culloden, April 16th, 1746, his forces were totally routed,—his cause irretrievably lost.

Charles, with a few attendants, escaped on horseback. The Earl of Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino were less fortunate. Being made prisoners, they were soon afterwards executed. The unfortunate Prince continued to wander in the Highlands till the 20th of September 1746, about a year after the battle of Preston, when, after many romantic adventures and hair-breadth escapes, he finally embarked in a privateer, accompanied by the brave Lochiel, and miraculously eluded the British squadron during a fog. He eventually landed on the coast of Bretagne. Thus ended the great rebellion of 1745.





CHAPTER XII.

Tranent Mob—The British Army—6000 Militia wanted—Aversion to join the Ranks—Power of Appeal—Spirit of Rebellion Aroused—Cry of “No Militia”—The Schoolmaster’s House ransacked—Paisley’s Flight—Gladsmuir, Salton, and Ormiston Teachers in peril—St Germain’s in Alarm—Note from the Marquis of Tweeddale—Dragoon intercepted—Military called out—Glen’s Inn—Arrival of the Deputy-Lieutenants—Intense Excitement—Jackie Crookstone beats the Drum—Couterside presents a Round Robin from Prestonpans—Volleys of Stones thrown—Attempt to read the Riot Act—The Streets cleared—Hunter killed—Orders to clear the Country for two miles round—Terrible Cruelties—Many killed and wounded—Action against the *Scots Chronicle*—Decision.



ATION was striving against nation. Europe was deluged in blood. Great Britain, impulsive as ever, was not only in the centre, but had become the mainstay of the strife.

Her army, however, once powerful, had dwindled through death and disease, and men strong of arm and stout in heart were wanted to swell her ranks, fight her battles, and uphold her prestige among the nations of the world. But these were not to be had. Her sons had grown weary of war. It was the struggle of 1797, and in order to relieve the regiments of the line for active service abroad, Government resolved on raising an army of “militiamen,” of which 6000 were to be drawn from the homes of Scotland. Further, it was arranged that this irregular force should be “drawn by ballot.” The good folks of Tranent, however, had not been especially consulted in this matter, and they shortly afterwards issued a counterblast, “We’ll hae nae militia here!”

It has been asked, “Why were Tranentians at this period more averse to become militiamen than the inhabitants of other towns?” We find they were not. The idea of com-

elling men to become "soldiers" was alike repugnant to the feelings of all. True it is the people of no other district in the country at this time made themselves so conspicuous or ridiculous in the eyes of the world, but it is no less true that few other districts were in a similar position. The good folks of most other towns were composed of mixed classes, with little combination, and perhaps less of affinity amongst them. The people of Tranent and district consisted mostly of miners; and those who have studied the peculiarity of the miner of bygone ages, or even the coalhewer in outlying districts of the present day, will have very little difficulty in solving the matter. Miners generally are prone to suspicion, always in dread of their rights being tampered with, or their liberties being infringed. They are ever ready to combine in resisting rough usage, though none more willing to be led by a kindly hand; and had the gentlemen appointed to act as deputy-lieutenants in the district, in this emergency—some of whom from experience knew well the rough-hewn rabble with whom they had to deal—shown more of the spirit of forbearance, probably the many cruel murders perpetrated on the day of "Tranent mob" would never have occurred.

At this period in country parishes the schoolmaster acted generally as registrar, and on him devolved the task of making out a list of those liable to serve in the militia. On the "balloting" day, however, every man might, if he chose, appeal against his name appearing on said list, and if able to show good cause why he should not be called out as a "militiaman" his name would be struck off. The list so purged, a number, according to the population of the parish, would be drawn from it, when the few who escaped being chosen in the first instance would be exempted from such service; but those on whom the lot fell had to turn out at once, or be treated as deserters from the army.

No sooner had the "edict" (We'll hae nae militia here!) from Tranent been proclaimed, than the question was taken up by the workmen in general, and by their wives in particular. The latter, in truth, were the prime movers in the matter. It did not, however, long remain a question confined to Tranent. The infection rapidly spread to the surrounding villages, and from these, exhortations, strong and frequent, were sent the Tranentonians to "stand out against becoming militiamen," to fight for their rights, and that succour would not be wanting in the hour of need; all of which contributed to the strength and violence of the agitation.

The village of Tranent being the most central point of the western part of the county, it was arranged that the "ballot-drawing" for that and the adjoining parishes should take place there. Glen's Inn—that house now occupied by Mr William Gib, clothier—was appointed for the meeting, and everything being arranged, the young men had early intimation to appear there on the 29th of August 1797, and pass their trying ordeal.

Robert Paisley, teacher at that time in Tranent, is said to have been a "busybody" in the parish, and was much blamed for the disastrous results that followed. Every idle word and foolish threat he heard he carried to the houses of Cockenzie and St Germain's, and strove to impress upon the gentlemen there that their lives were in danger, and their properties on the verge of destruction.

The spirit of rebellion had never in the least abated, and though it had spread no farther than the villages of Prestonpans, Elphinstone, Salton, Penston, Gladsmuir, Macmerry, and Tranent, the excitement against the Government of the day for daring to take away their young men by force in these places was great. Still, after all that had been said, the more respectable and law-abiding of the community were not without hope that "ballot day" would yet pass off with little more than a drunken spree and a free fight at the finish. But alas! these hopes, however sincere, were soon to be blighted.

On the afternoon of the 28th, to the sorrow of a few, and the excessive joy of many, an incongruous mass of married and single women, haffin boys and girls, and many children, were seen perambulating, to the sounds of a drum, the streets of Tranent, halting every now and again, and shouting vociferously, "We'll have no militia here! no militia here!"

This party on first setting out was composed of some half-dozen colliers' wives, and other young folks, from Penston and Gladsmuir. It very much increased on passing Macmerry, and was joined by a large crowd from Tranent, with the village drum, on the top of the muir.

As the procession passed through the town its ranks rapidly swelled, men and women joining in all along the route, all taking up and prolonging the cry, "No militia! No militia!" and as the processionists increased in number, the more in proportion they assumed the attitude of defiance; so much was this the case, that all who hitherto were inclined to peace had either to join the rabble or keep well out of its reach.

Paisley, who had been several times threatened for the part he played, became terrified on hearing the ongoings in the

village, and fled for safety to the manse, where he remained till the mob had left the town. On returning to his house, he learned from his wife that the "mob" had been there, threatening to tear him in pieces; that they had demanded and carried off the parish books and lists containing the extracts of the young men's ages, &c.; and had also threatened to "burn to the ground his master's (St Germain's) house."

With the apparent determination of carrying out their threat, the "mob" set out for St Germain's. Paisley becoming aware of their intentions, and wishing to put the family on their guard, set off for the same destination. In order to serve them, however, it behoved him to outdistance the "mob," and through the fields he went, straight as an arrow from a bow.

On arriving, he informed Mr Anderson and Mr Cadell, who happened to be there, of what had taken place in the village, and of what was likely to follow at St Germain's, by the "mob now on their way."

Hearing Paisley's story and fearing the worst, Mr Anderson had his family at once removed to a place of security. Paisley, giving the gentleman to understand that he was in danger to return to Tranent from the wrath of his fellow townsmen, was excused from attending the "meeting" next day. He thereupon set out for Bankton House, but dreading pursuit he proceeded to Prestonpans, and afterwards made his way to Edinburgh.

David Graham, teacher at Salton, by virtue of his office was called upon to make out a list of those fit for service in that parish; and while doing so was not only subjected to much abuse, but often threatened with violence. A few days previous to the "meeting" about fifty persons assembled in a house at Salton, and there it was determined to take by force the parish books and "lists" of names from the registrar. Being warned however beforehand of the danger of their project, they dispersed peaceably. Graham continued teaching till the night before the "meeting," when, fearing molestation, he set off to Tranent, carrying his papers with him, and slept that night in Glen's Inn.

Alexander Thomson, teacher at Ormiston, made out a list of those capable of service in that parish. This he affixed to the church door, and met with no threats or obstruction of any sort there.

Hugh Ramsay, teacher at Gladsmuir, performed the same duties for that parish, and was subjected to much abuse by the people.

To return to the rioters, whom we left on their way, preceded by the town drum, to destroy St Germain's House. On nearing the plantation, better counsel prevailed, and striking to the left they proceeded by way of Seton Castle, Seton village, and Meadowmill, compelling in many cases those they met to join their ranks, and all and sundry to shout "No militia;" strongly exhorting, at the same time, all to repair to Tranent on the morrow, to assist the good folks there in beating off those who would "cruelly compel our young men to be soldiers."

The village of Cockenzie was not approached; the barracks at Port-Seton were in possession of a troop of yeomanry. This the "mob" well knew, and purposely avoided the place.

About ten o'clock at night the rioters arrived at Prestonpans, whither in triumph they had carried the session-books of Tranent, and through the streets they went, beating the drum and sounding their war-cry "No militia." They also proclaimed by the way,—that if man, woman, or child in Prestonpans had cause of complaint, by repairing to Tranent on the morrow all their wrongs would be righted, all their grievances redressed. About twelve o'clock the party returned to Tranent, but only to find the town in a state of ferment far exceeding that in which they left it.

In their absence a dragoon, on his way from the camp at Musselburgh to Yester House, had been intercepted by the villagers, who, thinking he had to do with the cause they were protesting against, assaulted him with stones and drove him back out of the town. This the lawless "mob" accepted as their first decisive victory, and less did they fear the morrow.

That same night a letter from the Marquis of Tweeddale, as lord-lieutenant of the county, was forwarded to Major Wight, Port-Seton, commanding him to send his troop of yeomanry next day to Haddington, but himself to attend at Tranent. The major belonged to Ormiston.

Early next morning, Major Wight on going to St Germain's, found with Mr Anderson Captain Finlay of the Cinque Ports Cavalry, then camped at Musselburgh, and twenty-four of his troopers. They were shortly afterwards joined by Mr Anderson's troop of yeomanry, and other two deputy-lieutenants, Messrs Gray of Southfield and Cadell of Cockenzie; when a council was held to arrange the proceedings of the day.

Soon, however, were their deliberations disturbed; first, by Mr Hugh Ramsay, teacher at Gladsmuir, appearing before them, and excitedly complaining that not only had he been subjected to much abusive language, but had ultimately been turned out of his own house.

Following this, came the report that Alexander Thomson, teacher at Ormiston, on going to Tranent, had been met a short distance from the village by a crowd of women, who demanded his papers containing the young men's names; and though he at first denied that he had any, the "mob" insisted that he had, and ultimately took them from his pockets, when he was allowed to push his way to Tranent.

Others hurried in, giving their experiences of the distracted state of the country; some from Tranent, telling of the "mob" that was gathering there, and of the horrible outrages they were ready to perpetrate, especially on the deputy-lieutenants.

Hearing this, Major Wight proposed to send to Musselburgh for a reinforcement, lest the force then assembled should be found insufficient to allow them to get through their work at Tranent. To this Mr Anderson objected; but Captain Finlay being assured by some one that the street opposite Glen's Inn was so narrow, that a determined mob might drive his troopers off, assault the house, and dispel the meeting, an orderly was sent off about eight o'clock in the morning to Musselburgh for reinforcements.

Escorted by a troop of yeomanry and a detachment of the Cinque Ports, afterwards joined by about eighty of the Pembrokehire cavalry, the deputy-lieutenants left St Germain's about eleven o'clock, and arrived in Tranent about twelve to find the villagers in a state of excitement such as they had no conception of. At the sight of the troopers it visibly increased, while the gigantic Joan or (Jackie) Crookstone, beating her drum, and calling out "No militia," did everything but help to allay the tumult.

Jackie Crookstone leading her party, and Captain Finlay at the head of his troopers, met at the street crossing. Jackie, thinking this a fine opportunity for displaying her prowess, kicked her drum into Mark Forsyth's bakehouse, caught up a large stone, and, taking Captain Finlay's horse by the rein, swore that ere he got a foot farther she would "batter his brains out." Dr Cunningham arriving on the scene approached Jackie, and, tapping her kindly on the shoulders, advised her to let go, warning her at the same time, that under the circumstances he feared before long he would have some "wounds to sew." Jackie swore that she didna care a pin though she were cut in halves, she wad "hae nae militia."

Leaving Captain Finlay, Jackie once more laid hold of the drum, and with an uproarious mob at her heels, again beat up the town, calling on her fellow-villagers to stand up manfully

for their rights,—to follow her, and she would lead them to victory. The troopers had by this time been arranged along the street towards the upper end of the village; and the deputy-lieutenants and the registrars having assembled in Glen's Inn, they at once proceeded with the business of the day.

Mr Anderson of St Germain's being chosen chairman, and Mr Thomson, schoolmaster at Ormiston, clerk, Major Wight informed the people on the street that the deputies were now ready to hear their appeals or objections against the lists which had been sent by the registrars. They would, he said, go over one parish after another; first the name of the parish would be called, afterwards the names of the parties chosen should be announced from the window.

Not only had the commotion on the streets never in the least abated, but as the day advanced the conduct of the mob became worse. No sooner had the deputies begun their work, than stones began to fly in all directions; while young men and women hurried about the streets armed with broom bushes, which they dipped in mud-holes and slashed about the troopers. Great volleys of stones were also hurled against the inn where the deputies had assembled, sadly interfering with the business of the day.

The intimation given by Major Wight had been but indistinctly heard, and he was requested to come outside and repeat his statements. Afraid of the mob, he at first refused. His safety, however, being guaranteed, he consented; but while some listened, the majority continued uproarious, shouting that they would have "No militia."

While this was going on, John Duncan, a collier, well-known to the major, approached and proposed that, "If the deputies would agree that there should be no militia, the populace would be appeased; and if they would go away without enforcing the Militia Act, the mob would allow them to do so without breaking their heads." The major indignantly answered that the deputies could listen to no such nonsense, and returned to the inn, while the clamour more and more increased.

The work for which the meeting had been called proceeded; the parishes of Humbie, Salton, and Ormiston had been gone over, various appeals had been heard, and some of them sustained. The parish of Prestonpans was about half finished, when Nicol Couterside, a potter, entered the room and put a paper into the hands of Major Wight. It contained the following:—

Prestonpans, 28th August 1797.

To the honourable gentlemen assembled at Tranent for the purpose of raising 6000 militiamen in Scotland.

Gentlemen,—The following are the declarations and resolutions to which the undersigned do unanimously agree :—

1. We declare that we unanimously disapprove of the late Act of Parliament for raising 6000 militiamen in Scotland. 2. That we will assist each other in endeavouring to repeal the said Act. 3. That we are peaceably disposed ; and should you in endeavouring to execute the said Act urge us to adopt coercive measures, we must look upon you to be the aggressors, and as responsible to the nation for all the consequences that may follow. 4. Although we may be overpowered in effecting the said resolution, and dragged from our parents, friends, and employment, to be made soldiers of, you can infer from this what trust can be reposed in us, if ever we are called upon to disperse our fellow-countrymen or to oppose a foreign foe.

The above was signed, in the form of a circle or “round robin,” by about thirty persons, Couterside among the rest. The deputy-lieutenants, after seriously considering the import of the foregoing document, thought it the wiser plan to pay no attention to it ; and the bearer, who seemed (real or feigned) a stupid sort of fellow, was severely reprimanded and dismissed from their presence.

When Couterside returned to the street, a sudden stillness ensued ; every one flocked around him, eager to hear the result of his adventure. On the unsatisfactory issue of the Prestonpans petition becoming known, a visible commotion pervaded the crowd. The deputy-lieutenants were assured by a party entering the inn, that the women and children were retiring to the background, and the men assembling at the front to begin the premeditated riot.

Captain Finlay, dreading this, ordered a number of troopers to advance to Glen’s door. Scarcely, however, had they taken up their position when a woman in the crowd hurled a stone at one of them, and with it dashed his helmet to the ground. The trooper leaping from his horse to secure his helmet, was supposed to have been knocked down, whereupon Captain Finlay¹ commanded his men to unsheathe their swords and ride down the crowd. This brutal order was most cruelly performed. Old men, women, and children, unable to get out of the way, were savagely crushed beneath the hoofs of the chargers.

While this was going on, John Duncan, high in stature above all others, in stentorian tones bawled out, “We can thole this nae langer ; batter them doon, men, batter them

¹ James M’Neill, an eye-witness of the riot.

doon ; we'll hae nae militia ; batter them doon." This was the signal for a general onslaught, and in earnest the riot began. Men, women, and children caught up missiles of every description they could lay their hands on. They pelted the dragoons right and left, smashed to pieces the windows in the inn, and drove the deputy-lieutenants, schoolmasters, and all that were within, to hide in the farthest corners of the house.

Meanwhile Mr Cadell suggested that the Riot Act, a copy of which he had provided himself with, should be read. The other gentlemen present agreeing to this, Mr Cadell appeared at one of the windows, whence he earnestly interceded with the crowd to disperse peaceably, or at least to behave decorously, and allow the work to proceed. But the language of conciliation was now of no avail. The feelings of the people had been outraged by the conduct of the troops, and the gentleman was not listened to. He produced the Riot Act, but on attempting to read it was assaulted with missiles of every description, driven from his position, and compelled to seek refuge with the other deputies in a back room of the inn. The Cinque Ports and the Pembrokeshire cavalry, who are said to have been well plied with drink, were ordered to ride through the mob and disperse it, when Mr Cadell once more attempted to read the Riot Act, but in vain.

Continuing to gallop through the crowd, the troopers effected their purpose so far as to enable them to form opposite the inn. But in clearing the streets they not only filled the fields along the back of Glen's house, to which there were several openings from the street, but the Well Wynd with its four connecting passages as well, with the infuriated mob, who again and again drove the soldiers from their position, missiles of all sorts being freely used in the melee,—the women gathering, and men hurling them at the heads of the troopers. This continued for a considerable time, the passages leading to the fields on the one hand, and the closes connecting the Well Wynd with the main street on the other, being so narrow that the horsemen could not follow to drive the rioters out. A few had also ascended the house-tops, from which they hurled bricks from the chimney-heads down upon the enemy.

Among those who had ventured on the riggins was one William Hunter. He had ascended an old thatched-roofed biggin', which stood on the east side of the entrance to what is now known as "Tamson's Close," and continued brick-throwing after all his neighbours had descended. Many shots had been fired at Hunter, but without effect ; and holding to his

perilous position, he dodged the bullets behind the vent, and continued his malicious work with unabated zeal.

At length an officer, who had been watching the curious mode of warfare, called out with an oath, "Can no one bring that man down?" Instantly a dragoon leapt from his horse, and going to the back of the house shot the fellow from behind while engaged pelting those in front of him. His body rolled down the foreside of the house, and was caught by three or four dragoons on the points of their swords. Thus ended the first serious act in the tragedy of that day.

The perpetration of this cruel deed was witnessed by hundreds of people. To stand by and see a fellow-townsmen shot was hard, but to see his body impaled on sword points in the air was more than the most unfeeling of the populace could bear. Blood seemed to cry for blood, and more outrageous the mob became. Wild shouts were raised, and stones flew in all directions. While this was going on, a sergeant and a party of the Pembrokeshire cavalry, all apparently the worse of liquor, rode up to the inn. Halting suddenly, the sergeant, whose condition was said to be no better than that of his inferiors, fell with a crash upon the ground. Major Wight observed the sergeant topple over, and supposing his downfall the effect of stone-throwing, shouted, "Why don't you fire?" and bullets at once were sent in all directions.

The rioters, armed only with sticks and stones, soon found from experience that they could not hold out against powder and lead, and, beginning to fly, orders were given the troopers to clear the streets. The mode adopted, however reprehensible, was certainly most effectual; and, hearing that the rabble were flying, the deputy-lieutenants became courageous. Headed by Major Wight and Constable Steele they sallied forth, and entering a close attacked John Duncan the collier, whom they succeeded in capturing, when he and others were sent off under guard to Haddington.

The streets cleared and comparative quiet restored, it would have been well had the deputy-lieutenants returned to their work; but the rabble had insulted them, and they must have vengeance. The people were hiding from the bands of drunken soldiers who now perambulated the streets, but somebody must suffer; so in a fatal moment the order¹ was given the dragoons to "clear the country for two miles round."

¹ That this order was given is evident from what followed. Who gave it is not so clear. James M'Neill, however, asserted, and all the traditions of the village allege, it was Captain Finlay of the Cinque Ports who gave it.

How faithfully these troopers performed their work probably would never have been known but for the proceedings of these very men—the deputy-lieutenants—who “aided and abetted” in the dreadful tragedies of that day. It was brought about by the publication in the *Scots Chronicle* of the following letter, emanating from one who witnessed some of the cruelties he describes:—

Letter from Archibald Rodger at Tranent to his Wife in Edinburgh.

DEAR WIFE,—This comes to acquaint you that you need not weary for me coming home, for my sister is to be burried this afternoon at 4 o'clock, and I cannot come away untill I see her decently interred. I am sorry to inform you of the cruelties that were committed here yesterday. There were 6 persons shot dead on the spot, of which my sister was one, and she was shot within a door of a house in the town. The number of the wounded is not yet ascertained, but I am just now informed that fifteen corpses were found in the corn-fields, and it is not known how many more may be found when the corn is cut, as the Cinque Ports Cavalry patrolled through the fields and high roads to the distance of a mile or two miles round Tranent, and fired upon with their pistols, or cut with their swords, all and sundry that they met with. Several decent people were killed at that distance, who were going about their lawful business, and totally unconcerned with what was going on in the town.

I am informed that this was unprovoked on the part of the people, for they assembled peaceably by public intimation from the Lord Lieutenant and his deputies to state their objections, if they had any, to the roll; but when they presented their petitions and certificates they were totally rejected, especially by Mr Cadell, who told the people he would receive none of them, as they were determined to enforce the Act, and as the people insisted on being heard, he with his own hands pushed them from the door; upon which some boys and women threw several stones at the windows. The assistance of the cavalry was immediately called for, and ordered to charge with sword in hand; and then followed the bloody business above related. But my hand can scarcely hold the pen longer to give you any further details.—I am, your loving husband, (Signed) A—R—.”
Tranent, August 30th. (Archibald Rodger).

The deputy-lieutenants, aggrieved at their characters being maligned through the publication of this letter, raised at the instance of Mr Cadell¹ an action in the Court of Session, claiming £5000 sterling as damages for defamation, and £300 for expenses, against the printer and proprietor of that paper.

Mr Johnstone, the printer, when cited, thought the case should not be entertained, seeing that, though in Mr Cadell's name, it had not with him originated; further, the proprietors of the paper, being unacquainted with the prosecutor, it could be through no animus against him that the article was published.

¹ It was owing to Mr Cadell's name being printed in the above letter that the action was raised in his name.

Mr Cadell stated that he had done all in his power to appease the tumult and convince the people of their error; that in return he had been pelted with stones and brickbats. He attempted to read the Riot Act from the window of Glen's Inn, but was driven back with stones; failing in that, he read the Act on the stair of the house. Still, fearing this might not be known to every one, he proceeded to the street and proclaimed that it had been read, and was with difficulty rescued from the mob. All this had happened before any orders had been given to the soldiers to fire; and in consequence of the publication libelled, he was afraid of his family being waylaid and assassinated, or of his house being burned.

Mr Morthland, advocate, the supposed editor or proprietor of the paper, endeavoured to prove that he had no connection with the paper, further than being its occasional legal adviser.

Johnstone, the printer, in his defence stated, as a mark of the orderly nature of the mob,—

1st, That the deputy-lieutenants were escorted into Tranent by Mr Anderson's troop of yeomanry cavalry and a detachment of the Cinque Ports Light Cavalry, commanded by Lord Hawkesbury;¹ these were joined by a party of the Pembroke-shire Cavalry, about eighty in number. The people conducted themselves in so quiet and orderly a manner after the arrival of deputies, that the attendance of the whole of the military force was deemed unnecessary. Accordingly the whole of the yeomanry were detached to Mr Anderson's house at St Germain's; and the noble commander of the Cinque Ports Cavalry, perceiving no appearance of riot or disturbance, considered his presence uncalled for, and set off to Haddington, leaving one of his captains in command of the cavalry. "And," continued Johnstone, "the deputy-lieutenants, perhaps misapprehending the nature of their duty, perhaps offended by the appearance of the crowd, spoke to the people in a menacing style, one of them even going so far as to strike with a stick a young lad who presented a paper containing the extract of his baptism, and this before there was any appearance of riot on the part of the people, who did not commence throwing stones till some of them had been pushed from the door and their petitions rejected." Johnstone then proceeded to give a detailed account of the killed and wounded.

Killed.—(1.) "Isabel Rodger, a girl nineteen years of age, was pursued by a dragoon into the passage of a house in

¹ Afterwards Earl of Liverpool and Prime Minister of Great Britain.

Tranent, and there shot dead by him." This was the sister of him whose letter appeared in the *Scots Chronicle*, and was libelled on. We have heard from one¹ who bore witness to this and other cold-blooded deeds of that day, that the girl Rodger thus brutally murdered lived in a house with her parents on the second stairhead from the foot of Well Wynd; that she had newly left their fireside, and was standing at the door sewing, when a party of dragoons, accompanied by Captain Finlay, entered the lane, and one of them, when close to the girl, fired his pistol and shot her dead. The witness to this atrocity had but emerged from his brother's house on the adjoining stairhead, and, realising what had occurred, he raised a brickbat to throw at Finlay for allowing such an act of cruelty in his presence. The captain, however, to whom he was known, observed him in the act, and called upon him to desist, for he "knew him." This was sufficient. Re-entering the house, after strongly barricading the door, he and his brother leapt out by the back window, and ran through the fields to his own house at the west end of New Row. It was well they had gone, for a few minutes afterwards the house was entered by troopers and completely sacked.

(2.) "William Smith, shot upon a stair opposite Glen's Inn." The stair to which reference is here made was attached to that property now known as the Plough Inn. From this stair the deputies were terribly annoyed by stone-throwing, and several shots were fired into the heart of the crowd.

When it became known that Smith was killed, his father, one of the best shots in the county, and living close by, determined to shoot Finlay. He watched his opportunity, and had his gun levelled upon him out at one of his windows, when one of his sons wrested the weapon out of his hands. Smith has descendants still in Tranent.

(3.) "William Hunter, shot on a housetop." Though the girl Rodger is set down as No. 1, Hunter was the first to fall in this melancholy affair. It was he who hurled the bricks from the housetop. He has relations still in the village.

(4.) "George Elder, shot on the street." Elder fell in the centre of a crowd opposite the inn door, directly after Major Wight gave the dragoons orders to fire. His descendants are still in the town.

(5.) "Peter Ness, a sawyer of timber, residing at Ormiston, had not been in Tranent at all during the riot, and was in a

¹ James M'Neill, already referred to in this work.

field on the south of the village going towards Ormiston when the mob had dispersed. He was attacked by five or six dragoons, who firing repeatedly at him, killed him, and dismounting from their horses robbed him of his watch. He was found dead, with his pockets turned inside out. John Gould, sawyer, who had accompanied Ness to Tranent on their ordinary business, escaped the fate of his companion by remaining within a house in the town till the scouring parties were called in from the country. He had been informed that the soldiers were galloping up and down the fields shooting the people like partridges, and took this precaution."

(6.) "William Lawson, carpenter in Tranent, when driving his carts loaded with wood along the highway from Ormiston to Tranent, at the distance of half a mile from the town, was met by a party of cavalry, one of whom shot him in the groin without the least provocation. When the murderer presented his pistol, Law begged of him not to fire till he should hear him speak, as he had not been near Tranent since he went to bring home his wood in the morning. Notwithstanding this reasonable remonstrance the ruffian fired and mortally wounded him. Lawson instantly fell, and while lying on the ground another of the dragoons came up and snapped his pistol three times at his head. Lawson on his deathbed said to his surgeon and his friends who attended him, that he thought the last man the more cruel of the two for repeatedly endeavouring to fire at him in that situation." Lawson was brought home on one of his cartloads of wood, and on entering the village was met by an old acquaintance, Mark Forsyth, who inquired if he was hurt, "Oh ay," said Lawson, "I've got a hurt this time that I'll ne'er get the better o'." After recounting how it happened, he added that, "fearing mischief was brewing in the village, I set off early this mornin', takin' the callants (apprentices) away to keep them oot o' mischief, and this is the end o't." Descendants of Lawson lived in the village until within the last few years.

(7.) "Stephen Brotherston, who took no part in the riot, when walking with his wife and an old man named Crichton on the Ormiston road, about a mile from Tranent, were met by a party of cavalry, and stepped on their approach into a field. As the dragoons came up one of their number fired and shot Brotherston. This same dragoon, or another of his party, afterwards alighted and went into the field where lay the unhappy man mortally wounded, supported by his wife and his friend Crichton, and struck Crichton six times with his sword, laying open the poor man's face and nose to the bone. The

dragoon then turned to Brotherston, and struck him across the belly and the legs with his sword; whereupon Brotherston's wife, who held her dying husband in her arms, repeatedly called out, 'Strike me rather than my husband; ye ha'e shot him already.' The dragoon cursed the poor woman and rode off."

(8.) "William Laidlaw, a farm servant, in no way implicated in the riot, when at his lawful occupation in a field was wantonly attacked by the same party, and shot dead on the spot."

(9.) "William Kemp, a boy of eleven years, when walking on the road to Ormiston, a mile from Tranent, was attacked by a dragoon who, riding past, swore and made a stroke at him with his sword, cutting in two a switch that the boy held in his hand. The brother, a lad of thirteen years, seeing the dragoons coming up, ran out of their way into an adjoining field. He was pursued by one of them and barbarously stabbed in the breast. His head also was cleft in two by merciless blows." Although not stated in the official papers, there is no doubt this was the boy who carried the letters between Tranent and Ormiston.

(10.) "Alexander Moffat, servant to William Hunter, brewer in Pencaitland, was in a field at a short distance from the Pencaitland road, when a dragoon rode up and fired at him, but missing his aim, he stopped to reload, when another dragoon pursued Moffat. This man's helmet happening to fall off, he called on Moffat to turn back and lift it up, and he should receive no harm. Moffat did so, and after delivering it into the dragoon's hand, he turned to go away, when the dragoon fired and shot him dead."

(11.) "John Adam, a collier in a small village about a mile and three-quarters from Tranent, when walking quietly on the road, was shot through the head by a dragoon. On receiving the shot he fell into a ditch by the roadside, and three or four other dragoons coming up fired at him as he lay wounded, while others hacked his body with their swords. When leaving home he had two shillings in his pocket to make some necessary purchases for his wife, then lying in childbed. Some of the troopers were seen to dismount, and they, not without good reason, are supposed to have robbed Adam of his money, as none was found on him when he was brought into his house a corpse." John Adam belonged to Penston, in the parish of Gladsmuir.

The foregoing were known officially to have been massacred on the day of the riot. Had not Johnstone the printer, however, when libelled, been compelled to sift the matter in his own

defence, it is questionable if even these particulars would have been recorded, and the whole affair in course of years would have been set down as a fable. It is, however, a well-known fact that many more than the eleven above mentioned suffered death that day; for shortly afterwards, when the harvest was being reaped, several corpses were found in the surrounding fields. Notably amongst the unrecorded slain were two others. One a girl of sixteen years, servant to a stocking-weaver in Kerse's Close. She lifted a child named Forrest in her arms, and ran up, as she said, "to see the fun." She was killed on the spot by a brick thrown from one of the housetops. The child in her arms escaped unhurt. The other, Jackie Crookstone, who beat the drum through the village that morning, and played otherwise such a conspicuous part in the programme of that day. Jackie indeed was the prime mover in the whole affair, and was amongst the first to suffer the penalty of her folly. How her death escaped recording is difficult to explain.

Wounded, &c.—(1.) "Adam Blair, a schoolboy, when walking through a field to the north of Tranent, was ridden down by the dragoons, one of whom using a familiar oath stabbed him in the arm, and left him, as they thought, dead. Blair, however, so far recovered from the effects of the attack as to be able to proceed homewards to Penston. He again encountered the dragoons, one of whom pushed him into a ditch by the wayside, and was about to stab him, when he called for mercy, as he had not been in the mob. Perfectly regardless of what was said, they struck him, especially in the head, with their swords as he lay in the ditch. In this situation Blair received four wounds on the head and a stab in the neck, during which one of the soldiers shouted with an oath, "This is the fellow I stabbed before;" and the dragoon who made the last stab at him said, "It is needless to put off any more time, he is certainly dead now." Blair miraculously escaped these repeated attacks, but remained for a long time in a feeble state of health.

Mr Blair wrote to Mr James Millar¹ as follows, concerning the riot:—

Ferry-Port-on-Craig, near Dundee, 4th June 1835.

DEAR SIR,—I shall never, while I retain my senses, forget the bloody work at Tranent. I went to the school of Tranent that morning by the master's previous desire, but finding no teacher, and the scholars dispersed, I remained some time in Tranent, and stood in the street while the Lieutenancy arrived with the yeomanry and Cinque Ports Cavalry. I saw

¹ Author of "The Lamp of Lothian."

also a party of the Pembrokehire Cavalry arrive. I remained in the town till the throwing of stones began, and the soldiers rode four times through among the people. When the firing commenced I left the street and walked along the north side of the town, where two lads and myself heard a ball, and five or six dragoons rode over me, as described above. I was examined by the Sheriff-Substitute in Haddington, along with many others, with a view to the prosecution of the Lieutenancy, but the matter was dropt, &c.—Yours, &c.

ADAM BLAIR.

The schoolboy Blair became a very eminent man,—minister of Ferry-Port-on-Craig, author of the “History of the Waldenses,” &c. He was a native of Penston, in the parish of Gladsmuir. He died on the 28th November 1840, in the thirty-second year of his ministry.

(2.) “Alexander Robertson, servant to James Clark, farmer at North Winton, had been at Tranent on the day of the riot, and was attacked by a party of dragoons, in a field to the south-east of Tranent; on begging for mercy, one of the dragoons, without speaking or attending to what he said, made a stroke at him with a sabre, when Robertson, lifting up his right arm to save his head, received a severe cut in his hand; by a second blow on the left side of the head, he was struck senseless to the ground, where he remained a long time. He was at last taken up and assisted home, his face and clothes covered with blood.”

(3.) “Robert Ross, mason at Pencaitland, had not been at the riot; when walking upon the high road near Birsley in company with William Symington, coal grieve in Pencaitland, was attacked by a party of dragoons, about eighteen in number, one of whom rode up to Ross, and presenting his pistol, swore that he ‘would put him into eternity in a moment;’ at the same time another dragoon rode up to Symington, and presenting his pistol, threatened to put him to death; upon which both implored mercy, and Ross observing an officer amongst the party, ran up to him, and getting under his horse’s neck, called out to the officer, ‘Sir, I expect mercy at your hands, at least.’ While in this position a private of the party called out ‘to put a dozen of bullets through him;’ but the officer, whose protection he craved, would not allow him to be put to death.”

(4.) “John Blackie, a carter, walking peaceably along the Haddington road, near a place called Annfield, east of Tranent, was met by a party of dragoons, one of whom, on coming up, fired at him with a pistol, the ball of which grazed Blackie’s right ear. Three others pursuing him, struck at him with their sabres, but he fortunately eluded their blows.”

(5.) “William Tait, a boy of seventeen years, while walking

on the highway in company with Adam Blair, was attacked by four dragoons, who discharged their pistols at him. The shots did not take effect, but one of the dragoons in passing made a stab at Tait with his sabre, which went through the left pocket of his jacket. Tait, on being assaulted, leapt over a ditch by the side of the road, and making his way through a hedge, hid himself under a cart till the dragoons were out of sight."

(6.) "William Montgomery, an old man above seventy years of age, was employed in spreading manure on his little farm, nearly opposite the spot where John Adam was murdered, when some of the party who had committed that crime approached him, and one or two in an exulting tone, on the discovery of fresh game, cried out, with great oaths, that they 'would make a target of him,' and were about to take aim, when an officer interposed and saved the old man's life."

(7.) "The same party then rode to the farmhouse of Adinstone, where some of the most wanton outrages were committed. A number of dragoons rode up to the house¹ and knocked violently. The mistress of the family immediately opened the door and submissively asked their demands, on which a dragoon fired his pistol at her. The ball luckily struck the lintel of the door and passed over her head, but the flash of powder singed her face and nearly put one of her eyes out. Wounded and terrified, she closed the door and locked it, upon which the dragoons began to fire into the windows, while others of them broke open the door by battering it off the hinges with large stones. In the meantime, the distracted family, consisting of a man, his wife, his brother, two fellow-servants, and two children, attempted to make their escape from the fury of the soldiers by leaping out at a back window into the garden; but, by the time they had run a few paces, the dragoons having broken open the front door and burst through the windows in pursuit of them, apprehended and carried them prisoners to Tranent, though they had not even heard of the riot then, and could not comprehend on what account they had been thus attacked and carried off as prisoners."

(8.) "The same party in returning to Tranent visited the house called Haldane's (now Kingslaw), possessed by Mr Carnegie, of Leith. That gentleman being from home, the dragoons amused themselves, among other violences, with holding their naked sabres close to Mrs Carnegie's breast."

¹ Mr George Pillans inhabited the house at this time.

Other Cases of Wounding not Recorded.—(9.) William Kedzlie, said to have been cutting hempseed in a field at the back of Glen's Inn when the firing began, and feeling something whiff by the side of his head, angrily exclaimed, "Dem it, thae fellows are firin' sherp shot," and putting his hand to his right ear, was astonished to find that a piece of it had been taken away with the bullet. There are parties still living in Tranent who have both heard Kedzlie tell the story and seen the damaged ear. He cut no more hemp that day. Kedzlie was the grandfather of Mrs Andrew Wilson, Tranent.

(10.) Janet Forsyth, sixteen years of age, had been out cutting corn in a field near the village, and returning to her father's house when the riot was beginning, threw down her hook and went off to "see the fun." She and others were pursued by dragoons through one of the passages leading to the fields, and fired upon. A bullet lodged in Janet's shoulder, and remained there all her life. She was aunt to our present postmaster, Mr John Forsyth.

(11.) Mary Allan, seventeen years of age, was pursued into the passage of that house in Winton Place now occupied by Mr W. Wood, and being fired upon she fell through fright, and swooning, was left for dead. On getting up it was ascertained that the bullet had found its billet in the frame of the door. She sustained a severe cut on the forehead, the effects of her fall.

(12.) A number of miners, with their wives and little ones, left Elphinstone that morning to see the fun. The men joined the mob in the street, their better halves with the children betaking themselves to the house of Peggy Robertson,—Wallace's two-storied block in the Coal Neuk. While the riot was going on, a scouring party of half-a-dozen dragoons rode round that part of the village, and seeing the women around the door, one of the party leapt from his horse and pursued them into the house. The fellow expecting, it is supposed, to find some one hiding in the bed, drove his sword several times down through the clothing, in course of which a child was heard to shriek, when the mother, who in her fright had forgotten all about her sleeping child, sprang like a tiger on the trooper, and clasping him in her powerful arms, crying, "Oh! my bairn, my bairn," she dragged him outside, and flung him head-foremost into a large mud-hole opposite the door. His companions seeing this from a distance, seemed to enjoy his discomfiture immensely, and laughing heartily they galloped off, leaving their fellow to follow at his leisure. On removing the child, it was found that one of

his little fingers had been clean severed at the second joint, but no further harm was done to him. This was David Reid ; he lived for many years at Elphinstone, but spent the latter part of his life in Tranent. Many people in both villages yet remember of him by his mutilated finger.

Narrow Escapes.—A brother of Smith who was killed, was pursued by a dragoon on horseback through the garden ground at the back of the loch. He crept in below some bushes to hide, and although the horse trampled on his coat-tails, pulling him backwards in among its feet, he escaped unnoticed, and with only a few bruises. In the upper flat of that house now occupied by Mr Gardner, inspector of poor, three friends sat quietly scanning the crowd from one of the windows. A dragoon deliberately took aim, and fired up amongst them. The ball went crashing through one of the window panes, flattening itself against the opposite wall, and rolled back in amongst their feet. The glass pane, with the bullet hole through it, remained in the window till the middle of the present century. A child, perched high on its father's shoulders, clapping its little hands and helping to swell the already deafening noise, was even aimed at by one of the troopers. The bullet, grazing its tender head, was flattened against the lintel of the door adjoining Messrs Durie & Nisbet's coal office, where its mark may be seen to this day. This stone has been removed on the house being repaired.

At the instance of the relatives of the murdered persons, and by the authority of the Court of Justiciary, a case, with a view to prosecution on the foregoing facts, was laid before the Lord Advocate of the day, who after a time abandoned it.

In the case against the *Scots Chronicle*, after many witnesses had been examined on both sides, Mr Johnstone, the printer, was found guilty as libelled by the Court of Session, and fined in the sum of £300. But on the case being appealed to the House of Lords, the sentence was reversed, and the gentleman who represented the lieutenancy in the action was fined in that sum. Each member of the lieutenancy, however, bore an equal share of the fine.

Paisley, the teacher, did not return to Tranent for a month after the riot. One reason he gave for being so much afraid of returning, was the excitement raised against him in the village by a paragraph that appeared in the *Scots Chronicle*. This paper in giving an account of the riot at Tranent, stated that his wife had deceived the people by giving them a wrong book. Paisley called upon the printer of the paper, and told him he

was in danger of his life through that paragraph appearing. Johnstone, the printer, promised to correct it in his next impression. Paisley then, in self-vindication, wrote a paragraph for insertion in the paper, but in place of it Johnstone substituted another article, which did not suit the purpose.

There were thirty-six of the rioters conveyed as prisoners to Haddington. They were kept a few days in the burgh jail, afterwards taken to Edinburgh to undergo a justiciary trial; but owing to the contradictory evidence of the soldiers, who were the only witnesses that could be brought against them, all were severely reprimanded and acquitted.





FAWSIDE CASTLE.

Jas. Verrill.



CHAPTER XIII.

Fawside Castle—Early Fawsidians—Conflicts between the Houses of Fawside and Preston—Death of Sir John of that Ilk—Hamilton of Preston makes Reparation to Lady Fawside—Battle of Little Fawside, Birsley, and Tranent—Battle of Pinkie—Burning of the Castle—Slaughter of 14,000 Scots—Abduction of a Girl of 13 years—Murder of John Fawside—Robertson Beheaded—The Last of the Fawsides—Marquis of Queensberry a Lineal Descendant of the House of Fawside—Description of the Fortalice—Queen Mary's Hiding-place—St Clement's Wells—Extensive Distillery—Harry's Burn—Cross's Houses.



THE old castle of Fawside, as the crow flies, lies about seven and a half miles to the east of Edinburgh Castle, nearly two miles to the west of Tranent, about the same distance south of the Firth of Forth, and nearly a mile north-west of the Tower at Elphinstone.

When this ancient fortalice was raised it is impossible to ascertain. Tradition holds, and seemingly not without reason, that the building was begun in the latter part of the eleventh century; and ancient Scottish history adds that, in the reign of David I., during a portion of the twelfth century, it was inhabited by William de Ffauside, who had a seat in the Parliament of that monarch.

In the same century, and under the same reign, Edmundo de Ffauside witnessed the charter by which David I. granted lands to Thor of Tranent. And in the time of William the Lion, Gilbert de Fawside witnessed a charter of the monastery of St Maria of Newbattle.

In 1246, Donatus Sybald witnessed a charter by De Quincy Count de Wynton to Adam of Seaton De Maritagio, hæredis Alani de Faside; and seven years afterwards Allan obliged himself "to pay yearly to the monks of Dumfermline, quinque

solidas argenti" out of his lands. In 1292, Robert de Fawside signed the "Ragman Roll." Four years afterwards, Roger and William de Fawside swore fealty to Edward I. And a Roger de Fawside obtained a grant of the lands from Robert the Bruce.

In 1350, Sir Thomas de Fawside witnessed a charter of Duncan Earl of Fife to the monastery of Lindores. And in 1366, a charter of Malcolm de Fawside was witnessed by Symon Preston of Craigmillar, Sheriff of Edinburgh.

In 1371, William de Seaton granted to John Fawside, for "true and faithful service," the whole lands of Wester Fawside, in the barony of Trauernent,—a gift confirmed by Robert II. on the 20th of June.

In 1425, William of Fawside, and Marjorie Fleming his spouse, obtained the lands of Tolygart. And the lands of Wester Fawside are confirmed to John of that ilk—Great Seal Office—in June of that year. In 1472, John Fawside married Margaret, daughter of Sir John Swinton of that ilk; and on his death, 1503, she became prioress of the Cistercian nunnery of Elcho.

According to the preceding narrative, we have an almost unbroken chain from the twelfth to the sixteenth century of the Fawsides of that ilk; and from the earliest times, to about the year 1520, we can learn of nothing but peace and harmony prevailing between the scions of that house and their surrounding neighbours. But at the above period, says tradition, certain landmarks dividing the estates of Preston and Fawside were removed, and many barriers broken down. But off which side the depredations came, or if the mischief was committed by an outsider, there is no information to be had. The retainers, however, of these two houses, without inquiring into the matter, suspected and blamed each other.

Breaches being thus made in the walls, and these allowed to remain unhealed, it came about in course of time that the flocks and herds of both houses began to trespass one upon the lands of the other,—

Showing then, as now, the adage true,
That stolen bites are sweetest.

As a matter of course, these continual incursions of cattle were by and by the means of bringing the watchers and waterers of the flocks into innumerable, violent, and often fatal collisions. This again, as may well be supposed, ere long brought the men-at-arms on either side, who gloried in such work, to take part

in the frays, which ultimately led to the chieftains of both houses being found at the heads of their respective retainers, pushing the inglorious war into each other's territory with all the vigour and vengeance of their martial dispositions.

Now the Fawsidians would sweep headlong down upon their unsuspecting foemen, driving them terror-stricken within the narrow walls of Preston keep. Anon the Prestonians, with strength in their arms and vengeance in their hearts, would retaliate, ascend the "Back Braes," and dealing havoc all around, would drive their opponents like scattered sheep within the gates of the walls surrounding their castle. Thus, with varying fortunes, was this barbarous system of warfare carried on between these rival chieftains for a long term of years.

Somewhere, however, about the year 1540 the culminating point was reached. A stream which from time immemorial had poured its limpid waters over the Black Braes down through the lands of Fawside to those of Preston, serving to water the flocks on both estates, was suspected to have been tampered with, many of the Preston cattle dying suddenly by the side of the brook. "Poisoned it has been, and purposely it must have been," said the Hamiltonians, "and who but a Fawside, or a minion of that house, would be guilty of such a misdeed?" Forthwith, by way of reprisal, a furious raid was made by Hamilton's men on the castle of Fawside, the warders all slain or driven in, and the very gates in the surrounding walls set in flames.

An insult such as this could by no means pass unrevenged. Instantly the great bell of the castle rang out a fierce defiant clang, and responsive voices were soon heard hallooing wildly from knoll to knoll far away to the east by Tranent and by Hillhead and Elphinstone Tower to the south, while the deep dull bray of the horn resounded over the Esk valley to the west and the Black Braes to the north-east, where the Prestonians had but lately retired after their successful raid, calling on the retainers of Fawside from every quarter to retaliate upon their merciless invaders. This they were not slow to do.

All being arranged, and vengeance uppermost in every heart, near the still hour of midnight a small but select band of athletic warriors, the bravest of the brave, might have been seen quietly stealing out of the castle gates, and lightly but hastily, one after another, step for step silently pursuing their way. On setting out for about 400 yards they went easterly, then suddenly diverging northwards they wended their way precipitately down that same old bypath known now as Whinny

Loan. Striving to avoid the Castle of Dolphinstone, with its neutral but ever-watchful warders, lest an alarm should be raised and the Prestonians thereby put upon their guard, they glided down by Prestongrange, stealing softly along the sea-coast eastward, and suddenly coming in among their foes from the north side, they deal death not only all around them, but within the very gates of Preston Tower. All this they did ere it was well known that an enemy had been in the vicinity of Preston. Then suddenly and no less swiftly they disappeared from the scene of strife and slaughter.

These skirmishes, however, were but preludes to the doings of to-morrow, for no sooner had the morning sun begun to throw his golden beams over the rust-brown turrets of the fortalice of Fawside, than again the war-bell sounded to arms, loud twanged the horn on every side calling upon dependants from afar to hasten to the keep, while the wild shouts of warders filled the morning air with sounds that well betokened the feelings of the warlike hearts they proceeded from. Nor were their foemen slow to answer the challenge; a great host, more in numbers by far than any Hamilton of Preston ever before had mustered, were hastily assembling.

That this army had been reinforced by the retainers of other chieftains was evident from the terrible array of pikes and bannerets glancing in the morning sun as they swiftly emerged from the village of Dolphinstone. Whence, passing closely beneath that keep, and streaming along the hillfoot in well-arranged groups, this hill, with their spirited chieftain at their head, they hastily began to ascend.

The warlike Lady of Fawside, with a few men-at-arms, was left in charge of that fortalice, and with these her ladyship vowed she would hold the keep to the last drop of her blood, and perish in the ruins if need be.

Large as was the force that Hamilton had brought into the field on this occasion, little inferior to it in numbers was the host of Fawside, who meantime had arranged his sturdy retainers along the brow of the hill to the east of the castle, where they stood not only ready for the fray, but eagerly awaiting the order to advance downhill upon their desperate enemy. Suddenly the order was given, and over the hillside they rushed, impetuous as a mountain torrent, to meet in mortal combat a host no less eager and every whit impetuous as themselves.

From east to west afar downhill the conflict wildly raged. The Fawsidians having the vantage ground, long and hard they pressed their opponents, and terrible was the strife. Right

over the Brae to the hillfoot at length the Prestonians were driven, and it seemed for awhile as if they were fully over-matched in the fray. But rallying, desperately they strove for the mastery; and again and again they began the ascent of the hill, but only as often to meet with an adverse fate.

At length to the east of the battle-ground, where Hamilton himself was in the thickest of the fight, it was evident that his men were fast gaining ground. Though to the west, where Fawside was urging on his men, not only by the sound of his voice but by the example of his strong sword arm, everything seemed going as he wished. Suddenly, however, it looked as if the tide of battle had turned against him, and in his eagerness to break through the ranks of his enemy he became isolated from his retainers, and surrounded by the Preston men the aged chief of Fawside was dragged from his war-horse and mercilessly dispatched where he fell.

On the death of their chief the men of Fawside, who had already begun to waver, took to flight, and up over the hillside they went, hotly pursued by their furious enemies. Once within the castle walls, however, and headed by the martial spouse of their slaughtered chief, not only did they hold out against all the force that Hamilton could bring against them, but again and again a few of the more lion-hearted keepers of the tower ventured forth, cut their way through the Prestonian ranks, and successfully fought their way back again to the castle.

At last, as a desperate resource, their fallen chief still uppermost in every mind, the Fawsidians almost to a man sallied forth with a determined rush, drove the Prestonians with slaughter over the hill, and only with darkness ended this bloody if indecisive battle.

The following morning—but, alas, too late—it was ascertained that, instead of the gushing burnie having been tampered with, a murrain had spread among the cattle; and if the flocks of Hamilton had suffered, those of his neighbour chieftain had not escaped. Hamilton is said to have made Lady Fawside all the reparation in his power, but for the loss of her husband her grief was inconsolable. Thus, however, ended forever the wars between the houses of Preston and Fawside.

THE BATTLE OF LITTLE FAWSIDE, BIRSLEY, AND TRANENT.

On 9th September 1547, barely seven years after the events above narrated, a battle, which if not more fierce, at least far more bloody, was witnessed along that same hill-ridge.

This is known as the battle of Little Fawside, &c. The encounter was between the Scotch and the English cavalry, and the engagement took place on the day preceding the battle of Pinkie. Tradition asserts that the skirmish began to the west of Little Fawside, and continued the whole way down by Upper Birsley to Tranent; that the Scottish cavalry had driven the English downhill all the way before them to the west end of the village, where the latter desecrating reinforcements of their countrymen hurrying to their assistance, made a determined stand; and succour arriving in the hour of need, they were enabled not only to hold their own, but to turn the tide of battle most conclusively in their favour.

According to Patten, the English historian, "the Scots were overpowered and utterly routed, with the loss of about 1300 men." The loss of the English is not stated, but it is supposed to have been much greater than that of the Scots on this occasion.

BATTLE OF PINKIE.

The day following—a most disastrous day for Scotland—September 10, 1547, the battle of Pinkie was fought. The conflict here was between Somerset, Protector of England, on the one hand, and the Earl of Arran, Regent of Scotland, on the other. For many hours the centre of battle was the fortalice of Fawside, which was held at this time by the widow of the late Sir John of that ilk, the lady who had so bravely defended it against the Hamiltons in 1540.

This martial-spirited lady is said to have been the means that day of disabling many a stalwart foe. Ascending to the top of the tower while the battle raged below, over the parapet, with her own strong arms, stone after stone amongst the invading army she hurled. Here, there, and everywhere amongst her retainers she hurried, urging and encouraging them in the same deadly work. But the castle was on fire, and it behoved its valiant defenders now to look each one to his own safety. Inside the fortalice, nothing but death stared them in the face. Outside the gates, the savage butchery that was going on between contending parties was horrible in the extreme. Still party after party sallied forth, and endeavoured to cut a way through the English army, but only to be driven back into the blazing keep by the pikes of the invaders. Indeed, so closely were these valiant defenders of the keep hemmed in on every side, that very few are said to have escaped.

Whether or not Lady Fawside survived the catastrophe is unknown. Tradition asserts that she, with a few retainers, refused to quit the tower, and continued in their deadly work from the top even when the flames were curling around them, deciding rather to perish within the walls of the good old stronghold than to fall into the hands of an infuriated enemy. Meanwhile the battle continued to rage around the castle, but ultimately the Scots were overpowered, and compelled to resign the honours of the day, if not to a force superior in numbers, at least to a much better disciplined army.

In this battle there are said to have been 18,000 English soldiers engaged, and about an equal number of Scots. The number of Scots slain in the engagement, says Patten, was 14,000; but the number of English who there met their doom, as in the skirmish of the preceding day, he is very careful not to inform us.

The battle of Pinkie, we learn from Scottish history, was brought about, not through any dispute between the two nations, but through the English sending their army into Scotland with the intention of compelling the Scots to give their youthful queen, the beautiful Mary, to Edward VI. of England to wife. They, however, says Scottish history, "could not thus force the wooing;" and the Scots put their queen out of the way by sending her to France, where she married the Dauphin in 1560.

Although rendered useless at this time as a place of habitation, the Tower of Fawside was not altogether destroyed. The massive structure of its walls, and the fact that the under and the upper storeys of the building were entirely arched over with stone, saved it from total destruction.

The next we learn of this ancient family is some twenty years after the preceding events, when Thomas Fawside of that ilk signed the "Bond of Association" for defending the coronation and government of the young King James VI. against the supporters of his unfortunate mother. He also in 1570 formed one of the assize who tried Carkettle of Moreles for treason. Further, in 1579, he became surety for Alexander Dalmahoy of that ilk, who, according to the fashion of the age, had employed his leisure time in besieging the house of Somerville.

In 1616, James Fawside of that ilk became pledge and security for Sir Patrick Chirnside of East Nisbet, who was accused before the Court of Justiciary of abducting a girl of thirteen years of age from Haddington; and in the same

year his servitor, Robert Robertson, "was delatit for the crewel slaughter of umquhile John Fawside, in the house of Fawside, with a knife or dagger, on the 10th of November," for which he was beheaded on the Castlehill of Edinburgh.

Until lately there existed a peculiarly constructed house—the greater part of the ruins of which are yet to be seen—in the immediate vicinity to the south of the old castle, on a dormer window of which were carved the initials I. F. I. L., and the date 1618,—most probably the initials of the chief who built it, and the year of its construction. For many years back this house was inhabited by the shepherds on the farm of St Clement's Wells; and not very long ago it was occupied by a few single women who wrought as bondagers, or yearly servants, on the same farm.

In 1631 Robert Fawside of that ilk is one of a commission for augmenting the stipend of Inveresk; and in 1666, James, the eldest son of the deceased Fawside of that ilk, witnessed a charter of George Earl of Haddington. This James seems to have been the last of the male line of "ye Ffausides de Ffauside." He, however, had a daughter Agnes, of whom in "Wood's Peerage," vol. ii. p. 386, we find the following:—"The Hon. William Douglass, second son of William first Earl of Queensberry, had a charter of part of the lands of Prestongrange to Colonel William Douglass and Agnes Fawside his wife, dated 1st March 1644. Created baronet 1668; married Agnes, daughter and heiress of Fawside of Fawside, a gentleman of ancient family that had been seated for four centuries at Fawside Castle."

The fifth Baronet of Kelhead—the fifth in descent from this pair—succeeded, on the death of William fourth Duke of Queensberry, 23d December 1810, to the title of Marquis of Queensberry, &c. He had married in 1803 the third daughter of Henry, Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry.

The three distinct peerages which had been united in the Douglas, fourth Duke of Queensberry, were divided: Dukedom, &c., to the Duke of Buccleuch; Marquisate to Sir William Douglas; Earldom of March, &c., to the Earl of Wemyss."

In the present Marquis of Queensberry we have a lineal descendant through the female line (Agnes) of the house of Fawside. Douglas sold Fawside Castle and lands to Morrison of Prestongrange, who was succeeded by the Grant family; the last of whom to hold the estate was Lady Hyndford, who bequeathed it to the late Sir George Grant Suttie.

The heritage of this ancient family now belongs to the youthful proprietor of Prestongrange, Sir George Grant Suttie, Bart. ; and all that now remains to preserve the memory of the departed race of that name, is the ruins of the weather-beaten fortalice, and a quaint though much defaced tablet on the north side of Tranent parish church, inscribed, "John Fawside of that ilk," probably the same I. F. who built the house to the south of the castle in 1618.

This relic had been removed from the inside of the old church, and placed where it now is on the erection of the present fabric. Be that, however, as it may, here is this sculptured stone facing towards the "Dookit on the brae," where may be read an equally notable inscription over its doorway,— "David Seton, 1587,"—another memorial of the irrevocable past.

But though the Fawsides have long since departed, the grim old tower which still bears their name, and whose walls have battled with the elements for centuries, still rears its head heavenward, majestic as ever ; and now, as we contemplate it so desolate and deserted, what sensations steal over the heart ! Much of joy there is at beholding the pleasing prospect which surrounds this ruin, itself the silent witness for about 800 years of many a stirring scene—of love no less than of war ; much, too, of sadness, at the thought of all these glories gone, and no descendant, in name at least, of the ancient house left to recount the deeds of his great forefathers.

As we enter the ruins the sensation becomes even more intense. We think how our feet now tread the same floor on which the Fawsidians of old were wont to stand, and that we gaze out from the same strong iron-stanchioned windows at which the lords and ladies of the fortalice used to wait and watch, with heart and hand ever ready, to welcome a friend or oppose the incursions of an enemy. As we musingly seek to recall the loud laughter, the grim jest, or the merry song of those stern but jovial retainers sitting round the wassal bowl on a blythe Yule e'en, or anon cracking their jokes while tightening their girths and sharpening their swords for the bloody encounter of the morrow ; spectres innumerable of the departed heroes we seem to see peering round every corner, or gazing out from every dark nook, eagerly listening to the footfall or keenly watching the scrutinising eye of the daring intruder on their ancient domain. Nothing, however, is seen, save perhaps the wicked leer of some limping old rat as he hies from one hiding-place to another ; nor heard, save the gentle cooing of

the timid stock-dove hurriedly taking its flight through the crumbling archway overhead.

Proceeding onwards, we arrive at what is known as Queen Mary's hiding-place, in the north-east end of the tower. This is a neatly stone-built square hole, on the first landing of what has been a well-formed and strongly-built circular staircase, extending at one time from the ground floor up through the building, having an outlet on the very top of the tower. This hiding-place used formerly to be covered with a neat tight-fitting stone, making it difficult indeed to discover that a vacant place was there. Tradition holds this also to have been not only a place of retreat from the enemy, but the secret entrance to two subterranean passages, one of which is said to have had connection with Pinkie House, the other with the Tower at Elphinstone, and that regular communication was held with both places in time of war. All this may be illusion, but if so, who would not prefer it to the prosaic reality of their non-existence? quietly, therefore, will we leave these subterranean passages in possession of their well-kept secret.

The castle, we find, has been divided into three parts,—one to the north, and two to the south. The northern section in height has been four storied; the roof, an arch of stone, from which still dangles in the air two rings, said to be of "the pure beaten gold," but rather, we suspect, consisting of a much baser metal. The western section of the southern division has been six storied, with a circular stair rising from the first storey, and having also an outlet at the top; while the eastern section has been five storied. The first storey here, unlike either of the other two lower flats, is arched over with stone, though now fallen down considerably. This part of the building is altogether roofless, but there are in it still six strong iron-grated windows.

The castle is founded on the solid rock, a great portion of which lies exposed at the northern extremity of the building. The walls, 10 or 12 feet from the base, range from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 feet thick. The gable end to the south, both corners of which are turreted, rises to about 50 feet in height. The northern gable is scarcely so high. That the southern division of the old tower is of more recent erection than the northern part is evident at a glance. This part had evidently been constructed after the battle of Pinkie. "Its total destruction," says the historians of that day, "was saved through its first floor and roofs being arched over with stone." Seeing that in no other portion of the castle but this is there any appearance of the first floor

having been arched over, the original structure would seem to have extended to the full length of the existing ruin.

In 1791 there was quite a little village in the vicinity of the castle. Its inhabitants numbered 145; these consisted mostly of mining families, who wrought in the coalfields around the ruin for the supply of the adjacent (St Clement's Wells) distillery. There used also to be a teacher and schoolhouse here for the benefit of the surrounding district.

ST CLEMENT'S WELLS.

A little to the north of the old castle of Fawside lies the quiet-looking farm steading of St Clement's Wells. Even less, however, than half a century ago this sleepy hollow was wont to assume a very different aspect. On a Tranent Carters' Play morning it was nothing unusual for this place to turn out its half hundred gaily caparisoned horses, to walk in parade through the streets of the old town to the sound of the bugle and drum. Then a most extensive distillery was here in full going order, the magnitude of which may to some extent be gathered from the following quotation from the Old Statistical Account of the Parish in 1790:—"The most considerable distillery now in Scotland, belonging to Aitchison, Brown, &c., is carried on at St Clement's Wells, in the parish of Tranent. From this work alone Government receives about £4000 of revenue yearly. Coal is conveniently situated in a park adjoining the work. The seam is about 2 feet thick, at a depth of only 15 fathoms, and the coal costs the work at the rate of 5s. per ton. Nine hundred cattle and 300 swine are annually fed at the work. In all the different branches about 120 hands are employed."

The population of St Clement's Wells at that date numbered 74; in 1800 it had risen to 209. Now the number is reduced to those connected with the farm.

HARRY'S BURN.

About half-way, in a south-east direction, between Fawside and Elphinstone Tower, a sparkling burnie of most excellent water crosses the old cart road. This is known as Harry's Burn, but whether the name is derived from some forgotten laird of the district, or some fairy king who used to frequent the spring and puddle in the water with his attendant sprites, we are unable to ascertain. Alongside of this burn, however, at one time there used to be a row of workmen's houses, and here also there used to be a teacher and schoolhouse. But no

vestige of the village now remains, and nothing is left to disturb the solitude of this exquisite retreat, save the songs of the wild birds around, and the murmurings of the waters as they wimple along, free of all care to-day, and thoughtless quite of to-morrow.

CROSSHOUSES.

At the furthest extremity of this old cross road lies the site on which the queer old village of Crosshouses stood. But whether it was owing to the houses having been set down by the cross road, or because of the ridiculous way in which the "biggin's" were built across each other, that the village was so named, it is difficult to say. One thing, however, is certain, that a more cross-grained class of men than were from time to time reared in this place could hardly anywhere be found. Their chief delights consisted in badger-drawing, cock-fighting, and getting on the spree. Their fuddlings ceased only when their cash ran out, and a pick they never swung till the deil got into their meal-pocks. This generally came about after the first four days of the week had been spent in debauchery. The work they got through, however, in the two remaining days, by way of redeeming the time, is said to be inconceivable. Often, too, was this labour completed on empty stomachs; but not always, for occasionally, along with the turnips and potatoes with which they supplied themselves out of the surrounding fields, they came across a good sound piece of live mutton, and this without any compunction they never failed to appropriate.

Many years ago a case of this sort occurred. The stolen sheep had just been slaughtered and disposed of, when into the very house of the depredator stepped Sandy Steel, the Tranent constable. The gudeman of the house was out, but his gude-wife was at home. She knew the constable well, and suspecting Sandy's errand, blurted out at once,—“They rin lang that are never caught, and sae I fancy it fares wi' oor man noo; but deil thank you a' the same, Sandy, my mannie, for comin'. He's away, however, on the spree as usual, an' if ye will claim the beast, ye'll get the heid an' the feet o't lyin' below the bed there, and the rest ye'll find hidden in the yaird.” But Sandy Steel had not gone to Crosshouses in search of a stolen sheep, and getting the information he otherwise sought, left not only the carcass but the head and feet also behind him. It was, however, more than Sandy's life was worth to interfere with the doings of the Crosshousians.



CHAPTER XIV.

Elphinstone Village—John de Elphinstone—Alexander de Elphinstone killed at Piper Dean—First Lord Elphinstone killed at the Battle of Flodden—Second Lord Elphinstone killed at the Battle of Pinkie—The Master of Elphinstone—Sir Samuel Johnstone—Sir Archibald Primrose—Burn Callander—Early Coal Working on the Estate—Durie's Contract—Pate's Fair—Cockfighting—Will Campbell—Great Cockfight at Fawside between Fifeshire and the Lothians—Cockle Reid the Schoolmaster—Meg's Chuck—Four Boys lost in the Waste—James Smeaton.



SMALL and truly a most peculiarly constructed village is that of Elphinstone. The houses composing it for the most part seem as if they had been cast up, like moudie-hillocks, out of the bowels of the earth, and there allowed to remain.

It is situated at the southern extremity of the parish of Tranent, and has its blacksmith, joiner, constable, and schoolmaster; but with this, and probably a few other exceptions, its inhabitants are all connected with the coal mines of the surrounding district.

The lands of Elphinstone, like those of Fawside, were at one time part of the manor of Tranent. Early in the thirteenth century they were acquired by John de Elphinstone, who witnessed to a charter in 1250, and died in 1260.

In 1296, among the persons holding baronial rank who swore allegiance to Edward I. of England during his incursion into Scotland, were Allan, Duncan, and John de Elphinstone, sons of that same John who died about the year 1260.

On the triumph of Robert the Bruce, the lands of Elphinstone were forfeited through the allegiance of their proprietors to the English monarch, and were at that period bestowed on Alexander de Seton, the nephew of Bruce. Ere long, however, the estate once more returned to the Elphinstone family,

through the heir of the attainted house marrying Margaret, who was the daughter of Sir Christopher, and sister of Sir Alexander Seton, nephew of Bruce.

In 1338, John de Elphinstone, a descendant of Margaret Seton, was witness to a charter; and subsequently Allan de Elphinstone acquired the lands of Erthbeg, near Airth in Stirlingshire, through his mother, Agnes de Erth, whose son again, Alexander de Elphinstone, is designed in a charter of 1362. This Alexander was the father of William de Elphinstone, who in 1399 obtained a charter of these lands to himself and his heirs-male under specialities. He had three sons, viz., (1) Alexander, killed at Piper Dean in 1435 in a conflict with the English, who left an only child, named Agnes, who was married to Sir Gilbert Johnstone, the second son of Johnstone of Annandale,—“This Sir Gilbert,” says Kingston, “married the heiress of Elphinstone, and was the first laird of Elphinstone of the surname of Johnstone”; (2) Henry, the ancestor of the present noble family of Elphinstone; (3) William, who married Margaret Douglass, of the house of Mains.

On the death of Alexander at Piper Dean, his brother Henry, as heir-male, claimed the estates of Elphinstone and Erthbeg; but in 1477 Agnes, the wife of Gilbert Johnstone, made her claim good to the Elphinstone estate,—that of Erthbeg, in Stirlingshire, being assigned to her uncle Henry, where he founded a barony, and his heirs, one of whom, created Lord Elphinstone by James IV. in 1509, was a few years afterwards killed fighting by his king’s side at the battle of Flodden. His son, the second Lord Elphinstone, was killed at the battle of Pinkie.

On 1st June 1581, Alexander, the Master of Elphinstone, was one of the assize at the trial of James, fourth Earl of Morton, who was beheaded at the cross of Edinburgh, the instrument employed being the machine called the “Maiden.” This Master of Elphinstone is designated a gentleman of East Lothian.

The lands of Elphinstone remained in possession of the Johnstone family for about two and a-half centuries; towards the end of which period (1698) the estate, under the proprietorship of Sir John Johnstone, became so heavily mortgaged to Sir Archibald Primrose of Carrington, the ancestor of the Earl of Rosebery, that about the year 1700 it fell into the hands of the Primroses.

Little more than half a century afterwards these lands were acquired by Livingstone of Wishaw, who held them but a

short time, when they by purchase became the property of Sir John Callander. This Sir John and his spouse had no issue; they, however, adopted Ann Callander (a niece) as a daughter, and to her would the estate have descended, but she rebelled against her relatives and was disinherited.

The next to inherit these lands was Mr Alexander Higgans, who succeeded to the estate about the year 1800; and from him it was shortly afterwards acquired by Mr William Burn Callander of Prestonha', grandfather to the present proprietor. The Tower itself, and the Tower farm were, however, some time ago dissevered from the estate.

Coal would appear to have been wrought in the Elphinstone district from the earliest times, though of the exact date at which it began to be disembowelled we have no record. There is no doubt, however, that the proprietors of these lands would speedily become aware of the wealth that lay hidden away beneath their broad acres.

Early in the seventeenth century we find that mining operations on a pretty extensive scale were being carried on, as the following will show:—"In 1661 an Act of Privy Council was passed in favour of Samuel Johnstone of Elphinstone, in consideration of his having expended 20,000 merks on his coal heuchs. He employed forty families at his works, to whom he paid weekly 200 merks, or about five merks per family per week; and all these would be thrown out of employment, unless some measures of enabling him to go on with his work could be devised. He proposed a license to export coal for seven years, which the Council, in consideration of all the circumstances, granted him."

In "Bald on the Coal Trade," p. 18, we find,—“The first fire-engine which was set up in Scotland was at the coalwork of Elphinstone.”

On the lands of Elphinstone being acquired by Mr Burn Callander, that family continued to work coal on the estate up to 1810, when a lease of the minerals was granted to Messrs John Durie & Company, afterwards Messrs Durie & Nisbet. This company continued to hold the lease of the coal up to the decease of Mr George Nisbet, when Mr John Durie, a grandson of the first lessee, was assumed as a partner, and the business is now carried on in the name of Messrs R. & J. Durie, a firm justly held in repute for their enterprise and probity. It may here be stated that this is the only firm in East Lothian at whose pitheads the trade of cinder-burning is now carried on.

In 1791 the produce of Elphinstone colliery was 8348 tons 10 cwt. In 1840 the coal produce of the parish, including the coalworks of Tranent, Elphinstone, Birsley, and St Germain's, was about 60,000 tons annually. In 1882 the coal produce of the parish, including Tranent, Elphinstone, and Bellyford, would amount to about 120,000 tons per annum.

To Mr John Durie, the junior partner of the firm of R. & J. Durie, we are indebted for the following memorandum, which shows the relationship existing about the beginning of the present century between masters and workmen :—

CONTRACT—1811.

“It is agreed between the parties following, viz.—Messrs Landers and J. Durie, lessees of the coal of Elphinstone, in the parish of Tranent and county of Haddington, on the one part, and the several persons present—coaliers of Elphinstone, or coaliers coming there from other works, and whose names or marks are subscribed hereto, on the other part, they, the said coaliers, by either signing or setting their marks hereto, being respectively to be as firmly bound as if they had subscribed the same before witnesses, or by notaries in most ample form, whereanent all informalities are dispensed with ; that is to say, such of the said coaliers whose agreement is expired, bind and respectively engage themselves for twelve kalender months from this date of their respectively signing these presents, and such of them whose agreement may not be out at signing hereof, for the like space from the expiry of their current agreement, as the same shall be marked before or after their respective names at signing hereof, faithfully to work the coal of Elphinstone, in the pit presently going, or in any other pit or pits which the lessees may have already opened, or may think proper to open or sink during that period, such pits being always safe to work in ; and the said coaliers agree to work on the following terms :—Each man who has one hook is, while in health, weekly to work and cause to be laid at the pitbottom, for which he is to pay the bearer, 50 tubs of clean great coal of the weight of 5 cwts. each tub, for doing which he is to be paid 7d. sterling for each tub, while he is continued working in the pit presently going, or any other pit that the Splint coal may be wrought in (and in case of any other seam of coal being wrought, a reference is left for stating new prices in case there be cause for doing so) ; declaring that if he fails at four weeks end to put out 200 tubs—that is at the rate of 50 tubs per week—he shall attour performance forfeit a sum equal to the amount of the price of his working the deficient tubs, to be stopped off what wages may be then due him. And if these do not amount to so much, then off the first end of the wages next falling due to him. But if in the succeeding four weeks he puts out his 200 tubs, and makes up the deficiency in four weeks preceding, he shall redeem his forfeit, and be paid for his work.

“Further, each coalier having a full hook, is to put out as aforesaid, daily and every lawful day, at least 4 tubs of panwood, measuring 2 bolls for each tub, whereof he shall be paid 3½d. sterling, and for whatever of that quantity he shall fail to put out daily as aforesaid, he shall forfeit to the lessees the selling price thereof for the time, to be stopped off his wages weekly, but redeemable within the ensuing week in similar manner as the

forfeiture for deficient coals is hereinbefore declared redeemable within a month, each coalier being expressly hereby bound and obliged to clean his room of panwood every time before he leaves it.

“And if any coalier has more than one full hook, or less than one, he shall be bound to put out more or less in proportion, at the rate of 50 tubs per week of great coal, and 4 tubs of panwood daily for a full hook; and every coalier who at the end of the aforesaid term of 12 months from the commencement of this their new agreement, shall be indebted to the lessees from idleness and deficiency in his working in terms hereof, or otherwise, shall continue bound to work under this agreement, and in terms thereof, till his debt is completely extinguished by stoppages off his wages.

“If the coalier shall be stopped from working by the lessees, they shall not be bound to turn out the quantity aforesaid, for the wherein they may be so stopped, and shall be allowed 20d. per day of play wages for each day he stops them. And in order to prevent the carts for coals waiting on the hill, no coalier is to be entitled to have his panwood “ginned” when coals are called for, nor coals when panwood is called for, but shall be bound to send them up when called for, in order to keep the gin going, and to answer the demand on the hill.

“If the lessees shall see it an advantage to lower the price of the coals to the “sale,” the coaliers hereby bind themselves to lower their prices of working in proportion.

“And as great inconvenience has arisen from several of the coaliers who lie idle for several day in the beginning of the week after they begin to work, stopping their neighbour’s coals from being “ginned” till such time as they have got as much work sent up as bring them as far forward as their neighbours who have begun to work before them, it is hereby expressly stipulated that no coalier shall, for any such reason, or upon any pretext whatever, stop his neighbour’s work from being sent to the pit-bottom, or from coming up as it comes there, or banksman or other man leading any coalier’s coals when at the pit-bottom, or the “gin” from bringing them up.

“And if the whole of the coaliers shall at any time be idle without reasonable excuse, they must pay the lessees’ rent of the coal for such time, or if one, or whatever number less than the whole of them shall be idle, they must pay their proportion of the rent for such time. And in order to answer an extra demand, each coalier shall help his proportion to keep a sufficient stock of coals at the pit-bottom, viz., at least 400 tubs, if all the coaliers are working in one pit.

“The coalier is to have no allowance or payment for working either stormy coal, or stages, or small hitches, or suchlike oncost below ground, all which is on account of the high price given—to be borne by the coalier. And every coalier in the field shall work wherever the oversman shall think proper, and according to his lot or cast.

“The coals are to be all filled at the pit-bottom, with brandered shovels two inches wide, and if any tub is deficient in weight, and if the defect is not sent up during the time of three tubs drawing, that tub shall be condemned without longer waiting; and if any tub comes up below 4 cwts., it shall be condemned without remedy and in like manner. Proportionately as to panwood, according as has been the custom at the work.

“Each coalier to have one tub of fire-coal per week, and a bearer one tub per two weeks, should they live in houses by themselves. No coalier nor bearer to be allowed to carry away coals from below ground, nor to sell nor use them in any other manner than burning them in their own houses, under a penalty of 5s. sterling for each offence. All coaliers’ and bearers’ fire-coal to be taken from the hill, the same in quality as given to the sale.

“The lessees reserve liberty to themselves to make what alterations in the work they think proper, and to employ what number of coaliers they please. And each at signing this agreement is to receive a “bounty” for himself and bearer, one pound six shillings and seven pence sterling.

“If any of the coaliers or bearers shall give insulting language, or strike others below ground, they shall be fined of 5s. for each offence. And further, the parties hereto are respectively bound to perform the haill articles and conditions herein contained, faithfully and peaceably; and they consent to the registration hereof in the book of Council and Session, Sheriff-court books of Haddington, or others competent, that letters of horning on six days charge, and all other executions necessary may pass on a decret to be interponed hereto in the usual form, and constitute their procurators for that purpose.—In witness whereof these presents, written by Hugh Thom, coal griever at Elphinstone, are subscribed by the said lessees, Messrs Landers & Durie, at Elphinstone, the 11th day of March 1811, before these witnesses—George Kinly, junior, and Adam Brown, both coaliers at Elphinstone, and by the said coaliers, of the dates annexed to their respective marks or subscriptions, before the witnesses above named and designed.

George Kinly, Junior, *witness.*

JOHN DURIE.

Adam Brown, *witness.*

George Kinly, Junior,	entered Feby.	1, 1811.
James Reid's × mark,	„ April	9, 1811.
George Kinly, Senior's × mark,	„ Feby.	1, 1811.
David Landels,	„ Feby.	1, 1811.
Adam Brown,	„ April	9, 1811.
John Howie's × mark,	„ March	7, 1811.
Peter Reid's × mark,	„ April	9, 1811.
William Morton.		
Alex. Rutherford, to serve for 2 years.		
Archd. Rutherford, „ 2 years.		
Alex. Rutherford, „ 2 years.		
James Tosh.		
John Howie's × mark, March 7, 1812.		
Thomas Scot's × mark.		
George Neill.”		

The names of the subscribers to the foregoing agreement vividly recall to our earliest recollections the sayings of some who well knew these Elphinstonians of old. There the natives, for many generations past, are said to have excelled in the manly sports of wrestling, bullet-throwing, and quoit-playing; and if at times they were well matched by their rival athletes of Penston and Macmerry, they never were easily overcome even by their compeers at Tranent.

Cock-fighting, however,—the ghost of which often yet appears on a moonlight night in the district,—seems to have been the great hobby of these villagers; and until prohibited by law, Elphinstone Fair-day, commonly called Pate's Fair after a well-known character and cock-fighter of the village, was the great day of the year for engaging in this cruel sport.

Many are the stories told of the privations not a few of these sporting miners entailed upon themselves for weeks before the great event came round, that they might hoard up not only shillings but sovereigns too, the better to back the chances of their favourite birds. Even the wives, especially those whose husbands were breeders of gamecocks, would be occasionally afflicted with the prevailing passion, when they were not slow to support their lords and masters in their betting transactions.

Those men, however, whose wives were decidedly against this cruel sport, had many difficulties to contend with in striving to keep their hoardings safe, and various were the schemes they had recourse to lest they should be despoiled of their treasure. Many of them, it is alleged, would carry their gold and silver pieces down into the mines they wrought in, and hide them away in the old workings. But even there would the prying eyes of their watchful spouses follow them, with the result usually of extorting their secret, and possessing themselves of the spoil.

Some weeks prior to the day on which Pate's Fair was held, it was the invariable custom of the cock-breeders of Elphinstone, Crosshouses, Pearlstone, and Cinderha', to challenge their rival breeders of Tranent, Macmerry, Penston, Dalkeith, Easthouses, &c., to a match on the fair-day, when forthwith the cutting of combs, paring of heels, and applying of spurs commenced. These preliminaries effected, the birds were—"closeted," that is, they were confined in a dark room, large closet, or big deal-box made for the purpose, and there hidden away out of sight till the day of battle arrived. Dealt with in this manner, they were said to be made "wild for the fight."

It was nothing unusual to see fifty or sixty birds engaged in one day at this fair; and as it was impossible to bribe the combatants to lose or win at the pleasure of their backers, each one was expected to do his best to prevail in the contest, which in a cockfight simply means to kill his antagonist; and woe to the bird who flinched or "turned tail" in this life or death struggle, the doom he had sought to avert in fleeing from his foe, was instantly awarded him at the hand of his master.

The last "main" fought in Elphinstone was in 1844, a few months previous to the passing of an Act prohibiting such sports. There were fifty birds entered for this tournament, and all of these were brought to the field, and fought on the day appointed. The sports were brought to a close as in former years with what was familiarly known as a "shake-bag match."

This was indeed a very peculiar system of cockfighting ; and though perhaps quite in keeping with the brutal tastes of the promoters of these sports, would really seem to have been the most disgusting of all. Owing to the way this match was gone about, it was impossible that any one could know whose birds would be entered, or how many would take part in the *melée*.

On this occasion there were twenty entries, at £1 a-head, and on time being called the birds were brought forward, each in a bag, out of which it was shaken or dropt at random into the cock-pit, and there the whole were allowed to fight through other in any manner they pleased, the last bird left alive in the pit being declared victor, and to its proprietor was awarded the whole of the entry-money. The bird which carried off the prize at this last great "shake-bag match" belonged to Mr John Pride, a native of Easthouses, and who at the time was a master baker in Dalkeith. Will Campbell, long famous as a horse-breaker in the district, had the honour of digging the pit for the last Elphinstone cock-fight. People came from great distances to see the Elphinstone "mains" fought ; and many a one, we are assured, who attended "Pate's Fair" had to be carried away from it, for the day's orgies never failed to terminate in a free fight, in which, if no lives were lost, bones were often broken.

That these barbarous sports are still patronised in the district, though on a small scale, is no great secret, night being now the principal time when the combats take place ; but that even mid-day contests are not unknown is also an admitted fact. Only a few months ago a main was fought in the neighbourhood of New Winton, on which occasion the villages of Penston and Elphinstone were arrayed against each other, and such was the interest taken in the contest that the coalworks in both districts were for the day thrown idle ; and so secretly had the arrangements been made, that even those in authority at the works were unaware of the reason why the pits had not been working until after the affair was over.

Barely two years ago the most extensive main on record since the palmy days of Pate's Fair, was fought at the old castle of Fawside, when Tranent, Macmerry, Penston, Elphinstone, Dalkeith, Newtongrange, and Easthouses were arrayed against the county of Fife. But whether the north or south side of the Forth was victorious on that day we have failed to ascertain. The most successful bird engaged, however, was one that belonged to a well-known breeder from Tranent.

In 1800 the population of Elphinstone was 304 ; in 1840 it

was 250; and in 1882 the inhabitants of the village and district numbered 597.

VILLAGE SCHOOL.

A school appears to have existed in the village of Elphinstone for a great many years. It was, however, proportionately small for the district. It was dingy and uncomfortable within, and had anything but a pleasing aspect from without; so in 1869, through the exertions of Dr Cæsar, Mr Fortune, and others, a new and commodious building was erected. This school was transferred to the management of Tranent School Board after the passing of the Education Act for Scotland, and the School Board have since erected a commodious dwelling-house for the teacher. This year there are 158 scholars on the roll-book; and we believe, under the present headmaster,—Mr Arthur Gaw,—the school has attained a high standard of efficiency, some of his scholars having gained bur-saries in a competition with the children attending the different elementary schools in the county.

A neat little chapel in connection with the Primitive Methodist body was also recently erected here, the stones for the building having been presented by Lord Elphinstone, were quarried from a field adjoining the Tower. A number of miners who had attached themselves to that religious denomination were the quarriers. Indeed, the cost of the fabric seems to have been mainly defrayed out of the freewill offerings of brethren in the locality, by certain of whom also services are regularly conducted every Sunday afternoon. The members of the body here, however, like those of the same denomination at Cockenzie, are under charge of the clergyman at Tranent.

COCKLE REID, THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Cockle Reid was indeed a peculiar character. He was terribly bow-legged, of dwarfish stature, and flourished as a school teacher in Elphinstone upwards of half a century ago. Whether or not he succeeded in turning out many famous scholars we are unaware, but, as the story goes, he was mortally afraid of soldiers. It is said that if any child in his school ever chanced to remark in his hearing that a soldier was in the village, he instantly dismissed the children, closed the school, and getting into his box of wood-shavings which served the purpose of a bed, there he remained throughout the day.

This trick, it may be premised, once found out by the scholars, was often afterwards repeated.

MEG'S CHUCK.

This is a stone bullet of enormous size and weight. It lies by the side of the Old Smiddy, but how it came there not even the oldest member in the village ever heard. It is said, however, by the believers in witchcraft, to have belonged to a famous Elphinstone witch named Meg, who used to turn it into a horse and ride it down to Harry's Burn, where, as soon as it tasted the water, it became a stone once more, when she and her neighbour witches would play at chucks with it, while their auld gude men lay soond asleep at hame. Meg afterwards turned it into a horse and again rode home upon it, leaving it where it is still to be seen; but we presume no Elphinstonian of the present day need now try to move that stone as Meg did.

FOUR BOYS LOST IN THE WASTE.

The coal-wastes at Fuffet's Plantation are said to be a continuation of the old workings in and around Tranent. They have always been a grand retreat for Reynard, and many a lamb is known to have been devoured in their depths.

Upwards of thirty years ago a gundyman from Musselburgh used to frequent the village of Elphinstone once a week with his wares, and in order to become possessors of his confections many of the village youths entered these wastes, and brought out to him large quantities of bones. This had gone on for a considerable time. One day, however, four boys entered on a similar errand and failed to find their way back. They were two days and a night awanting, and the consternation which prevailed in the village may be more easily imagined than described. Several bands of miners travelled long distances into the old workings in search of them, and when the boys were found there were great rejoicings amongst the villagers. On the next visit of the gundyman the women turned out, smashed his barrow, and drove him out of the village with stones. He returned no more to Elphinstone.

JAMES SMEATON.

James Smeaton was born and brought up an Elphinstonian, and who in the parish, we wonder, does not yet remember the

halesome face of that genial-hearted, if somewhat roughly-polished, good old man? James was a weaver by profession, and continued to ply his shuttle so long as his own frame held good, and was the last to follow that craft in Elphinstone.

James was the senior elder in the parish church of Tranent for a long term of years, and in the session-house was a very terror to evildoers. He himself had been most exemplary in his conduct all through life, and woe to the frail fair ones who were compelled to stand before him, for, as he said of himself, "he knew how to put them through the heckle-pins." One day, however, even in this line, James got more than he bargained for. Some half-dozen girls, each with a babe on her knee, appeared in the session-house before him, and beginning at the one end of the seat, "Weel, lass," said he, looking very stern, "whae's the faither o' your bairn?" "Henry Stalkers, sir," "That lascivious beast again!" remarked the elder. "And yours, girl?" cried he, in evident indignation, addressing the second. "Hendry Stalkers, too," replied the lass, beginning to cry. "Mercy on us!" shrieked old Smeaton, the perspiration breaking all over his forehead, "surely the world's comin' to a close. And yours, you guilty slut, are you here again?" he almost howled to the third. "Deed an' it's jist the vera same man, sir," replied she. "Brydone, Brydone," he cried, addressing the session-clerk, while the tears ran over his cheeks with sorrow, "I can thole this nae langer. Dash doon at once a' the six tae the brute, for I maun awa hame noo!" and lifting his hat, home to Elphinstone he trudged, leaving the session-clerk and his fellow-elders to finish the work in their own way.

As an attender on religious ordinances James is said never to have had an equal, at least in the parish of Tranent. He had always been blest with good health, and none of his fellow-worshippers throughout a long term of years could point to the time when James had absented himself from the regular forenoon service. A graceful tribute was paid to his memory a short time after his decease by the erection of a handsome monument over his remains. It is situated a little to the east of the church, and bears the following inscription:—

In Memory of
James Smeaton, Elphinstone,
Who died on the 12th day of August 1868,
Aged 90 years.
Erected by a few friends
In appreciation of the long and
Faithful service he rendered to the
Parish.



CHAPTER XV.

Elphinstone Tower—Letter from Lord Elphinstone—Description of the Tower—Armorial Shields—The Yew Tree at Ormistonhall—Wishart the Preacher at Tranent, Longniddry, Haddington, Ormiston, and Elphinstone Tower—Lord Bothwell—Cardinal Beaton—Wishart burned at the Stake—Cardinal Beaton murdered—Sir Thomas Dick Lauder—Description of the Grounds 100 years ago—The Chapel Yard—Tombstones—Burnet—H—Ker—Mill—Lawson—Clydesdale.



WHEN was the tower at Elphinstone erected? and by whom? are perplexing questions; and after perusing many authorities, fondly hoping but in vain to elicit the desired information, we had recourse to the head of the ancient house of that name, and his lordship favoured us with the following reply:—

“Carberry Tower, Musselburgh, Nov. 9, 1882.

“Sir,—Elphinstone Tower was built by John de Elphinstone, who died about the year 1260. It remained in the direct male line for about two hundred years, until Sir Alexander Elphinstone having been killed at the Battle of Piper-dean, his only daughter Agnes succeeded to the estate, against the claim of her uncle Henry, the heir-male. Agnes married a Johnstone of Annandale. Their descendants continued in possession for about two centuries. The Tower and the Tower Farm, which formed but a small portion of the original estate, was purchased by the Hon. William Elphinstone, third son of the tenth lord. The more modern house, which adjoins the Tower, bore the date 1697. It having no historical or architectural merits, was pulled down in 1865.—Your obedient servant,

“Mr P. M’Neill.”

ELPHINSTONE.”

From the foregoing, we gather that this interesting relic of the past was constructed in the early part of the thirteenth century, though certainly its wonderful state of preservation would bespeak for the structure a much more recent origin.

On a kindly invitation we recently inspected the fine old keep, and on entering the grounds were struck with admiration



ELPHINSTONE TOWER.

Jas. Veitch.

at the picturesque beauty of its immediate surroundings. Indeed, if the visitor of former years had cause to deplore the neglected appearance of this historical spot, agreeably disappointed he would be were he now to revisit it; for under the tasteful management of Mr Fortune, late tenant of the Tower Farm, the place became a veritable paradise; and the present tenant, Mr Webster, is, we are proud to say, nobly upholding its good name.

Approaching the base of the Tower, the eye at once detects that buildings have formerly been attached to the fortalice, the marks of their removal, about halfway up the castle, being still visible. This was the original mansion-house on the Tower Farm, built in 1697, and pulled down in 1865. In close proximity to the castle there is a draw-well, sunken no one knows when. This well was said to be as deep as the Tower was high; but on careful measurement it was found to be only 45 feet deep, whereas the Tower, from its base to its battlements, measures 65 feet in height.

In form the Tower is an oblong square, measuring in front from east to west 50 feet, and from north to south 36 feet. From top to bottom not a projection, turret, or buttress, interferes with the perpendicular mass of masonry, which is composed of huge blocks of hewn stone, laid in courses, almost every course being thickly lined with oyster shells,—these shells, like the blocks of which the walls are composed, seeming as fresh to-day as if they had been placed there barely six years instead of six centuries ago.

Like its neighbour at Fawside, the Tower at Elphinstone is substantially founded upon rock, which everywhere projects through the surface of the ground around the building. The walls at its base are upwards of 12 feet thick, at about 10 feet from its foundation they narrow to 10 feet in thickness, at a height of 20 feet they diminish to about 8 feet, and go on gradually decreasing in thickness as they rise in height.

Ascending three steps we enter the buildings by a fine Norman-shaped archway, on which hangs an immense wooden door. The height of this entrance is $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet, by $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet in width. Descending three steps inward, we find ourselves in what is now one lofty vaulted chamber, but which in days of yore evidently formed two,—an upper and under apartment,—the openings in the walls all around the room for the reception of the joisting testifying to this fact. The whole apartment is lighted by an orifice in the western gable, and an opening to the north, which seems at one time to have been a small window.

The under apartment would seem to have been the hall for the servitors of the house, where no doubt in days of yore all the family cooking would be done.

Entrance to what is now the second flat or storey of the Tower, is obtained by a narrow staircase to the left of the doorway. This apartment is about 30 feet long by 18 feet wide, and nearly 25 feet in height. It is lighted by two windows, one looking to the north the other to the south, and is said to have been the grand banqueting hall of the Tower. A chimney-place of enormous size occupies the west end of the apartment. Immediately over the fire-place, and ranged parallel to each other, are eight armorial shields finely carved in stone. Nos. 1 and 2, to the north, are those of the house of Seton; No. 3, of the house of Maitland; No. 4, of the Douglas; No. 5, supposed to be that of the house of Menzies. In reference to shield No. 5, we communicated with the Lyon Office, and are in receipt of the following kindly note:—

“31st March 1883.

“Dear Sir,—After a careful search I have not been able to find that any branch of the Family of Menzies ever bore two lions on the chief, which is the bearing of the name in general. The coat cut in stone is not, to my knowledge, a Scottish coat at all; it is not given in Papworth’s Ordinary of Arms for Great Britain and Ireland, and would therefore seem to be hitherto unknown, which makes it all the more interesting—Yours faithfully,

R. R. STODDART.

“Mr P. M’Neill.”

No. 6, of the house of Johnstone; No. 7, that of the house of Elphinstone; and No. 8, once more of the house of Maitland.

Pursuing our way up that same narrow staircase, after a deal of twisting and turning we arrive in what is now the top flat of the building, but which, evidently like the undermost apartment, originally formed two flats. Communicating with this apartment are a number of small bed-closets, while a narrow vaulted passage, lighted by a few orifices, runs from east to west along the whole length of the building to the north. In the centre of this passage, however, wholly barricading the way, stands what seems a most unnecessary piece of masonic handicraft, the removal of which certainly would add much to the amenity of the fine old keep.

Taking one more upward flight, we arrive at the top, and look over the battlements overhanging the lofty tower. Here the sight which meets the wondering eyes of the beholder is hard to describe. From east to west, and from north to south, the whole surrounding country is beautiful in the extreme. Linger with an eastward gaze, the wandering eye discerns,

deep hid among its ancestral trees, the ancient house of Ormiston; and what memories does this scene recall? The Tower on which we stand, and the mansion on which the eye delights to rest, are equally and closely bound up with one of the darkest episodes in Scottish history,—the murder of George Wishart the martyr.

Of this leader of the Reformation, we learn from Knox's History, that on arriving in East Lothian he took up his abode with Hew Douglas of Longniddry, the patron of Knox. Here he remained for some time, preaching on two Sundays at Tranent to great crowds of people, with whom he is said to have been well pleased.

On leaving Longniddry, Wishart went to Haddington, where he naturally expected to address far greater audiences than could be gathered by him at Tranent. In this, however, he was sadly disappointed; he could not there obtain even an hundred auditors. The cause of this was said to be, that here the "Earl of Bothwell, who had credit and obedience, by procurement of Cardinal Beaton, had given inhibition to both town and country, that they should in no wise give an ear to the heretical doctrine under the pain of his displeasure."

Sadly was the heart of the Reformer grieved at the lukewarmness or want of courage of the people of Haddington, and, says the historian of the Reformation, "most bitterly did he pour out his soul against them. In such vehemency and threatening continued that servant of God near an hour and a-half, in which he declared all the plagues that ensued as plainly as after our eyes saw them performed." In the end he said, "I have forgotten myself and the matter I should have treated of; but let these my last words concerning public preaching remain in your minds till that God send you new comfort." Thereafter he made a short paraphrase upon the second table, with an exhortation to patience, to the fear of God, and unto the works of mercy; and so ended, as it were, making his last testament, as the issue fully declared.

John Knox, who had listened to this discourse, was eagerly desirous to attach himself to Wishart, but the martyr seemed to have a presentiment of what was about to befall him; affectionately he therefore declined Knox's offer, dismissing him with these remarkable words, "One is sufficient for a sacrifice." After Wishart parted with Knox at Haddington, he returned to Ormiston, accompanied by Douglas of Longniddry, John Sandilands, younger of Calder, the Laird of Brunston, and others, with their servants.

The assemblage in the old house of Ormiston that evening must have been a happy one. Wishart is said to have been unusually cheerful, and after supper addressed those around him on "The death of God's children." His assembled friends then joined him in singing the fifty-first Psalm. This ended, he went to his chamber, where sooner than was common to him he went to bed and fell into a sound sleep.

At midnight he and all within the mansion were awakened by the trampling of horses and the clang of arms in the court without. The house was found to be surrounded, and a loud and stern voice from without, which was immediately recognised as that of the Earl of Bothwell, was heard summoning its inmates to surrender at discretion. He called upon the laird, declaring to him his purpose, at the same time warning him, "that it was in vain to attempt to hold the house, for that the Governor and the Cardinal, with all their power, were coming; that, indeed, the Cardinal was at Elphinstone, not a mile distant from Ormiston; but if he would deliver up the man to him, he would promise, upon his honour, that he should be safe, and that it should pass the power of the Cardinal to do him any harm or hurt." Allured by these words, and taking counsel with the said "Master George," who at the first word said, "Open the gates, the blessed will of my Lord be done," Wishart forthwith was delivered up to his enemies, was seized, dragged out of the house, and mounted upon horseback; Bothwell all the time assuring him that his life and person would be perfectly safe.

Away swept the party of horsemen with their prisoner, making straight for Elphinstone Tower, where the wily Cardinal was in waiting, thirsting for the blood of his victim, on whom he is said to have grinned at beholding; and that, instead of thanking Bothwell for the success of his enterprise, he expressed chagrin and disappointment that only one victim had been secured. A party was instantly sent back to seize his companions, but Beaton was again doomed to disappointment, for Brunston, whom he had chiefly desired to secure, had escaped to the neighbouring woods.

The great reformer, however, had now done with preaching for ever. No more were his silvery tones to be heard beneath the spreading branches of the famous yew tree¹ at Ormiston, proclaiming a free and full salvation to the thousands listening

¹ A favourite resort of the Reformers. The tree is still blooming as beautiful as ever.

around him. "One," he said, "was sufficient for a sacrifice;" and well he seemed to know the cross he would be called upon to bear. After suffering many indignities at the hands of his captors, Wishart was carried from Elphinstone Tower to Edinburgh, thence to Bothwell's house at Hailes, and from there to Cardinal Beaton's castle at St Andrews, where, in 1546, he was burned to death at the stake, the Cardinal witnessing the sight from his windows. Three months later, and the murder of Wishart was terribly avenged. A band of the reforming party, headed by James Melville and Norman Leslie, broke into the castle at St Andrews, and slew the Cardinal. Taking possession of the castle, they afterwards hung the bleeding body of Beaton over the battlements, in sight of the citizens.

Returning to the story of Elphinstone Tower. The late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, who wrote some half century ago, says concerning it:—"Even the comparatively modern parts are extremely picturesque, and the south-eastern tower furnishes some lessons in Scottish architecture that are well worth studying. It is still inhabited, and might be made a fine old residence, but the grounds around it have been massacred in the cruelest manner. We ourselves recollect, not a great many years ago, that it was associated with a grove of magnificent old trees, but these were most mercilessly subjected to the axe. Before our time, however, the grounds to the eastward of the building were laid out in a quaint and interesting old pleasure, where, besides the umbrageous trees that sheltered it, all manner of shrubs grew in luxuriance, the ground being laid out in straight terrace walks, squares, triangles, and circles; and, in short, all manner of mathematical figures, with little bosquets, labyrinths, and open pieces of shaven turf. What, we ask, should have been the fate of the vandal who mercilessly destroyed so beautiful a specimen of the ancient style of landscape gardening?" Well might Sir Thomas put such a question. A very curious specimen of these fine old trees to which the baronet refers is yet to be seen in the centre of the garden to the north-west of the castle. Its roots are deeply embedded in the remains of the old outworks which once surrounded the Tower.

In the western gable of the Tower there is a great fissure, which runs nearly from top to bottom, and for which it seems difficult to account. Tradition holds that this gable was rent asunder during the night of Wishart's confinement there; and, say the country people, it was done as a sign of God's displeasure at the incarceration of the martyr.

A little to the east of the Tower lies the chapel yard, which serves as a burying-ground for the villagers of Elphinstone. Here many, many years ago, as seen on the old plans of the parish of Tranent, there used to be a chapel. This, no doubt, served its day and generation well. The curate who was wont to officiate within its walls would presumably be the domestic chaplain of the Tower; and the ancient place of sepulture, no doubt, retains within its bosom the venerated dust of many a laird of Elphinstone. The chapel, we presume, would stand on that spot, near the western wall, now verdant with boortree bushes.

Not long ago, on entering a carefully-kept cemetery, with its puny little footnotes, "Keep on the footpaths," everywhere cropping up, what a disagreeable feeling crept over us. At first we wondered why at all the entrance had been unbarred. We dared not leave the gravelly path lest we should have crushed, not the beautiful dust of some beloved husband, wife, or child, but lest we should have left a heel-mark on the closely-shaven lawn, or a finger-mark on the gaudy monuments to the dead.

It was with very different feelings, however, that we entered the fine old chapel yard of Elphinstone. Here we found God's acre quite in keeping with our anticipations, and, just as we wished, natural grasses, all unshorn, and primitive tombstones lying everywhere. These are not the grasses that can be easily crushed, nor the monuments that can be moved with a finger. These grasses, or their forebears, have here a thousand summers seen; and the tombstones—those rough unhewn blocks, we mean, those boulders on which a hammer or chisel never has fallen—which mark the graves of the departed, have, we suppose, from time immemorial served a similar purpose.

Looking around, however, we find there are a few other monuments here, which have not marked the spots where the ancient fathers—the "Picts"—were laid, and of these not the worst is that of—

JOHN BURNET.

Thus it reads:—

W. B. M. F.

In Memory of

John Burnet, Innkeeper in Edinburgh,

Who died the 8th day of January 1798,

Aged 40 years.

Also

Jennet Mark, spouse to William Burnet,

Who died the 6th day of August 1825,

Aged 53 years.

The next to receive attention is that of—

H.

This is a very peculiar little stone, only about 12 inches high, and all hollowed on one side, as if it had at first been intended for a triple water-course. It has no other lettering than H as above.

A short distance behind the foregoing is the largest and the most pretentious stone within the grounds. It speaks of one of those fine old highly-respected village worthies—one who was always full of humour—one who knew old Elphinstone well, and never was afraid to tell his story. It is that—

In Memory
of Thomas Ker,
Who died Feby. 5th 1869,
Aged 66 years.

A little to the west of the above stands a very old tombstone, and on which a deal of fine labour has been expended. It is that of—

JAMES MILL.

Facing the east it reads :—

I. M.
K. B.
James Mill,
1862.

On the west side of the monument there is, finely cut, a skull and cross-bones, also a tailor's goose and scissors indicating the profession of James Mill.

A rather nice little tombstone is that of "Agnes Lawson," and thus it tells its story :—

In Memory of
Agnes Lawson,
The beloved Wife of John Dickson,
Who died the 9th of June 1873,
Aged 29 years.
Also
Christinia Dickson,
Died 21st May 1872,
Aged 3 months.
Also
Charles Blades,
Died 23d September 1871,
Aged 13 months.

A nice little tombstone is that of Clydesdale ; it is a metal plate, and the only one of the kind the graveyard contains. Thus it reads :—

In Memory of
David Blair Clydesdale,
Born 1st December 1880,
Died 28th October 1881.





CHAPTER XVI.

St Germain—Bartholmu Mestre de la maison de St Germen—Knights Templars—Lady Carmichael—The Andersons—Tennant—Seton Chapel—Catherine Sinclair—Lord Seton—Burning of the Edifice—Restoration by the late Lord Wemyss—Burial-place of Lord and Lady Wemyss—Seton Castle—Description of the Old Building—Bow and Arrow Shooting by Queen Mary, Lords Bothwell, Huntly, and Seton—Hill Burton on Tranent—King James at Seton—King Charles at Seton—Earl of Winton—Destruction of the Old and Building of the Present Castle—Seton Mill—Flint Mills—Morton Cottage—Seton Village—Corporation of Tailors—Full Account of the Feuars prior to their Banishment from Seton—Meadowmill.

ST GERMAINS.

WAS ever lover of nature more impressed with the beauties of the floral world, or more ravished by the scents and sounds which pervade the air on a bright summer morning, than were we at the prospect of a stroll beneath the umbrageous trees and among the sweet-scented shrubs which surround this fair domain! and oh, with what feelings of exquisite delight do we now enter thy sylvan policies, thou fair St Germain! To-day thy woods are vocal with the flute-like notes of the blackbird, the linnet's song,

“The moan of doves in immemorial elms!”

Threading the thicket where we enter, the visitor soon strikes a bridle-path which leads him to the front of the mansion, long the country seat of the late Mr David Anderson, the beloved of rich and poor alike,—the man of whom it may in verity be said, “never lost a friend or made an enemy.” Here, then, let us pause, for truly not in the parish of Tranent is a spot more rich in “storied memories.”

Once in a time here stood an hospital, but by whom it was founded is now impossible to ascertain. To the east of the mansion-house, curiously built on the side of the burn, and almost entirely overgrown with ivy, are the remains of a very ancient building. This ruin is probably part of the original house on the estate, perhaps part of the hospital; or, what is more likely, it may have been a chapel built for the use of the more distressed among the inmates of that hospital,—those who were unable to proceed for religious services to the church at Tranent or to the chapel at Seton. If so, it would, we have no doubt, serve good purpose as a sanctuary as well to the Templars of old, who latterly had here a habitation.

Regarding this in the light of a chapel, we are led to wonder if at any age a certain rule prevailed as to the placing of these sacred edifices, for at many of the oldest habitations we seldom fail to find the wimpling burnie coursing down between the mansion-house and chapel.

In "Ragman's Roll," mention is made of one Bartholmu Mestre de la maison de St Germen, anno 1296, and probably it was from him the estate derived its name.

At a later date this hospital became the possession of the "Ancient Order of Knights Templars," and may possibly have served as a retreat for the worn-out members of the brotherhood. Be that as it may, we find in 1494 the house of St Germain, along with most of its revenues, bestowed by James IV. upon King's College, Aberdeen, though how long it remained in the possession of that celebrated seat of learning we have no means of ascertaining.

In Kingston's "History of the House of Seton," we find—"Sir John Seton, who was fifth son to Robert, Earl of Winton, got the lands of St Germain after his brother Sir Alexander obtained the Earldom of Eglinton. He married Margaret Kellie, daughter of Mr William Kellie, one of the senators of the College of Justice. He had by her several sons; his eldest son John yet living, possessor of the lands of St Germain." How long the Setons held the estate we have no means of knowing. Certain it is the property has since that time frequently changed hands.

The present mansion is a comparatively modern erection, and was built probably by Lady Carmichael, whose seat it was about the middle of last century. On the decease of her ladyship the estate was acquired by the Andersons. Old John Brydone, the parish schoolmaster, used to tell the following story about this purchase, which he had from one of the

family :—While Mr Anderson was acting as private secretary to the famous Warren Hastings, Governor-General of India, one day a map of East Lothian fell into his hands, and glancing over it his eye lighted on St Germain's, the aspect of which pleased him so much that he remarked to a companion, "If I ever get home to my native land, I will purchase St Germain's." It is needless to add that the secretary had his wish fulfilled. The present owner of St Germain's estate is Mr Tennant, of the Wellpark Brewery, Glasgow.

SETON CHAPEL.

Closely adjoining the policies of St Germain's, but a little to the north-west, and delightfully sheltered by many fine old trees, stands the collegiate church of Seton. It is of great antiquity, and truly a most interesting specimen of Gothic architecture.

When this ancient fane was erected, or by whom, there is no available information to be had. But in the reign of Robert III. (1390) an addition was made to it by Catherine Sinclair of Hermandstone, widow of William, first Lord Seton. She, according to Maitland's history of that house, "biggit ane yle on the south side of the parish kirk of Seton of fine astler, pendit and theikit it wyth stane, wyth ane sepulture thairin, quhare she lyis, and foundit ane preist to serve thair perpetullie."

Nearly a century later, the widow of the third Lord Seton "biggit the fairwork of Seytoun above the yett; and als sche biggit the north cross yle of the college kirk of Seytoun, and tuk down ane yle biggit be dame Katherine Sinclair on the south syde of the said college kirk, because the syde of it stood to the syde of the kirk, to mak it ane perfytt and proportionate croce kirk, and biggit the said yle again, and completit it as it now is. And als sche biggit the stepill thairoff to ane gret hicht, sua that it wants lyttill of completing." On the 20th of June 1493 it was made a collegiate church by Lord George Seton, by whom it was also founded for a provost, six prebendaries, two singing boys, and a clerk, out of several chaplaincies united for that effect. The charter of foundation is afterwards confirmed by Andrew, abbot of Newbattle, therein designed "*Apostolicæ Ledis deligatur.*"

This abbot, in the reign of James IV., built the revestry or sacristy of Seton, and roofed it over with stone, but dying soon afterwards, he was buried near the high altar.

From time to time enormous sums of money seem to have been spent by the Seton family in pulling down, rebuilding, and embellishing the ancient chapel. Hardly had it left the hands of the cunning workman in 1544, than it was destroyed by the soldiers of the Earl of Hertford during his invasion of the country in that year. His soldiers also "tuk away the bellis and organis and other movable thingis, and pat thame in thair schippis, and brint the tymber wark within the said kirk."

Once more was the holy fane restored, but only to meet a similar fate, for the day before or after the battle of Pinkie, the English soldiers again destroyed it by fire; and again were its "tursable things" all removed, the bell on this occasion finding its way to the cathedral city of Durham, where probably it still remains.

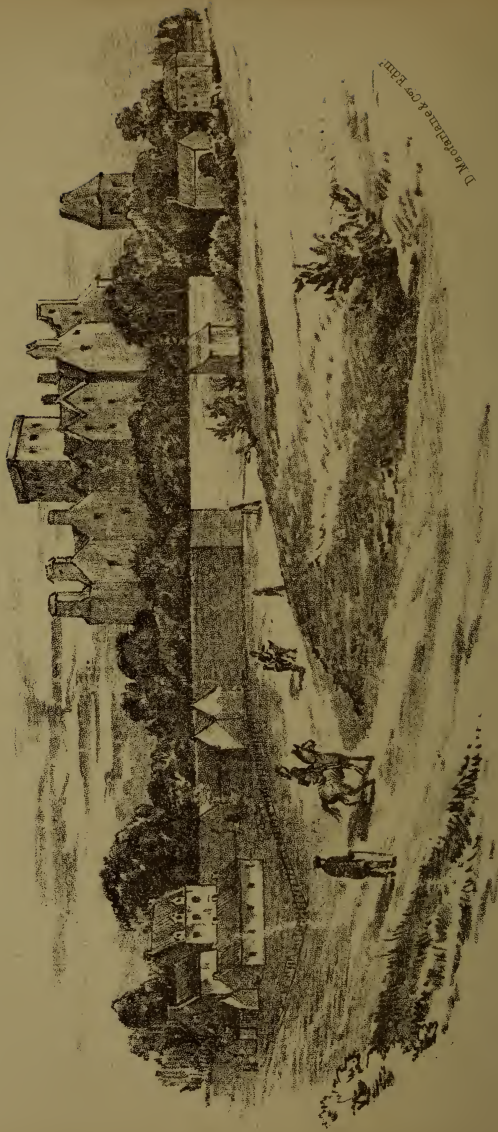
In 1580 the parish of Seton, including its church, was united to the parish of Tranent; and in 1589 the Presbytery of Haddington applied to Lord Seton to appoint a minister to the chapel of Seton.

In 1592 William Setoun, "pretendit provist of Seton," was cited for non-residence. He compeared on the 20th June 1593, and "denyit that the college kirk of Seton was ane benifice of cure, or ane parish kirk; but yet quhatsomever service was done thair, competant to be done in ane parish kirk, was done thair be dispensation, at least be the permissioun or tolerance of the vicar of Tranent; and that if it war ane benifice of cure, he ought not to serve the same but the ordinarie."

On January 2d Seton was proposed to be again erected into a parish, and "enjoined by Act of Commission for Plantation of Kirks on the 17th of April 1650. But Lord Seton delayed, and meanwhile (24th following) entreated the Presbytery to remit his fines in respect of the great charges he will be in erecting the new kirk at Seton."

The new kirk here referred to was probably the restoration of the old fabric after its partial destruction by the English at the battle of Pinkie. "What now remains of the church is the choir or chancel, with the north and south transepts, all of them entire, even to the buttresses and pinnacles that surmount them, the edifice being crowned by an unfinished tower that springs from the intersection of the transepts. This venerable relic of a former age is extremely symmetrical in its proportions, and must have been constructed during the best period of Gothic architecture in the country."¹

¹ Sketches of East Lothian.



SETON PALACE.

The length of the building is about eighty feet, its breadth being somewhat greater. Within the chapel, and in an arched niche on the north wall, lie stone effigies of one of the Lords Seton and his spouse. The baron's figure is represented as clothed in a suit of mail, with a wreath of flowers woven around his helmet.

On a large black marble slab, also in this part of the wall, is a Latin inscription commemorating the services rendered by George fifth Lord Seton, as ambassador from Scotland at the marriage of Queen Mary with the Dauphin of France.

This, we understand, was the same Lord Seton who assisted Queen Mary to escape from the Castle of Lochleven, after the battle of Langside, on which he retired to Flanders, where he remained in exile for two years, driving, it is said, a waggon with a team of four horses for a livelihood.

Since the Seton estate passed into the hands of the Wemyss family, the old chapel has undergone various renovations, and is to be henceforth used as the family mausoleum. The late Earl and his Countess, who for many years took great interest in the building and spent large sums of money in its restoration, now rest side by side within its venerable walls. "Happy in their lives, in their death they are not divided."

On a close inspection of the ground surrounding the chapel, a pathway is discernible leading to the old palace of Seton. This pathway is said to have been built of hewn stone, paved and arched over with the same material, and was used doubtless by the inmates of the palace on their way to and from their devotions. Nothing, however, now remains to show that such an archway ever existed, save the indication of the large heavy moulded archway, and a few paving stones discovered by the workmen when making the late excavations about the building. These stones, it is said, plainly indicated the direction of the old pathway from the palace to the chapel.

SETON PALACE.

A short distance to the west of Seton Chapel stood at one time one of the finest old palaces in Scotland, ever the abode of luxury and wealth, much frequented by the nobility of the kingdom, and not unfrequently the resort of the crowned heads of the realm. The date of its erection, however, like that of the chapel, seems buried in the vaults of oblivion, never to be recovered.

Seton Palace stood in the centre of a twelve-acre plantation

of stately old trees, with a garden to the north and another to the south. The building consisted of three extensive fronts of freestone, with a triangular court in the middle. The front to the south-east had, beside other apartments, a noble hall and drawing-room. This portion of the palace was built probably in the reign of Mary Queen of Scots, for on the ceiling of the great hall was designed the arms of Scotland, with the arms of France on the one hand, and those of Francis II., then Dauphin, with his consort Queen Mary in one escutcheon, on the other, surrounded by the French order of St Michael, &c.

The front to the north was the oldest part of the building. The apartments of state were on the second storey, and were very spacious; in particular, there were three great rooms of at least forty feet high, the furniture of which was covered with crimson velvet laced with gold. There were also two large galleries filled with pictures.

Lord Kingston, in referring to George fifth Lord, while an exile in Flanders, and driving his waggon and team of four, says:—"I have seen his picture in that condition, drawn and vividly painted, upon the north end of the long gallery in Seton, now overlaid with timber. He had for his own particular motto under another picture, which was drawn with the master of the household's baton—*In Adversitate Patiens—In Prosperitate Benevolus—Hazard yet Forward.*"

The royal game of archery was from a very early period regularly practised within the grounds surrounding Seton Palace, which is well known to have been a favourite resort of the beautiful Queen Mary, who not only highly enjoyed this pleasing recreation, but was an adept at the winging of the feathered shaft. It is a historical fact that on one occasion in particular Queen Mary and Lord Bothwell shot at the butts of Seton against the Lords Seton and Huntly, and the latter losing the match they had to provide as a forfeit a dinner at Tranent. Thither her Majesty, with many lords and ladies, repaired, and tradition says that it was in no other than the queer thatched-roofed old house near the foot of the town now possessed by Mr David Dobson, being then the principal hostelry in Tranent, that the royal party dined on the occasion.

Hill Burton, in his "History of Scotland," vol. iv., so late as 1873, remarking on the foregoing event, says:—"What means that place (Tranent) possessed for entertaining royalty in the sixteenth century it were hard to say; it is now a smoky, cindery, colliers' village, rife with whisky shops, &c." Evidently the crusty historian had never set foot within the village,

otherwise he would scarcely have made those not only uncalled for but most unjust remarks.

It is also on record that King James the VI. in 1603, having acceded to the throne of England, left Edinburgh on April 5th for the south, with a retinue of 500 noblemen and others. His route lay by Seton, then the main highway; and that being the funeral day of Robert seventh Lord Seton, his Majesty rested at the south-west corner of the orchard of Seton till his lordship was interred, on which occasion the king was pleased to remark, that "in the deceased he had lost a good and faithful subject."

When Charles I., on the 11th of May 1633, left London for Scotland, determining to be crowned in both parts of the kingdom, he halted at Seton a night on his way to Edinburgh, and here he and his royal cavalcade were luxuriantly feasted by George third Earl of Winton.

In 1715, however, we find the head of the house of Seton no longer loyal to his king nor faithful to his country. Eagerly embracing what was considered a fitting opportunity for the restoration of the House of Stuart to the throne of Great Britain, he was among the first to join the standard of revolt; and that same year we find the palace of Seton taken possession of, and strongly fortified by, the rebel army.

That a rebel stronghold should remain in close proximity to the city of Edinburgh without an attempt being made to demolish it was not to be thought of. Accordingly, with a view to harrying this nest of hornets, on the 19th of October 1715 an attack was made on Seton House by Lord Torphichen and the Earl of Rothes, who marched from Edinburgh with a force of 200 cavalry and 3000 infantry, volunteers for that purpose.

On arriving at the palace, however, the Royalists found the approaches so securely entrenched, and the gates so strongly fortified, that it was deemed inadvisable to attempt to dislodge the rebels without the assistance of artillery; so after exchanging a few shots, without injury to either party, the royal forces returned to Edinburgh. Shortly afterwards the rebels received orders to evacuate Seton House and proceed to England, where on their overthrow in South Britain at the battle of Preston, on November 14, the Earl of Winton, after highly distinguishing himself, was taken prisoner.

His lordship was tried for high treason on March 17, 1716, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed, while his estates, together with his titles and honours, were forfeited to the Crown; but on August 4, 1716, he was fortunate enough to

escape from the Tower of London, by sawing through with great ingenuity the iron bars in the window of his cell.

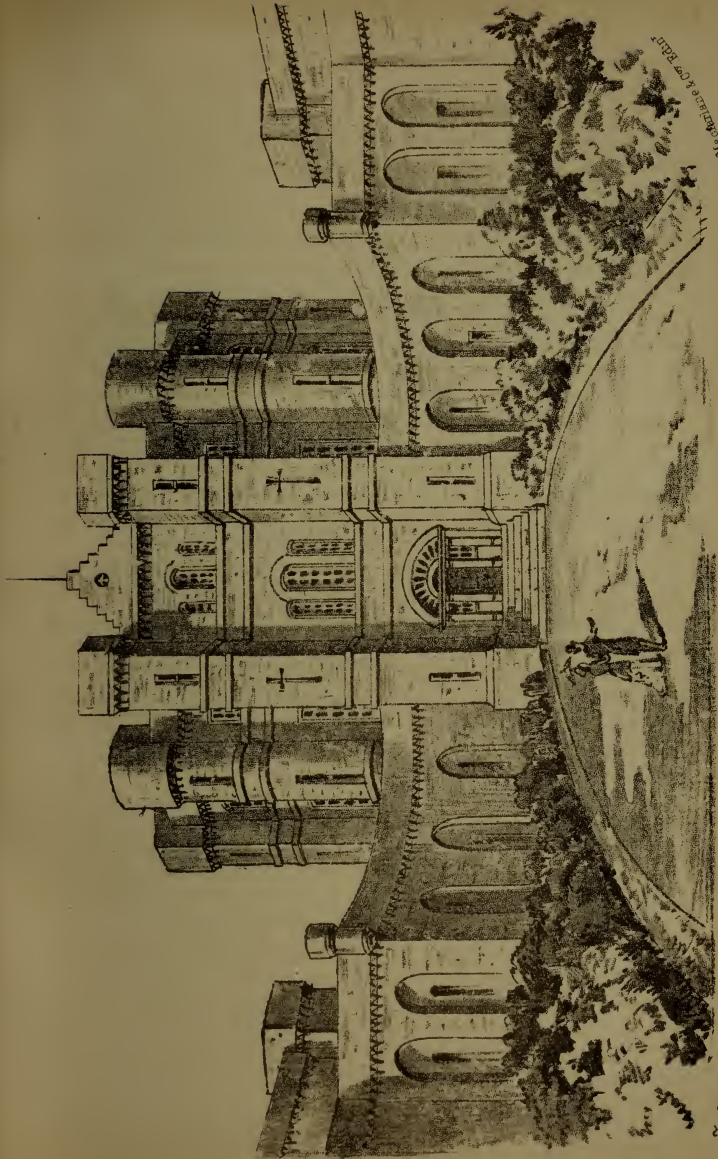
This George, fifth Earl of Winton, was son of the twelfth Lord Seton, by Christian, daughter of John Hepburn of Alderstone, in the county of Haddington. He is noticed by a contemporary (Mackay in his "Memoirs") as "a young gentleman who had been much abroad in the world, as having a particular caprice of temper peculiar to the family, a good estate, a zealous Protestant, and not over twenty-five years old."

He is said, in the history of the house of Seton, "to have quarrelled with his father, and that such was the mechanical skill of the young nobleman, that he went abroad and wrought for two years in the capacity of a journeyman blacksmith." The traditions of the district, as handed down from generation to generation, say that he quarrelled with his father; that the cause of the quarrel was the young nobleman taking up with a gang of gipsies, particularly one of the females of the band who frequented the estate, and the effect was, that he set off with these walnut-coloured wanderers, and followed out the same profession (a tinker) as the band with which he had chosen to cast in his lot. Be it as it may, his strange proceedings very nearly deprived him of his inheritance; for, on the death of his father, the place of his residence was unknown, and on his re-appearance, some of the next nearest heirs in line refused to acknowledge him, and either did or were on the eve of instituting a suit of bastardy against him. In this Earl George terminated the illustrious line of the house of Seton, which had existed in East Lothian for 600 years.

On the attainder of the Earl of Winton, his estates were in 1719 acquired by the York Buildings Company of London, who suffered the palace of Seton to fall to decay. On the bankruptcy of the above company, this portion of their estate fell into the hands of Mr Mackenzie, W.S., who in 1790 had the palace pulled down, and in its place, from a design by Adam of Edinburgh, the present castle was erected.

In Mackenzie's hands, however, the property was not destined long to remain, for owing to the position he held as agent for the creditors upon the bankrupt estate, the proceedings were at once challenged, and the law-courts disannulled the sale; and the estate being once more in the market was, thirteen years afterwards, acquired by the Earl of Wemyss at more than double the price paid by Mackenzie.

The modern castle of Seton may want many of the architectural beauties of the ancient palace, its predecessor; as a work of art, however, it has many admirers.



SETON CASTLE.

J. W. Mason.

No. 10.

D. MacLellan & Co. Edin.



SETON MILL.

At the extreme north end of Seton Castle gardens still birrs away, as blyth as ever, the old flour-mill of Seton. There is no need of steam appliances here, the mill, as of old, summer and winter, spring-time and autumn, being driven by the inexhaustible stream of water which flows from the great Day Level.

It is a well-known fact that some sixty years ago, when the "great black frost" prevailed throughout the country, and every mill-race in the land was frozen up, this stream never ceased to flow. Nor is the cause of the phenomenon far to seek, seeing that the water, rising as it does at a great depth in the coal workings, is comparatively warm when it reaches the surface. A portion of this heat the water must retain at least until it passes Seton Mill. Indeed, in frosty weather, steam may be seen rising from it a long way down its course after it leaves the mouth of the level. At the time above referred to, corn was sent from a distance of some hundreds of miles to be ground at the old mill of Seton.

FLINT-MILL.

A short distance to the north of the flour-mill there used to be a flint-mill. It was driven by the same water-power, the great Day Level. This was erected in the early part of last century, chiefly for the purpose of crushing flints for a glass work that was established by the York Buildings Company at Port-Seton, and latterly for the fine ware potteries of Prestonpans, then the property of Mr Cadell of Cockenzie. Mr Cadell imported his flints in shiploads, of about 150 tons at a time, from Gravesend, and his fine clay from Devonshire.

The flint-mill was in active operation well into the first quarter of the present century for the benefit of Gordon's potteries, also at Prestonpans. On this firm collapsing, however, the flint-mill also rested from its labours. Its ruins may still be seen a little to the east of Port-Seton, within the Gosford policies. There was also a flint-mill on the same water closely adjoining Seton Palace, where a block or two of that fire-producing stone may still be seen.

MORTON COTTAGE.

Only a short distance from the old flint-mill,—that in Gosford policies,—pleasantly situated on the shore of the Forth, stands Morton Cottage, built in the latter part of last century

by Mr Peter Cathie, a builder by profession, and one of those who helped to construct the present castle at Seton.

Cathie held a licensed house at the village of Seton, and seems to have been rather a long-headed *dorogie*, one who knew how to work to his own advantage. He feued a piece of ground off Mackenzie while the castle was in course of erection, and regularly after work hours got together a number of his fellow-workmen, with whom he proceeded to the links and built Morton Cottage. These men he hired by the evening for a "gude dram" nightly on their return to Seton village. In course of time Cathie had his licence transferred to the cottage. The property was lately acquired by the Cockburns of Port-Seton.

SETON VILLAGE.

About 300 yards to the west of Seton Castle stands Seton farmhouse and steading. This is built partly on the ruins of the old village of Seton, but of the old place only a few of the quaint houses, the abodes of its early inhabitants, now remain. Seton as a village is known no more.

In 1791 the population of Seton numbered eighty-six persons, and from what we can learn concerning these natives, they were composed for the most part of weavers, tailors, and shoemakers. These, by their assiduous attention to business throughout the winter months, contrived to manufacture a goodly assortment of their various wares, and with these goods they regularly frequented the annual fairs in East Lothian, where they seldom failed to clear out their surplus stock.

In connection with the village of Seton, Mr John Forsyth has favoured us with the sight of a very curious document; it is dated 1711, and refers to an Incorporation of Tailors, which, though not confined to any particular part of the parish, had its headquarters there. This society must have been instituted much earlier than 1711, for we find, on the 5th of May of that year, its members convened to petition "the noble and potent Earl George, Earl of Wintoune, Lord Seton and Tranent, to incorporate them as his noble father had done, and to grant and bestow upon them, his 'poor suppliants,' the same privileges and immunities as they under him enjoyed."

These privileges and immunities were, in short, a monopoly of the trade. Not only was no stranger to be allowed to settle in the barony of Tranent, and follow out the calling of a tailor, without fully satisfying the corporation, but no person in the

barony was to be allowed to employ other than a member of the corporation, under a severe penalty,—three pounds Scots for the first offence, six pounds for the second, and nine for the third offence, or suffer a term of imprisonment. To the petition of his suppliants the noble earl most graciously acceded.

Attached to the petition is “Ane list of the persons names that are incorporated.” These include George Johnstone, Seton, and eight others; William Haldane, Wintoune, and three others; Robert Deans, Tranent, and fifteen others; John Allan, West Grouns, and nine others,—in all thirty-nine members. These immediately afterwards met at Tranent, and elected, by plurality of votes, George Johnstone to be deacon of the society; Robert Deans, boxmaster; and James Muir and Walter Forrest, key-keepers of said box, for ane yeir to come.

Amongst other rules of this society is the following:—“That if any member of the said incorporation shall conceal, keep up, or take away any cloath, lyneing, or stuff, or any other things committed to their trust by those that employ them, they shall not only be lyable and obliged to refund the value of the same to the owner thereof, but also to pay into the box for the use of the poor six pounds money foresaid for the first offence, nine pounds Scots the second, and twelve pounds money foresaid for the third fault, and expulsion from the incorporation and convention, by and attour what the judge is pleased to judge him in for the same. And that every member of the said incorporation found guilty of cursing and swearing at their calling, each of them for each oath pay three shillings; deacon, boxmaster, and masters of trades, six shillings.”

The next thing we hear of the Tailors' Incorporation, is of their presenting a similar petition to the Honourable York Buildings Company, who acquired the estate on the attainder of the Earl of Winton. This company accorded to them the same privileges as did their predecessors on the estate. The petition is signed by Alexander Petrie, notary-public, Edinburgh.

Further on we find that “no Roman Cathlok, or an heritek, or an avowed enimie to Christian societie, religious or civil, or a prophan swearer or drunchard, or prophaner of the Sabbath day, or under church scandal, or given to theiving or whoredom,” was to be allowed to enter this society. It was also in fact a regular benefit-society, to the funds of which the members contributed so much money per week, receiving from them in return a weekly aliment if unable to work, &c. The corporation also upheld all its own poor within the barony of Tranent.

From the "Decreet of Sale, 1779," we are enabled to give a complete list of the feuars in Seton of that date, with amount of "Rental Mail" paid by each holder, all of whom, on examination before the sale, concurred in saying that their forefathers had held their properties from time immemorial.

Archibald Blair (Tranent), house and garden in Seton, paid yearly 3/8.

George Sharp, shoemaker in Seton, house and garden, paid 5/, 2 capons, and 2 hens.

David Pearson, house and garden, paid 2/2, 1 capon, and 1 hen.

Adam Neilson, mason, house and garden, 2/2, 4 capons, and 4 hens.

Peter Warden, house and garden, 2 merks Scots, 1 capon, and 1 hen.

Wm. Hastie, weaver, house and garden, 2 merks Scots, 1 capon, and 1 hen.

Wm. Wood, mason in Fisherrow, 3 houses and garden, paid 2 merks Scots, 1 capon, and 1 hen.

John Proffit, and John Proffit his son, shoemakers in Seton, a house and garden, 2 merks Scots, 1 capon, and 1 hen.

Margret Anderson, a house and garden, 5 capons and 5 hens.

John Read, mealmonger, and Robert Gulen, 5 laigh houses and gardens, formerly belonging to Margret Fender and her predecessors, 2/2, 2 capons, and 2 hens between them.

George Pillans, tenant in Seton, 4 houses and gardens, paid 6 pounds Scots, 4 capons, and 4 hens.

Jane Sinclair, relict of Robert Cuthbertson, son of Archibald Cuthbertson, Seton West Mains, house and garden, 2 merks Scots, 1 capon, and 1 hen.

John Buchan, tacksman under the York Buildings Company, deponed and concurred with the hail rentallers before named as to their possessions and payments.

Alex. Robertson, house and garden, 2/6.

Adam Stanners, house and garden, 2 merks Scots, 1 capon, and 1 hen.

These two parties had but newly succeeded to their properties, and as yet had paid no "Rent Mail."

On Mackenzie acquiring the estate, this active little village community was entirely boken up. When called upon to produce the "title-deeds" to their properties, most of them, it was found, had no "titles" to show; their houses and gardens had been handed down from father to son from "time immemorial." Those who could not produce writings were at once unconditionally turned out; while the few who dispatched their parchments to Edinburgh beheld them, alas! no more, and they likewise, shortly afterwards, were compelled to follow, leaving their ancient heritages—homes they held most dear—regretfully behind them.

Of all those worthy villagers, but one (John Proffit) remained. John, it seems, had a daughter at service in the

house of a writer in Edinburgh. This gentleman, whose name we have failed to learn, hearing of the "expulsions" taking place, at once interested himself in behalf of his servant-girl's father, the outcome of which was, he found that Proffit's property had at one time been registered, and so John Proffit the Mackenzie defied. John the younger died at Seton some years ago at a very old age.

MEADOWMILL (RELIEF ROW).

Nearly half-a-mile to the west of Seton, and on the south side of the North British Railway, stands a single row of houses, now known as the village of Meadowmill. It is feued off Riggonhead estate, and was founded by those martyrs to circumstances,—the refugees from Seton,—who, settling there, named their new abode Relief Row.

A few of the barn-like "biggins," where the weaver used to drive his shuttle, still remain; but in Relief Row, neither tailor, weaver, nor maker of shoes ply their vocation now.

The population of Seton and Meadowmill in 1800 was 263. In Meadowmill and neighbourhood in 1882, 363.





CHAPTER XVII.

Cockenzie and Port-Seton—Situation—Early History—A Free Port and Burgh of Barony—Harbour Building—Salt Pans—The Fisheries—The Cadells—Cockenzie New Harbour—Port-Seton New Harbour—Opening Ceremony—Ecclesiastical—Scholastic—Saltmasters, their Wives, Servants, and Children in 1695—Dr Schwediaur—Port-Seton Glass Works—Barracks—Oil Works—Oyster Dredging—Superstitions—The Black Doctor—The Pressgang—Craniums.



EARLY three-quarters of a mile to the north of Meadowmill, along the most rugged part of the Firth of Forth, and at the extreme north of the parish of Tranent, lies the curious little fishing village of "Cowkany." The antiquity of the place is great, but of its early history very little is known.

Three havens had been formed by nature in the reef of hard rocks on which Cockenzie is situated. From antiquity these have sheltered fishing boats and smaller craft, and, when improved by art, accommodated vessels of a large size.

By an Act of Parliament granted in 1592, James VI., who had then attained the age of twenty-five, ratified the charter and infestment which he had previously granted to Robert Lord Seton, of the erection of the "heavin of Cokenie in (into) ane frie heavin, and of the erection of the toun of Cokenie in (into) ane frie burgh of baronie." The charter thus ratified is dated 1st April 1585.

Under the Great Seal of Scotland, a charter of "Cowkany," previously erected into a "free port and burgh of barony," was, in January 1599, granted to Robert seventh Lord Seton, who was afterwards created Earl of Winton. On this, his nephew, Lord Kingston, in his "Continuation of the History of the House of Seton," remarks, "He built the old harbour of Cockainie, for which King James VI. granted him a large chartour,

a free conquest, with the gift and privilede of custome and anorage of all ships and goods imported and exported, with all other priviledes which burgh royals have."

Lord Kingston further states that his father, the third Earl of Winton, "built in Cockainie twelve salt pans where never any previously war." From which time those villagers engaged in that trade have kept themselves before the world as manufacturers "second to none" of that indispensable article of commerce. Like the collier, however, it may be here remarked, the salter was held in the fetters of serfdom for many generations, and only when the former gained his emancipation was the latter liberated.

This Earl of Winton also built "to his great charge ane harbour in the west end, which was destroyed by a storm in January 1635." At the close of his "Continuation," his lordship adds, that his "nephew, the fourth Earl, has built a new harbour, be east Cockainie, called for distinction of the west harbour Port-Seton."

This for many years did good service ; gradually, however, it had been falling to decay, and in 1810, through a hurricane at sea, it was totally destroyed. The destruction of this harbour was a terrible blow to the Cockenzie fishermen. They had no place of safety left for their boats, and thereby many were reduced to absolute destitution. In their midst, however, was a family (the Messrs Cadell) who had long had the welfare of their fellow-villagers at heart, and out of commiseration for the people, they at length arranged to have constructed on the old site at the west end of Cockenzie, a harbour that would not only be sufficient to shelter the boats engaged in the fishing trade, but capable at the same time of exporting salt from the pans at Cockenzie and coal from the mines at Tranent.

On the 19th of July 1833, amid great rejoicing, the foundation-stone of this commodious port was laid. The excellent stone with which it is constructed was found in the basin of the harbour, the plans were furnished by Mr Robert Stevenson, C.E., Edinburgh, and the cost was about £6000. For many years after this harbour was opened, a large export and import traffic of various commercial commodities was carried on. This, however, was never allowed to the detriment of those who followed the humble craft of the fisherman ; and so long as this port remained in possession of the Cadell family, no dues whatever were at any time exacted from those sons of the deep who sought shelter within their friendly haven.

In course of time the harbour fell into other hands, and a

change of masters brought a change of measures. The edict went forth that henceforward dues on all boats entering the harbour would be charged. Meanwhile the Cockenzie fishermen had not been following their perilous calling in vain. To these hardy adventurers the sea had yielded up its treasures with no stinted hand; and as Cockenzie grew in wealth, its population also increased. Its fleet of boats had rapidly augmented; what was practically a new village, though called Lorimer Place,—after the worthy Free Church clergyman of that name,—had sprung into existence; and at length these sturdy fighters of the waves determined also to have a harbour of their own.

With this view a committee was appointed, of which Mr Ovens, master of the public school, was chosen secretary. The members of committee had their attention early drawn towards the site of Port-Seton harbour, the property of Lord Wemyss. Ere long his lordship was approached upon the subject, and being impressed by facts and figures in regard to the business then laid before him, the earnest manner in which the fishermen pleaded their cause, and, above all, the desire to benefit his fellow-men, his lordship at once agreed to grant a lease of the old site on very favourable terms. Cheered by his lordship's kindness, and encouraged by other friends, they knit themselves together, determined to do their utmost in a cause which was essentially their own, and at once instituted a harbour fund, to which each fisherman bound himself to pay the sum of 9d. per week. Thus, and with the assistance of many well-wishers, in a short time upwards of £2000 was raised. In good time a Provisional Order was procured, and nothing but money was wanting that the work might proceed.

Here, however, a most unexpected hitch occurred. On application for a loan being made to the Fishery Board, it would grant nothing. The Loan Commissioners were next approached, and they would be enticed to grant a sum only when the harbour was completed, and showing revenue sufficient to cover interest and expenses.

There were now many sorrowful hearts in Cockenzie; the highest aspirations of its people in that direction seemed dashed to the ground, with no hope of a revival for many years to come. In the midst of their grief, however, once more their generous old friend, the late Lord Wemyss, came to their assistance with the handsome sum of £2000. Having now upwards of £4000 on hand, the work was at once proceeded with; and on 24th September 1880, amid great rejoicing, that noble

monument to industry was opened by the Right Hon. Lady Elcho (now Countess of Wemyss), who made a few most appropriate remarks on the occasion.

The total cost of the harbour when completed was about £12,000. The engineers for the work were Messrs D. & T. Stevenson, Edinburgh, and the contractors Messrs A. Morrison and Son of the same place.

There is a Chapel of Ease in Cockenzie, seated to accommodate 452 persons. It is a plain building, and was erected by subscription at a cost of £589, a free site having been given for the purpose by Mr Cadell, the superior of the village. The district was constituted a parish *quoad sacra*, by direction of the General Assembly, on the 28th day of May 1838; and the Rev. Archibald Lorimer, a native of Dumfriesshire, and at the time rector of Stiell's Hospital, was chosen first minister on the 26th of July of the same year. He was ordained to the charge on the 18th of October following.

At the Disruption of 1843, Mr Lorimer and his congregation joined the Free Church, retaining, however, possession of the chapel until, by the decision of the House of Lords, it, along with many others in a similar position, was declared to be the property of the Established Church. Since then the chapel pulpit has been supplied at irregular intervals by missionaries or assistants to the parish minister. Lately a movement was set on foot for its erection into a *quoad sacra* parish, with a territory and endowment; and this, through the generosity of Lord Wemyss and other friends, is now happily accomplished.

FREE CHURCH (COCKENZIE).

As already stated, a congregation in connection with the Free Church of Scotland was formed in Cockenzie in 1843, of which Mr Lorimer became the pastor. This congregation continued to worship in the chapel of ease until it was reclaimed by the Establishment, when a new church was built to the east of and closely adjoining Cockenzie House. On the decease of Mr Lorimer, the Rev. J. Kilgour was called to the charge, which he continues to fill with acceptance.

PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.

The Primitive Methodist body have also a good following in Cockenzie. Here they lately built a neat little chapel, seated

for about a hundred people, at a cost of nearly £300. The members are ministered to by the clergyman of the denomination who is stationed at Tranent, though certain of the brethren occasionally officiate in his absence.

PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Closely adjoining the Free Church stands the school and schoolhouse. These handsome buildings were erected in 1865, and presented to the village by a London merchant, who wishes to remain anonymous. In 1882, on the passing of the Education Act, the buildings were transferred to the School Board of Tranent. Since then, owing to the increase of population in the village, the school has undergone enlargements, first in 1874 and again in 1882.

It has now accommodation for 380 children. The school is taught by Mr Robert Ovens, head-master, a certificated male teacher, two certificated female assistants, and two pupil-teachers.

SALT PANS.

It would appear that for a term of two and a half centuries, and probably for a much longer period, the manufacture of salt has been successfully carried on at Cockenzie. Thus we find that in the year 1639 there were no less than twelve salt pans in operation in the village. These, however, by 1695 had decreased in number to ten.

In relation to these ten salt pans, we herewith—per favour of James Nicolson, Esq., S.S.C., Edinburgh—produce in its entirety a document which cannot fail to interest many people not only in Cockenzie but its neighbourhood, inasmuch as it shows who were at that early date “Masters” of the “Pans.” It also tells who were the “Servants” that assisted them in their laborious work, and gives the names of their wives and children as well. It is entitled:—

*“ Decr. 31, 1695.—Ane account of the wholl Salters at Cokeny.
Servants, Wifs, and Childreng.*

MASTERS.	WIFS.	CHILDRENG.
1. Robt. Phin.	Elizabeth Lammie.	Robt. Phin. Elizabeth „
2. Archd. Bell.	Margt. Grinly.	Ja. Bell. Nor. „ Bessie „
3. Robt. Watson.	Isobell Flouker.	Isobell Watson.
4. Willm. Melvill.	Margt. Lea.	Christon Melvill. Grisell „ Isobell „ Alexr. „
5. Jas. Flouker.	Barbara Nimmo.	Ja. Flouker. Alex. „ Jo. „ Christ. „ Ba. „
6. Jo. Donaldson.	Isobell Melvill.	Alex. Donaldson. Robb. Phin „ Catherine Phin „ Elizath Phin „
7. Margret Scotland.	Widow.	Margt. Buchanan. Arekbar „ Helinder „ Henry „ Marie „
8. Henry Brown.	Helin Flasting.	Jo. Brown. David „ Ja. „ Henry „ Jaine „
9. Jas. Brown.	Isobell Watson.	Isobell Brown. James „
10. James Watson.	Elizabeth Flouker.	Ja. Watson. Patrick „ Alex. „ Robb. „ Nicoll „

The following are the "Servants" to the foregoing Salt-masters, placed in the order we found them, together with their "Wifs" and "Childreng":—

SERVANTS.	WIFS.	CHILDRENG.
Ringin Phin. Ja. Smout. Alex. Smout. Tho. Grindisone.	Isobell Watson.	John Grindisone. Sible ,, Magdalen ,, Elizabeth ,,
Will. Smout. Thos. Chambers. Robart Red. John Brown.	Agnes Daire. Marion Watson. Marion Paterson.	Robt. Chambers. John Brown. Margret ,, George Lea. Margt. Lea.
Thos. Lea.	Margt. Williamson.	Margt. Lea.
James Smith. Ja. Bretts. Jo. Meldrum. Ja. Liddell.	Elizabeth Lamb. Janet Lang.	Ja. Bretts. David Liddell. John ,, James ,, Janet ,,
Thos. Smout. Marion Watson. John Scot.	Jaine Stiell.	Jaine Scot. Margret ,, Janet ,,
16	8	17

Also Ja. Fiddis and Jo. Moore not included this year (servants).

In 1840 the salt pans were reduced to six; in the present day there are but two. In recent times the Messrs Cadell retained the saltworks in their own hands; but on the estate being acquired by the present proprietor, Messrs Peter and Charles Forman became the lessees. This enterprising firm, by means of improved appliances, are enabled to turn out of their two pans more salt in 1884 than the six in 1840 or the twelve in 1639 could accomplish.

In the "Old Statistical Accounts" of the parish we learn that a manufactory of "great salt" of a particularly fine quality

was established here about the beginning of last century by a Dr Schwediaur; but for various reasons the scheme is said to have "totally failed."

GLASSWORK AT PORT-SETON.

Shortly after the York Buildings Company became proprietors of the estate, they established a glass manufactory at Port-Seton. This, however, like a great many other speculations, did not thrive in the hands of the company, and after a run of some years was brought to a close. In the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* of February 9, 1730, appears the following:—
"At the glasshouse at Portseaton there is to be sold window glass of several sorts, also all sorts of flint or crystal glass, consisting of drinking-glasses (all sorts), decanters, lamps, gelly glasses, mustard boxes, salvers, vials, &c.; glasses for alchemists, and bell glasses for gardeners."

OIL WORKS.

There was also an oil work on a pretty extensive scale for a number of years at Port-Seton. This, however, about the middle of the century, was burned down, and so ended its career.

PORT-SETON BARRACKS.

The old barracks at Port-Seton are still in part to be seen. When they were erected we have no means of ascertaining. We know, however, that in 1797, at the time of "Tranent Mob," they were occupied by several troops of yeomanry. Again, during the Peninsular war, by both regular troops and militiamen; and here a very curious mode of forcing the militia into the regular ranks was practised with not a little success, *i.e.*, the regulars were allowed to walk about with a switch in their hand, acting the part of gentlemen, the whole day long; while the militia were kept at drill morning, midday, and evening, in rain and in sunshine, till forced to seek relief in the ranks of the regulars.

OYSTER DREDGING, FISHING, &c.

Oyster dredging about 1750 seems to have been carried on to a most unwarrantable extent. "Of late years," says the same parish authority, "oysters have become very scarce.

This must be attributed to over-dredging several years ago to supply English vessels from Milton-Lee and other places. Before then a boat would dredge sometimes 9000 a day, which, at 5d., 6d., and 7d. a 100, afforded a handsome income to the crew. At present (1790) 700 or 800 a day are reckoned a good day's work. The price at which they are sold is 1s. 3d. per 100." The price of this delicious commodity in 1884 shows a very different figure.

As already mentioned, the fishing trade at Cockenzie has much increased of late years. In 1840 the number of boats belonging to the port was thirty-one; since then the increase has been rapid and steady. About twenty years ago, the fishing was confined to the Firth of Forth, and only small boats (yawls) manned with five hands were used. At that time Mr Donaldson, boatbuilder, began to build decked boats for the deep-sea fishing. This mode of fishing proved very remunerative, in consequence of which the number of such boats has gone on yearly increasing. Now there are thirty-five boats going to the deep-sea in winter, manned each with seven hands. Besides these, there are twenty boats engaged fishing in the Firth of Forth, and dredging clams and oysters. Oysters are scarce, the beds having been over-dredged; but the clam beds are most valuable, affording abundance of excellent bait for fishing.

Within the past year or two the natives have taken more to herring catching. During the Lammas fishing about fifty decked boats engage in this favourite occupation; they proceed chiefly to Peterhead, Fraserburgh, and Berwick-on-Tweed. About thirty boats go in the months of May and June to Kinsale and Howth in Ireland; and in September and November they proceed to Yarmouth and Lowestoft in England. The decked boats are from forty-five to fifty-two feet keel, strongly built, and fitted up with cabin and other conveniences. The cost of each boat is £300, but with nets and gear complete they each average about £500.

Mr Ovens, who for so many years has been a leader among the people, recently floated a boat club in the village for insuring large boats, and of it a goodly number have taken advantage.

In 1870, Mr Ovens was also the means of organising a building society in the village. It has been readily taken advantage of, and now upwards of a hundred fishermen have become proprietors of houses, at prices ranging from £120 to £260 each.

There are two boatbuilding firms in the village, Mr Adam Donaldson at Cockenzie, and Mr William Weatherhead at Port-Seton. There is also a sailmaking establishment at Port-Seton, carried on by the Messrs Wilson.

The population of Cockenzie and Port-Seton in 1800 was 565; in 1840, 757; and in 1883, about 1650. Owing to the salubrity of its situation, and its near proximity to the metropolis, the locality has already become not a little famous as a summer residence, and is yearly becoming more so.

Village Characteristics, &c.—Superstition, which used to prevail among the villagers of Cockenzie as in other fishing localities, is now, owing to the better education of the people, happily dying out; but it is a well-known fact that only a few years ago no fisherman along these coasts would have ventured out to sea had either a pig or a lame man crossed his path when on his way to the beach. Not only so, but had a stranger met him, and been the first to greet him with a “gude mornin’, sir,” he would have regarded the interruption as an evil omen, and stayed at home all day.

Another of the very curious and no less superstitious customs which used to prevail among the people was, if when in port or going out to sea any person was heard taking the name of God in vain, the first to hear the unwise, unlucky expression would immediately cry out “cauld airn,” when each of the boat’s crew would instantly grip fast the first piece of iron within his reach, and hold it for a time between his hands. This was by way of counteracting the “ill luck” which otherwise perhaps would have followed the boat throughout the day.

The Black Doctor.—This was Mr David Dickson, a native of Cockenzie, a notorious fibber, and an old man-of-war’s man. David used to say of himself that he had served under Nelson, and had been in many engagements, from all of which, however, he had escaped not only “scot free,” but had been, according to his own account, the means of saving many valuable lives. “For,” said he, “in all these battles I played the part of a famous boxer of old, who was never known to strike an opponent, nor allowed himself to be struck by one. This pugilist,” he continued, “made it a point always to act only on the defensive. He would catch his opponent’s blows in the palms of his hands until he had him aggravated, broken-hearted, worn-out, and in this manner would win the match. On ship-

board in battle from this famous pugilist I, David Dickson, took my cue; being nimble-footed, sharp-eyed, and ready-handed, no sooner did I observe an enemy's bullet coming our way likely to do mischief, then there I was ready to catch and throw it overboard. Of course our opponents soon came to know fighting was a needless waste of time and bullets when 'Dickson' was aboard, and always gave up the game, not only disgusted at their non-success, but totally defeated."

Retiring from a service in which he had done so many heroic deeds, but which apparently had but poorly requited him for his actions, this sailor returned to his native village and began to work as a salter. Here he soon became not a little famous as a "bone-setter." He was also the first to recommend "salt oil" for sprains, a remedy still justly held in high repute. Being always of a dirty appearance through working in the salt-pans, he acquired as a cognomen "The Black Doctor." The doctor being a great "yarn-spinner," nothing seemed to please him better than when he had a host of people around him listening to his ridiculous stories.

The Pressgang.—The late Mr H. F. Cadell used to recount the following anecdote concerning a worthy pair who lived in Cockenzie, when sailors were so scarce that men to man the fleet were not to be had, and all the able-bodied with a knowledge of seafaring life were pressed into the service. This couple, it would appear, from the time they were yoked together, had led anything but an agreeable life. Still, that she at least had not yet made up her mind to dissolve partnership is evident from the following:—Hearing that the pressgang were on their way to lift her gudeman, she rushed into the house, and throwing wide the back window, cried out, "Rin, Jock, rin, the pressgang's comin'; an' faicks I'd better hae a bad man yet as nae man at a'."

Craniums.—In Wilson's "Prehistoric Annals of Scotland," vol. i., p. 258, the following occurs:—"Nos. 6 and 7 craniums in the British Museum, probably both females, were recovered from a group of stone cists opened at Cockenzie." No date is given as to when the cists were found. Illustrations of both are given by Wilson on the page above quoted.



CHAPTER XVIII.

Washing Wells—Guidwives o' Tranent—Skeleton Discovered in a Pit Bottom—A Catastrophe—Capon Ha'—A Peculiar Laird—Destruction of Capon Ha'—The Big Wife o' Birsley—Birsley Old Pit—Ear Cropping—Bankhead House and the Robbers—Kingslaw—Blindwells—Witch Wife's House—The Old Dookit—Bank Park House—Bankton House (*i.e.*, Holy Stop and Olive Stob).

WASHING WELLS.

LIKE its near neighbour Crosshouses, the few thatched-covered biggins which once formed this village are now levelled with the ground. The place used to be inhabited by the hinds on Windygoul Farm, but on new houses being erected for their convenience nearer the steading, the old ones were allowed to fall into decay.

Many years ago, there were here some very lively scenes witnessed, not only at the ingathering of the lint crops, which article of commerce used to be extensively cultivated in the district, but at the washings and bleachings that weekly occurred. For here it was the guidwives of Tranent were wont to bring their linens and have them sweetened at the gushing springs which everywhere abounded, particularly in that field where the old fountainhead still stands. It was only in the early part of the present century, when the water supply began to diminish, that these open-air washings were discontinued, and from these washings at the springs or wells it was that the village derived its name.

About fifty years ago an attempt was made to sink a shaft at the west end of the village, but on tapping the sandbed the

workmen were overpowered with water, and the work relinquished. It was customary in those days to leave old pits quite unprotected, the consequence of which was that now and again some belated traveller, losing his way, would tumble in and perish.

Strange, however, as it may appear, only one such case was ever known to occur in this locality. It happened about seventy years ago, and in the following manner:—A young Tranentonian, after attending the “annual village ball” for a couple of hours or so, accompanied his sweetheart home. She lived as a servant girl in Drummore House, and, according to her account, they parted on good terms about twelve o’clock at her master’s door, but he was never seen in life again.

About twenty years afterwards, the Messrs Cadell, with a view to erecting a spiral staircase in that old pit in Wilson’s Quarry Park, already mentioned as being the last in which the miner laboured as a “serf,” had a number of men clearing out the bottom, when to their horror they came upon a corpse standing upright, imbedded to the chin in the rubbish that had apparently fallen from the top. On digging out the skeleton it fell to pieces, but the buckled shoes the person had worn remained entire. The buckles were identified by James Watt, the village blacksmith, as the ones worn by his former companion, the young man who twenty years previously had gone amissing. Mr Watt and his companion had gone to Edinburgh and each purchased a pair of a similar pattern. Watt had his in his “kist neuk,” and on producing them they matched exactly. The young man it appeared, for a short route home, had been hurrying through the fields, and going unawares near the edge of the pit had slipped in, carrying in his descent a deal of soil along with him.

In the old pit at Washing Wells a catastrophe of even greater magnitude occurred, and that only a short time after it had been given up. In this case a farm-servant from the neighbourhood of Haddington was the victim. He had been on his way in the early morning to Elphinstone for a cartload of coals, but, unacquainted with the way, and the morning dark, he allowed his horse to diverge from the public road; the consequence was that the horse fell into the pit, dragging cart and man along with it. Man and horse were both killed, and the cart smashed to pieces. Shortly after this the pit was filled in, but so considerable was the overflow of water, that a large pond speedily formed on the surface, and served for many years as a watering place for the cattle on Windygoul Farm.

CAPON HA'.

A little to the north of Washing Wells stands the old engine-house, chimney stalk, &c., of Capon Ha' pit, and a few houses which lately did good service as fever wards for the parish. How the place derived its name may be readily conceived, though no record exists to show. In it, however, as in many other things, what history withholds tradition supplies.

The legend runs :—That many years ago there stood on the site of this old pit-head a large building called the "Hall," inhabited by a gentleman imbued with many peculiar traits of character. He would, for instance, have no wife, neither would he allow maid-servant, nor grown-up man-servant, within his door,—all the work in his establishment had to be done by boys; further, these youths had to be "mitherless chicks," as he called them; for, said he, "should a conflagration some day take place within the building, and all its inmates be consumed, few will miss them, and fewer still deplore their departure."

This eccentric gentleman is said to have dealt most tyrannically towards his boy servants. Not only did he mercilessly abuse them when in a fault, but not a few of them, it was alleged, even when in no fault, had fallen a sacrifice to his violent temper.

These victims to his spleen were said to have been buried within the walls of his establishment. The legend further tells that this curious individual was a great rearer of poultry, and that on every day of the year nothing would serve but capon to dinner. One day, however, there was no capon provided for the miscreant, and such an offence was too serious to be lightly passed over. That night the whole of his youthful servants were cruelly punished. The matter, however, did not end here. One of the "chicks," more revengeful than his fellows, proposed that they should "burn the nest, and roast the 'old bird' before morning." This was accordingly done. By midnight the Hall was in a blaze, and in the morning nothing but a mass of blackened ruins met the eye. All the chicks are reported to have taken wing and escaped, but the laird of Capon Ha' perished in the flames. In 1779 the lands of Capon Ha' were farmed by Mr Robert Pringle.

THE BIG WIFE O' BIRSLEY.

The lands of Birsley, now part of Myles' Farm, were at one time farmed separately. The farm-house and steading stood at

Upper Birsley, where a few trees still remain to mark the spot. The children of the last farmer of Birsley attended Tranent Parish School, under the regime of old John Brydone, and are not yet altogether forgotten in the village.

The farmer was a man of ordinary calibre, but his better-half was a person of extraordinary dimensions, and was known far and wide as the "Big Wife o' Birsley." Of this gigantic female it is said that neither husband nor husbandman on the farm could handle a pair of horses as she could. At ploughing, sowing, reaping, and gathering in of the farm produce, none could approach her, not only for expedition but neatness of handiwork.

Naturally she was impatient of delay, and always acted on the system of "No time to spare." In illustration of this, it is said that if a thraw-wart beast, in stable or byre, did not at a word do her bidding, she would at once lift it first by the hinder-end, then by the fore, and in this manner move the contumacious brute out of her way.

Once she had occasion to go to Tranent; the case was urgent, and for expedition's sake she mounted a pony. Passing through Sandee Quarry Park, she arrived at the crossing of the Burnshot. This she found to be flooded, and it being night, and very dark, her pony refused to venture over the stream. The Big Wife o' Birsley, however, was not to be beat. Without stopping to coax the brute, or giving it a moment's consideration, she kilted her coats, and getting beneath the animal, carried it bodily over the brook on her shoulders, then taking her place once more upon its back pursued her way to Tranent.

When her meal-pock could no longer stand on its end, it was a common occurrence for the Big Wife o' Birsley to rise betimes, and hieing to the stackyard thrash out with the flail a good-sized bag of grain, winnow it, and carry it down to Seton Mill on her back. In the absence of the miller she would thoroughly prepare the grain, and setting the mill agoing would grind the corn herself, returning with the meal to Birsley in the same fashion as she had carried off the corn.

BIRSLEY OLD PIT.

Thrice have the miners in this locality struck work, and invariably has their plea been that the workman was not paid for the produce of his labour in proportion to the prices charged the consumer. Capital, it is almost needless to state, on each

occasion triumphed over labour. The miner was compelled to resume work, without gaining even the smallest advance of wages.

The first great strike occurred in 1829, the second in 1842, and the third in 1874. In every case the majority of the workmen, together with their families, were reduced to utter destitution. Still, in spite of all they suffered, to their honour be it said, the miners in this locality always behaved themselves like men.

On one occasion, however, but only after what they considered the greatest provocation, they did over-step the bounds of propriety; and with these illegal proceedings the old pit at Birsley was closely connected.

The occasion was the "first great strike," at which time the coalfields of Birsley were wrought by an English company—manager, overseer, and roadmen, being all of the same nationality. No sooner had the men struck work than a number of English miners were imported to supply their places.

The appearance, at such a time, of these strange men in the district naturally irritated the native miners. Dan Errington, the overseer, was blamed for bringing the Englishmen to Birsley; and at a private meeting of those on strike, it was arranged that he should have his ears cropped for his pains. The meeting convened for this purpose was held in the plantation, at Lower Birsley; and learning that the party implicated was at Upper Birsley at the time, thither the men proceeded.

It was about midnight when they, a pretty numerous band, arrived. The manager was at the pit-head as well; he, however, observed the conspirators approaching, and apprehending danger through some of them wearing masks, slipped into an empty boiler, and thereby escaped. The overseer, less fortunate, on beholding the crowd, took to flight across Sandee Park on the opposite side of the road; but ere he had run a hundred yards, through fright he became powerless, and falling down was immediately surrounded by his pursuers.

He is said to have proclaimed loudly, that "He was only Dan, and not the manager;" but was answered that, "If he was Dan, they would leave on Dan a mark by which to know him," and forthwith he had his ears cropped by his merciless captors. After this the company proceeded to Tranent, and surrounding a house in Coal Neuk where eight or ten of the strangers lodged, these they awakened, and warned, that "if they did not clear out of Tranent before daybreak, they would assuredly never leave it." The Southerners, deeming discretion the better part of valour, packed up their traps and made off, and

thus the affair ended. The first strike lasted about twenty weeks, the second barely so long, the third little more than a month.

BANKHEAD HOUSE.

About halfway between Birsley Plantation and Beatie's Row stands Bankhead House, familiarly known as "Madge's." This appellation it derived from the wife of its first proprietor, who was called Madge, from her Christian name Marjorie. The house, a somewhat peculiarly constructed building, is pleasantly situated on a brae-face overlooking Bankton Meadows, and commanding to the north one of the finest prospects in the parish. The building was erected about the year 1750 by John Nicholson, who, along with his wife Marjorie, shortly afterwards opened it as a licensed "Ale-house," and drove a lucrative trade therein for many years.

On John's death his widow continued to carry on the business. She was a person of peculiar habits, continually displaying strange traits of character, which earned for her the sobriquet of "Daft Madge." Withal she was a woman of great presence of mind, as the following will show:—One night in harvest time a number of Irish reapers passing the house, attempted to break in and despoil the hostess of her goods. On becoming aware of their proceedings, Madge took up a position in the centre of the room into which they were breaking, and therein silently she awaited until the window was forced and one of the marauders had all but effected an entrance, when, lifting the fire-irons, she rattled on the ceiling, then struck the fender with all her might, shrieking out at the same time for "Tam, Will, Jock, and Jamie" to come at once and "shoot the robbers." As it happened, there was no one in the house but herself. The ruse, however, was successful; the villains scoured hastily away.

On another occasion, some two years or so afterwards, as Madge one evening about 11 o'clock was sitting at one of her upper room windows, peering out into the darkness, she saw four men, one after the other, leap her entrance gate and proceed to the front door. In no ways put about, while a consultation was being held outside, she quietly lifted an old coal-riddle, and filling it with knives, forks, spoons, &c., bore it to the stairhead, where she awaited the operations of the intruders. Presently the door began to craze upon its hinges, and she knew the burglars were at work. So, hurling riddle and contents downstairs with a tremendous crash, she hurried

back to her "look out" window, and had the pleasure of seeing three of the party tumble head-foremost over the big iron gate, while the fourth became transfixed on its sharp-pointed spikes, in which position he struggled until rescued by his more fortunate if equally dishonest companions.

Madge lived to a very old age, and died in the early part of the present century. She had an only son, named John after his father, and he it was of whom the children used to sing, "Hey for Jock Nicholson's ladies." On taking to himself a wife, Jock set up house in Elphinstone, where he followed, in a way, the profession of builder. If the mother of Jock had peculiar traits of character, neither were they wanting in the son. Among other things on which he prided himself, was his talent for "yarn spinning." "Men," he would say, addressing his cronies seated around him on Elphinstone green, "when I was a boy I used often to be up the Tower, and hearing that one of the old lairds had hid a deal o' siller about the building, I was aye on the outlook. One day I came upon a stone in the wall on which was written,

"Pull me out and you shall find
Something pleasing to your mind."

Oh, ho! quoth I, Jock you're a' richt noo. Pulling out the stane, doon fell a clash o' gowden guineas. Hame I ran wi' a' my pith, and in the kist neuk I hid them; but lordsake, men, when I gaed back to look they had turned into cinders." "What did ye do wi' them Jock?" queried a listener. "I crushed them to poother in my wrath, an' gaed back an' shot the de'il wi' them," said Jock. "Where did ye bury him, Jock?" "Od man, he turned out to be only a corbie craw, so I took him hame, an' made a bowl o' pea-soup to the bairns."

Jock was not only a notorious "fibber," but had for long been a confirmed "tippler" as well; and though he was heir to the property, his mother had resolved to encourage him in his evil ways no longer. One day, however, when his "drouth was up," Jock determined not only to "raise the wind," but to spite the old woman as well. To this end he sent out first intimation cards of his mother's death, then letters bidding people to her funeral; and at once, on the head of his heirship, took to borrowing money from every available quarter. These loans, for her son's sake, the mother found it convenient to repay.

On Jock becoming proprietor of Bankhead he proceeded to bond the property to a point far beyond his power to redeem.

He was succeeded by a niece, named Smith ; but the house has frequently changed hands, and is now in possession of the youthful laird of Prestongrange, its present occupant being G. Greig, Esq., I.P., C.P. of Edinburgh.

KINGSLAW.

This is a farm-house and steading, situated a little to the east of the village, on the old road leading to Adniston. These lands were originally part of Tranent estate, and were, together with the house, acquired about the middle of the eighteenth century by Mr Mathew Haldane. It then became "Haldane's House," and latterly was more familiarly known by the significant title of "Jowler Ha'," from the fact of its proprietor (Haldane) keeping there a pack of harriers for his own use in hare hunting.

Haldane farmed his own lands, and others in the vicinity of Tranent ; amongst which was that field of Dr Forrest's facing New Row, and stretching—with no houses in it nor post-road through it then—from the Royal Bank to the Heuch. In this same field it was that the well-known saying, "They are naething the waur o' a word, like Mathew Haldane's peas," had its origin, and thus it arose:—Haldane had sown the park with peas, and some time after, on he and the Doctor walking through the park, instead of a fine braird as he expected, only a few straggling ones were seen shooting above the soil. Haldane was a passionate man ; this gave him cause for an outburst, and for some minutes he showered imprecations on his unconscious crop, heedless of the good man beside him. A few days afterwards, on the pair again visiting the field, the crop was all finely brairded. "Now," said Forrest, "there is nothing wrong with your peas." "No, Doctor ; dem it, no ; but they were naething the waur o' a swearin."

Haldane was loved by few, feared by many, and was said to be anything but a "stoop o' the kirk."

Many years ago the name of Haldane's House was changed to that of Kingslaw ; and the property being in the market lately, it has been once more annexed to its mother estate—Tranent.

BLINDWELLS.

Half a mile to the north of Kingslaw, on the estate of St Germans, stands the pleasant little cottage of Blindwells. How it derived its name is unknown, but a prettier place of

abode is seldom to be met with. The field in which the house is situated was for many years a scene of the greatest activity. It was there that the two brothers Stoddart, known as the "Quakers," had their colliery. But on the coal works closing, another, if illegal, branch of industry cropped up. This was a smuggling concern on a very extensive scale. It was conducted by a number of worthies from Tranent and Macmerry; there were two "stills" erected in the mines, and for a considerable time these traffickers managed to baffle the gauger, and cheat the Government out of its dues.

When access was had to the old workings, the "stills" were in active operation, but there was no one beside them. The apparatus was destroyed; but the smugglers, though well known in the villages, were not to be found.

WITCH WIFE'S HOUSE.

The house known as "Witch Wife's" lies about half-way between Tranent and the Mains. It derived its name from Jenny M'Caw, a so-called witch, who, by the use of many unpronounceable words, could turn herself, it was said, into any mortal shape she chose. Jenny hanged herself behind the door, and on that same night the eastern gable of her cottage, from top to bottom, was rent in twain. This, beyond doubt, confirmed the fact that she had been a witch.

THE OLD DOOKIT.

This relic of the ancient family of Seton stands on a very prominent position in a field opposite the churchyard, commonly called the "Dookit Brae." To all appearance, however, the dookit will ere long be a thing of the past. Its eastern gable having given way, is riven from top to bottom. The dookit was built in the latter part of the sixteenth century by David Seton, who was chamberlain to his relative, the Earl of Winton of that time. It had been constructed, as the pigeon holes show, to accommodate 1090 pairs of pigeons, and bears the following inscription:—

DAVID SETON—1587.

In 1779 the Dove cot near Tranent Kirk, we find, was let to John Scot, gardener there, for the sum of £3 sterling yearly.

BANKPARK HOUSE.

The building known as Bankpark House was built little more than a quarter of a century ago by the late Mr John Grieve, proprietor of the lands on which it is situated, and is still in possession of his family. The building is of massive proportions, of prepossessing appearance, and is, we believe, the only dwelling-house in the parish built entirely of brick. The site, which has been most judiciously chosen, is on the brow of a gentle declivity, commanding a magnificent view of the whole stretch of the Firth of Forth from Leith Roads to Gullane Point, with the undulating hills of Fifeshire as a background.

BANKTON HOUSE.

(*i.e.*, "Holy Stob," Olive Stob.)

At what period Bankton House was built we have no means of ascertaining. The earliest note we have in reference to it is of its becoming the property, by purchase, of Morrison of Prestongrange in 1632, six years after he became proprietor of the Grange. Shortly after this it seems to have fallen into the hands of the house of Seton. In his continuation of the history of that house (page 73), Alexander Viscount Kingston, second son of George third Earl of Winton, writing in 1687, says regarding his uncle Sir Thomas Seton, fourth son of Robert first Earl of Winton, "This Sir Thomas Seton was provided by his father to the lands of Holiestob, now vulgo Olivestobe." Wood, in his Peerage (page 645, vol. ii.), alludes to the Honourable Sir Thomas Seton as "ancestor to the Setons of Olivestob."

The property soon, however, passed from the Setons into the hands of one of the many branches of the house of Hamilton. In the Appendix (vol. 21) to Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, published in 1799, there are interesting notes by W. Wemyss, who apparently was connected with the Wemyss who had a house in the Cuttle at Prestonpans. He was highly connected, and a descendant of the Hamiltons of Olivestob. Of the house he writes, "Olivestob, a gentleman's seat hard by Preston, was previously called Holy Stob; *i.e.*, the place where the 'host stopt,' in the way of the procession from Preston to Newbottle, an Abbey of the Cistercian order." "Olivestob, formerly Holystop and now called Bankton, was long the property of another respectable branch of the great house of Hamilton. John, the first Hamilton of Olivestob, was lawful son of Hamilton of Borlum in Ayrshire. There

were frequent marriages between the Hamiltons of Preston and Olivestob."

Colonel Thomas Hamilton purchased, shortly after 1688, Olivestob from his elder brother William. His eldest son sold the estate to Colonel Gardiner, who was killed near it in 1745. It was afterwards purchased by Mr Andrew M'Doual, Advocate, who about ten years after was promoted to the bench; and out of delicacy to his old friend, Mr Hamilton, took the title of Lord Bankton instead of Olivestob. Mr Hamilton's son, Major Thomas Hamilton of Olivestob, was wrecked with the late Lord Byron and Captain Cheape, in the course of Lord Anson's celebrated voyage in 1742.

The property now belongs to James Macdowall, Esq. of Logan, and the house is occupied by Mr J. B. Taylor, tenant farmer on the estate. We have a very distinct recollection of hearing many years ago of a "prophecy," to the effect that Bankton House would be three times burned, and that the third time it would tumble to the ground. If we mistake not it has already been twice afire, though its downfall, we hope, may be far in the future.





CHAPTER XIX.

Lucius Vallatinus—Relic of the Roman Occupation—Sir David Lindsay the Poet—The Tranent Beggar—The Last Earl of Bothwell born in the Parish of Tranent—George Sinclair, Author of “Satan’s Invisible World,” &c.—Abstract of Rental of the Parish in 1627, and Excerpt from Abstract of some of the Forfeited Estates in Scotland—Dr Adair—Old Registers—Butcher Market—Tanners—Lock and Nail Makers—Weavers—Brewers and Maltsters—Candle Makers—Straw Hat and Bonnet Makers—Agriculture in 1790—Tranent Muir—Cow-herding of Old—Trades and Professions in 1790—Napoleon’s Threatened Invasion of Scotland—Letter from the Marquis of Tweeddale—Volunteer Roll—Private Instructions to the Deputy-Lieutenants—Orders by the Lord-Lieutenant of East Lothian—The False Alarm—The Beggs—Gasworks—Licensed Alehouses in 1840 and 1884.

LUCIUS VALLATINUS, THE ROMAN OCULIST.

WHEN at first contemplating this work, we resolved to leave no stone unturned in our endeavour to obtain accurate information respecting the early history of Tranent. In some cases we have been fortunate beyond our expectations; but even in our most sanguine moments we never expected to have been able to lay before our readers the history of a relic referring to the village, which carries the mind back to the days of the Roman occupation of Britain, somewhere about the third century of the Christian era. Such, however, has been our good fortune.

In Wilson’s “Prehistoric Annals of Scotland” there occurs the following memorandum:—“By far the most remarkable of the recently discovered remains of the Roman occupation of North Britain is a medicine stamp, acquired by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, bequeathed to them by E. W. Drummond Hay, Esq. From his notes it appears that it was found

in the immediate vicinity of Tranent Church, East Lothian, in a quantity of débris, broken tiles, brick dust, &c., which may possibly have once formed the residence and laboratory of Lucius Vallatinus, the Roman oculist, whose name the curious relic supplies. It consists of a small cube of pale green stone, two and three-fifths inches in length, and engraved on two sides, the letters being reversed for stamping the unguents or other medicaments retailed by its original possessor. The inscription reads:—*L VALLATINA EVODES AN CICATRICES ET ASPRITODINES*,—which may be rendered, The euodes of Lucius Vallatinus for cicatrices and granulations; and on the reverse—*L VALLATINA A PALO CROCODES AD DIATHESES*,—The mild crocodes, or preparation of saffron, of L. Vallatinus, for affection of the eyes.

“The euodes and the crocodes are both prescriptions given by Galen, and occur on other medicine stamps. Several examples have been found in England, and many in France and Germany, supplying the names of their owners, and the terms of their preparations. No example, however, except the one figured here, has occurred in Scotland; and amid legendary inscriptions, military votive altars, and sepulchral tablets, it is peculiarly interesting to stumble on this intelligent memento, restoring to us the name of the old Roman mediciner who ministered to the colonists of the Lothians the skill, and perchance the charlatancy, of the healing art.”

SIR DAVID LINDSAY.

That Tranent was a place of considerable interest, even in the days of Sir David Lindsay, is evident from the fact that the poet takes twice notice of it in his fine old poem of “The Three Estates,” published in 1535. One of his characters, in replying to another on getting rich, says:—

“I will get riches throw that rent
Efter the day of dume,
Quhen in the colpots of Tranent
Butter will grow on brume.”

The second part of the poem opens with a conversation between Diligence and a poor mendicant from the neighbourhood of Tranent. The pauper, having been “harried” by the parish priest of all that he possessed, asks charity for himself and his six motherless bairns. Thus the conversation opens:—

D.—“Where devill is this thou dwells, or what is thy intent?”

P.—“I dwell inta Lowthian, ane mile fra Tranent.”

D.—“Quhair wald thou be carl the suth to me schaw?”

- P.*—"Sir, even to St Androes, for to seek law."
- D.*—"For to seek law in Edinburgh was the nearest way."
- P.*—"Sir, I socht law in Edinburgh mony dear day,
Bot I could get nane of Sessioun nor Senzie ;
Thairfor the meikle din devill drown all the Menzie."
- D.*—"Schaw me the matter, man, with all the circumstancies,
How thou hast happenit on thir unhappy chances."
- P.*—"My father was ane auld man and ane hoir,
And was of age fourscore of years and moir ;
And Maud, my mother, was fourscore and fyftene ;
And with my labour I did them baith sustene.
We had ane meir that carryit salt and coal,
And every year she brought us hame ane foal ;
We had three kye that were baith fat and fair,
Nane tydier there was intil the toon of Ayr.
My father was sa weak of blude and bane
That he deit, wherefore my mother made great mane ;
Then she deit within ane day or two,
And there began my poverty and woe.
Our gude grey mare was feeding on the field,
And our land's laird took her for his heryeild ;
The vicar took the best cow by the head,
Incontinent when my father was dead.
And when the vicar heard tell how that my mother
Was dead, fra hand he took to him ane other.
Then Meg, my wife, did murn baith e'en and morrow,
Till at the last she deit for very sorrow.
And when the vicar heard tell my wife was dead,
The third cow he came and cleikit by the head.
Their upmost clayis, that were of raploch gray,
The vicar gart his clerk bear them away.
When all was gone, I nicht mak na debate,
But with my bairns pass'd for till beg my meat.
Now have I told you the black verity
How I am brocht into this misery."
- D.*—"How did the parson, was he not thy gude friend ?"
- P.*—"The devill stick him, he curst me for my teind,
And halds me yet under that same process
That gart me want the Sacrament at Pasche.
In gude faith, sir, tho he wald cut my throat,
I have na geir except an English grot,
Quhilk I purpose to gif ane man of law."
- D.*—"Thou art the daftest fule that ever I saw.
Trows thou, man, by the law to get remeid
Of men of kirk. Na, not till thou be deid."¹

THE LAST EARL OF BOTHWELL.

Amongst the multitude of curious things in connection with the parish of Tranent, not the least interesting is the fact of the

¹ To the unwearied research of Miss Ann Edie the author is indebted for the above among other interesting fragmentary jottings in this work.

last Earl of Bothwell having been born in it. In "Wood's Peerage" we find :—" III. Francis Stewart, the eldest son, had a letter under the Great Seal of the Abbey of Kelso, 27th November 1588, wherein he is designed son of Francis Earl of Bothwell. He obtained a rehabilitation under the Great Seal 30th July 1614, which was ratified by Act of Parliament 28th June 1633 ; and according to Scotstarvet, recovered from the Earl of Buccleuch, by decreet-arbitral of King Charles I., his father's extensive estate, which he sold to the Wintoun family. He married Lady Isabel Seton, only daughter of Robert first Earl of Wintoun, dowager of James first Earl of Perth ; two of their children are entered in the register of Tranent parish, viz. :—

1. Charles (born 15th April 1618).
2. Margret (born 1st April 1619).

IV. Charles Stewart, the son, born 15th April 1618, was served heir to his father 20th April 1647, and is stated to have been a trooper in the civil wars. No further account can be given of the family."

GEORGE SINCLAIR.

Amongst other notables who in time past have had a habitation in Tranent, not the least worthy of mention here is the name of George Sinclair, author of "Satan's Invisible World Discovered." In the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Appendix Vol. II., page 130, we read :—" Among those experimentalists who laboured most assiduously in the study and application of the barometer in this part of the island, we should mention George Sinclair. This ingenious person had been Professor of Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, and seems to have conscientiously resigned his office soon after the Restoration, rather than comply with that hated episcopacy which the minions of Charles II. had forced upon the people of Scotland. He then retired to the village of Tranent, not far from Edinburgh, and was employed as a practical engineer in tracing levels of coal-pits, and in directing the machinery employed in mines," &c. And here, we suppose, in these very levels he so much admired, our author not only conceived the idea of, but found much material for, his great work, "Satan's Invisible World Discovered."

THE BEGGS.

Whether or not Burns himself ever found a lodgment in Tranent we are unable to say, but his sister, Mrs Begg and her

two daughters, had in it a home for many years, and with them the widow of the poet lived for a considerable time.

“The Beggs,” as they were familiarly called, on coming to Tranent about 1832, took up house on the eastmost stairhead of that two-storied tenement in the New Row known as “Citizen Allan’s,” and now belonging to Miss Aitken. Afterwards they occupied apartments in the building known as the Royal George. From it they went to that house now occupied by T. B. Dickson as an ironmonger’s shop. Ultimately they shifted to the then extreme east end of the village, the house of Mr W. Allan; and from it they migrated, about the year 1846, to Ayrshire.

ABSTRACT OF RENTAL, 1627.

The following is an “Abstract of the Rental” of the lands in the Winton estate in 1627. In almost every instance it appears that the lands had been improved by “limeing” and “extraordinary guiding and labouring thereof.” Thus the rent of Longniddry had been increased by 12 chalders, that of Seton 11 chalders, and that of Wintoun by 6 chalders.

That much merchandise was brought to Tranent for sale appears from the following:—“Tranent, before the great trafique of merchandise, and extraordinary limeing and guiding, payit of stock 24 chalders, and of teind 8 chalders; and now throche the trafique foirsaid and uthar extraordinary limeing and guiding, with the pertaineris thairof, is valuit of stock to 30 chalders, and of teind to 10 chalders.

“Elphingstoun payit of awld, of stock 15 chalders, and of teind 3 chalders; and throche the benefeit of coilheuchs and extraordinary limeing and labouring, is now valuit of stock at 20 chalders, and of teind at 5 chalders. Led be the heritour as takisman of my Lord Haliruidhous.

“Fausyd (Wester), with the pendicles, payit of awld, in stock 8 chalders, and of teind 2 chalders; and now throche benefeit of the coll and extraordinarie limeing and labouring, is valuit of stock 12 chalders, and of teind 3 chalders. Coft be the heritour fra my Lord Haliruidhous:—

	Chalders.	Bolls.
Langniddrie, with the pendicles . . .	40	0
———— Lord Reidhous’ pairt thairof . . .	2	8
Setoun, with the Mains thairof . . .	32	0
Wintoun	16	0
Tranent	40	0
Aldinstoun (thrie thirds of)	15	0

	Chalders.	Bolls.
St Germain's	3	0
Elphingstoun	25	0
Fausyd (Wester), with the pendicles	15	0
Fausyd (Eister)	3	0
Eister Windygoul	2	8
Olivestob (Bankton)	5	0

EXCERPT from "Abstract of some of the Forfeited Estates in Scotland, taken by the Surveyor and his Deputy in 1716 and 1717," as per Appendix No. II. to Vol. VI. of Aikman's "History of Scotland."

I.—ESTATE OF GEORGE LATE EARL OF WINTOUN.

Money, rent payable in money	£266	7	9
Wheat, 1683 ¹ / ₂ bolls 3 firlots 2 pecks 3 ⁴ / ₅ lippies, at 10/5 per boll	876	18	4
Barley, 1957 bolls 2 firlots 2 pecks 1 ⁹ / ₁₅ lippies, at do.	1019	12	2
Oats, 318 bolls 3 firlots 3 pecks 1 ¹ / ₂ lippies, at do.	166	12	2
Straw, 504 thraves, at 5d. per thrave	10	10	0
Capons, 705 ¹ / ₄ at 10d. each	31	4	4
Hens, 802 ¹ / ₂ , 6 ³ / ₄ d. each	22	5	8
Salt-pans 12, and 2 coal-pits, reckoned about	1000	0	0
	£3393 11 5		

NOTES.

The estate of James late Earl of Southesque was	£3271	10	0
The estate of James late Earl of Panmure was	£3437	3	0
The other <i>Scotch</i> forfeited estates were much smaller, the total rental of the whole forfeitures in Scotland, as given in Aikman's Appendix, being	£29,684	19	9

FARMS AND FARMERS IN THE BARONY OF TRANENT IN 1779.

In the "Decreet of Sale, 1779," under the régime of John Adams, tacksman on the barony of Tranent, the principal farms on the estate were severally held by the following gentlemen, and the yearly rentals paid as herein stated:—

"Andrew Cuthbertson occupied the lands of Wester Addinston, Boghouse, and Blindwells. For the two former he paid 20 bolls of wheat, 64 of barley, 64 of oats, and 36 hens; for Blindwells he paid 19 bolls 2 firlots 2 pecks 1 lippie; the same of barley, and a like quantity of oats, all delivered at the terms mentioned in said tack. Finds himself also liable in five cart carriages to Edinburgh, or the sum of £152, 10s. 8d. sterling; also pays 5s. 4d. in name of poors-money.

"George Rennie, The Myles farm, and the Bankpark, at the west side of Tranent. Paid for The Myles £18 sterling, also

81 bolls of wheat, 90 of barley, with 40 capons and 40 hens, and 5 cart carriages to Edinburgh. For Bankpark, £2, 5s. for each acre, and the carriage of 1 cart of coals from Tranent or Pinkie to Mr Adams' residence at Edinburgh; also as poors-money, over all, £1, 6s. 3d.

"Patrick Turnbull, for Carlaverock farm and Wester Windygoul, paid £43, 6s. 8d. sterling, 38 bolls of barley, and 25 bolls 2 firlots of oats, with 18 capons and 18 hens, 4 cart carriages to Edinburgh, and 13s. 4d. as poors-money.

"John Cadell, for Portobello Park, paid 18 bolls 3 pecks 1 lippie of wheat, and the like quantity of barley, with £1, 16s. 4d. of money, and 3s. 10d. of poors-money. He also collected the shore-dues of the harbour of Port-Seton, teinds of fish, and the customs of Cockenzie and Port-Seton, for which he paid £16 sterling.

"William Renton, for Birsley farm, paid 7 bolls 1 firлот 1 peck 3½ lippies of wheat, 29 bolls 3 pecks, 1 lippie of barley, 20 bolls of oats, with £3 sterling of money; also 12 capons, 12 hens, and 5s. 5½d. as poors-money.

"Robert Pringle occupied Craigiemay, Burnhead, south side of post-road park, west side of Heuch, Meetinghouse park, The Heugh, Caponha', and west park of the Meadows, for which he paid 33 bolls 2 pecks of wheat, 47 bolls 1 firлот 3 pecks and 3 lippies of barley, 20 bolls of oats, £55, 10s. 8d. sterling, over and above all 13s. 11½d. for poors-money."

DR ADAIR.

In the Register House, Edinburgh, on looking over the Tranent Register of Births, &c., we fell upon the following Memorandum, dated 1770, written upon a double sheet of letter-paper, and bound up in one of the volumes:—

"The ingenious Dr Adair has lately made the following curious and interesting remarks on the brevity of human life:—

"Of 1000 persons, 23 died in the birth; 277 from teething, convulsions, and worms; 8 women in childbed; 80 from small-pox; 7 in the measles; 191 of consumption, asthma, and other diseases of the breast; 150 of fever; 12 of apoplexy in lethargy, &c.; 41 of dropsy, omitting other diseases not so well ascertained; so that only 78 of a 1000 attained what may be termed old age.

"Or if the reader choose to take it in another point of view:—Of 1000 persons, 260 die within the first year, 80 in the second, 40 in the third, and 24 in the fourth; and within the

first eight years of life 446, or almost one-half of the number are cut off by premature death.

“Sickly persons are from 1 in 4 to 1 in 6 or 7 to the healthy.

“December, January, and April are found from observation to be the most sickly months, and June the most healthy in the year; January is to June as 11 to 1.”

From the position in which the foregoing document was found, it is presumed that Dr Adair had been a medical practitioner in Tranent at the above date.

From the same source we learn that—

In 1782					In 1783				
There were born 49 boys and 36 girls.					There were born 40 boys and 27 girls.				
Died under	5	years	28		Died under	5	years	24	
Between	5 and 10	...	1		Between	5 and 10	...	4	
„	10 ... 20	...	2		„	10 ... 20	...	1	
„	20 ... 30	...	5		„	20 ... 30	...	7	
„	30 ... 40	...	4		„	30 ... 40	...	0	
„	40 ... 50	...	2		„	40 ... 50	...	1	
„	50 ... 60	...	2		„	50 ... 60	...	4	
„	60 ... 70	...	8		„	60 ... 70	...	4	
„	70 ... 80	...	12		„	70 ... 80	...	8	
„	80 ... 90	...	6		„	80 ... 90	...	6	
„	90 ... 100	...	0		„	90 ... 100	...	1	

In 1874				
There were born 47 boys and 53 girls.				
Died under	5	years	21	
Between	5 and 10	...	1	
„	10 ... 20	...	3	
„	20 ... 30	...	2	
„	30 ... 40	...	2	
„	40 ... 50	...	0	
„	50 ... 60	...	4	
„	60 ... 70	...	12	
„	70 ... 80	...	7	
„	80 ... 90	...	6	
„	90 ... 100	...	0	

In the old “Statistical Account” of the parish the following occurs:—“The climate is exceedingly good, and the air is healthy and dry. The town of Tranent has long been reputed particularly healthy.” The above account holds no less good to-day. Often when neighbouring villages have been scourged by pestilential fevers, &c., Tranent has ridden almost scatheless through the storm.

Butcher Market.—There was, in the latter part of last century, a butcher market held twice a week in the village, from

which Prestonpans, Ormiston, and the adjacent country were principally supplied. In 1790, 250 oxen, 70 calves, and 1350 sheep and lambs were slaughtered by the different butchers. These markets were held on what is now familiarly known as the "Puddin' Tower." The Allans, whose descendants are still in the village, were the leading butchers in the district till the close of the Puddin' Tower markets.

Tannery, &c.—There was also at this time a considerable tannery in the village, and a small manufactory of locks and nails. A good many looms also existed in the parish, but chiefly for private use. There was only one weaver of muslin. The tannery occupied the close and buildings behind Messrs. Dowie & Laidlaw's shop; while the colliery office of Messrs. R. & J. Durie was the dwelling-house of James Cowan, the tanner.

Lock and Nail Making.—The lock and nail making was carried on in the two-storied building opposite Steele's bakehouse. The manufacturer was one Hunter, better known, however, as "Auld Southerem." He and his better half both belonged to Winton, and he it was who originated the well-known saying, "She'll come to, like the bride o' Winton," in allusion to his wife, we suppose.

Within our own time there were two nail-makers in the village, viz., James Miller and Robert Dunse, and for many years their calling was a prosperous one; but in this, as in many other things, human labour has been superseded by steam-power, and the trade of nail-making is now unknown in Tranent.

Weaving.—Of weavers by profession the last in the village was James Burnet, in New Row, and Richard Dalglish, in Coal Neuk,—the one a cloth, the other a sacking weaver. Many a time have we keeked through the dust-begrimed windows and watched the busy operator at his handiwork. How dexterous he seemed, and how intricate was the play of all those cogs and bobbins and shuttles by which the artist produced the lovely fabric that was the end and object of his toils. Now, however, the trade of weaving, like that of nail-making, so far as Tranent is concerned, is a thing of the past. Old William Morton, who died in 1873 at the age of eighty-two years, was the last weaver in our midst. He, however, gave up weaving as a profession many years prior to his decease, and

took to the mines in the district. He afterwards became a dealer in hosiery, &c., in that shop in Church Street, opposite the U.P. Church.

Breweries and Maltstries.—In the early part of the present century there were no less than four breweries in Tranent, the most considerable of which was carried on in Murray's Close, and belonged to George Murray. Murray made his own malt, and the roofless ruin behind the gaswork was his malt-kiln. Murray employed men principally at his brewery; at the other breweries women were chiefly engaged.

Candle-Works.—There were also at this period a number of candle-works in the village. Of these the most extensive was conducted by Mr Walter Russell, on premises now belonging to Mr Robert Wilson, in Church Street, and presently occupied by Mr W. Simpson, merchant, and by Mr Allan, at the foot of Well Wynd. Candles at this period were in great request, not only for domestic purposes, but by the miner as well, who used them regularly at his work.

Straw Hat and Bonnet Makers.—In these days also numerous straw-plaiters flourished in Tranent. Here no doubt the trade would be prosecuted in all its branches, from the cockle-shell shape of the plebeian to the coal-scuttle pattern of the aristocrat; and the village belle of a century ago no doubt had a choice of as many varieties of the article as her more fastidious sister of the present day. Sad, however, as it is to relate, this interesting branch of industry has now, like many others, wholly disappeared from the village.

Agriculture in 1790.—At this date there were 3331 Scotch acres under cultivation in the parish. Good land then let at from 30s. to 50s. per acre. Land of poorer quality from 10s. to 15s., and some as low as 5s. per acre. In that year there were sown in the parish:—

	Acres.	Produced per Acre.	Value.	Total.
Wheat, . . .	650	7 bolls.	21s.	£4,777 10 0
Barley, . . .	430	6 „	18s.	2,322 0 0
Oats, . . .	741	6 „	13s.	2,889 13 0
Peas and Beans,	312	7 „	12s.	1,318 0 0
Potatoes, . .	35	£8.	...	280 0 0
Grass Seed, .	394	200 stones at 4d. p. st.	...	1,313 6 0
Pasture, . . .	423			
Fallow, . . .	346			

£12,900 14 0

Mr David Murray, M.A., F.S.A., in a paper on the York Buildings Company, says:—"Wheat, as a crop, was hardly known throughout these great estates (the forfeited). On only one of them was it raised to any extent, and that was at Tranent in East Lothian."

Tranent Muir.—Up to the early part of the present century a great extent of land to the east of the village was common, and was known as "Tranent Muir." This common, from time immemorial, had been free to all the villagers without distinction. There were no "dairies" in Tranent in those days; every one who could afford the means kept a cow, and those who had none were generally supplied with milk by their more fortunate neighbours. Upon this common all the kine in the village browsed; and a cowherd, invariably an old man incapable of other work, was appointed to look after the whole. Thither in the early morning they were summoned by the sound of the horn, and home they were recalled by the same means in the evening.

By Act of Parliament this "common," like many others in Great Britain, was ultimately brought under the subjection of the ploughshare, the superior of the estate and his feuars in the village coming severally in for a share of the spoil.

Trades and Professions.—There were in the parish of Tranent in 1790:—

3 Clergymen.	4 Tanners.	1 Saddler.
15 Masons.	13 Smiths.	25 Wrights.
2 Coopers.	2 Slaters.	12 Tailors.
7 Butchers.	12 Shopkeepers.	4 Brewers.
3 Stocking-weavers.	62 Shoemakers.	2 Barbers.
2 Surgeons.	12 Bakers.	22 Saltmakers.
40 Weavers.	1 Wheelwright.	50 Fishermen.
150 engaged in Coal Working.		1 Relief.
110 Burgher Seceders.	8 Antiburghers.	10 Episcopalians.
30 Licensed Alehouses.		

Schoolmasters, from 4 to 6, the number is not given.

NAPOLEON'S THREATENED INVASION OF SCOTLAND.

Opinion always has been, and still is, very much divided as to whether Napoleon really intended invading Scotland during the Peninsular struggle, or if his manœuvres on the French coast were only feints, made designedly to distract the attention of the British Government from the real seat of war. Be that

as it may, it was deemed by those in authority at the time the wisest plan to be prepared for any emergency. Information was to hand, through British spies on French soil, that the French did intend to invade Scotland, and that their place of disembarkment would be on the south shore of the Firth of Forth, at a distance of about twelve miles from Edinburgh. The places looked upon as the most likely for a landing were Port-Seton, Bogle-Hill, and Gullane Point, at either of which it might, could they have entered the Forth, been effected with little difficulty, as the only land force in the neighbourhood to contend with them were a few infantry and militia at Preston, and the same at Seton Castle and Port-Seton.

In order to show the activity displayed by those in authority, and the arrangements made in view of an invasion, we herewith, through the kindness of General Cadell of Cockenzie, lay before our readers a few "private" and other documents, which we are not aware of having hitherto been published, relating to that alarming affair. The first is a letter from the Marquis of Tweeddale, Lord-Lieutenant of the county, to Mr John Cadell, Esq. of Tranent, at Cockenzie, dated

"Yester, 27th April 1797.

"SIR,—I find from a letter I have just now received that it is judged expedient to whatever extent the Militia is carried, no longer to postpone accepting of offers of Volunteer Corps on the coast, and it is mentioned under the same conditions of those already established in Edinburgh. You will therefore be as obliging as to transmit to me such offers as you think proper to make, that I may transmit them to the Duke of Portland.—I am, sir, your most obt. hum. sert.,

TWEEDDALE."

Following these we have the "Volunteer Roll," a large sheet of paper, with printed headings. Thus it reads:—

"We whose names are hereunto subscribed, do offer to serve as Volunteers under the Volunteer Act, either as cavalry or infantry, according as we have expressed the same opposite to our respective names, and to obey the Lord-Lieutenant and his deputies, and such officers in our respective situations as may be appointed to command us by proper authority. And we are only to serve in the county of East Lothian, except in the case of actual invasion, or of an enemy's fleet appearing upon the coast, in either of which cases we are willing to do duty in the counties of Mid-Lothian, West Lothian, and Berwick. And we have, to the best of our knowledge, stated our age and profession opposite to our names."

Names.	Age.	Profession.	Abode.	Parish.	Ca- valry.	In- fantry.	Sea.
Jas. Cadell.....	50	Of	Cockenzie.	Tranent.	I	..	
W. Cadell, Jr.	22	Younger.	„	„	I	...	
Jn. Alexander..	36	Servant to Mr Cadell.	„	„	I	...	
Geo. B. Dick.	19	Clerk to Mr Cadell.	„	„	I	...	
David Weir....	23	At Mr Cadell's.	„	„	I	...	
Jo. M'Adam...	20	Servant to Mr Cadell.	„	„	I	...	
Wm. Welsh....	45	Farmer of Mr Cadell's	„	„	...	I	
Andrew Blair..		Farmer.				I	

It is well the quality of our Volunteers was good, for truly the quantity was small; nor can we learn that any further augmentation was ever made to the above "Roll." The next document to be dealt with, also addressed to John Cadell, Esq., is dated April 28, 1797, and entitled:—

“Private Instructions for the Deputy-Lieutenants with regard to removing of Dead and Live Stock to the following places mentioned in case of necessity.

“The people to the eastward of Dunbar must drive all such stock up by Thurston to Woodhall and Waldalie, from whence, as occasion shall require, it can be drove further inland through the hills, or to the low country by Giffordhall. The east part of the parish of Dunbar and Spott must drive such live stock to Whittinghame or Stenton, according to the locality of their situation.

“The south part of the parish of Tynningham, and the east part of the parish of Prestonhaugh, must drive such live stock to Haddington

“The north part of the parish of Prestonhaugh and Whitekirk, the parish of North Berwick and Dirleton, must drive such stock to Gladsmoor.

“The parish of Aberlady and Gladsmoor must drive such stock to Gladsmoor. The parish of Prestonpans and Tranent to Ormiston.

“The live stock in these parishes must certainly be carried off; and if the danger shall be so urgent that the tenants and others possessed of corn cannot carry any of that dead stock with them, there is no help for it, and it must be destroyed. But if the danger shall not be so imminent and sudden, they must carry off as much of such dead stock, threshed and unthreshed, as can be carried off without running the risk of the enemy thereby getting possession of their live stock; and the persons possessed of carts in the parishes of Stenton, Whittinghame, Garvald, Moreham, Haddington, and Atholstoneford, should assist their neighbours on the coast to drive off such live and dead stock as can be done with safety,—that is, consistent with preventing the enemy from getting possessed of the live stock above described.

“When such live and dead stock shall be drove to the places above mentioned, orders will be given for its further security as the circumstances of the case for the time shall render necessary.

(Signed) “TWEEDDALE.”

Annexed to the foregoing document is the following. It is of the same date, 1797, and is entitled:—

“Orders by the Lord-Lieutenant of East Lothian to his Deputies.

“I am now to notify to you the result of sundry communications I have had of late with the Commander-in-Chief of his Majesties forces in Scotland, and with the other Executive Officers of the Crown in this part of the United Kingdom, that you may in your several districts make known to the people of our country, and particularly those upon the coast, what it highly imports them to know, and to fulfill with alacrity.

“In the first place, as to the corn stored in the burghs of Dunbar and North Berwick, I am commanded to inform the proprietors of that corn that these places are considered to be highly unsafe to lodge corn in, because should an enemy appear on the coast, all such corn as cannot be immediately removed to a place of safety must enfallably be destroyed, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy; and if the proprietors of that corn shall have it in either or both of these burghs, after this notification, it must remain at their own risk.

“Secondly, That upon a signal being made of an enemy upon the coast, or upon the appearance of an enemy without any signal, the tenants and others possessed of live stock, such as horses of every description, black cattle, and sheep, must be immediately drove off to a place of safety, under the pain of its being destroyed, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy.

“The Commander-in-Chief has explained to me, and it must be obvious to every person, that the march of an enemy into the country, who cannot bring horses or beasts of burden along with them to carry their artillery, ammunition, and baggage, must be slow indeed if they shall find no such beasts of burden upon their landing on our coast.

“It is therefore of the utmost importance for the general safety that all persons possessed of such live stock shall be prepared to drive it off with the utmost alacrity and dispatch upon the first appearance of an enemy, and that the smallest delay in the performance of this duty will infallibly occasion the destruction of it; and such persons will suffer the loss arising from their own negligence without receiving any compensation from Government.

(Signed) TWEEDDALE.”

“This is a true Copy, taken from the principal sent to me by the Lord-Lieutenant of East Lothian, and by his Lordship’s orders transmitted to you. Please own the receipt.

JOHN CRAW, Clerk.”

“In connection with this subject,” says General Cadell, “it may be interesting to state, that the late Sir William Gomme, Commander-in-Chief of India, who died a very few years ago at a very advanced age, shortly before his death met with a gentleman who came from this neighbourhood. On hearing the name ‘Prestonpans’ mentioned, the old veteran said he

had not been there since he was almost a boy, when he was quartered at Preston with a company of his regiment in an old house near the tower. He had a perfect recollection of the locality, and said his first experience of actual campaigning was when an alarm came that the French had landed, and his company marched at night the whole way to Linton before they heard that it was a false alarm. He mentioned also, that if the stones in the courtyard of the old house were examined, slits would be found in them, which were formed by his men sharpening their bayonets on the sandstone, and that the word 'Bonaparte' would be seen cut out of the stone with the same weapons."

Although for more than half a century these marks had been forgotten, they are quite distinct to this day. The house now belongs to Mr Hislop of Burnrig.

GASWORKS.

During the early part of the present century the streets of Tranent were lighted with lamps, in which oil was burned. A few of the circular pieces of iron in which they swung may still be seen fixed in the walls of some of the larger houses. About 1844 a company was formed for the purpose of introducing gas into the town; and in a couple of years or so afterwards the shop windows of Tranent were ablaze with that "new-fashioned light." In 1860 it was resolved to light the streets with gas, and to aid in overcoming the expense a grand dress ball was held, the granaries of Mr Robert Nisbet being thrown open for the occasion. The street lamps were erected in 1861.

A few years ago a number of consumers becoming dissatisfied with the quality of Tranent gas, induced the Prestonpan company to send a branch from their works up through the village, the effect of which has been, if not to burden with profits the pockets of shareholders, at least to very considerably lighten the expense of consumers. During all these years, except a short time at the opening, Tranent gasworks had been managed by Mr Robert Morrison, who lately resigned his commission and retired from the strife.

Some months ago the old company was wound up, and for a time it looked as if the lighting of Tranent would be given up wholly to strangers. This was too much for our high-spirited Tranentonians; and, led by one of her noblest sons, Mr G—— S——, now resident in Edinburgh, a new company

was straightway formed, which on the day of sale, after a spirited competition, acquired the old gasworks.

The new company, numbering as it does the superiors of the estate, the gentleman above mentioned, and a host of other influential parties in the district among its shareholders, is a most powerful one, and of it great results are expected. Mr T. Cornwall, the energetic manager of Tranent Co-operative Store, has undertaken the secretaryship for a time without fee. Mr John Walker, Paisley, has been appointed manager.

LICENSED ALEHOUSES.

In 1840 there were forty licensed alehouses in the parish of Tranent to a population of about 3800. In 1884ⁿ there are only fifteen licensed alehouses to a population of upwards of 5000.





CHAPTER XX.

The Heuch—Tranent Old Tower—The Abbey—The Meeting-house—Pigeon Square—Davie Dobson's House—Babylon: Ye Change House—Old Mansion House—Sandy Burns' House—The Royal George—Kerse's Close and Robie Dunse's Smiddy.

THE HEUCH.



THE glorious old Heuch! what glad memories it recalls. Who is he that remembers it, even so late as five-and-thirty years ago, in its rugged loveliness, and does not with all his heart desire that the romantic glen was once more relinquished as a trafficking place, and transformed into the delightful valley it was wont to be? With its sparkling burnie, now tumbling over countless precipices in miniature, getting lost to sight in its gulleys, and anon stealing away serpentine-like among the long green grasses that everywhere grew in luxuriance; bushes here, trees there, young men and maidens strolling over its flowery banks, and dusty laughing-faced children rolling down its sunny braes everywhere.

Originally this was a natural valley full of fine old trees. It extended from the churchyard on the north to the extreme west end of the village on the south, where at an early period it had been levelled up to make a crossing for the old post-road. Even up to the year 1822 the Heuch was one wide, open, and continuous hollow, the bridge that now spans it, as an inscription over it shows, having been constructed at that date. This was when that part of the new post-road stretching from near Bankhead House on the west to the old Meeting-house on the east was made. Prior to this the main highway, or Edinburgh road, passed along what is now termed New



J. Robertson Edr.

TRANENT TOWER

J. W. Mason.

Row, up a rough steep brae at the west end of it, and over through Birsley plantation.

To return to our story. Tradition asserts that from a very early period this glen was used as a quarry, out of which for many centuries stones were taken for the construction of the village. Possibly it was when removing these stones that coal was found to have a lodgment here; and that its rich seams were early taken advantage of, all its surroundings testify. Here, in this same Heuch, no less than in the marsh below it, the monks of Newbattle, in the early part of the thirteenth century, would no doubt turn out the rare black stone for their own especial benefit.

Sir John Cope in his evidence, when tried in 1745 for cowardice at the battle of Preston, calls it a hollow full of trees on the north-west of Tranent. It must at this period have been very heavily wooded, for down through this avenue of trees it was, we further learn, that a party of venturesome Highlanders unsuspectingly stole and quietly took possession of Tranent churchyard, within a few hundred yards of the royal army.

Of the last of these trees we have a very distinct recollection. This was a row of heavy and gigantic beeches, stretching right across the Heuch from the foot of Scrymgeour's garden up to and along the head of the Glebe park. The massive stumps of a few of these, all overgrown with fresh shoots, may still be seen on the brae face some two hundred yards or so from the foot of the glen.

This hollow has also become not a little famous, as elsewhere noticed, through having laid within its depth the first tramway ever constructed. This, however, had been removed, and the old old Heuch restored once more to something like its natural self, when the North British Railway Company stepped in and banished its beauties for ever.

TRANENT TOWER.

This curious specimen of architecture is situated a little to the south of the United Presbyterian Church, about half-way down Church Street. It stands partly hidden behind another old building, some thirty yards off the thoroughfare, and this, we suppose, in part accounts for its present entirety,—entirety in so far at least as its outward condition is concerned. When the Tower was built it is impossible to say. The title-deeds to the property, which are in the hands of its present proprietor, extend backwards over a period of five or six hundred years,

and can scarcely, if at all, be deciphered. These may or may not—who can tell?—be able to throw a ray of light on the mystery.

After a close inspection of the building, we have no hesitation whatever in setting down its erection as of as early a date, if not antecedent, to that of the castle of Fawside. Its lower ceiling, like that of Fawside Tower, is an arch of stone; but, unlike that of its neighbour, it is in a state of almost perfect preservation. It has not, like the former, been exposed to the elements; and though it has been anything but protected as such buildings deserve to be, hitherto no ruthless hand has been laid upon it. The stones wherewith the arch is built, the manner in which they are chiselled, together with the style of the builder, all indicate its erection to have been about the same period as that of the Tower at Fawside. Indeed, in many things the buildings are so much alike, it might readily be conjectured that the hands which built the one no less constructed the other.

We have in the twelfth century authentic information that the Tower of Fawside was inhabited by William of that name. In the same century Edmundo de Fawside bore witness to a grant of lands by his monarch to Thor of Trauent. There is no evidence to show that any other fortalice than this ever existed in the village of Tranent, consequently here it must have been that Thor was domiciled; and possibly in the eleventh century it may have been constructed by Swan his father.

As years rolled on, the Tower of Tranent,—we are also at a loss to know when or how,—together with its adjacent grounds, became national property; the building subsequently serving the purpose of a barracks for the military on many occasions.

About the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Tower and its surroundings was acquired by the family of Vallance, or Vallance; but whether it was obtained for services rendered to the Government of that day, or acquired by purchase, we have no means of ascertaining. In the hands of that family, however, it remained until a few years ago, when on the decease of the late Dr Vallance, of Portobello, Mr Charles Stirling, of Kirkintilloch, its present proprietor, succeeded to the estate.

This has always been said to be the only property within the barony of Tranent that held its feu-charter directly of the Crown, the “rental mail” being a “snowball in midsummer, and a rose in midwinter, annually;” and that the feu collector must proceed to the Tower top to receive them.

Whatever the original conditions were on which this pro-

perty was held, one thing is certain. Many years ago, when the old quarry was open, the late proprietor, under the impression that he held of the Crown, and that the minerals under the property were also his, began to excavate the coal on his own account. This, however, the late Laird Cadell quickly interdicted, and the case went no further. The present proprietor on taking possession became subject to the superior of the barony of Tranent, but the "rental mail" is no longer a "snowball in summer, and a rose in winter."

THE ABBEY.

About a hundred yards to the north of where stood Babylon, lies the Abbey park, in which, overlooking the grand old Heuch, only a few years ago, stood what were said to be part of the ruins of the curious old abbey itself.

Whatever historical associations there may at any past period have been in connection with the primitive structure, they are, so far at least as can now be learned, lost to the world for ever. What is even more strange, there is not afloat in the village, except the name it bore, a single traditional allusion to it. The want of historical facts on the one hand, and legendary lore on the other, has given rise to suspicion that there never existed an abbey in Tranent. But the very fact of the ruin being handed down from generation to generation as "The Abbey," and the grounds surrounding it as "The Abbey park," together with their near proximity to the church, seem of themselves to indicate that there must have been at some early date a strong connecting link between these grounds and the sacred edifice.

Here it may have been—who can tell?—that Walleran, the first "chaplain de Trauent," had a dwelling-place; and probably on this spot it was, in 1145, the good old man resigned his spirit into the hands of his Maker.

Here also, it may be surmised, on Thor confirming the church of Tranent to the canons of Holyroodhouse, the monks of that famous abbey would establish a home; and the monks of Newbattle, on obtaining a footing in the barony, would continue to inhabit it.

The earliest authentic information that can now be gleaned concerning the old building is, of it about the latter end of last century being turned into a tobacco-pipe manufactory, of which highly favoured article many curious specimens have in its vicinity from time to time been found.

The latest information to be given of the "old abbey" is, alas! of its being converted into a common cow-byre; ultimately levelled with the ground, its stones going to build a wall at the foot of the "Abbey Brae," and the spot whereon it stood turned into a cabbage-garden.

MEETING-HOUSE.

The origin of that very old, massive, and uncouth-looking building known as "Meeting-house," and now serving the purpose of "Home farmhouse," we are altogether at a loss to ascertain. Opinions concerning the matter vary considerably. Some hold that it was originally built to serve the very purpose to which it is presently being put, while others stoutly maintain that it had been erected for a place of public worship.

The old traditions of the village, however,—lore in which we delight to revel, and in which we never fail to find a strong support when real history is wanting,—point to this as being erected and inhabited about the middle of the thirteenth century by Alan de la Suche, who married Ela, third daughter of Roger de Quincy, Lord of Tranent, and got by her, on the decease of his father-in-law, "the mines and miners of Tranent," as his portion of the estate.

The next we learn of it is shortly after the Reformation, when it became occupied by some half-score old Roman Catholic ladies ("gude bodies," they were called by the people), put there by the Earl of Winton of that day, and who, at the earl's expense, served out to all the poor of Tranent, without distinction, a daily supply of bread and broth to dinner.

On the overthrow of Presbyterianism, here, at the dead of night, the stern Covenanters held their solemn conclaves; and from the fact of these conventicles being held within these walls, the building hereafter became the "Meeting-house." Again, on the re-establishment of Presbyterianism, here the adherents in and around Tranent to the Episcopal form of worship were driven to hold their services.

Here also the seceders from the Established Church in 1740, when Cunningham was put in at the point of the bayonet, met, and thus was formed the nucleus now represented by the United Presbyterian Church of Tranent. In 1779 the Meeting-house was occupied by Mr Robert Pringle, who then farmed Meeting-house park and many other fields around Tranent. It still serves a similar purpose, and is presently occupied by Mr William Ritchie, tenant of Meeting-house farm.

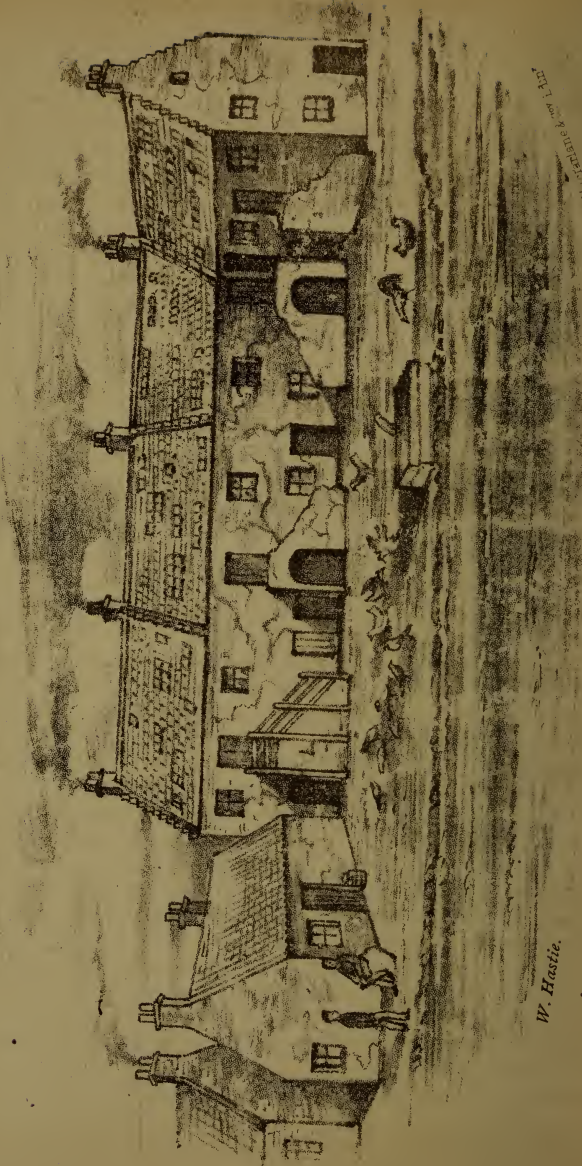


J. MacArthur & Co. Engrs.

NEW BGN.

OLD MEETING HOUSE

W. H. Hoistie.



W. Hastie.

PIGEON SQUARE

THE ARCHITECT & ENGRAVER

PIGEON SQUARE.

The series of curious old buildings, latterly known as "Pigeon Square," occupied the site on which the Public School now stands. Originally they were partly grey-slated, and partly thatch-roofed; and like many of our ancient dwelling-places, the stones with which they were built were layered mostly with clay or mud, instead of lime. When they were constructed, while they stood there were no means of ascertaining; and now, since they are demolished, few we suppose will care to inquire. To us they always seemed to have been amongst the earliest houses erected in the village. The name they were originally known by we have also failed to discover. In the early part of last century, however, they were possessed by Dr Forest, one of two brothers, medical practitioners in Tranent. The square at this time was known as "Forest's Bounds." In the early part of the present century it became the possession of Lawrence Lee, and was then called "Lee's Bounds." Later on it became "Texal Square," and this it derived from "Nannie Muirhead."

Nannie belonged to a village a few miles to the south-east of Tranent. She was anything but a virtuous woman, and took residence on board the "Texal" warship, which then was stationed in the Firth of Forth. After a time her conduct became too bad to be tolerated even by the rough "man o' war's men." Ultimately she was "tared and feathered," driven from the "Texal," and put ashore at Cockenzie; whence she made her way to Tranent, became located there, and kept the village astir for the rest of her life. The house she occupied was in the south-west corner of the square.

On the decease of Nannie Muirhead, it became "Pigeon Square." This, some of our old friends assure us, it derived from "Robie Napier," who established himself in the house of the deceased Nannie. Robie was not only an extensive breeder but a large dealer in pigeons, forwarding his stock regularly to the Edinburgh poultry markets.

Others, however, maintain that it derived its name from the family of "Dow," commonly called "Doo" (Scots for *pigeon*), becoming proprietors of the square, and from what we have otherwise learned, this seems to be the correct derivation of the name it was last known by. Many years ago it became quite famous as a Sunday afternoon preaching station. Then it was nothing uncommon to find two preachers,—a Mormon at the one end, and a Revivalist at the other,—surrounded by their

followers, and each denouncing the other as the greatest sinner on earth, with all the strength of lung and virulence of tongue he could command.

But if the square did not become sanctified under the régime of the "Texal," neither did it become holy by means of these furious preachers. Latterly, like "Babylon" and the "Royal George," it became a howf for the most degraded characters in the village, and few indeed were sorry at last to see the ancient buildings levelled with the ground.

DAVIE DOBSON'S HOUSE.

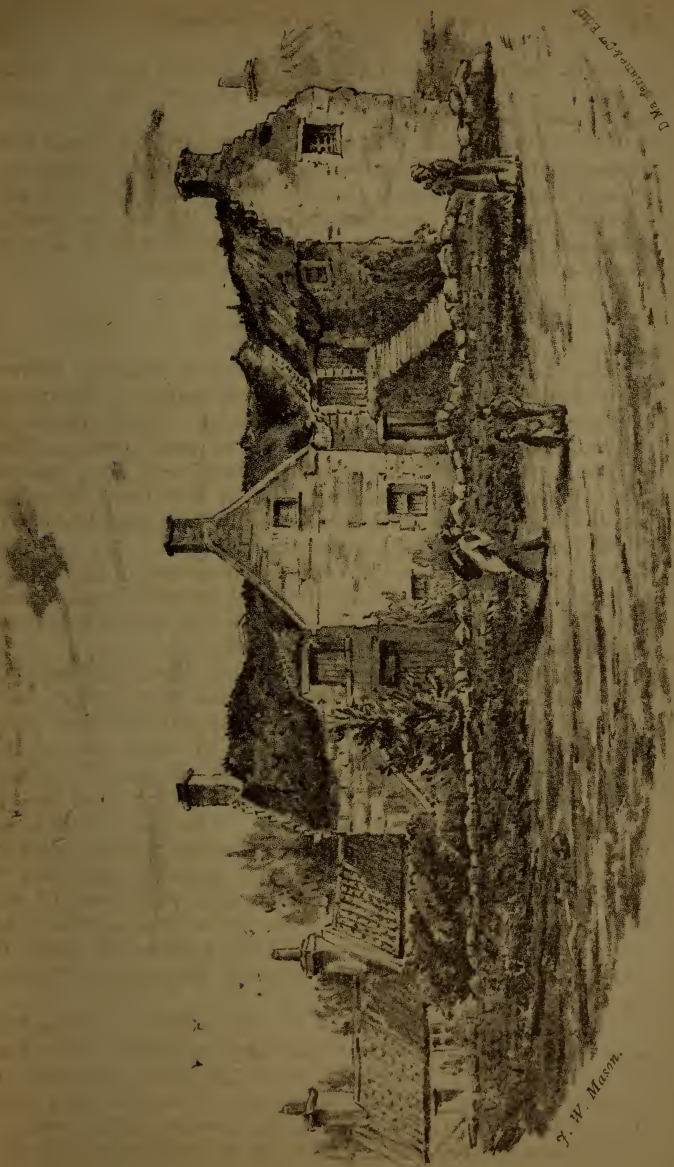
The curious and particularly interesting building known as "Davie Dobson's House," is situated towards the northern extremity of the village, in Fowler Street. When the fabric was constructed we have no means of ascertaining. The original title-deeds to the property have been lost, and of data otherwise none can be obtained. It is equally uncertain whether the building was originally meant for a grand hostelry, or the home of a private gentleman.

People skilled in architecture hesitate not to ascribe the erection of the fabric to the twelfth or thirteenth century; and if not built for the residence of a De Quincy, probably for one of the chamberlains to that ancient family.

The traditions of the village point to this house as being in the sixteenth century a grand hotel, and confidently assert that here it was the beautiful Queen Mary and her royal party on one occasion dined. The second, or upper flat of the building, seems to have been one grand hall, stretching from north to south the whole length of the building; and here it was probably that the royal party met. There is on this same flat, but in nowise interfering with the hall, a dove-cot, with entrance from the front, capable of containing 200 pairs of pigeons. Amongst those who latterly held possession of this property was Laird Cuthbertson, who at the time to which we refer was a very large proprietor of both houses and lands in and around the village, and followed the trade of "cinder burning."

Towards the latter part of his life Cuthbertson is said to have acquired very dissolute habits, and getting into debt, had his property heavily mortgaged, ultimately losing the whole of it, the property now called Dobson's becoming at that period the possession of Mr John Cadell, the superior of the estate.

A few years after the dispossession of Cuthbertson this pro-



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DAVIE DOBSON'S HOUSE.

J. W. Mason.

perty was acquired by Mr James Crawford, on whose decease Mr David Dobson succeeded to the estate through his wife, she being an only child of Crawford. In 1883 it again changed hands, and is now held by Mr William Stone, of Dalkeith.

This house for a considerable time has had the honour of being the only thatch-roofed biggin, if not in the parish, at least in the village of Tranent. But even it, we learn, has at length been doomed ere long to be shorn of its peculiar covering.

BABYLON.

“Ye Change House.”

This, we suppose, was one of the finest buildings ever erected in Tranent. It stood “round the butts,” at the entrance to “Coal Neuk ;” and was built, as the inscription stone saved from its débris, and recently placed over the doorway of a cottage built on part of where it stood, informs us, in 1665, and flourished for many years after as a “grand hotel.”

By way of Coal Neuk was, at the above date, the main post-road or highway between Edinburgh and London. The exit on to what is now called Church Street was opposite the U.P. Church, whence downhill it went, winded by the “Meadow Mill,” and swept along by Seton Palace.

The hotel at this period was called the Jacobin, and served afterwards as “Ye Change House” for the mail and other coach horses which ran between the capital towns of Scotland and England, and only ceased to flourish, we suppose, when the main post-road was carried right along New Row, up over Tranent Muir, and on by way of Haddington, when Swanston’s Inn, near the head of the village, became the great posting establishment for the district.

It is on record that the wealthy Mrs Coutts, afterwards Duchess of St Alban’s, called here one day when posting between Edinburgh and London. On alighting, Nelly Chalmers, a real old village ne’er-dae-weel, presented herself before the lady, and to her excessive joy had a one-pound-note laid in her hand. “Mony thanks, my bonnie lassie,” quoth Nelly, on finding her speech ; “an’ dinna fear but I will drink yer health wi’t.”

But to return to our narrative. A great many years ago “Ye Change House” was portioned off and let to several families as a common dwelling-house ; and little more than twenty years since, after a great influx of emerald islanders had taken place, the house became a perfect pandemonium, often

thirty, and seldom less than twenty, families being found crowded into it. Over and above all, it was not uncommon to find a few donkeys located within its once highly finished apartments. To show still further the nature of the class of people by which its floors had become burdened, it became a standing joke in the village, that its then proprietor never got more than fifteen shillings annual rental out of the block, while it cost him yearly upwards of five pounds for taxes.

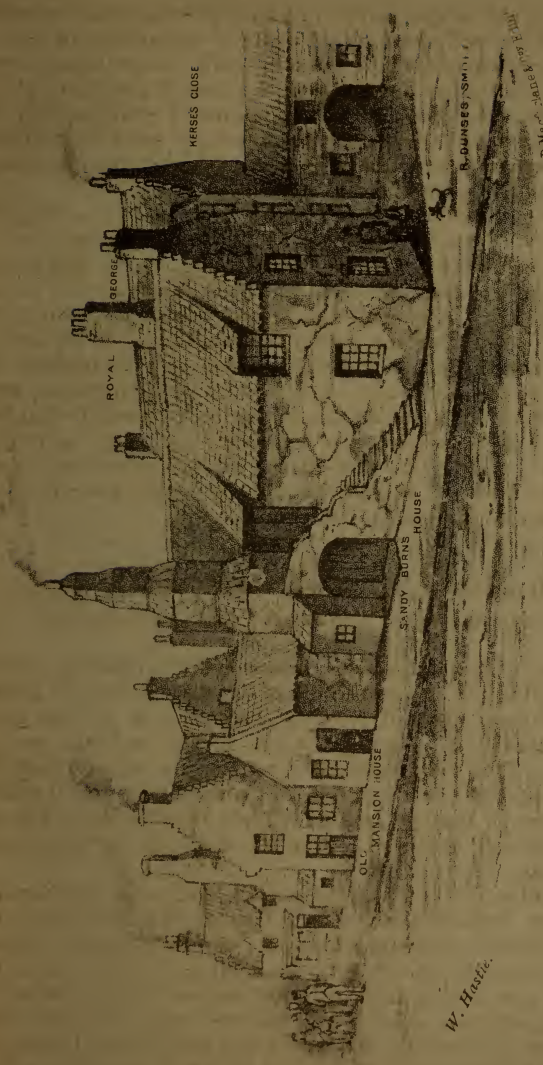
On one occasion a sort of civil war broke out among its community. The fight continued to rage, more or less, over a week, during which the multitude of strange noises that issued from its shattered windows and frameless doorways was fearful in the extreme. An old woman passing one evening, while the strife was at its highest point, screamed out, "It's a perfect Babel, a perfect Babel," and Babylon henceforth it became.

Latterly the building was acquired by Mr John Polson, who, to get rid of the "ill-starr'd" costermonger community that had so long held possession, was ultimately compelled to level it with the ground; so that, after the comparatively short existence of two and a half centuries, the people were heard to cry, "Babylon has fallen."

OLD MANSION, SANDY BURNS' HOUSE, ROYAL GEORGE,
KERSE'S CLOSE, AND ROBIE DUNSE'S SMIDDY.

"These," said a famous architect one day, pointing towards the Old Mansion and Sandy Burns' House, "grouped together would make a splendid picture." Whether or not our artist has succeeded in pleasing the eye of the architect we are unaware. One thing however is certain, no scene within the village could at a single glance so graphically portray Tranent. Other parts of it might make a brighter picture, but in this we have the "auld auld town" depicted in all its sterling ancient ruggedness.

In order to complete the sketch, our artist has thought proper to introduce the Royal George, Kerse's Close, and Robie Dunse's Smiddy, which in their day formed, behind Burns' house, the opening into Back Street. That part of the building represented at the extreme east end of the illustration, with an entrance beneath the archway and a window to the street, was the Smiddy, and here it was that Robie Dunse, the last of our village nailmakers, plied his trade for many a year. Robert Dunse and his spouse Hannah Broadie, had also the



ROYAL

GEORGE

HERSES CLOSE

OLD MANSION HOUSE

SANDY BURNS HOUSE

R. DUNN, SMITH

D. McJannet & Co. Edin.

W. H. Hasle.

honour of being the hindmost tenants that ever occupied that famous public-house in the village, known as the "Hole i' the Wa'."

"Kerse's Close" comprised the open square and a few houses behind the Royal George, to which admittance was gained by the archway. Its name it derived from John Kerse, a stocking-weaver, who became purchaser of the property, and followed his calling there till the latter end of last century.

In the garden grounds adjoining Kerse's Close it was where all the great "cock-fighting" matches for a long period, even up to the passing of the Prohibitory Act anent such sports, took place; and here it was where Davie Nimmo, the shoemaker, shone to best advantage among the cock-breeding fraternity. Davie was said to be the best cock breeder that ever the parish produced; and as to the fighting part of the programme, it was always maintained that Davie had a double chance, for that moment his bird was beat he instantly challenged to fight the master of the winning bird, when it was rare indeed that Davie did not whip his antagonist.

Royal George.—When that great three-storied pile of building, latterly known as "The Royal George," was erected, like all other old houses in the village, is more a matter of conjecture than a subject on which any real information can be obtained. The earliest knowledge we have is of its being occupied about the middle of the sixteenth century by David Seaton, chamberlain to the Earl of Winton of that period, and made immortal through his detection of "sorcery" in his servant-maid Geillis Duncan, who afterwards became so famous in the annals of witchcraft. This was the same Seaton who built the Dove-cot near the kirk. The Royal George is said to have been also built by him, or by the Earl of Winton for his chamberlain's convenience.

In the seventeenth century it was inhabited by Robert Setoun, bailie in Tranent, who, it is supposed, held the same position on the estate as did David, already referred to. Sometime throughout the eighteenth century it is said to have been used as an hotel, hence its title, "The Royal George," after one of the reigning sovereigns of that name. About the middle of the present century apartments in it were occupied for a short time by Mrs Begg, sister of Burns, and her two daughters. Some time afterwards it became the "Poorshouse" for the parish of Tranent. After the respectable poor were removed from beneath its kindly roof, a class anything but respectable got within its walls, and never could be rooted out

until that beautiful transformation scene by the late Mr George Inglis took place on the spot where it stood.

Sandy Burns' House.—This, although the most peculiar-looking habitation that ever stood within the bounds of the village, and a building that was maintained by everybody to be as old as the Tower of Tranent itself, was virtually a house without a history. Nobody of distinction was ever known to inhabit it, nor is there any traditions afloat in the village concerning it. About the latter end of last century it was occupied by Mr William Kedzlie, a farmer in a small way, the same gentleman who had a piece of his ear taken away on the day of "Tranent Mob" by a musket-shot; and here it was, up till within a dozen years ago, lived Sandy Burns, the baker, whose wife was instrumental in bringing the "Begg family" into notice, by introducing them to Messrs W. & R. Chambers, Publishers, Edinburgh. Ultimately the curious old building was purchased by the late Mr George Inglis, shortly after which its demolition took place.

For some years before the structure was pulled down, it was found almost impossible, owing to dampness, to occupy the ground floor, which, through the gradual raising of the streets by laying of road metal, had become sunk three or four feet below the level of the footpath.

Of those strongly built stone stairs with which the front of the building was adorned, there are still a few specimens to the fore; but the fine old chimney-stalk, which stands out so conspicuously on the picture, was the last of its kind in the village. This vent had been constructed in the long past ages, when it was customary to set the cottage fire in the centre of the room. These were days when there needed be no squabbling among children for this fire-cheek or that fire-cheek; each could lift his crepie, run round the ingle, and find a fire-cheek anywhere and all to himself.

MANSION HOUSE.

Like all the other very old buildings in the village, the origin of that known as the "Mansion House" is lost in obscurity. In the title-deeds to the property it is called the "Mansion House," but in the "Decreet of Sale" (1778), all, or nearly all, the two-storied buildings in the village are similarly defined, so whether or not this ever occupied the proud position of the "Estate House," we have no means of learning. One thing, however, is certain, no site than this in the early

times could have been more judiciously chosen as a residence for the Laird of Tranent, commanding as it does a view of all the main crossings in the village. The chief house on the estate, however, has already, and not improperly we think, been assigned to the Old Tower of Tranent.

The peculiar construction of the Mansion House indicates its erection about the middle of the thirteenth century,—the date of Roger de Quincy's decease,—when the estate was divided into three portions, and Lord Derby, the Earl of Buchan, and Alan de la Suche, through their wives, became proprietors. If so, then Earl Derby, as Lord Tranent, would by right acquire the Tower; and Alan de la Suche, as tradition asserts, built and inhabited that now known as the "Meeting House." What more likely, than that the Earl of Buchan should build and occasionally inhabit the "Mansion House"? Inconclusive as these arguments are, they carry on their face at least the semblance of probability. The property has changed hands very often. In 1745 the house seems to have been occupied as an inn, from the fact of a number of Highlanders, after the battle of Preston, meeting to eat and drink there. On the day of "Tranent Mob" here it was that Jackie Crookstone, on foot, encountered Captain Finlay, on horseback; and many other scenes in the "Riot" from this spot were witnessed.

From a continual levelling up of the streets the Mansion House seems much lower than it originally was. The property now belongs to Miss Aitken, and is tenanted by Mr T. Smith, boot and shoe maker.





CHAPTER XXI.

The Resurrectionists—Mode of Disentombing the Dead—Henry Steel the Grave-digger—Grave's End—Vallance's Quarry—Lost in the Waste—Pate Tosh's Prayer—Ancient Customs in the Village—Sunday Sprees—Running the Gauntlet—Riding the Stang—Ancient System of Divorcement—Marriage Processions—Creeling—Kissing—Funeral Processions—Psalmody—Post Office—Benefit Societies—Co-operative Store—Banking—Volunteers—Tranent Puddin's—Poaching—Execution of Two Poachers—Tea Manufacturing—Geordie Hamilton's Snuff—Tam Preston's Pills.

LITTLE more than half a century ago, whether owing to a decrease in the bills of mortality within the city of Edinburgh, or to a corresponding increase in the anatomy classes, is uncertain, but subjects for dissection at the Surgeons' Hall became so scarce that enormous ransoms were offered to obtain them. As a consequence of this, bands of desperadoes infested not only the city but the whole surrounding country, who made it their business to supply bodies for the dissecting rooms; and in order to procure these contraband commodities, various methods were resorted to.

Those who engaged in the revolting traffic were known as "body-snatchers." Some were men of the type of "Burke and Hare," who waylaid and carried off the unwary, and whose horrible deeds at the time made the hearts of the boldest quake for fear, and the ears of the whole nation tingle. There were also the "Resurrectionists," as they were called. The former confined their operations chiefly to the city, the latter devoted themselves to the country districts.

The last named were generally in league with the parish gravedigger, and their mode of procedure was somewhat as follows:—About midnight the confederates would proceed to

the rendezvous, some solitary churchyard where an interment had recently taken place, and the exact position of the grave having been ascertained, a large hole would be cut in a sloping direction towards the head of the chest. This done, the coffin lid would be broken, and a strong rope inserted under the shoulders and through the armpits of the corpse; when to drag the body from its resting-place to some conveyance not far off, was the work of but a few seconds to a number of men versed in the details of their revolting calling.

It was with the so-called Resurrectionists that Tranent had to do, and at this time it became the resort of a crew of as notorious villains as ever disgraced a community. There were in all about a dozen engaged in the work. Their names, however, out of a feeling of delicacy, we forbear to mention, the descendants of some of them having still a residence in our midst.

At this period Henry Steel, father of the late Geordie, the bill-poster, was the village gravedigger, and it was a well-known fact that he and the Resurrectionists wrought hand to hand in the disgusting trade. Many bodies, it is asserted, were scarcely half-an-hour under ground, when Steel and his accomplices had them disinterred and on their way to the anatomist. Others, it is said, were never buried at all.

Steel became rich through this nefarious traffic, and among other properties he acquired was that field now known as John Wilson's Quarry park, but then called in derision by his fellow-villagers "Grave's End." Steel died about thirty years ago, but is still well remembered in the village. Most of his confederates, some of whom we have seen, belonged also to the district; their company, however, on every occasion, was shunned by their fellow-villagers, and few of them ultimately found a grave in the ground they had so desecrated.

VALLANCE'S QUARRY—LOST IN THE WASTE.

This old freestone quarry, now disused, partly filled up, and presently occupied as a market garden by Mr James Dickson, was for a considerable number of years in the hands of the late Mr Hislop Wright, and was extensively wrought about the year 1845, when the line of the North British Railway was in course of construction.

It was well known at the time that the Upper or Great Coal Seam underlying this locality had been worked out, and the lessee, with a keen eye to business, had a passage made from

his quarry down to the "Waste," where he found not only an open bottom which would materially assist him in his proceedings, but an excellent supply of coal from the "stoops" that had been left to support the roof of the old workings. Having thus got access to the Waste, it was Mr Wright's custom to send his men into the mines to bring out the large stone flags which had become detached from the roof. These he readily sold to the North British Railway Company, for drain covers and other purposes.

One day, however, in the absence of their master, his four quarrymen, John Tait, James Greig, John Turner, and Peter Tosh, resolved to make an exploration on their own behalf, and trimming their lamps they wandered into the mine. At first they essayed to get beneath the houses in Tranent, but in this they were disappointed, the passage in that direction being closed. Striking to the south-east they traversed a considerable distance, and came upon a "sump" or "stapple," which they found to be some fathoms deep, and quite dry. After this they proceeded more cautiously, passing on their way many other "sumps" similar to the first, and many splendid blocks of freestone as well, of which they took especial note.

Pleased with their discoveries, the adventurers pushed farther into the interior, till by and by they lost their reckoning, and down they sat to rest and reconnoitre. Here, as bad luck would have it, their lamps, one after another, for want of oil went out, and they were left in darkness. Tosh, who was the youngest of the party, and a silly sort of mortal, was ordered to cast his coat, which on being set fire to served as a sort of torch, and by this light the wanderers began, as they thought, to retrace their steps to the opening in the quarry; to their surprise, however, after travelling a considerable distance, they arrived once more at the point they had last started from, having in reality only trudged around an unusually large sized "stoop." Here it was found that Tosh's coat had burned down to the embers. His vest was next turned into a flambeau, and then his shirt, but all to no purpose. The darkness at every attempt to regain their liberty became more and more bewildering, and at last they lay down, tired, hungry, and dejected.

Meantime the story became current in Tranent that the quarrymen had disappeared. They had not been seen in the quarry all day, neither had they, according to custom, turned up to dinner. In the circumstances, a little uneasiness concerning them began to be felt in the village. Tait's wife

was sent for from Meadowmill, and ere long a host of people had collected in the quarry. The suggestion was hazarded that the men had probably gone off on the spree; but to this Mrs Tait demurred, saying that "John could take a dram, or want a dram, but would never neglect his work for a dram."

The afternoon wore on, but the absentees returned not. That there was a connection between the quarry and the old workings had apparently at first been lost sight of; but soon the cry got up that the men were "lost in the Waste." Such a calamity, though of rare occurrence, had been known before in Tranent. An exploring party was quickly organised, and, supplied with all necessary appliances, made their way into the old workings; but the search proved unsuccessful, nothing was to be seen or heard of Tait and his companions.

Meantime the lost men themselves had not been idle. After resting awhile they resolved to make another attempt to retrace their steps. On this occasion they took a different route from that they had hitherto pursued, and as John Tait said, "We'll trust in God to deliver us." "As to bein' delivered," said Tosh, "had it no' been that hunger is nippin' my vera veetles, deil a foot wad I hae stirred; a' body says that I'm yin o' the deil's bairns, an' that he's sure o' me at last, so he might as weel step doon an' seek me here as elsewhere; but, O God, I'm hungry, and darkness I dinna agree wi', so help Pate Tosh ance more." Before Pate's prayer was finished, all four were groping their way along, each after his own fashion, and that they had hit upon a new route was evident from the fact that they came no more upon their old resting-place. They seemed to be making considerable progress, and had begun to rejoice in their expectant delivery, when, alas, once more they came upon a large "stoop," and past it could not get. Round and round they went, turning and returning, but all in vain; even the road by which they had arrived seemed closed against them. Dejected, tired, and hungry, they at length desisted from their efforts. The supreme moment had arrived. "Let us pray," said John Tait. "Let us lie doon an' dee," groaned Jamie Greig. "Wish I had some meat," cried Pate Tosh. "Wish I had a gill o' the best," whined Jock Turner. But neither meat, drink, nor deliverance appeared to be at hand, and in despair the four confederates lay down, and soon were fast asleep.

In Tranent the excitement continued to increase, while the crowd in the quarry was momentarily augmenting. Here every item of news was eagerly discussed, but hitherto the exploring

parties had met with no success. At the chiming of the seven o'clock bell a final effort was agreed upon, and four squads of determined men entered the mine simultaneously, resolved at all hazards to recover the entombed workmen. One party, led by a miner named Robert Henderson, who lived in the cottage still known as the "Witch wife's," took the direction bearing directly beneath his own residence. There they came upon the lost men. They had been sleeping, but were now wide-enough awake. In all they had spent about ten hours in the old workings, eight of these in absolute darkness.

Of the four John Tait alone survives. He is growing an old man now, but by his ingle-neuk of a winter evening he is still wont to recount the story of his experiences when he was "lost in the Waste."

ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

Sunday Sprees.—Of the many customs at one time prevalent in the district, not a few have been altogether discontinued; others, again, are slowly but surely dying out. Among the former may be mentioned "Sunday spees." These were long in high favour, and were carried out to great lengths. Sabbath after Sabbath bands of disorderly men would meet in the "Heuch," where drinking to excess was indulged in. The proceedings commenced early in the morning—indeed, they were a continuation rather of the Saturday night's spree—and were not brought to a close until late on the Sunday evening. It is said, also, that while the men held their orgies in the open air, the wives were not idle within doors, so that Sabbath desecration was the rule with both sexes. The Forbes M'Kenzie Act, however, put a stop in a great measure to this Sunday debauchery; and though it was severely anathematised at the time by the men, the women hailed it as an unmixed blessing.

Running the Gauntlet.—In these lawless times, it might be supposed that every sort of outrage against public decency and private morals would be condoned, or at least overlooked, by the community. This, however, was not the case. A man, indeed, might steal a sheep from among a flock passing through the village, and be praised for his dexterity; he might slay his fellow in fair combat, and be hailed as a hero; he might bear off the lass of his choice without the consent of her parents, and be admired for his courage,—but if he fell in love with his neighbour's wife, he had to "run the gauntlet," which assuredly was no child's play.

The last case of "gauntlet running" in Tranent occurred nearly a century ago; it originated in Pigeon Square, where the parties resided. The villagers in those days took the law into their own hands, and their mode of punishment was as follows:—At a given time the people assembled in the guilty man's house, when, disrobing him of all save his shirt, they tied him to the back of a pony cart which stood in readiness, and into which his cast-off clothes had been previously thrown. In this manner he was made to march or run through the town, followed by a hooting crowd, who soundly belaboured him all the way. This continued till the procession reached the top of the "Muir," where the fellow's hands were unloosed, and his clothes flung at him, when he was allowed to return or depart as he chose.

Riding the Stang.—If, on the other hand, the culprit was a female, she was treated somewhat differently. Her case was brought before a jury of matrons, and if adjudged guilty she was subjected to the humiliating ordeal of "riding the stang." The *modus operandi* was somewhat in this wise:—The self-constituted vindicators of the law having proceeded to the residence of the woman, provided with a pole, or "stang," she was placed stride-legs across it, and, hoisted upon the shoulders of a number of men, was thus carried high in procession through the town, amid the jeers of the people, till arriving at the "Loch," into which she was tumbled without further ceremony.

The last case in which a female was punished in Tranent or a breach of the seventh commandment, occurred about seventy-two years ago; and though it might naturally be supposed that the penalty thus exacted would in all time coming have ensured on the part of the offender a strict observance of the marriage law, the result was not always satisfactory. In many instances, we learn, the husband was ultimately obliged to divorce his wife.

Divorcement.—The proceedings in cases of divorce—in those days, whether legal or illegal, seem to have been equally expeditious and inexpensive, though cruel in the extreme. The injured man would inform the "paramour" of his intention, on a certain day and hour, to expel his unfaithful wife from his home for ever; and that he, or persons authorised by him, must be in attendance to receive her. The hour appointed for the final departure of her who had thus loved, "not wisely but too well," was usually an open secret; and it was generally amid the jeers of an assembled crowd that the unfortunate

woman was turned out of doors naked and penniless. On the threshold, however, some one was, by previous arrangement, in waiting to receive her, who, re-clothing her in a few scant habiliments, would hand her over to her partner in guilt. Thus in the olden times were divorces effected in Tranent.

Marriage Processions.—Of customs which are dying out in the district, we may notice “marriage processions.” Not so very long ago it used to be a regular practice in the parish for wedding parties to march in procession, preceded by the fiddler, to the manse, there to take the vows of matrimony upon them, and returning not only themselves rejoicing, but making the whole village rejoice along with them. These processions used to be much relished by the people, though now they are rarely seen.

Creeling.—Another curious old custom was that of “creeling” the bridegroom, but it too has nearly died out. This ceremony used to be looked upon as a most interesting part in the wedding programme, and hundreds turned out to witness it. No sooner had the married couple returned from the celebration of the mystic rite, than the newly-made husband was brought out, and a “creel,” filled with stones, placed on his back. This he was compelled to carry until his spouse could muster courage sufficient to run out and kiss him publicly, when, amid the ringing cheers of the crowd, his burden was allowed to fall to the ground. This custom of creeling was meant to signify, that the gudeman had made up his mind to bear the burden of providing for the future household; and the kiss publicly given, showed that the gudewife would be equally ready, when required, to fly to his assistance. On their return to the house, handfuls of coppers used to be showered amongst the children, amid shouts of “Pour oot!” and a football provided for the young men wherewith to amuse themselves.

Funeral Processions.—Not many years ago funerals used to be conducted mostly on Sundays. They were, in fact, especially among working men, always so arranged as to take place on the first day of the week, simply to allow such as had not time at their own command to accompany the remains of a neighbour to their last resting-place. But this custom is also fast disappearing, though what day of all the seven, we wonder, is more befitting than Sabbath for such a solemn ceremony. The practice, however, is being discouraged to such an extent, that a fine is now actually exacted from all who dare to bury their dead on a Sunday.

CHURCH PSALMODY.

In this, as in other things, Tranent has made a great stride. The duty of leading the psalmody at one time belonged to the pastor. By-and-by it became customary for him to appoint some one to relieve him of this duty. Any one possessed of a "pow'rfu' voice" and a "gude uptak'," and who had learned by rote to rattle over a few common and long metre tunes, embellished with the usual quantity of grace-notes and quavers, had generally a good chance of becoming second man, if not in the parish, at least in the kirk.

The method of conducting this part of the church service forty or fifty years ago was very different to what it now is. The precentor having read over two lines, sang them to the first two measures of the tune; he then read and sung the succeeding two lines, to which he devoted the next two measures, and so on to the end,—the singing at all times being wretched enough, the music anything but faultless.

In course of time church music began to receive more attention. Tranent strove to keep pace with the times; and about thirty years ago, under Mr John Charles, who had acted as precentor for some years previous to this, a well-trained choir for the first time began to assist in leading the psalmody.

All innovations are looked upon with suspicion, and the formation of a choir was no exception to this rule. Those of the congregation who liked to worship as their fathers and grandfathers had done before them, had grave doubts as to whether this was a step in the right direction. These doubts passed a view to still further improve the psalmody, it was, without a dissenting voice, agreed to introduce instrumental music into the church here. To this end a powerful harmonium away,—people's notions change with the times. Last year, with was procured, which, under the expert handling of Mr T. D. Foster, and with the assistance of Mr John Venters, then precentor, and a most efficient choir, soon raised the musical part of the service of this congregation to a high standard of excellence.

While treating of this subject, it may not be out of place to mention that three years ago a musical association was formed in the village, which certainly has helped in no inconsiderable degree to encourage a taste for higher class music amongst the community.

THE GRAIN MARKET.

At which part of the village the grain market was held in the seventeenth century, when Lord Seton was threatened with excommunication from all church privileges for maintaining it on Sundays, we are not aware; neither can we learn at what period it ceased altogether to be held. In 1831, however, it was once more revived. It was then held on Mondays, at the upper end of the town, opposite Swanston's Inn, and on the opening day James Logan, father of Mr George Logan, carter in Tranent, who was then a farm-servant at Wolfstar, near Ormiston, had the honour of setting down the first sack of grain in the market. That day there were forwarded only "ten sample sacks" altogether, and all of these were barley. The market lingered on for a few months, and ultimately was starved out for want of support.

POST-OFFICE.

Strange as it may appear, there was a post-office established in Prestonpans many years before there was one in Tranent. Then the love-sick swain, the blooming bride, and the man of business were alike dependent upon the arrival of the coal-carts from Prestonpans for delivery and despatch of their epistles. In course of time a petition was presented to the Postmaster-General with a view to having an office established in Tranent. This was agreed to, on condition that the inhabitants would guarantee the office-keeper's salary. The late Mr David Aitken at once became surety for the sum, and Tranent forthwith became independent of the coal-carters of Prestonpans.

The first in the village to hold this important position was Mrs Simpson, an old and respected resident. She was succeeded in office by her son, the late Mr Thomas Simpson, who in turn was succeeded by Mr John Forsyth, the present postmaster. Mr Forsyth has now held the office for a period of thirty-six years.

BENEFIT SOCIETIES.

There is no incorporation of tailors now such as there was at the beginning of the eighteenth century, but there are three permanent benefit societies in the village, viz., the Order of Mechanics, the Miners' Friendly Society, and the Ancient Order of Foresters. All are well managed and in a flourishing condition. They are useful institutions, and such as at least every working man in the neighbourhood should take the

earliest opportunity of becoming connected with. Great advantages, in a pecuniary point of view, are derived from them in times of sickness; and on the decease of members, a benefit is derived by their relatives.

In 1779 there was a flourishing society of journeymen shoemakers in the village. It closed about 1785. In the early part of the present century there was here also a friendly society of weavers. This was broken up about 1840. Their charter-box, into which William Morton and Robert Dalglish put each a shilling after the dissolution of the association, was left in the hands of the latter; but what became of the relic is now a mystery. And who, we wonder, does not yet well remember the old Carters' Society? What excitement used to prevail in the village for some weeks previous to the "Carters' play!" and a few nights prior to that day, how the hearts of the populace bounded for joy on seeing old Kenneth Mackenzie, arrayed in his white apron and ferrier cap, mount old Hebron Reid's stair at the churchyard door, and begin to "roup the colours" for the procession on the fair day. Hearty old Kennie, he was always first, after the procession was over, to set out to see the horses racing on the Muir, but it was seldom he got past the sign of the Brown Cow. The Carters' Society broke up in 1866.

CO-OPERATIVE STORE.

This Society was founded in 1862, and from small beginnings has attained truly large dimensions. Indeed, whatever opinions may be entertained of the ultimate utility of co-operation, there can be no doubt as to its practical success, at least in Tranent. With an original membership of about forty, composed wholly of miners, a capital of some £70, and occupying premises valued at £9 per annum; the Store, during the first year of its existence, had a turnover of fully £3000. A modest enough commencement, no doubt, but so far the results were satisfactory. Since then, however, the business would seem to have progressed by leaps and bounds unceasingly. Now the twoscore members who launched the concern two-and-twenty years ago have swelled to 905; the tiny capital of £70, which, to the promoters of the undertaking, seemed sufficient for their purpose, has risen to fully £7000; while the auld clay biggin'—for such the old gushet house (Sandy Burns') at the junction of High Street and Winton Place, in which the Society began operations, really was—has been exchanged for a handsome and

commodious range of buildings erected by the members of the corporation themselves, at an outlay of something like £3000. Here the various trades of grocer, baker, butcher, draper, tailor, milliner, shoemaker, cabinetmaker, ironmonger, &c., are being successfully carried on. They have now also a flourishing branch at Cockenzie, and the turnover, which in 1863 amounted to £3000, in 1883 reached the almost fabulous sum of £35,000. During the twenty-two years of its existence, the sum of £70,000 has been paid out as dividends to the shareholders and non-shareholders who traffic in the concern.

Of the pioneers of the movement, George Neill, James Wyse, David M'Neill, Robert Naismith, and James Archibald, have gone the way of all flesh. Others still survive, of whom, amongst the most prominent, we may mention Messrs James Henderson, George Nicolson, David Forest, James Wilson, James Finly, and Charles Lumsden. The Store is presided over by a committee of management, who appoint the manager and working staff, and superintend the business generally. The present manager is Mr Thomas Cornwall,—indeed, with a brief interval, he has been so since the opening, and it is no exaggeration to say that to his energy, integrity, and business abilities generally, coupled of course with the strong support he receives from the committee, the enterprise is indebted for its really marvellous success.

BANKING.

Among other incidents worthy of note in these pages was the establishment in 1845 of a branch of the City of Glasgow Bank in the village,—first as a sub-office to Haddington, afterwards as a principal branch with an offshoot at Prestonpans. For twenty years the bank transacted its business in premises in Church Street, but removed in 1874 to new offices at the west end of High Street, where it continued to be successfully conducted until the memorable 1st of October 1878, when the City Bank finally closed its doors, acknowledging to the enormous deficit of six millions sterling, and involving in its ruin a number of our most respected townspeople, who had the misfortune to be shareholders in the ill-fated concern. The community, however, did not long suffer from the want of banking facilities, as the Royal Bank of Scotland almost immediately occupied the ground vacated by the other bank, taking over its property as well as its business and staff. It is satisfactory to know that with the exception of the luckless shareholders, no one lost a penny by the disastrous failure.

VOLUNTEERS.

The great military riot already described and known as the "Tranent Mob," was caused by the Government of that day pressing the young men against their will to serve in the militia. Now, things are materially changed. The youths of the district pressed the Government to allow them to become volunteers; but only after the presentation of several petitions to the War Office, and the employment of other influences, was the grant obtained to raise a volunteer company in Tranent. In order to show the enthusiasm of the villagers in the cause, we may mention that only a few months after recruiting commenced the lists were closed,—112 young men, all that were wanted meantime, had enrolled themselves in Her Majesty's service. Speaking of these, Major Gaukrodger, himself the most enthusiastic of volunteers, says, "That a body of men of better physique, or more soldierlike appearance, are nowhere, in East Lothian at least, to be found." The officers are:—Captain Peter Ronaldson and Lieutenant William Miller; N.C.O.'s—Colour-Sergeant Thomas Callan; Sergeants William Learmont, J. R. Wilson, Thomas M'Walter, J. Y. Eddington, and G. Sanderson; Lance-Sergeant A. Instant; Corporals A. Stevenson, A. Wilson, A. Howie, and A. Nelson; Lance-Corporals G. Blaikie, G. Brown, and J. Scott.

TRANENT PUDDIN'S.

Tranent in the olden time was not a little famed for its puddings. These commodities were chiefly vended at the place now known as Puddin' Tower. It would appear, however, that delightfully toothsome as were the articles in question, they had the reputation of not being too well filled, in illustration of which we may relate the following story:—At a dinner party in the manse of a famous Edinburgh divine, who prided himself not a little on his story-telling powers, after every guest in turn had related his anecdote with more or less effect, the host struck in with his rarest tit-bits. In vain, however, he essayed to provoke the mirth of his company; old jokes and new alike fell flat, and down at length he sat, thoroughly out of humour with himself at his successive failures. Simultaneously with the doctor's down-sitting up rose a worthy elder from the country. He looked as if he was about to console his host in his distress, and evidently, from the encouraging glance he bestowed, the divine was under the same im-

pression. Of this, however, he was quickly disabused, for the elder, eyeing him complacently, quietly remarked, "Eh, doctor, your stories are awfu' like Tranent puddin's,—unco lang, and little in them."

POACHERS, &C.

In the olden times Tranent is said to have been quite infested with poachers. Indeed, up to a very recent period, the fraternity appear to have plied their nocturnal vocation along our uplands and meadowlands with much assiduity and success. Nor is it any great secret that they always found a ready market for their goods, dealers in such commodities not being over scrupulous as to how they were come by, provided the price was satisfactory. Now, however, the genuine poacher seems fast disappearing from the district. Idle lads there are in abundance, who at a pinch do not scruple to snare a hare or wing a pheasant; but the skilled professional—the man who earns his living by this illegal traffic, who by turns is the terror of gamekeeper and constable alike—is, in this quarter at least, now almost as rare a phenomenon as the badger or the polecat.

The lives of notorious poachers are not, as a rule, very profitable reading; but there was one pre-eminent scoundrel of the class who at one time flourished here, some of whose adventures, we hope, we may be pardoned for briefly adverting to. He was a fellow known by the nickname of "Fendy," from "fend," being able to "fend" for himself; and is said to have been the first who captured pheasants at night by means of burning sulphur under the branches of the trees whereon the birds were roosting. This Fendy had two chums, one called Clapperton, belonging to Whitehouse Mill, near Ormiston, the other a rollicking Irishman named Barney Jude. One day, unknown to Fendy, Clapperton and Jude set off on an expedition on their own account, and proceeding south, towards the foot of the Lammermoors, they came upon the hut of a "cadger" or carrier.

This, with the intention of robbing, they entered. The carrier—a frail old man, and the only person within—made a show of resistance, when the two desperadoes savagely assaulted him, and, after plundering the house, left him for dead. On the outrage becoming known, a reward of £20 was offered for the apprehension of the villains, who meantime had taken refuge in the Whiteloch Brig plantation at New Winton. Fendy, on discovering the whereabouts of his lost companions, secretly

supplied them for about a fortnight with provisions. The Irishman, however, became suspicious that their purveyor was playing a double part, and threatened to Clapperton that on the next appearance of Fendy he would blow his brains out. On his next visit, the Irishman's suspicions were still further aroused; and on Fendy lying down to take a drink out of the burn, Jude fired upon him, but Clapperton dashing the muzzle of the gun aside he escaped unhurt. The discharging of the musket was set down by Clapperton to an accident; from his future behaviour, however, it was evident that the suspected party thought otherwise, though he made no remark. Ere long he regained their confidence, and ultimately enticed the wretched pair into Tranent, where he had engaged a room in Mr Nisbet's—now Nimmo's—inn for their accommodation, where latterly all three slept together in one bed. Fendy, having now got the miserable men fast within his toils, lost no time in apprising the authorities of the fact, indicating to them at the same time the best way to effect their capture, and promising the constables his assistance in the discharge of their difficult task. Accordingly, about two o'clock one morning, the slumbers of the trio were rudely disturbed by the entrance into their sleeping-apartment of three constables from Haddington. Seeing the officers, and suspecting their errand, the Irishman called out, "Come on, boys; I never yet saw three policemen who could take three poachers to prison." "Ah," shouted Fendy, "but I am on their side." "Then we are sold," cried Barney, "and sold by a villain as base as ourselves." The two miscreants were at once apprehended and conveyed to Haddington, whence they were taken to Edinburgh, and in due time tried before the High Court. Singularly enough, the cadger, whom the poachers had left in his cottage on the Lammermoors as they thought dead, appeared in the witness-box against them. Yet such was the rigour of the criminal law at that time, the two rogues, though acquitted of the charge of murder, were nevertheless condemned and executed. Fendy on applying for his reward had the "blood money" counted down to him pound by pound, but on putting forth his hand to take it the Fiscal snatched it away, saying, "It was yours, it is now mine; you owe me more than this in fines for poaching; be off, you scoundrel, and let me see your face no more."

Fendy afterwards returned to Tranent, but found the place too hot to hold him. He was several times subjected to rough treatment at the hands of his former friends, for the false part he had played towards the wretched men, whom he had been

the means of bringing to justice. He, however, had no funds to carry him elsewhere; these he sadly required, and to replenish his purse he, along with a confederate, conceived the daring scheme, of first robbing Mr Wilkie, the butcher, who always rode off early in the morning to the market at Edinburgh with his cash in his pocket, and then if possible to waylay the mail-coach itself.

The place chosen for the execution of this plot was Birsley Brae, and the plan agreed upon was to lay iron-toothed harrows, teeth uppermost, across the road, so that in the dusk of the morning the horses might "trip up" upon them, and both the butcher's purse and the mail and its booty be thus at their mercy. This exploit, however, was never carried out. His accomplice having proved as false as himself, turned informer; and Fendy, finding there was no scope for his abilities among the honest folks of Tranent, enlisted in the Black Watch, and finally quitted the country.

A TEA MANUFACTURER.

It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless true, in Tranent once flourished a "manufacturer of teas." Who the gentleman was, or whence he came, no one could tell; but one night some thirty years ago this stranger entered the village, and took up his abode in Bailie's Row, Coal Neuk, and there for many weeks he continued going out and in, without making any acquaintances. This system of isolation in a large town, where no one is supposed to know his next-door neighbour, might have been tolerated, but in a small village, where everybody knows every other body, it was not to be endured. Consequently, the goings out and in of this "very strange man" were soon upon everybody's tongue, and every gossip in the Coal Neuk was presently agog to know how the mysterious stranger lived. A man named Wilson, more inquisitive than the rest, determined first to find out this secret; and for this purpose betook himself one evening, about midnight, to the garden behind the "unknown's" house, and there through a back window beheld the "very strange man" engaged roasting hawthorn leaves on the top of a brick furnace, which he had erected for the purpose. Wilson continued his watch all night, and saw the "teas" prepared, packed up in paper bags, and labled ready for disposal. Continuing his watch in the early morning, he saw the man set out for the surrounding districts to dispose of his illicit wares. At night the "tea merchant"

returned from his journey, and entering the house he, as usual, locked the door behind him. His secret, however, was out; an angry crowd soon gathered round the door, and bursting it open, they found his working plant and a cargo of "teas;" but the "very strange man," anticipating apparently the coming storm, made his way through the back window before his assailants could catch him, and thus escaped.

GEORDIE HAMILTON'S SNUFF.

Geordie Hamilton was a cowherd, and grazed his flocks in Birsley plantation. Kennie Mackenzie was a hedger and ditcher, whose work at this time lay near to where Geordie fed his cattle. Both were old men, inordinate snuffers, and each when taking "a hair out o' the other's mull" always tried to spill as much as possible. On one occasion, however, Geordie, as Kennie said, "gaed ower the tow." Geordie next day, as it happened, lost his box, and Kennie, in the dorts, would not bestow a pinch upon him. Geordie said nothing, but determined to play him a trick for his "misleeredness," and proceeding to an old pine tree in the plantation, he began to strip off the rotten bark, whence he had snuff enough, of a sort.

Next day Geordie, with a two ounce package in his hand, thus approached Kennie, "I lost my snuff box yesterday, but I've fund twa unce this mornin'." "Aweel," quoth Kennie, "I've forgotten mine, sae I'll buy it aff ye, gif ye like." This being agreed to, snuff and cash changed hands without further palaver. Kennie on putting his nose to the paper found he had been sold, but said nothing. He went straight to Jamie Dagleish, the bookseller, who supplied both parties with "sneeshin'," and made his plaint to him. "Leave the rubbish here," said Jamie, "an' I'll sort him." The sound of Kennie's feet on the floor had hardly died away, when in went Geordie's wife for his regular supply, "twa unce." "Gie this to Geordie, Nell," quoth the bookseller; "tell him it's a new sort ca'd 'Hamilton's Taddy;' an' tell him besides, that Kennie shall get Mackenzie's siller back again." Geordie made no more snuff.

TAM PRESTON'S PILLS.

A short time after Tam was born, "Daft Meg, the witch wife," predicted that he would be either hanged or banished. When a babe, there was "that" about the child which kept everybody from liking him; when a boy at school, he was

kicked, cuffed, and called "scoundrel;" and before he was out of his teens, he had been guilty of misdeeds enough, if not to have brought him to the gallows, at least to have banished him. He was very unwilling to work, and when compelled to labour few were willing to employ him. He was often short of money, but never wanting in a device whereby to procure it. The last trick we heard of him playing, was making "Preston's Pills." These he made of "dough"—flour and water—when his mother was baking. While his pills were hardening, he slipped into the late Dr Watson's laboratory and stole a quantity of pill-boxes. These he filled with his harmless boluses, and journeying by way of Ormiston, in that village and its neighbourhood he cleared out his stock of "Preston's Pills." The witch wife's prediction was in part fulfilled,—Tam was banished.

CAPTAIN HUTCHISON.

Of this gentleman, whose remains lie entombed in the churchyard of Tranent, and to whose decease we have already referred, in treating of the "tombstones," we find in Lander's "Voyage Down the Niger," 1830, the following, which, we doubt not, will be interesting to many:—"After remaining at Cape Coast Castle eight days, we accompanied Mr Maclean on a visit to Mr Hutchison, Commandant of Anamaboo, which is about nine miles distant from the former place. This gentleman received us in a manner that does equal honour to his heart and feelings. Would that we could repay him in any way for his generous abandonment and forgetfulness of all his private concerns solely to please and amuse his guests; would that we could command language forcible and glowing enough to express the gratitude we feel for the disinterested kindness he showed us at Anamaboo! Mr Hutchison lives in his castle like an English baron in the feudal times, untingered, however, by barbarism or ignorance, for the polished refinements of life have insinuated themselves into his dwelling, though it is entirely surrounded by savages, and though the charming sound of a lady's voice is seldom or never heard in his lonely hall. His silken banners, his turreted castle, his devoted vassals, his hospitality, and even his very solitariness, all conspire to recall to the mind the manners and way of life of an old English baron in one of the most interesting periods of our history, whilst the highly chivalrous and romantic spirit of the gentleman alluded to is strictly in unison with the impression.

Mr Hutchison has resided very many years on the coast, and is one of the few individuals that have visited the capital of Ashantee, wherein he resided eight months, and obtained a better acquaintance with the manners, customs, and pursuits of that warlike, enterprising, and original nation than any other European whatever. In the Ashantee War he took a very active part, and rendered important and valuable services to the cause he so warmly espoused." Captain Hutchison, who died in 1832, was uncle to the Misses Hutchison of Tranent.





CHAPTER XXII.

Village Notables, &c.—The Laird's Convoy—Jockie Howie's Epistolary Correspondence—Worsted Rob—Jock Davidson's Dinner—James Dalgleish—Archie Howie's Purse—Sprees and Battles—Willie Welsh's Prayer—Tam Logan—Tam Swanson's Prayer—A Drinking Match—Wattie Russell—Old Sign-boards—The Traveller's Rest—The Brown Cow.



IN drawing this history to a close, it may not be out of place to relate a few more anecdotes of some of the worthies who have flourished here. The following are a few samples of what may be gleaned by the student of human nature in some of its more characteristic phases.

THE LAIRD'S CONVOY.

After a deep carouse, those three inseparable friends and bosom companions, Laird Wilson, Charlie Robertson, and Richie Nisbet, on having their attention called to the clock, were very much surprised to find both hands pointing to the small hour of morning. Richie's house had been the place of meeting. "It's time for bed," said Charlie; "come, Richie, let us convoy the laird hame;" and to the laird's gate, about 500 yards down Church Street, the trio proceeded. Arrived there, a big snuff out of Charlie's mull was had, a loud crack followed, when, says the laird, "I daursay, since ye've been kind enough to convoy me doon the toon, I'll just return the compliment, and see ye baith up again." On arriving at Charlie's door, quoth the laird, "Charlie, we maun see Richie safe owre the gutters, lest he should fa', an' haud the folk sayin' 'Richie was fou.'" To Richie's door accordingly they went. Here another long and loud crack ensued, ending in Richie declaring, "That for vera friendship's sake they must convoy the laird doon again." This they did, and nothing

would please save that the laird should again return the compliment. Thus, it is said, the worthies continued going and coming until the birds began to chirp, and the sun began to glint over the Lammermoors in the morning. This incident was afterwards known as "The laird's convoy."

JOCKIE HOWIE'S EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Auld Jockie Howie was no letter writer, neither could he read. He was not slow, however, in dictating a reply to any note he received on learning its contents. The late Mrs S——, his provision merchant, was always his confidante in his epistolary correspondence, and she knew the peculiarities of auld Jockie well.

One morning he received what he styled a "vera business-like letter," and stepping over with it to his friend, "What's this, Jock?" quoth the lady. "I'm at a loss, mem; read it." The epistle turned out to be a letter from the Revenue Office at Haddington, threatening prosecution for not paying the licence of his little dog. "What's to be the reply, Jock?" inquired his friend. "Write—'Can't keep self, far less dog.—John Hooie, Ternent.'"

A few days after Jockie received another letter. This turned out to be a demand preferred against some one, assuredly not himself, for aliment for an illegitimate child. "What d'ye say to this, Jock?" said his friendly confidante. "Deed, mem, I dinna ken whether to greet or lauch this mornin', but it's a fabrication o' lees, mem, a fabrication o' lees. Write—'Deil tak the slut, I wasna at the gettin' o't.—John Hooie, Ternent.'"

The next was a charge of payment preferred against him by John Hencher, butcher in the village, for two sheep's heads and eight trotters. "Weel, what about this, Jock?" inquired the lady. "Curse the scoundril for his impudence," replied Jock, "he cheats a' body, an' what for should he no be cheated tae? Write—'Nae cash the day; dinna ken whan.—John Hooie, Ternent.'"

WORSTED ROB.

Rob Duncan was a character who flourished about thirty years ago. He was a dealer in wools, hawked them about the country, and would sell nothing else, neither would he purchase stock from any party but the late Mr James Madden. Being a dealer in one particular article of commerce only, he thought

he should have a monopoly of the trade. So strong was he on this point, that every hawker of that commodity he met on his way had either to present him with part of his stock, or throw down his wallet and fight him. One day, however, in the middle of a combat, a third party made off with his pack, and getting a severe thrashing into the bargain, he sought a monopoly of the trade no longer.

JOCK DAVIDSON'S DINNER.

Jock had four sons, all working in the mines with him at one time. He made it a point, however, always to be home and have dinner before the others arrived. He had good reason for this. His family were not the best bred in the village, and always conducted themselves at the table more like a group of hungry savages from the backwoods of America than a family of respectable Tranent miners. One day, as it happened, all five got home about the same time. The table, with a large dish of boiled tripe on it, was set in the middle of the floor, and with all his might Jock began to cut and serve it out; but no matter how fast he whanged it down, and how furious he ladled it out, his sons without ceremony gobbled it up. Jock looked first at one, then at another, but to no purpose; he then rapped all four in succession over the knuckles with his knife handle, but this served only the more to whet the appetites of his voracious offspring, and to stimulate them to renewed application to the steaming trencher, the contents of which were fast disappearing. At length, in a towering passion, he flung down knife and fork, and loosening the pit-belt from his waist, he thrashed both right and left till he had all four, one in each corner of the room, howling with pain. This, however, was too much for his feelings, and, great in victory as in defeat, he threw away his belt and cried out, "Come on, callants; nae mair fechtin', nae mair howlin'; gether roond the table here, an' dibble awa', dibble awa', each for himsel', and deil tak' the hinmist."

JAMES DALGLEISH.

James was the village bookseller. A peculiar character he was, and one of whom very little that is beautiful can be said. Many years before his death he proclaimed himself an avowed atheist, and cared not by word or deed to leave a good impression of himself upon his fellow-men. Towards the latter part of his life he was afflicted with a terrible malady, and had anything but a pleasant end. James used to tell, that when he

attended the auld kirk there was a good congregation, but only three singers in it—himself, old William M'Neill, and Sandy Hume the precentor. James sat in a front seat in the west gallery, William in a front seat on the east side, and as soon as Sandy began, he said, "We baith roared wi' a' oor pith, and very often brought the precentor to a halt before the finish o' the psalm."

One of James' peculiarities lay in the answers he gave to people who accosted him on the street, especially if he considered them below his own station in life. On one occasion he was hailed with, "Is this you, Jeems?" "Will you not believe your ain een?" replied he. On a rainy morning he was met with, "It's very wet, Jeems." "Weel, but I canna help that," said he. On setting out one morning he was asked, "Where are ye gaun this mornin', Jeems?" "If any one inquires, tell him ye dinna ken," was the reply. After a shower one day, he was hailed with, "Are we gaun ta hae mair rain yet, Jeems?" "Yes, or it'll be a terrible lang time fair," said Jeems. "Is't gaun to be a guid day the morn, Jeems?" queried a wicked urchin one night before the fair. "Speir the morn's nicht," quoth James, "and I'll let ye ken."

ARCHIE HOWIE'S PURSE.

It was about the "cairter's play" time, and Archie Howie was in an unco pickle, for "he hadna a bawbee left," he said, "to haud the play wi'." Not that he had forgotten to gather up for the occasion, for he had already made up three separate "posies," and hidden them away, as he thought, in places of safety, but they had all been harried. The first lot he had sewn into the headband of his pit breeks, and carried it about with him at his work, but Peggie, his gudewife, found it out, and wae's me for Archie. The second gathering he put in an old snuff-mull, burying it in a hole in Snarley Yow's dyke, opposite his own door in the Well Wynd, and Jock Davidson's four sons made off with this deposit. His third lot he carried to the pit and hid it away in the coal-waste, but even here there was no security for the purse of Archie Howie. His own sons this time watched his proceedings, and having stolen his hidden treasure, openly bragged how they had outwitted their father. Archie knew this well enough, but he laughed too, and hoped the young rascals would not tell their mother.

At last he fell upon a hiding-place, which he felt convinced neither Peggie nor the bairns at any rate would ever find out.

This was the Family Bible. It lay on a shelf in the wa' press, and had never been taken down since the marriage-lines were placed between its leaves. Chuckling at his own 'cuteness, here he began to lay by every "saxpence he could lay his thoomb on."

Ere long he began to boast among his companions that "he was a' richt yet." Nothing, however, is more common than disappointment. The day before the fair Lang Swanie and Big Jock Smith were in the Hole-i'-the-Wa' at a dram, when in strode Jock Hencher the butcher. "Weel," says Jock, addressing the pair, "ye're baith very big men, and should ken a thing or twa, and gif ye can tell me when I geet back frae Buxley wi' my nowte wha was Adam's grandfaither, I'll gi'e ye half a mutchkin o' the best that Hannah Broadie can produce."

Hannah Broadie's Bible was thereupon looked over, but no such information could therefrom be obtained. "Hannah's Bible's no big enough," said Jock, "it disna gang far enough back in history for oor purpose; but I ken that Archie Howie has what is ca'd a Family Bible, it's sure to be in it, so we'll juist gang there an' try." To Archie Howie's the pair went. On entering, says Swanie to him, "Can you tell us, Archie, wha was Adam's grandfaither?" "Ay, it was Nebucudnezer, I think," said Archie. "It was naething o' the sort," quoth Peggie, "it was Pontius Pilate, I'm sure; but ye'll see a' about it in the big ha' Bible in the wa' press there; Swanie, rax it doon." Down came the Bible, and out tumbled Archie's siller on the floor. "Harried again!" he cried, with an oath, "harried again!" Both Bible and Adam's grandfather were very soon forgotten, and a spree begun, which did not end in one night.

SPREES AND BATTLES.

It was in the course of such sprees as the foregoing that Tranent of old became so infamous. It mattered little when or where the spree began, the revellers always adjourned, either on to the public street or to the head of the Heuch, and there, Saturday or Sunday, or any other day while the fuddle lasted, every respectably dressed man passing that way—unless going to church—had either to "pay out" to keep the spree going, or fight the best man there. In this way hundreds of battles are said to have been fought. It may readily be understood, that while a few were prepared to resist this system of levying black-mail, many felt inclined rather to take the thing as a good joke and to "pour oot."

WILLIE WELSH'S PRAYER.

Amongst others to pass through Tranent one day while a "spreed" was going on was Willie Welsh, a shoemaker from Haddington. Willie elected to fight rather than "pour oot." But it was of no use. Willie got doubled up in a few seconds, and was compelled to empty his purse into the bargain. It turned out, however, that his whole wealth consisted of a six-penny piece, and with a tear in his eye he pulled it forth. No one, however, would handle it. "Gentlemen," said his late opponent, "this would never do; I consider him a brave man indeed who would fight for a sixpence. We'll hae a subscription for him." Round went the hat, and in a few seconds more he was presented with half-a-crown. "Thanks, gentlemen, thanks," said he, "and if ever Willie Welsh begins to pray, the conclusion o' a' his prayers shall evermore be, 'Lord keep us oot o' hell and Tranent, for evermair and evermair. Amen.'"

TAM LOGAN; OR, "THANK'EE FOR A SHUVE, SIR."

Tam Logan seems to have been one of the strangest characters Tranent ever produced. He flourished in the early part of the present century, and, as the story goes, was the only child of well-to-do parents. In his childhood the only thing remarkable about Tam was, that he began to walk and talk much earlier than children usually do, and at school he excelled all his fellows in learning. On entering his teens he was seized with a fever. This he quite recovered from, but it left him possessed of some queer hallucinations, of which certainly not the least curious was the idea that he could not set out for a walk without getting a push from behind. He had no difficulty in coming to a halt; but if once stopped he could not "move on" till some one came up, to whom he would thus address himself, "Thank'ee for a shuve, sir?" Or if he sat down to rest, there he remained till some one arrived, when he would say, "Thank'ee for a pull, sir?" and having recovered his feet, "Please to turn me round, sir?" would be his next request. Then, set in the direction he wished to proceed, "Thank'ee for a shuve, sir?" and a gentle push would start him on his journey. Once away, such was his nimbleness of foot, it was said no pedestrian in the district could outpace him. "Thank'ee for a shuve, sir?" has become a proverbial saying ever since the days of Tam Logan.

TAM SWANSTON'S PRAYER.

Tam Swanston and Jock Grysic wrought together many years ago in the auld Great Seam pit. Both were intellectually weak, and each asserted the other was daft. One day Jock got crushed through a fall of the roof, and was carried home for dead. The accident was not through any fault of Tam's, but he was blamed for it by his fellow-workmen, and told he would get his wizen thrawn by Calcraft the hangman. Tam listened with consternation to the upbraidings of his fellows, and ultimately became so convinced in his own mind that he was to blame for Jock's death, that he cried out, while tears coursed down his cheeks, "God forgie's, Christ be wi's; deevil save daft Jock, and help puir Tam to skirt the clauts o' the hangman, an' shure as daith I'll never kill daft Jock Grysic again." Jock got better. Tam went to speir for him, when the following colloquy ensued:—"You're a' better noo, Jock." "Escaped by the skin o' my teeth." "Thank the deevil for't." "The deevil, Tam?" "Yes; ye ken I'm aye feardest for the deevil, so I prayed to him for you, Jock, an' he promised to help daft Jock Grysic again."

A DRINKING MATCH.

It would have been strange, indeed, had the annals of Tranent been unable to boast of one of those drinking matches, which were not only a favourite amusement of our ancestors, but a test of the respect in which a man was to be held by his fellows. That many such contests did take place in the village there is little doubt, and of the last that occurred we have abundant information. In this struggle the opponents were W—— the publican and Russell the candlemaker, each of whom had numerous partisans, who by heavy wagers supported their respective claims to be the best man at a carouse. It is not recorded how many corks were sprung, or how many hours had rung, ere a decisive point was reached; but though Russell was first incapable of biting his "ain thoombnail," he kept a firm seat in his chair, which position W—— was unable to maintain, and, succumbing, ultimately stretched his limbs below the table.

This struggle, however, was attended with far more serious consequences than had ever been anticipated. W—— had literally drank himself to death; he survived his defeat only a few hours. Being informed of his rival's fate, Russell merely shook his head, and remarked with a grim smile, "I aye

thought I could beat the auld deevil." His victory, however, was dearly bought; he himself survived "the auld deevil" only a few days. Vallance the proprietor, and Cowan the tanner, were the principal backers in the above contest.

Among the last escapades we hear of Russell engaging in, was "a wager for a bottle of wine that he would run naked from Black's Inn to the foot of Tranent and back again." He stripped for the purpose in a back room of the inn where his drunken companions were assembled, and was on his way out, when old William Black himself, with a strong hide whip in his hand, met him in the passage and lashed him till he cried "enough," and promised never to attempt the like again.

OLD SIGNBOARDS.

It is strange to find Tranent, so rich in other antiquities, so poor in "signboard" literature. The only one we can find worth referring to is that of

"The Traveller's Rest."

This was a licensed spirit shop in that house now occupied by Mrs P. Dudgeon, beneath the stair at the back of the "well" in New Row. This was kept for many years by old John Scot, father of Mr Andrew Scot, shoemaker in Tranent. The signboard attached to this "public" was a rather gorgeous affair. There stood on it, painted in gaudy colours, an old man with a pipe in his mouth, a pack on his back, a staff in his hand, and a pair of sair worn bauchels on his feet, beneath which was the following:—

"A pint o' porter and a gill
Makes the lang road shorter still."

And that of—

"The Brown Cow."

This was kept, in that house now occupied by Mr T. Porteous near the east end of the village, until a very recent period by Mr John Barrie. There was a brown cow painted on the signboard, and on either side—

"Just step in and you shall find
The Brown Cow's milk will please your mind."

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"In this, the latest production of Mr P. M'Neill, there is exhibited an amount of careful, patient, as well as laborious research that cannot be too highly appreciated. In spite of drawbacks, which would have daunted most literary aspirants, Mr M'Neill has produced a work which will take its place in our libraries as a reliable and most interesting record of all that can be gleaned of what is noteworthy in connection with a part of East Lothian that has been the theatre of some of the most stirring events in the history of Scotland."—*Haddingtonshire Courier.*

"Mr M'Neill has rendered an important service by this book, in which he tells the interesting story of Tranent, past and present. Tranent is the centre of a district which is rich in historical association, and in collecting and arranging his exhaustive information Mr M'Neill gives abundant proof of painstaking industry and literary skill. Particularly important is the result of his research into the industries of bygone days. The sketches of the old system of coal digging, when women worked in the mines, when colliers were slaves, and girls were treated like beasts of burden, are specially valuable. The

book is also enhanced by several excellent illustrations. 'Tranent and its Surroundings' should find its way into every house."—*Daily Review*.

"Mr M'Neill has in former works shown that he is possessed of poetic genius of no inconsiderable power. He has now given unmistakable evidence of marked ability as an historian and an antiquary. The handsome volume before us, of which he is the author, is, even as a purely literary effort, a work of which any writer might be proud. As a valuable acquisition to current literature it is deserving of a high place; as a testimony to the erudition and labour of the author it will abide for generations, and as a means of enlightening the public concerning Tranent, historically, ecclesiastically, and otherwise, it could not possibly be surpassed. It displays the most diligent and painstaking research, and the closest investigation of every fact noted, and a pleasing and correct style of narration. The ancient mining customs and attractions of the district are minutely portrayed; the rise and progress of ecclesiastical institutions is carefully noted; the men of mark, martyrs, soldiers, heroes; the ancient castles, towers, and sacred edifices; the battlefield and stirring scenes connected with the rebellion of '45, and a galaxy of other matters of great interest are graphically and faithfully described. The book is of great interest to general as well as local readers. We heartily congratulate the author on the excellent work he has produced."—*Haddingtonshire Advertiser*.

"This is one of the latest additions to the literature of local topography, and Mr M'Neill is to be commended for the exhaustive manner in which he has described the antiquities of Tranent, and retold the stirring events which have taken place in its neighbourhood. In the first chapter the author has gathered together the earliest references to Tranent, one of the most notable of which is a charter granted to the monks of Newbattle by Seyr de Quinci, Earl of Wyntoun, between the years 1210-1219. This charter conveyed to the sons of the Church a considerable portion of land, and a coal mine. Mr M'Neill devotes a lengthy chapter to an account of the mining industry of the district, in which will be found many painful details with respect to the system of slavery and serfdom which once prevailed in Scotland. Tranent is notable for having the unenviable notoriety of numbering amongst its worthies one of the most famous witchfinders of the day—the infamous David Seton, whose dovecot still stands on a small eminence near the

churchyard. In addition to an exhaustive account of the battle of Prestonpans, the volume contains minute descriptions of Seton Chapel, Elphinstone Tower, Fawside Castle, Cockenzie, and other places and objects of interest in the neighbourhood. Mr M'Neill also presents his readers with a copious budget of stories relating to the village characters of bygone days, some of which are very amusing. It may also be mentioned that the volume has numerous excellent engravings, one of the most attractive of which is a representation of Seton Chapel, now the burial-place of the Wemyss family. Mr M'Neill's work has evidently been a labour of love, and it is a worthy contribution to a field of literature which deserves to be widely cultivated."—*Edinburgh Courant*.

"This is the title of an exceedingly interesting volume by Mr P. M'Neill. It is full of much valuable topographical and historical information about Tranent and its neighbourhood. That part dealing with the old slave life in coalpits, and the terrible sufferings of the female colliers, is of absorbing interest."—*Glasgow Mail*.

"With a coal industry dating back over 660 years, and even now practically inexhaustible; with old families and old mansions so famous as Seton and Elphinstone; with a primitive kind of social history reaching almost to the period when records were coming into use in Scotland—with all these fitted to lend attraction to the story, the annals of the quiet Haddington village of Tranent were well worth gathering together, even had they not included in addition narratives so engrossing as the trial and execution of the notorious wizard Dr Feane, or the field of Preston, where the Pretender's troops snatched a brief, but unfruitful, victory over the Royal forces, led somewhat hesitatingly by Copè, and where the gallant Colonel Gardiner was cut down almost in sight of his own mansion. As appears from charters still extant, the De Quincey of the day, Earl of Wyntoun, bestowed on the monks of Newbattle, between 1210 and 1219 A.D., certain privileges within the territory of Tranent so far as the gathering of fuel was concerned. As touching witchcraft, Mr M'Neill introduces us to an old friend, in the person of Gellis Duncan, domestic servant to a David Seaton, depute-bailie of the town. Other interesting chapters in Mr M'Neill's pleasant contribution to local history describe the historical and traditional features of Tranent, Fawside, Elphinstone, &c., the whole closing with a graphic account of some of the more famous village 'characters' or humorists, of which the

collier village would seem at all times to have had more than one rich specimen.”—*Glasgow Herald*.

“Tranent is chiefly notable as the scene of the memorable battle of Preston in 1745, when the Jacobite forces, under ‘the Young Chevalier,’ inflicted a defeat on the king’s troops, under Sir John Cope. But the writer of this excellent book has other grounds on which to base the claim of his parish to attention. It was the earliest spot in the kingdom at which coal was dug from the earth. The charter of Newcastle to dig coals dates from 1234, but the monks in Newbattle, near Edinburgh, obtained a charter to dig the coal (*carbonarium*) at Tranent in 1210. Coal was known earlier, but it is remarkable to find the little Scots village coming a quarter of a century sooner to obtain the right to work coal than the great Tyne head of the industry. There are many old castles, ruins, chapels, and other remains, brimful of family legend, of weird story, or of bloody foray, and the story of these affords the author of this volume the opportunity of enriching his local chronicle with much interesting detail.”—*The Tatler*.

“Mr P. M’Neill, of Tranent, who has already made some acceptable contributions to the history of that district, furnishes, in ‘Tranent and its Surroundings,’ a more complete record of the local annals. Beginning with the first mention of the Barony of Tranent, in charters dating back to the reign of King David I., he describes the growth of the village through the succeeding centuries, and the events of importance in local and general history that have occurred there or in the neighbourhood. He supplies details respecting the coal-mining industry which has been carried on in the parish for more than six hundred years, and brings out some curious facts respecting the state of serfdom in which the miners were kept till a startlingly recent date, and the excessive labour imposed even upon young girls in the collieries. Mr M’Neill devotes two chapters to the ecclesiastical and one to the educational history of the district; and he has brought together from various sources interesting particulars about prosecutions for witchcraft in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He gives graphic descriptions of the battle of Prestonpans and the anti-militia riots; and the latter part of his volume is occupied with a collection of miscellaneous traditions and anecdotes relating not only to Tranent but to all the surrounding villages. The volume, which contains several illustrations, is the result of much industry and research; and it will be interesting not only to residents in the district but to collectors of Scottish local historical records.”—*Scotsman*.

“The ‘History of Tranent’ is a distinctly valuable work. With great enthusiasm and industry the author has brought together much local history, village lore, and anecdote, which is not only good reading, but has in parts a real sociological interest. Tranent is a peculiarly rich field for the worker in local antiquities. It has been the abode of certain great historic Scotch families, and has witnessed the growth of the mining industry, so that political and social interest are blended in Mr M’Neill’s pages. The chapters on the condition of the Scotch miners in the last century are perhaps those to which most readers will first turn. The story has been written often enough, yet few are aware that only a century ago miners were practically slaves—not slaves in the free use of language common to-day, but bondsmen who had to be liberated by Act of Parliament. When it is said that in other sections of his book Mr M’Neill collects data of the battle of 1745 fought in the neighbourhood, that he also conveys information as to witchcraft and ecclesiastical tradition, the variety of romantic and social interest in his chapters will be understood. Some excellent stories are also presented of village worthies—genuine natives of the soil—which offer temptations to quoting. But readers may be commended to the book itself.”—*People’s Friend*.

“To book lovers generally, and to all interested in his country’s annals in particular, we would heartily recommend the above volume. There are few readers of history who are not familiar with the name and antecedents of Colonel Gardiner—who fell in the battle of Preston, and was interred in Tranent churchyard—but very many are ignorant of the traditions and memories which hallow the name of ‘Tranent,’ and make all its surroundings peculiarly objects of attraction and reverence. The style of narrative is pleasing, the descriptive power excellent, and the details full and accurate, testifying to the author’s thorough knowledge of the subjects on which he treats. His descriptions of the not very ancient slave trade existing in our own country, when the poor colliers and their wives and children were apprenticed and doomed to collier life, may be well styled ‘weird and strange.’ The beautiful illustration of ‘Seton Chapel’ is worth all the price of the book. We strongly commend this work, and also an equally handsome volume formerly published by Mr M’Neill, in which he sings like a harper of old, on ‘the Battle of Preston, Gaffer Gray, or Knox and his Times,’ &c.”—*Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald*.

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“Of these the best are ‘Wee Willie,’ which has a certain simple pathos about it, and ‘Christie Clavering’ and ‘Cockenzie Tailor,’ a pair of humorous and spirited Scotch songs.”—*Glasgow Herald*.

“P. M'Neill is the author of a volume of poems entitled ‘The Battle of Preston, &c.,’ which prove him the possessor of facility in rhyme, and a wholesome directness in thought and style. The most meritorious pieces in the book are the dialect poems and short lyrics.”—*Scotsman*.

“There is a considerable degree of merit in the contents of this handsome volume, though the merit is very various. It is, however, in the shorter pieces that the author appears to greatest advantage. ‘Jamie's Grave,’ ‘Little Nelly,’ ‘Onward I wander,’ ‘The Lover's Dream,’ and ‘Muirland Maggie,’ are pleasing examples of thought and expression. We have derived no small amount of pleasure from perusing the volume.”—*Daily Review*.

“A perusal of the neatly printed pages of this volume fairly entitles the writer to an honourable place among the poets of Scotland. There is nothing mawkishly sentimental about his verses. He is invariably simple, manly, natural. He sings the loves, the sorrows, and the joys of the people among whom his lot has been cast, with a directness, vigour, and pathos, that bear the impress of a sensitive heart as well as an observant

eye. The collection is divided into two parts—1st, poems; 2d, songs. In the latter Mr M'Neill attains his chief strength. Many of these are quite models of what a song should be—brief, expressive, and earnest in its utterance.”—*Haddingtonshire Courier*.

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