

## APPENDIX.

Many notable improvements have been wrought in recent years on the Fifeshire fishing boat, and yet, as our narrative but too sadly tells, scarcely a season comes and goes without bringing its own griefs and bereavements to the fisher home. Thus, while our volume was going through the press, no fewer than three gallant men lost their lives in the English seas. Some had conjectured that the calamity of three years before would arrest the enterprise thitherward ; but so far was this from being the case that in the autumn of 1878 Cellardyke sent out as many as fifty-six, Pittenweem eighteen, and St Monance twenty-seven boats to fish the herring at Yarmouth or Lowestoft. The season was again one of storm and disaster, and, turning to the *Fife News*, we read under the date of the 26th of October 1878 :—“Again the wild winds are sighing the sorrows of the sea, and in the old home the big tear is falling over the hopes and joys buried for ever in the deep. In this case the victim is Andrew Lyall, one of the crew of the Cellardyke boat ‘Cyprus,’ owned by his brother-in-law, Skipper John Watson, which, like others of the Scottish fleet, sailed from Lowestoft for the herring sea in the course of Monday. The weather was and had been threatening ; but cheered by the rising prospects of the fisheries boats had faced the terrors of the night, when the squall once more burst upon them with all the fury of the hurricane. It was in the hour of the wildest conflict with wind and sea that the ‘Cyprus,’ while standing into the land, was struck by a tremendous wave, which buried the

deck in the bosom of the foaming surge. The gallant boat bounded like a strong wrestler from the grasp of her enemy, and each brave man breathed again a thankful prayer for his deliverance ; but there was one hero the less after that terrible ordeal. It was the sad old story : a brave hand is struck in an instant from its last lifehold, and sent to battle, without a chance or possibility of rescue, in the jaws of death, where, perchance, the drowning cry is heard, but scarce heard, ere all is hushed for ever in the silence of the grave. The disaster occurred about four o'clock on Tuesday morning, and in the course of the day the fatal news were telegraphed to Cellardyke, where the deceased, who is about sixty years of age, leaves a widow to bewail his loss. Andrew Lyall was a fine specimen of a Scottish fisherman—strong and resolute as the element, at once his cradle and his grave, but withal as sympathetic and true as the needle which so often guided him through the darkness and the storm."

The next was the Anstruther sailor, John Duff, who was drowned at Yarmouth on Monday, the 28th October. He was one of the crew of the Cellardyke boat "James and Martha," and his fate is painfully suggestive in every circumstance of that of poor William Watson, who perished in the river two years before. His body was recovered on Thursday by an urchin while fishing by the quayside with hook and line. He was a married man, and about forty-two years of age.

The third sufferer was Alexander Watson, skipper and owner of the "Polar Star," of Cellardyke. This boat put to sea from Lowestoft pier on Monday, the 4th of November, and had shared in some degree in the success of the night, when she was overtaken by the dreadful tempest, which burst with scarcely any warning from the northward. The sky was black with the night and the storm ; but the gallant craft

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sped bravely on till the fairway through the great sandbanks, known as "St Nicholas' Gap," had been all but crossed, when in a fatal moment the boat was struck with a heavy sea, which swept the skipper from the helm, and consigned him without a struggle to a watery grave. This occurred about three o'clock on Tuesday morning, and within six hours the streets of Cellardyke everywhere echoed with the mournful tidings—neighbours hastening to and fro, or groups of wives and mothers weeping for the dead, or trembling, perchance, with the terrors which they could not, dared not, breathe except in prayer. On Lowestoft pier the sorrow, if less obvious to the eye, was not less deep and sincere, as few men have held and deserved so high a place in the esteem and respect of their neighbours as the heroic skipper, who had that day perished at the post of duty and danger. Alexander Watson was within two days of his forty-third year, and his loss has been the breaking up of another happy and interesting household—a widow and five sons in tender childhood being cast upon the guardianship of God.

T H E E N D .