

We turn from this doleful chronicle to notice the generous hospitality shown by the fishermen of Holy Island to the five Cellardyke boats in the Kirkcaldy (K.Y.) register. 'No. 838, John Stewart, skipper; No. 992, Robert Stewart; No. 921, John Boyter; No. 987, Michael Doig; No. 144, Alexander Smith.' The drenched and weary crews were assisted to a safe anchorage, and then conducted to a place of shelter, where they had the comfort of fire and bed—indeed, everything was done that one brother could do for another."

A postscript to the same letter goes on to say:—"St Monance has fearfully shared in this awful visitation, as, in addition to the 'Quest,' other two boats have perished on the sandbanks of the Wash. These are the 'Beautiful Star' and the 'Thane'—the crew of the former being: James Paterson, the skipper, married, and five children; Robert Paterson, his son, unmarried; William Paterson, married, and six children; Robert Paterson, his son, unmarried; David Allan, married, and five children;

James Allan, unmarried ; David Davidson, unmarried. The crew of the 'Thane' were—Thomas Fyall, the skipper, married, and two children ; David Laurie, married, and five children ; Lawrence Fyall, unmarried ; Thomas Laurie, married ; Thomas Fyall, married, and one child ; Andrew Allan, unmarried ; Alexander Duncan, married, and two children. Seven men were in each boat, eight of these fourteen being married, with twenty-six children."

Another relict of the "Quest" has been cast up at Stiffkey on the Norfolk coast, where the bag marked "City of Seringapotam" has been identified as belonging to Alexander Latto. An impression was abroad in Cellardyke that the body washed ashore near Cockburnspath, near St Abbs, reported as that of a tall, dark-haired man, having the letters J. M. on the arm, and J. A., with the figure 2, on the fragment of clothing, is that of the skipper of the "Janet Anderson ;" but in crossing the Forth his brother found the rumour to be untrue—the remains being those of some luckless sailor drowned not days but weeks before.

The Cellardyke boat "Waverley," Skipper William Watson, arrived on Wednesday from Burnmouth, where she had taken refuge with the eleven deep sea going boats of the village on Friday evening. Being strangers to the critical harbour, the boat was in great danger, and was indeed only saved by the intrepid humanity of the fishermen, who assisted with the necessary anchors and ropes, and then in the same generous spirit supplied the worn and weary crew with warm food, clothing, and beds, never slackening in their brotherly treatment till the boat was once more under sail for Cellardyke.

This is the most terrible disaster that has ever befallen the fishing towns of Fifeshire, Cellardyke having lost fifteen men, St Monance twenty-one, who leave together eighteen widows

and seventy-one fatherless children. Public feeling everywhere responds to this awful dispensation of Providence, and it only remains for us to add that the various ministers of the neighbourhood were unremitting in their endeavours to administer the consolations and promises of religion to the bereaved mourners.

Such was the narrative of the week ; but the grief and excitement did not end here, for day by day, or rather week by week, new and thrilling episodes were added to the dismal tale. The mystery as to the fate of the two Cellardyke boats was soon so far unveiled. Eight days had not elapsed when the scattered fragments of a fishing boat were washed ashore at Cullercoats, a fishing village off Northumberland, and amongst other waifs was a helm, recognised as belonging to the missing boat "Janet Anderson," which, in the opinion of fishing circles, had foundered, if, indeed she had not been sunk by the passing steamer about the time when her light was last seen by the consort crew, who shared the perils of that dreadful night. Saturday, the 10th of December, brought tidings of her ill-fated sister the "Vigilant." This boat was one of the four which hoisted sail about 3 A.M. on the fatal Friday. She was last seen in the delusive interval before the storm under a press of sail. Then came the storm and the wrestle of brave men for life, with the closing scene which had been here on that deadly shoal, the inner Dowsing, some thirteen miles to leeward of the course usually taken when crossing the Deep. The "Vigilant" was found lying in six fathoms by the Trinity cruiser, while in search of floating or sunken wrecks. A masthead was first seen rising on the melancholy waste, and as it was the cruiser's duty to remove such dangers from the path of vessels, this was accordingly done, when it proved to be the mast of a

Scottish fishing boat, which, by the hot iron marks, and also by the initials on the tackle brought up to the surface, was identified as those of the ill-fated boat. These boats, like the "Quest," foundered and went down with all hands. The struggle was thus short and decisive; but it was otherwise, as we shall see, with the martyrs of St Monance, whose fate was that of the castaway clinging all night in hope to the raft, but perishing in the end with "none to pity—none to hear the last farewell." The grave, where all is hushed, holds the secret, but how fearfully suggestive are the revelations that are to follow:—The steam packet, "Sea Nymph," was on her usual run from Hull to Lynn about eight days after the storm, when the watch observed a floating wreck towards the Lincoln coast. It was a mournful symbol of the cruel sea. The waves were washing over the gunwale of the fishing boat, as she proved to be. There was not a trace of the crew. "Poor fellows, they have been all drowned," said one of the passengers, a sailor's bride, as she wiped the trickling tear, and with this impression shared by all the wreck was taken in tow, and eventually berthed at Lynn. The chances of salvage sent the men of the "Sea Nymph" quickly to work to bale their prize, now seen to be the "Beautiful Star." An entrance was made into the bunk or cabin, in the bow of the boat. Here a terrible discovery was made. Truly it was the chamber of death—five of the crew lying lifeless on the floor. Four friends arrived two days later from St Monance and recognised the bodies, when the two missing men of the crew were ascertained to be the master's son, Robert Paterson, and his young companion, James Allan. All is conjecture, but the fact that Skipper James Paterson was severely cleft in the temple has induced many to believe that the others were giving the assistance or relief they could when their own fate

was sealed by the swamping of the boat. But to the end they were faithful to duty. The sail yet attached had been thrown into the sea, as we saw on the Northumberland coast, as the last forlorn hope amongst the breakers, when they had shut the door to wait and die. Who does not turn his thoughts to the fearful scene in that floating grave? A brave veteran once told us of the solemn emotions of such a time. He was sitting alone in the cabin preparing a torch as the signal for life or death, when the boat reeled and fell before a tremendous wave. "It's God's will, and I will die here," was the thought of the awful moment, as he collected himself for the last prayer for mercy, less for himself than for the near and dear ones he would never see again. Nor will that heroic skipper of St Monance be forgotten who, in the last struggle with the breakers on Elie shore, was heard singing as one who sings a bridal song—

" Here let me wait with patience,  
Wait till the night is o'er,  
Wait till I see the morning  
Break on the golden shore."

And so the singer and the song sank together. "It has been a great harvest time for Christ," writes one, whose praise is in the churches, of the awakenings on the Fife coast, and those who knew James Paterson and his companions, who perished on the Lincoln banks, can believe that the gathering shadows but gave a more exulting note to the hymn of victory which they sang together—spirit rejoicing with spirit—till the scene, but not the song, changed, where night and the storm shall rage no more. The stroke which had disabled the master had also perhaps crushed in the aperture in the cabin roof, though otherwise the boat was all but unscathed. The fishing gear was also lying as it had been

stowed away in the hold, and the money of the crew, with many a little keepsake—the touching memorials of home—were collected in the cabin. The fearful discovery at the quayside filled the old seaport of Lynn with the wildest excitement. Public sympathy was everywhere aroused; the seafaring inhabitants in particular gave way to a general burst of tenderness and pity. Three of the Fife fishers had been Good Templars, and no sooner was this known than the Lynn Lodges, as soon as the inquest had been concluded, undertook the pious duty of consigning the dead to the grave. The funeral took place on Tuesday, when some two hundred and fifty fishermen took part in the procession, which, swelled with the Good Templars and the noble-hearted people of Lynn, would number several thousands. The bodies were conveyed in five hearses from the inn in which they had been first deposited to the beautiful cemetery, where, after an impressive celebration of the funeral service according to the ritual of the Order, they were interred in the section set apart for the burial of the Presbyterian dead, some thousand voices joining in the favourite hymn, “Safe in the arms of Jesus.” But the crew of the “Beautiful Star” were not alone. The same terrible tragedy had been enacted on board of her consort the “Thane,” which was stranded in the course of the following week on one of the half tide scalps near Boston Deep. She was lying keel up, with the port gunwale buried in the sand. The “Thane” had at one time been in collision, and eight planks were cut down abaft the main thwart as if by a vessel’s stem: but the most alarming discovery made by the dredgers was the bodies of three of the crew stretched in the fore-castle. Being unable, in the situation, to remove the ghastly freight, they waited till the succeeding ebb, when the bodies were removed to Lynn. They were those of the young men Thomas

Fyall, Thomas Laurie, and Alexander Duncan, the four others, including Skipper Fyall, having in all probability been washed overboard. Though distinguished by no set programme, the funeral of the three men of the "Thane" caused a yet more profound sensation, as the whole population of the seaport rose, we may say, to pay the last tribute of sympathy to the brave mariners who had fallen a sacrifice to this unexampled tragedy. The solemn scene stands alone on the records of Lynn, as the living tide of some nine thousand mourners moved along the road on Sabbath afternoon with their melancholy burthen to the burial yard, where, as grave after grave was closed over the sleepers, the solemn silence was broken by many a sob—men and women, indeed, giving way to unrestrained tears. Three of the relatives were present from St Monance. Such are the untold sufferings of the fatal cruise; but there were others of the Fifeshire fleet all but within the verge of destruction. "It's all over," said one of our crew. "All of us thought the same; but God's own right hand was our shield and stay," observed a storm-beaten survivor at the thanksgiving, and who, after such experiences as the following, will marvel that he did so, or that, as the solemn scene recurred to him, with his hard rough hand he wipes the tear out of his eyes. The "Excelsior," David Wood, master and owner, arrived at Anstruther on Sabbath morning, the fifth December. This crew also sailed for home on the fatal morning of the 19th November, and encountered the storm in full fury, with the Yorkshire coast yet many miles to windward. It was a situation to make the stoutest hearts quail—an open boat, with the shadows of night gathering around them on that naked waste of waters, flying and beaten like chaff on the thrashing floor, by the lash of the tempest. Perchance it was at such a moment that the doomed boats

bore away in the wild hope of out-running the gale ; but the crew of the "Excelsior," true to the motto of their gallant craft, resolved to keep the sea. "God is with the brave," said the old Scottish fathers, and so, with all around black as the yawning grave, save when the white-crested waves gleamed faintly in the darkness, while the thunder crash of the storm deafened the ear, and all but appalled the stoutest heart, the crew of the "Excelsior" struggled on, though as men who stand in the last wrestle between death and life. A dreadful catastrophe, however, occurred toward midnight. The boat was wearing round before the breakers, and strong arms held down the wildly tossing sail, when just as a noble lad, Alexander M'Ruvie, who had been sent on an errand to the cabin, sprung all unseen to his post, a terrible gust wrenched the yard and threw it against the mast, crushing as it went the legs of the unfortunate youth in torturing agony. His poor father was on board, but was himself stunned at the moment by a stroke of the sea. Another of the crew was all but a victim to a sailor's fate, but a third boatmate, Thomas Watson, crept aft—what was the human voice in the wild roar of the storm—and explained to the master what had happened at the helm. The needful manœuvre was well and promptly done, but the brave lad's hour had come—he was only relieved from the cruel hold of the spar to be tossed by the sail into the sea, where seen but for a moment, he perished as the master was stretching out his hand to save him. With sadder hearts and scarce hoping for deliverance, the crew battled on till daylight, when a friendly sail piloted them into Grimsby, from which they only sailed again on the following Friday. That same evening, however, the threatening sky filled our mariners with anxious thoughts and with them the intention of once more seeking a harbour of refuge, but here



the *Polar Star* of the heart cheered them on through the gloom and the storm—nor was their endeavours in vain, as after a wintry voyage the gallant boat was safely moored by the old pier of Anstruther.

The "*Dolphin*," William Moncrieff master, was also one of the little squadron which sailed from Lowestoft in the first watch of the fatal morning. She was standing across the Wash, about two miles to windward of the "*Vigilant*," when the hand to hand conflict began with the tempest. Happily, though faint and weary, the crew were able to regain Lowestoft, where she lay till the end of the following week, when they once more sailed for the north; but on the Yorkshire coast the north-east gale again burst upon them, and as the last chance of perishing men they ran into Bridlington Bay. A lull in the gale saw the boat once more scudding for home, but ere long they were thankful for refuge in Scarborough, where they remained till a happy chance enabled them to return to Anstruther early on Monday morning, more than three weeks after they had first hoisted sail for the North.

But in no case were the adventures so extraordinary as with the Ocellardyke boat, "*Brothers*," Skipper James Stevenson. This boat had been at the fishing ground on the Wednesday evening, but on returning to Lowestoft the stirring sight of the "*Excelsior*" and two others leaving for home induced this crew also to take a hurried departure. The wind was fair, and foresail and mizen bore the gallant craft merrily along the Norfolk shore. Rounding Cromer, other well-known sails were seen lying to, but the "*Brothers*" followed fast in the wake of the three boats already referred to, and so the little squadron shot over the broad bosom of the Wash. That noble sentinel, the light ship, was seen to leeward on the Inner Dowsing bank, when the black sky revealed its fearful secret by a terrific gust

from the north-east. Well might one brave man look wistfully in the face of another as the crew saw themselves all alone on that open and stormy sea ; but heart nor hand failed as, with close-reefed sail, the boat stood in on the starboard tack. This course was steered till the breakers, and the lead at six fathoms, warned them from the Yorkshire coast, when the boat was once more headed, though with great difficulty, to sea. The storm was then at its fiercest, and one of the bravest veterans that ever sailed the salt seas thought it his duty to whisper his fears—"Men, I doubt we're wrang," but then also came the remembrance of home and children, and the heroic resolve, "We'll at least *do* to the last," and so every man stood to his post, though wave on wave swept the sorely labouring boat like a rock in the tideway. The Dowsing light was again seen faintly to leeward, but ere it was reached tide and tempest had drifted the boat so near the shoal that she was a second time steered towards the land. And thus the fight went on, less in hope, perhaps, than in the stern resolve which, with brave hearts, takes the place of dark despair, when at last daylight broke on the dreadful scene. Slowly the black clouds rolled away, but it was only, to all appearance, to unveil the inevitable fate of the crew, for driven to leeward of the Humber, where on that strange and stormy shore could they turn for shelter? But help came where it was least to be hoped for. Weary and exhausted with the fearful sufferings of the night, the strength—but not the calm trust on the mercy of God—was well nigh gone with the crew, when, like an angel in response to the prayer of the mariner's home, a sail was seen bearing in from the sea. This was a Grimsby fishing smack running from the gale. Her main-sail was in ribbons ; but this disaster was the salvation of our fishermen, as disabled from tacking for the Humber she was

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now steering for the Wytham. Who shall tell the joy of the moment as the stranger beckoned the Scottish crew to follow, and so steering in the wake they safely anchored in the river about noon of Saturday; but to give an idea of the extreme perils of the navigation we may state that the consummate experience of the master of the smack unlocked, so to speak, a "swash" or side way accessible only in the crisis, when the storm-swept bar must have been as the gate of destruction and death. Later in the afternoon the boat shifted with another smack to a more secure anchorage under lee of the Lincoln banks, and in the course of Monday she was steered in convoy with two river craft so far up as Clayholes, a little hamlet some five miles from Boston. The hamlet is one of those romantic resting places by the river brink which may be called "The Sailors' Wayside Inn," and here the kind-hearted English matron heard our fishermen's story, and with true womanly sympathy did all that could be done to assist them. She it was who by sending a pony through the fens to Boston transmitted the welcome telegram which brightened all faces on the Fife coast on the Tuesday by the ringing cry, "There's word fae Steenson." Friends, we remember it well, took courage and said, "All's well; the next message will be our own," but Heaven had its own deep mysteries.

Guided by the friendly English fishermen as to the intricate channel of the river, the "Brothers" safely tacked on Thursday to the open waters of the Wash, and the voyage home was once again hopefully begun, but early on Saturday morning another tempest from the north-east drove them into Scarborough. It was ebbing tide, and the signal lights were extinguished, but the boat was steered for the harbour, when, to the dismay of the crew, the "booms" were on the bar. A second time, however, they met with unexpected deliverance

in their hour of need, for, in the climax of the danger, a padded ball and line were thrown from the pier into the boat, when, almost in a breath, some two score of strong and willing arms dragged her beyond the reach of the waves. Nor was this all, for at the mere mention of payment the gallant fellows declared with one voice, "Never a penny from a Scottish fisherman." The same generous treatment was given at the Reading Room or Institute. Other boats on the northward voyage also ran into Scarborough, where later in the day the lifeboat was launched to meet any emergency. The weather continued threatening, but anxious to reach home, the "Brothers" made sail from Scarborough on the following Wednesday. They had, however, been little more than ten miles away when the crew were glad to return, and an attempt two days later, when they were twenty miles to the north, was equally unsuccessful; but on Saturday morning the friendly breeze carried them on a prosperous run from the Yorkshire haven to Anstruther, where they arrived on Monday morning, after being twenty-four days on the passage, and after a succession of vicissitude and suffering that have scarcely a parallel in the story of the coast.

We now come to speak of the noble effort made for the relief of the bereaved. The loss of so many brave and useful lives—so many widows and orphans realising, in the first days of mourning, the loss of breadwinner and stay—made, need we say, a profound sensation in the districts, but Christian friends were not indifferent, or careless, or callous to the touching appeal. During the anxious and weary days of the first week, when the fate of the brave men was so far uncertain, Sir Robert and Lady Anstruther evinced the most tender solicitude for their safety, and when hope at last left not a single ray of comfort on the dark and melancholy

prospect, he was the first to hasten to the relief of the stricken and helpless families. The hon. baronet is the principal heritor of Abercrombie, and the brave old home of Balcaskie, if not within, is on the immediate border of the parish ; but in the truly Christian mission on which he entered Sir Robert was only following in the footprints of his lamented father, who, as in the similar catastrophe of 1833, was ever first in the cause of benevolence and humanity. But before proceeding further we pause to refer to the touching and unwearied kindness of Lady Anstruther, than whom never sister of mercy did more to soothe and comfort the lonely home, darkened by sorrow and despair. Yes, there are moments in our anguish when the message of the angels is never sweeter than in a sister's tear, when the broken heart has a language all its own, and when, sorely wounded, it must be led, like the bleeding lamb by the wayside, to the feet of Him who only in the day of fear and trouble can say, as on the sea of Galilee, "Peace, be still."

The movement took form in St Monance Town Hall on Saturday, at a meeting of some of the leading parishioners, when, at the suggestion of Sir Robert Anstruther, it was resolved to unite and work in union with a committee in Anstruther to be appointed at a public meeting, and in this way to secure a common fund for the relief of the widows both in St Monance and Cellardyke. An acting committee was chosen, namely, Chief-Magistrate Nicol, Bailies Macfarlan and Robertson, and Messrs James Trainer, merchant ; John Lockie, of the Mission ; George Bridges, boatskipper ; and Thomas Murray, fishcurer.

The landed proprietors of the East of Fife set a noble example, the following contributions having been thus early received for the Relief Fund :—Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., of

Balcarres, £50 ; Sir Robert Anstruther, Bart., of Balcaskie, £20 ; Sir John L. Bethune, Bart., of Kilconquhar, £10 ; W. D. Irvine, Esq., of Grangemuir, £20.

In Cellardyke the Rev. Alexander Gregory, the venerable pastor of the Free Church, held a sympathy meeting in Forth Street Hall in the course of Tuesday, when he spoke with singular earnestness and power from the memorable text, "Oh, that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end." At the close Mr Gregory referred to the generous donation of £30 to the Relief Fund by Stephen Williamson, Esq., of Liverpool, who is a native of Cellardyke.

A public meeting was held in the evening in the Town Hall, presided over by Provost Martin. The Rev. Dr Christie, the minister of the parish, made an appeal at some length and with telling effect on behalf of the helpless families, which was appropriately seconded by Mr Oliphant. Mr Alex. Watson, one of the elders of the parish, and others, took part in the addresses, which were the spontaneous utterance of heartfelt sympathy and affection, when it was resolved to divide the town into districts, and to allocate these to a committee to uplift subscriptions. So cordial was the sentiment of the meeting that on a subscription being opened the sum of £68 was entered by those present. At this stage of the proceedings Skipper Thomas Birrell struck an inner chord in every heart by an extempore address, in which he said that he had lost a grandfather, four uncles, a brother, and a son-in-law, not to speak of other relatives, by disasters at sea. Well then could he realise the sorrow of the sorrow-stricken, for he had only to remember his own, and his most earnest sympathies were therefore with the Christian work to which they had now put their hand. The signal of mercy was flying, and he besought

the fishermen of Cellardyke to consider that what was the case of the mariners to-day might be the case of their own to-morrow, and he trusted from his heart that one and all would hasten to the help of the widow and the orphan. The hall was crowded, and a cordial vote of thanks brought the interesting meeting to a close.

The committee began their "labour of love" in the morning, and by Thursday the Cellardyke subscriptions exceeded £150, Mr Oliphant, in his own district, having collected £47. The Relief Fund was already over £600, but it is an interesting fact not to be forgotten, as it goes far to answer a reflection sometimes cast on the providence of the fisher home, that of the thirty-seven fishermen lost in the gale, seventeen were members of the Scottish Legal Burial Society, from which their families received about £200. Resuming the movement so well begun in the picturesque old seat of Balcaskie, you find the following appeal, as "a letter to the Editor," under the date of 29th November, sown broadcast through the newspapers over the length and breadth of the land :—

"SIR,—I do not think I need apologise for asking some assistance from the public through your columns for the many amongst the fishing population in our immediate neighbourhood who have suffered from the late storms. We have lost two boats belonging to Cellardyke and three belonging to St Monance, with the whole of their crews ; and the sorrow, misery, and want in those towns are of a kind that I cannot attempt to describe.

"Such a catastrophe, under any circumstances sufficiently dreadful, is in these cases rendered still more calamitous by the fact that many of the boats' crews are closely related to each other by family ties.

"In the town of St Monance, one unfortunate woman, Mrs Paterson, has lost at one blow her husband, her son, two brothers, three nephews, a brother-in-law, and a cousin ; another,

Mrs Allan, about seventy years of age, has lost her two sons, her two nephews, her son-in-law, and two grandsons.

“A public meeting will be convened by the Provost of Anstruther on Monday, the 6th day of December, in order to obtain aid for the sufferers ; and I am authorised to say that subscriptions will be gladly received for them by the Rev. David L. Foggo, the Manse, Abercrombie, St Monance ; Mr Thomas Nicol, Chief Magistrate, St Monance ; the Rev. Dr Christie, the Manse, Kilrenny, Anstruther ; and also by Provost Anderson, Anstruther ; Mr Martin, Provost, Kilrenny ; Mr Tosh, Provost of Pittenweem ; and W. R. Ketchen, Esq., Elie.

“The above two small towns have lost at one blow 37 of the flower of their sea-going men ; 19 women are left widows ; and 72 children are made orphans, besides, several aged persons dependent upon the deceased men have been deprived of their support.—I am, &c.,

“ROBT. ANSTRUTHER.”

The public meeting, numerously attended, was held in Anstruther on 6th December, presided over by Provost Anderson, and at which Sir Robert Anstruther, the Rev. Dr Christie, of Kilrenny ; the Rev. Mr Foggo, of Abercrombie ; Rev. Mr Gregory, Anstruther, and others, took part, when a large committee was appointed to collect subscriptions, and a body of trustees was nominated to hold and administer them. In a short time a sum amounting to £7206 15s 3d was raised. Among the more notable contributions may be mentioned one of £100 from Captain Hughes, of Wallaroo ; £50 from Sir Coutts and Lady Lindsay, of Balcarres ; £50 from the Earl of Southesk ; £50 from Charles Gray, Esq. of Nareeb ; £50 from Stephen Williamson, Esq., Liverpool ; £50 from William Baird, Esq., of Elie ; £50 from the Hon. Robert Simson, of Laura Toorah ; £150 from the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society ; £346 6s 8d, proceeds of bazaar held at Colinsburgh, under the



auspices of Lady Lindsay and others ; and £400, proceeds of a sale of works of art in Edinburgh. These funds have been invested by the trustees, partly in Government stock and partly on heritable security. Allowances were voted to the bereaved according to their several circumstances, but, generally speaking, at the rate of 4s per week to each widow, 1s 6d to each child under fifteen years of age, and 3s to other dependants. In addition to these allowances, sums varying from £40 to £140 were paid to the relatives of the boat owners, and from £10 to £20 to those who lost nets, and school fees and school books are provided for the children attending school. At the present time (June 1878) the aliment paid amounts to £10 9s 6d weekly. The trustees for the fund are—Sir Robert Anstruther, chairman ; Provost Anderson, deputy chairman ; Earl Lindesay, Rev. Dr Christie, Provost Watson, and Bailie Sharp, Cellardyke ; Provost Tosh, Pittenweem ; Chief Magistrate Nicol, St Monance ; and Messrs David Hutt and Thomas Murray, St Monance—David Cook, Anstruther, honorary secretary and treasurer. The Provosts of Kilrenny, East Anstruther, and Pittenweem, and Chief Magistrate of St Monance are only trustees *ex officio*. Ex-Provost Martin, Cellardyke (one of the original trustees) dispenses the weekly aliment in that place, and Messrs Murray and Hutt in St Monance.

The gush of sympathy—generous as it was widespread—far exceeded the most sanguine anticipations ; but no tribute was more touching and beautiful than on the part of the inhabitants of Lynn. We saw their Christian feeling at the open grave ; but it did not end here, for almost on the day the resolve was taken to erect some fitting memorial where the eight sleepers had been gathered side by side in the “City of the Dead.” A committee was formed, and in all about £45 was raised.

Several designs were submitted to the committee, who decided upon one of a rather striking character, viz., a *fac simile* in stone of the fishing boat "Beautiful Star," akin to the monument over the grave of Grace Darling in Bamborough Churchyard. The mason work is executed in Kenton stone. The model of the boat is 6 feet 2 inches in length from stem to stern, and weighs about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tons. It is fixed on chocks, placed upon the upper platform of a fine pedestal of three steps or tiers, the whole weighing nearly 7 tons. The stones immediately under the boat bear the following inscription:—At the bow—"This monument was erected by public subscription to the memory of eight Scotch fishermen drowned on the Norfolk coast in the November gale, 1875." Beneath the stern is—"Life, how short! Eternity, how long!" On either side are engraved the names of the deceased fishermen, and dates of their birth, in the following order:—On the north side—"David Allen, born 28th August 1827; Alexander Duncan, born 7th June 1829; Thomas Lawrie, born 3d October 1854; Thomas Fyall, born 27th June 1851," and beneath, the inscription—"When the shore is won at last, who will count the billows past?" On the south—"James Paterson, born 18th July 1826, and his son Robert Paterson, born 31st October 1857; David Davidson, born 1st February 1852; William Paterson, born 18th January 1830," and beneath—"While we linger on the shore of life a wave wafts us to eternity." The boat is inscribed "Beautiful Star, K.Y., 1298, St Monance," and is intended as a representation of her in her wrecked condition, as she was towed into Lynn by the screw steamer "Sea Nymph" on Saturday, 27th November. The tomb is surrounded by a neat iron fence. The cost of the monument was £30. After defraying this amount and the necessary additions for fixing and cemetery fees, amounting in all to about £7 or £8, the

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balance of the money raised was sent to the Fifeshire Relief Fund.

On a Thursday afternoon in the following spring, in presence of a considerable number of spectators, the memorial, which is centrally situated among the fishermen's graves, and over that of James Paterson, was uncovered with a brief ceremony. The Rev. P. J. Rollo, Union Baptist minister, having offered up prayer,

The Mayor said he appeared there that afternoon as Chief-Magistrate for the time being, and at the request of the committee who had undertaken the task of erecting a memorial stone over the graves of the Scotch fishermen, whose bodies were interred in the cemetery. The committee had done their work on the present occasion with every imaginable felicity and good feeling. Undoubtedly a great amount of sympathy had been shown and still existed with regard to the unfortunate fishermen whose bodies had been placed in that and the surrounding tombs, and it redounded to the honour and credit of the people of Lynn that much of the sympathy had taken a form in the shape of a sensible provision for the distressed. In the hour of distress, when wives were bereaved of their husbands and of their friends, then was the time when such acts of kindness were felt. He thought that no greater expression of good feeling could be wished for than that which had been made. The subscriptions which had been raised on behalf of the distressed were received with thankfulness; and they felt that their departed friends had gone to a place of eternal rest. When it became known to those whose friends lay in those graves that this monument had been erected to their memory, they would feel another spark of gratitude spring up in their hearts, and they would say to themselves—  
“They were strangers who showed us that act of kindness,

but they did not seem to forget that we were flesh and blood like themselves." He thought that all who had met there that day might instil into their hearts the well-known fact that "in the midst of life we are in death;" and then they would have nothing to regret that they had spent a few minutes that afternoon beside the fishermen's graves.

Mr I. Rix thanked the Mayor, on behalf of the committee, for honouring them with his presence that day. He also thanked the Rev. P. J. Rollo for the appropriate and sympathetic prayer which he had offered; and the promoters and subscribers to the monument for their liberality and the interest which they had taken in the work. He congratulated the sculptor, Mr Bone, who, he said, had spared neither time nor pains in the execution of his task; and with one and all who had assisted he felt there would be left a lasting impression, as a pleasing reflection that they had carried into effect that truthful charitable maxim—"Do unto others as ye would be done unto."

The Rev. P. J. Rollo then delivered another short prayer and a benediction, and the inauguration was completed by the removal of the Union Jack, with which the monument had up to that moment been covered.

On Thursday evening Mr Rix, secretary of the committee, telegraphed to the Rev. D. L. Foggo, of St Monance, Fifeshire, that the monument had that day been unveiled by the Mayor of Lynn, and the following telegram was received in reply:—

"Your kind communication gratefully received. Accept my thanks on behalf of my afflicted parishioners. We are truly thankful for your kindness and sympathy. May God reward with his blessing all the good people of Lynn."

In addition to these calamities, in which the crew or most of the crew perished, the tale of sorrow in Cellardyke is con-

tinued in the ever present danger of dipping or tacking the lugger sail. Thus it was on the 30th of July 1856, when the corn fields of Fife were rejoicing in the first tint of harvest, from which his eye had just been turned with kindling interest, that the devoted young fisherman, Alexander Dick, was tossed into the sea and drowned, the occurrence being so sudden that the young friend who shared the herring venture scarce caught a glimpse of his upturned face sinking beneath the waves. He shared the fate of a beloved brother, a presentiment which had haunted him for years. "I know I will be drowned one day," he would say in a trusting moment. "Then how do you go to sea?" remarked a friend. "I am not afraid; God numbers our days, and Heaven is as near to us at sea as it ever is or can be on land," was the heroic reply.

Again, but this time while the stormy North Sea was still dark with the morning shadows, on Monday, the 21st of December 1864, a young man of singular promise, David Gellatly, was on duty at the haulyards, when, as if cut by the scissors of fate, the tackle slipped, and he was thrown over the gunwale to disappear once and for ever. He was about four-and-twenty, an only son, and as such the stay and solace of the grey hairs that were left to go down in sorrow to the grave. Nine years later the same gloomy sea witnessed another tragedy, the victim being John Wood, who also fell a martyr to duty. His father and other near and dear friends saw him suffer, and heard his last farewell. He had been but ten days married, when the altar was exchanged for a grave in the raging sea. In the fisher homes there is never a more cherished and sacred possession than the beautiful "In Memoriam" cards, which tell of the "loved and lost." They are usually inscribed with some valedictory verses, composed by some relative or friend, of which the following is an example,

selected for its reference to this calamity, which occurred on the 10th day of December :—

'Twas on a dark December night,  
Eighteen hundred and seventy-three,  
From Cellardyke—their spirits light—  
Full fifty crews went out to sea.

A hardy, persevering race,  
As e'er drew treasure from the sea ;  
From May's bright light their course they trace,  
And swift as birds on wing they flee.

The "Anna" bounds across the main,  
As fiery steed sweeps o'er his course ;  
The waters beat her bows in vain,  
Then yield to her superior force.

With buoyant hopes and prospects bright,  
Her brave crew, all unused to fear ;  
No tempest lashed the waves that night,  
Nor dream they there is danger near.

The ground is reached, each at his post,  
To set their lines they now prepare—  
A father's pride, a mother's boast,  
A fond wife's joy—John Wood was there.

A splash ! a cry ! a wild alarm !  
Yet, though they see him on the wave,  
A father's and a mother's arm  
Are powerless in that hour to save.

In haste they throw whate'er will float,  
Her course they change, the sail they tack ;  
Alas ! too late to reach the spot,  
Though eagerly they urge her back.

In agony each nerve they strain—  
The bravest hearts could do no more ;  
Yet all their efforts are in vain—  
"Farewell !" he cries, and all is o'er.

The father's heart, frantic with grief,  
Is bowed beneath the awful blow ;  
Too deep the sorrow for relief,  
The very tears refuse to flow.

To his fond parents' hearts how dear—  
Their every joy and grief he'd share ;  
'Twas his delight their hearts to cheer,  
And kindly lift their load of care.

And who can tell the crushing power  
Of grief which wrings the widow's heart  
In this afflictive, trying hour,  
From him she loves, so soon to part ?

Each other's hearts, how well they know,  
In childhood they together ran ;  
And with their growth affection grew,  
Nor could they tell when love began.

Aye, many a heart to friendship dear  
Now mourns his life's untimely close ;  
To all he was a friend sincere—  
Few of earth's sons had fewer foes.

A disaster, painfully suggestive of the black calendar of 1875, occurred in the following autumn, and is thus referred to in a news letter of the day :—The terrible catastrophe in the English seas less than a year ago naturally inspires the most acute and widespread fears for the present safety of the hundreds of Fife fishermen in the south, and the sad news therefore went thrilling through every heart on Sabbath when it transpired that another mariner of old Cellardyke had found a watery grave. The unfortunate victim, William Watson (Jack), had been induced at the very last moment to fill a vacant berth in the Yarmouth bound boat, the "Victoria Cross," of Cellardyke, and which had already rendezvoused at

the great herring station. The closing scene is shrouded in mystery, but Skipper Watson is said to have been last seen alive at the wharf by the river side about two hours after the midnight of Sabbath, the 15th inst., and it is only left to conjecture to realise the last struggle—the foot slipping in the darkness, the headlong plunge down into the pitiless waters, the wild cry and the wilder gasp for life, and then the deep river rolling as before with the solemn secret buried for ever in its bosom. All suspense, however, is put to rest by another week, through the recovery of his body in the river on Saturday. The unfortunate mariner had been missing since the morning of the 16th October, when it is only too probable that while seeking his way in the black shadows by the water side in early morning he stumbled over the wharf, and thus, according to the verdict of the jury at the coroner's inquest, was "accidentally drowned." His funeral took place on Monday, when a large company of mourners, including many of his neighbours as well as the seafaring men of Yarmouth, paid the last tribute of sympathy and respect by following the remains to the beautiful cemetery hard by the magnificent old church of St Nicholas, where, through the long generations, unnumbered voyagers rest in peaceful anchorage after the perils and storms of life.

Another sufferer was one of the same boat, and in his fate the sad and weary saying that "Misfortunes never come singly," was mournfully realised, as Skipper James Anderson, Pittenweem, had been drowned in the offing of the Billowness on Saturday, while the next victim, David Doig (Wood), found a watery grave on the following Tuesday. He was one of the crew of the "Victoria Cross," owned by the brothers John and George Doig. It occurred as they were returning from the search for herring bait near the Isle of May. It was a



whistling breeze from the sea, with every now and then a blinding shower of snow. In one of these it was thought necessary to reef the foresail, and this had been done, and the crew were resting together, David Doig having taken his seat on an idle spar, fastened, however, to the boat, when one of those sudden lurches, so peculiar to sharp and lively vessels, sent the doomed mariner, swift as a rocket shot, over the lee gunwale into the sea. Next instant his head was seen floating like a buoy on the speckled waters, as the boat darted past in her headlong course ; and then came the dreadful sequel, the upturned hands, the weary look, with none to help or save, as the black waters rolled and whirled over the lonely grave. About an hour afterwards, in the dead of night, the boat arrived at Anstruther, when an early opportunity was embraced to break the mournful tidings to his widow and his only daughter. David Doig, who was about forty-six years of age, belonged to an old and much respected family in Cellardyke, a family of which we read in the parish records of 200 years ago, and he himself was remarkable for those fine qualities of head and heart which secured the esteem and respect of all. The accident occurred some two miles to the offing of Anstruther pier, and about the same distance from the place where Skipper Anderson perished on the previous Saturday night.

The time was 21st of March 1876, and before the end of the twelvemonth a young relative had shared his fate. The melancholy episode may be told as follows :—The young man, Robert Doig, was one of the seven hands on board the deep sea going boat "Southern Cross," Alexander Fowler, master, which sailed from Anstruther harbour in the course of Monday afternoon, 5th of March 1877. The evening in question was passed in the offing at the herring drift, when, succeeding

so far in their errand, the crew hoisted sail, with an ample supply of bait, for the cod fishery in the North Sea. All went well, and the great lines were being worked with fair success in the neighbourhood of the Mar Bank, some twenty miles from the Forfar coast, when the crew found themselves helpless in the sweep of the north-east gale. A part of the fishing tackle was still in the sea, and in the hope to save it the anchor was let go; but as the battle between wind and sea only grew faster and more furious, the crew resolved, some two hours afterwards, to abandon all and run for home. It was midnight, and all was dark as the grave, save when the white-crested billows flitted past in driving foam, but the crew stood bravely to their post. The tall mast was once more ready for the sail, and three of the crew were busy in hooking on the yard when a tremendous sea rolled over the gunwale, and swept all before it into the watery abyss. In that awful moment every man stood face to face with death; but as the gallant boat rose to the billows those on board could breathe in safety, though it was far otherwise with the three boatmates who had been thrown with the sail into the sea. Two of these, Charles Marr and Robert Watson, were so fortunate as to seize hold of the wreck, but poor Robert Doig would seem to have been tossed by the haulyards far beyond, as he was never seen again. Nor was a death cry heard in the crash of the storm to tell when the mariner sank in his watery grave. By the disaster only four men were left in the boat, but in a lucky moment Skipper Fowler succeeded in laying hold of Robert Watson, who was clinging to the boom, and the same kindly office having been performed by Thomas Keay for Charles Marr, who had clutched hold of a rope, both men, though not without the greatest difficulty, were taken on board.

In the meantime the storm raged with unabated fury, and hour after hour passed before the saddened and weary crew could recover the sail and wreckage, which had been washed into the sea; but eventually, by the goodness of Providence, this was accomplished, and the boat was tacked for the Fife shore, which was safely reached in the course of Wednesday forenoon. No time was lost in communicating with Dr Christie, the minister of Kilrenny, who was thus called upon to break to the aged widow, his mother, her mournful bereavement; but in discharging this, the most painful duty of his sacred office, Dr Christie was greatly aided by his devoted partner, whose large and loving sympathies on this as on former occasions were in no common measure with the bereaved and sorrow stricken of Cellardyke. Robert Doig was twenty-seven years of age, and his quiet and affectionate disposition made him the favourite of one and all.

We are here also called to place on the death roll the name of John Montidore, skipper and owner of the herring boat "Jacobini," who was drowned in the offing of Stonehaven on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 10th of July 1878. He was on duty at the helm, while the crew were rigging the jib for the softening breeze, when, in the endeavour to assist a landsman, he lost his balance and fell into the sea. An oar was thrown to his elbow, but there is reason to believe that his forehead had struck the gunwale, and so stunned and unconscious he sank into the weary deep. He was scarcely twenty-six years of age, and left a widow and four infant children to bewail his fate. John Montidore's oldest brother also perished at sea, as one of the sufferers in the Cellardyke boat lost in 1865.

And now it only remains for us, by way of conclusion, to note the proud achievements of the century. Looking back on

the Cellardyke of a hundred years ago you find the fisher home usually little other than a narrow smoke-begrimed cot—the walls rough and unplastered as the low roof, across which the rafters are seen exactly as they were left at the last stroke of the carpenter's axe. You stumbled over the earthen floor, perhaps more damp and broken than the footpath on the other side of the threshold, as you step to the "creepie," serving for a chair at the ingle side, or to the sea chest under the little window, filled with mysterious green glass, through which the sunshine, so bright and joyous in the outer world, comes struggling and dimly, as through the folds of a curtain, scarce lifting the shadows that all but hide the curious recess or the close bed, and the big wooden press, not forgetting the corner shelf, with its long array of brown dishes and antique Riga ornaments, brought home by the head of the house in the voyage to retrieve the fortunes of net and line. It is true, the neighbours of Anstruther and Crail were no better lodged; but if it was so in the past the picture is far otherwise in the present, when the domestic arrangements are such as to indicate on every side the home comforts and social wellbeing of the people. Nor is the growth of the town less remarkable. The long street described by Sir Robert Sibbald, and through which the rebel clansmen marched to their midnight foray, retains few if any vestiges of those romantic days, especially in the antique gables and great outside stairs, which at fifty points compelled the traveller to flee for his life into the first open door at every approaching pack horse or sledge cart. But let us not forget that in living memory only two fishermen dwelt in this street to the westward of the Burgh Cross, as it rose on its massive stair facing the Old Tolbooth, or in a section of the town where more than one hundred seafaring families are accommodated to-day. The breezy croft behind Bishop Kennedy's house is

at this hour populous Dove Street, and the fine terrace-like lines of East and West Forth Street has also in very recent years given a new and kindlier crest to the shore ; but the most notable improvement of all is thus delineated :—

The mason's mallet and the steam crane are awakening the echoes in the interesting project called into birth by the rapid growth of the population and prosperity of Cellardyke. Perhaps, however, any notice of the buildings, present or future, ought to be prefaced by a description of the sites, which we shall endeavour to do.

The situation is indeed eminently inviting, whether looked at in a sanitary or picturesque point of view, being a fine arable field, unbosomed to the sun, edged on the north and east by the public road, on the south by the gardens of Forth Street, and on the west by the barony lands of Anstruther and the old Bow Butts, where the men of the Silverdykes met to shoot the arrow and march out with their gallant young master, Alexander Stuart, Archbishop of St Andrews, to fight and die with him and his royal father on the fatal field of Flodden. The seedling of the enterprise, which takes the first rank as a district improvement, was, we may explain, the application of the School Board to the Superior of Kilrenny, Admiral Bethune, who not only consented to the school site, but also outlined there and then the dwelling-house extension which has now been so auspiciously inaugurated. Never key, in fact, turned at a more lucky juncture, and Provost Martin and other friends of Cellardyke at once embraced the welcome offer, which in due season came to have tangible shape in the beautiful feuing plan prepared by Mr Sang, civil engineer, Kirkcaldy. "But what of the price?" asks the reader, and our answer is, that at Pittenweem building sites are to be had at twelve guineas an acre, but at West Anstruther, St Monance, and

even in the late extension of Cellardyke, the price was and is £20 and upwards, which would appear to be the basis of the new feus, these being at the rate of some eight-and-twenty shillings a site, but with a full remission of these feudal casualties which the Anstruther feuars understood some twenty years ago so well to their cost.

Referring to the plan, we find the extensive field traversed by a main thoroughfare thirty feet wide, leading from Ellice Street on the south to the Kilrenny turnpike on the north, with streets branching to right and left so as to open up the ground in all directions. The fisher homesteads will, of course, be contiguous to the town, and here we find the first house the nucleus of the interesting extension. It is a corner block with a frontage of thirty feet, while the other allotments are at least forty ; but this embryo edifice so far exhibits the principle on which the new street will be constructed. Each house is divided into two distinct properties, consisting of a ground and upper storey, with a lofty attic, specially designed for the repair and storage of sea gear. The section being twenty-six feet within the walls, is further divided into an inner and outer room for the accommodation of the family, who have the further convenience of a front area, ten feet wide, fenced by a low wall, or parapet, with cellars in the rear, and a garden filling up the feu, which, in this way, is twenty feet in width by an hundred and fifty feet in length. Here, then, on the once silent field a cheerful and busy street is seen to have a place, with groups of happy children dancing all day long in the sweetness and the music of the sunbeam. But in addition to the fisher homesteads, the feuing plan also provides, in the northern sections of the fields, for self-contained villas, of which we would only remark here that they will

be unapproached in the neighbourhood, whether for amenity or charming view of sea and shore.

The Public School is situated in the south-east corner, where, as a bog or marsh, the shot fired at the fishermen by Paul Jones was seen to splash after whizz, whizzing harmlessly over the neighbours' heads, and from which a rusty cannon ball was actually taken while digging about the new buildings. The edifice is in the Tudor style, having class-rooms and lavatories in the centre, and the spacious school-rooms for either sex as projecting wings, which, with the ornate details, lend an air of elegance and unity to the design not elsewhere seen in a similar institution in the East Neuk. The teacher's house, a neat villa-like building, stands between the school and Rodger Street, as the new thoroughfare is called, in recognition of the valuable gifts to his native town of the late Captain Alexander Rodger, ship owner, Glasgow. The architect was Mr Currie, of Elie, and the cost to the School Board is about £2500. The new church, which is the earnest, not of the Mission, but of the parish of Cellardyke, is on the opposite side of the "Powcausie" road, where the ground is also within the boundaries of the feuing scheme. The design is cruciform, and in the pointed style, having the front elevation towards the school, where it presents a massive gable, pierced with a great window of three lights, and flanked with tower and spire, which is likely to figure in the "Coasting Pilot" as one of the most striking sea marks on the shore. The sittings are 650 in the nave and transept, and 150 in the gallery—the cost, including the Sabbath school rooms in the rear, being about £3000. This church is so far a memorial of the ministry of the Rev. John Christie, D.D., who succeeded as the eighteenth Protestant incumbent of the parish in the autumn of 1872, but who resigned on being elected five years

later as Professor of Church History in his *alma mater* of Aberdeen.

Thus much of the shore we now turn to the sea, where new paths and new harvests have given a crowning fulness to basket and store. In the days of Queen Anne the historian counted ten boats in the little harbour, and living memory has also seen the fishing squadron reckoned by the fingers; but a brighter day has dawned on the grey old rocks of "Skimfie," and we cannot more appropriately close our narrative than with the statistics kindly supplied by Mr William Gillis, of the Fishery Board. They refer to 1878, the present year, and are as follows:—

|   |   |   |   |   |           |
|---|---|---|---|---|-----------|
| St Monance, 135 Boats, valued at                | - | - | - | - | £8277.    |
| "    Nets,    "                                 | - | - | - | - | 12,900.   |
| "    Lines,    "                                | - | - | - | - | 4200.     |
| Pittenweem, 82 Boats, valued at                 | - | - | - | - | £4926.    |
| "    Nets,    "                                 | - | - | - | - | 7200.     |
| "    Lines,    "                                | - | - | - | - | 2200.     |
| Anstruther and Cellardyke, 200 Boats, valued at |   |   |   |   | £14,000.  |
| "    "    Nets,    "                            |   |   |   |   | - 19,720. |
| "    "    Lines,    "                           |   |   |   |   | - 5100.   |
| Crail, 32 Boats, valued at                      | - | - | - | - | £190.     |

