PICTURESQUE MUSSELBURGH

And Its Golf Links

By WM. C. MAUGHAN

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OLD ROMAN BRIDGE.

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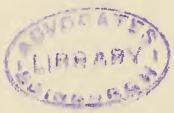

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PREFACE.

I OFFER this sketch of Musselburgh and its famous Links in the hope that it may be of interest to those who, in ever increasing numbers, find their way to the "Honest Toun," as well as to all lovers of golf.

In writing it, I have gained much useful information from Paterson's *Regality of Musselburgh*, long out of print; Dr. Carlyle's autobiography, the Rev. J. Kerr's well-known work; Robert Clark's *Golf*, articles in *Badminton*, the *Evening Dispatch*, and other sources.

Special thanks also are due to Mr. R. M'Donald Stirling, Mr. Frank Park, Mr. W. Currie, Mr. James Tennant, and Mr. John Campbell. From the late Mr. Peter Forman also, I received many interesting details. The illustrations of my friend, Mr. Gemmell Hutchison, greatly add to the attractiveness of the volume.

W. C. MAUGHAN.

IVY LODGE,
LEVENHALL,
5th March, 1906.

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PICTURESQUE MUSSELBURGH AND ITS GOLF LINKS.

I.—THE ANCIENT BURGH.

There are few towns in Scotland where may be seen more strangely blended together old mouldering walls and red-tiled cottages, alongside flaunting structures of modern architecture. Yet the lover of the picturesque cannot but mourn over the rapid transformation that is taking place. The ancient bridge, whose crumbling walls are tinted with the rains and storms of centuries, still spans the Esk, while a little way down the stream one of Rennie's graceful creations shows its beautiful lines reflected in the smooth water. Facing this fine viaduct is a handsome church, with lofty tower and ornate front, in striking contrast to the contiguous building, the old West Mill, with its scarred and gaunt gables. A rare study it affords, with its small slits of windows encrusted with the thick dust of years, the sluice in front, where rushing waters turn the massive wheel with a delightful humming sound, so eloquent of the past. And at its side is the long isolated dwelling, shaded by trees, which has seen many generations of owners pass away since the miller of olden days first plied his honoured trade. The mediæval mill has known various changes: old

windows, long since built up, can be traced in its serrated sides, and the time-worn entrance door formerly bore an inscription above, "no strangers admitted," now almost illegible. Sixty years ago, the adjoining plain house, once the home of the Colts of Inveresk, was roofed with heavy stone slabs, adding to its archaic appearance.

Constant changes have occurred in the High Street, for the mill lade ran uncovered past the humble cottages until it reached the high block raised many years since as a factory, then altered into dwelling-houses, and now a confectionery work. On the opposite side of the street, the house occupied by Mr. Stirling, whose work, *Inveresk Parish Lore*, gives valuable information upon its ecclesiastical history, was erected by his father in 1825. Farther down is the high square solidly built mansion, standing back from the street, with old fashioned eaves and windows, a plot of grass in front, flanked by holly and yew trees, while ivy and jasmine mantle the walls. The house was once a ladies' school, kept by Miss Primrose. In 1835 it was bought by the Town Council, who founded the large square room at the back to serve as a Grammar School. In Mr. Stirling's young days, about 120 boys were taught here by John Trotter, a well-known master. At the corner of Shorthope Street, the two houses facing the High Street were formerly known as Moir's Inn, kept by the father of the distinguished author of *Mansie Waugh*, David Macbeth Moir, "beloved as

a man, and celebrated as a poet," whose classic statue stands at the end of the "Mall."

To realize the alteration which has come over this old burgh since the beginning of last century, when the citizens of Edinburgh sought summer quarters and recreation by its breezy links, let the visitor survey the scene as he leans over the bridge. Looking up the river, he sees the "Mall," with the double row of trees next the stream planted by Sir John Hope, the Roman bridge, and, in the distance, the swelling range of the Pentland Hills, whose dark purple outlines fill up the landscape. Where now the railway station stands, beyond which are seen the tall chimneys of the busy factories, there was formerly a prospect of sweet sylvan beauty. The grassy slopes bordered the clear river decked with blossoming hawthorn, wild roses, and yellow broom, whose fragrance scented the air, and, as the children wove their daisy chains, the notes of song-birds mingled with the soft ripple of the water. Instead of the unwieldy electric car roaring past in all its gaudy and glazed deformity—a ceaseless source of locomotive peril to peaceful passers-by—the joyous mail-coach with its four mettled steeds, its gallant driver and cheery guard, whose "echoing horn" breathed forth delightful music, swept along the roadway, a moving picture beloved by old and young alike.

The "Mall," as the avenue between the two bridges is called, with lofty trees on both sides, was first formed by Commissioner Cardonnell in 1759, and

to this enlightened Englishman the town owes the row of stately beeches beside the mill lade. From that time the mail-coaches and other traffic passed down the High Street, instead of taking the former route from the Roman bridge along Pinkie road. The two existing pillars with date 1770, the town's coat-of-arms, and two massive iron brackets supporting oil lamps, marked where the street ended. Beyond this spot there stretched on to the links an expanse of grassy common, much frequented by the citizens of Edinburgh, who played bowls and other games. All the dwelling-houses which faced the street had gardens at the back, and many boundary walls still remain, built in rough uneven masses, clothed with moss and ivy, and shaded by gnarled old fruit trees. The stranger in search of the romantic should turn down any of the narrow lanes off this street, and he will find many a ruinous wall or shed, modest cottage, and projecting gable, whose worn appearance tells of bygone days.

To get a good idea of Musselburgh as it now is, the visitor should stand opposite the Town Hall. Looking up and down, he will mark how rapidly modern erections are displacing the rambling grey cottages with steep sloping distorted roofs. Banks, public offices, and enterprising shopkeepers are chiefly responsible for the passing away of the old and the advent of the new. The Corporation of Musselburgh, also, has scarcely regarded some of

the honoured, though out-of-date, structures with an artistic or antiquarian affection. For many years past, even the very venerable Town Hall was threatened by a few iconoclastic spirits, but happily their schemes have been thwarted; and now Rennie's classic bridge is being menaced by their sinister exuberance. A malign element in the sober quiet of the town is the Electric Car Company, which has irretrievably altered for the worse the former decorous peace of the Sunday.

Unique in appearance is the fine old Town Hall, a portion of which dates from 1590, and is said to have been constructed with stones removed from the Chapel of Loretto. The Council rooms and hall bear date 1762; but the most antiquated part of the building is the curious tower with its foreign-looking roof, the original clock in which dated from 1496. Close by is the ancient Cross of the burgh, still in its first site, consisting of a square pedestal and pillar surmounted by a lion rampant, bearing a shield with the town's arms. From this point the High Street is wide and spacious, and a few of the decaying dwellings recall the memory of past days when the row of small houses, known as the "Midraw," divided the street into two, and remained till about 1762. One of the houses was the small chapel of St. James, subordinate to Inveresk. Standing back from the street is the Parsonage, built early last century by Mr. Smith, the Episcopal minister. Here Sir Walter Scott visited, when he was frequently in

Musselburgh with the Light Horse Volunteers. The greater portion of "Marmion" was written during his residence in Musselburgh, and he was often observed walking his charger up and down a quiet part of Portobello sands in the intervals of drill, while composing stanzas which, on the ride back, he would recite to his friends. The falling dilapidated ivy-mantled cottage on the left of the gateway forms a rich subject for an artist. On the other side is the residence of the poet "Delta," with its spacious garden, now occupied by his popular grandson, Dr. Scott. Its soft turf, mossy glades, and garden perfumed with flowers, form an ideal haunt for a poet, and here were inspired those exquisite strains describing the sorrows and joys of childhood's days with a delicacy and pathos which brought fame to their honoured author.

A little way beyond Dr. Moir's is one remarkable house with primitive ruddy roof and four dormer windows, each surmounted by the floral emblems of Scotland, England, Ireland, and France. This is probably the oldest dwelling in the town, and formerly known as the "Commercial Inn." Its great age is evidenced by the peculiar internal construction of the passages and low ceilings of the rooms. The large four-storeyed house beside it is a hundred years old, and was used as officers' quarters when the barracks were occupied. An archway leads into a curious courtyard, and it will be noticed that a similar entrance at the other side has been filled up.

COMMERCIAL INN.

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At the back, the deserted-looking garden goes as far as the mill lade; its walls are rough boulder stones, decked with soft green patches of delicate velvety moss, and partly hidden by many-hued creeping plants, while the twisted stems of old fruit trees and the heavy borders of box, increase its sweet sequestered air. One of the few remaining quaintly ornamented dovecots, with its rugged grey walls partly veiled by crumbling harled work, adds to the lonesome look of the place.

On the other side of the walls are the gardens and grounds of Loretto, which extend for some distance beside the public road. There are various spreading elms and lime trees, and, in the garden, stands the handsome chapel dedicated to the memory of Dr. Almond by generations of pupils who had been nurtured under his inimitable and benign sway. The entrance to Loretto is close to the links, and the plain old edifice, which has undergone considerable changes, is seen embowered amidst the trees. At one time the sea is said to have flowed over the links as far as this spot, where, centuries ago, a chapel was founded, subsequently known as Loretto, which was destroyed in 1544. After being repaired, the chapel was pulled down in 1590, and the materials used in building the Tolbooth. Early in the eighteenth century the mansion was erected which was converted into a school in 1829 by the Rev. Thomas Langhorne, who was Parson Smith's son-in-law. Dr. Almond came from Merchiston to Loretto school

as mathematical master in 1857, and, in 1862, bought the latter from the Langhorne family. Since his lamented death, the school has been carried on by a syndicate of former pupils and others, under Dr. Almond's relative, Mr. H. B. Tristram, a fine scholar—no mean authority on the noble science of golf, an accomplished performer on the green, and four times winner of that venerable trophy, the Royal Musselburgh Club silver cup.

At one time Loretto was used as an inn, kept by Mr. Ward who had a public house at the opposite side of the road, long since demolished. Amongst the famous men who once lived at Loretto were Lord Clive and Sir Ralph Abercromby. Though the fabric has been entirely remodelled, the chaste entrance porch, with its monolith hewn pillars, the pediment above crowned with massive stone urns, all yet remain unchanged. Opposite the door is a small cell covered with turf, and surmounting the narrow entrance is a mouldering stone with a monogram, coronet, and date 1647. The monogram looks like M.V.L., but is more likely M.L., which may signify, as Paterson suggests, *Maitland of Lauderdale*, his ancestor having been gifted with the lands, churches, etc., of Musselburgh in 1587.

Adjoining this, on the other side, are the grounds of Pinkie, well sheltered by umbrageous trees. An avenue of lofty elms leads up to the grand castellated mansion, a dark structure, whose striated walls, great square tower, manifold doors and windows,

PORTICO OF LORETTO.

Facing page 16.

turrets scattered here and there, antique carved figures and tracery, all impart to the building an aristocratic air of mediæval magnificence. Originally founded about 1596 by the Earl of Dunfermline, Pinkie had known various owners, until it was acquired by Sir Archibald Hope in 1788. There are some fine apartments in the house, and what is designated the "painted gallery," 80 feet long, was used as an hospital after the battle of Prestonpans. This chamber is lofty, and has a "coach roof" painted in compartments, after the fashion of the King's Hall at Falkland, the ceiling being adorned with numerous heraldic devices and mythological pictures, although the colours have considerably faded. A very rich and elaborately carved fountain, fashioned after the device of a crown, with foliage and initial letters twined round its sides, stands on the lawn in front of the mansion. Seen beyond the courtyard are the beautifully laid-out gardens, with pleasant walks amid groves of flowering shrubs. Glimpses of steep battlements, towering walls, moss-grown and hoar with age, and emblazoned turrets, are seen in vistas fringed with foliage. Long stretches of velvet turf, bordered by fragrant heaths, glistening azaleas, and spreading cypresses, tempt the wanderer's footsteps. He inhales the scent of many blushing flowers, and is allured to cosy nooks secluded from the seething world beyond. The notes of the mavis, the blackbird, and the chaffinch captivate the ear, and dreams of childhood steal over

the senses, bathing them in the soft languor of tender memories of the past. The aged owner of this noble domain frequently bids the public kindly welcome to his delightful grounds, whose beauties, alas ! to him, exist only in bygone reminiscence.

Close to the gate of Pinkie is the site of the house in which the great Randolph, Earl of Moray, died in 1332. Randolph, who was second in command at Bannockburn, was returning to Edinburgh after repelling an English invasion, when he was seized with illness near Musselburgh. The cottage in which the hero died was but a humble one of two rooms with vaulted ceilings. Only a small portion of the back wall, built of irregular undressed stones, has been incorporated into a more recent structure, and but little remains to mark so interesting a spot.

Opposite to the Town Hall, the street known as Newbigging leads to Inveresk. On either side are some old houses, at the back of one of which, now pulled down, there stood, till recently, one of the picturesque dovecots. But the fell hand of the tenement builder has swept away this and many other relics of the past. At one time Newbigging was a village by itself, but now it forms a connection between Musselburgh and the handsome mansions which adorn the hill of Inveresk. The present steep access was made by Mr. Colt of Inveresk, about 1760, when he filled up the Roman road that ran close to his house, forming the ancient approach to the hill.

Pinkie road runs off from Newbigging, and skirts the border of Pinkie Park. In former times there had been one or two small farms, the ruinous remains of which can be seen close to the Electric Power Station. Rough tottering walls, portions of farm-steadings all deserted and forlorn, and an old circular shed, from which horses turned the mill, are still in position. Silence and desolation pervade the spot, the roofs and walls show great gaps, and a few ragged children about the dust-heaps are the only signs of life.

Following the Pinkie road a little farther on, you come to the singular houses known as "Grove Place." This is a quiet secluded nook, with one or two branching trees amid the garden plots in front. These houses stand quite apart from the bustle of the town, and have a pleasant prospect of green fields meeting the wooded slopes around Carbery. They have some architectural pretensions in front, with gardens at the back, whose flowered shady walks, fruit trees, and clustering rose bushes, scent the summer breeze. On the right are the grassy uplands leading to Inveresk, whose *châteaux*, embowered in trees, close in the view.

To the wanderer along the banks of the Esk on a moonlight night in summer, the picture, a little way farther down the stream, is a suggestive and striking one. Overhead is the deep dark purple sky, the stars faintly glimmering in the gloom, the swelling tide filling up the channel of the Esk,

forming a mirror in which are reflected the long yellow rays of quivering lustre from the lamps opposite. Faintly, but delicately, is the beautiful outline of the fair bridge limned against the shadowy background, and on a sudden a great blaze of yellow light, mingled with keen blue flashes and clusters of star-like sparks, glides rapidly along mantling the electric car whose prosaic form is lost amid the artificial glare. The faint murmur of the current falls upon the ear, and insensibly the stranger contemplates the scene as it was in the days when no graceful structure spanned the deep-flowing river, and the only way across was by those ancient arches, which can barely be discerned in the shade. On that fatal September afternoon, what horrors were enacted along these now peaceful banks, when the streaming ranks of wounded fugitives seeking to escape from the butchers of Pinkie, sank beneath the ensanguined waves of the rolling torrent! What awful shouts and cries rent the air, as the helpless soldiers fell under the vengeful blows of the savage English!

A different drama was presented as Queen Mary, with her gay cavalcade, crossed the Esk on her way from the seclusion of Holyrood to the embowered alcoves of Seaton or Lennoxlove, while gallant cavaliers, on prancing steeds, sought to win favour in the eyes of their youthful sovereign; or when the high-born Pretender, followed by his enthusiastic array of Highland chieftains, returned in the first flush of his short-lived triumph over the hereditary

enemies of his country; or, yet again, when the great man, who raised Britain to a pinnacle of glory in the eyes of Europe never before known in her annals, rode his war-horse along the narrow road. All have passed into the shadowy realms of history, emblazoned by the flowery pen of the too flattering chronicler of old, and promise to survive only in the archives of romance, or the more evanescent strains of song.

II.—THE LINKS.

It was a lovely spring day, and the renowned links of the "Honest Toun" lay basking in the early sunshine, while the crisp sward had almost ceased to sparkle as the dew-drops melted in the air. Looking towards the Firth of Forth, the purple sea ever and anon gleamed in sinuous stretches of rippling wavelets that variegated the broad expanse of water. The opposite coast of Fife loomed faintly in the distance, with scattered villages and towns dotting the long line of coast, and the soaring outlines of the Lomonds and Largo Law were just visible in the misty horizon.

"A graun' day for the gowf," remarked Bob Ferguson, as he greeted old Tom Brown, who was advancing along the verge of the links.

"Ay, Bob, ye're richt. I think a day like this sud do for the Kornel."

"The Kornel's no' that keen, man. He gi'ed his airm a kin' o' twust in the foursome last week when the minister and he were playin' thae twa lauds frae Edinbury."

"Hoots, man, there's naething faur wrang wi' his airm. D'ye no' mind how he drave o'er Pandy baith roonds?"

And so the two worthies rambled on, leaning up against the iron enclosure round the race stand, as

ROBERT FERGUSON.

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they smoked their pipes, while waiting the arrival of golfers on the scene. They were two typical specimens of the older generation of caddies—men who, in the halcyon days of Musselburgh, had carried for players of very varied idiosyncracies and of wide social distinction. Bob Ferguson, though now working mainly as a caddie, has in his time honourably distinguished himself as a first-class player. He is a universal favourite, stout and strong in build, with a hearty, cheery manner and a considerable fund of humour. His exploits on the links are known far and near, for he has been three times champion. He was equally famed as a powerful driver, invincible with the cleek, and brilliant on the putting green. He is a native of Musselburgh, is known to all, and, whether winning or losing his match, always kept his temper—his equanimity rarely being disturbed.

Old Tom Brown was of a different type, slow of speech and cautious in advising. As a performer he never had sought much distinction, though he could play a fairly steady game. For considerably over fifty years he had been a familiar figure, and knew well most of the notabilities of the period, who, one and all, had a kindly word for honest Tom. But alas! poor man, it was only too evident that his carrying days were rapidly drawing to a close, for he shuffled along with feeble step, and yet keenly watching the progress of the game. He was greatly liked, although slow of speech and undemonstrative

in manner, but he could award praise in a friendly and impartial tone. "Tak' it easy, tak' it easy," was Tom's favourite formula. This he often supplemented with his gentle warning, "Slow back," and then in a lower key, "Keep yer eye on the ba'"; an unimpeachable axiom which few caddies neglect to emphasize.

It looked this day as if there would be a goodly muster of players, for they were arriving—some from Edinburgh, others coming by the old rumbling Portobello coach, or from Musselburgh. It was a study to watch the manner in which the various bearers of the clubs waited for their patrons. The older members of the fraternity had their posts near the green, and walked about with a listless demeanour, smoking their pipes or surveying the operations of the green-keeper and his assistant as they swept the finely shaven turf round the hole, or added a finishing touch with the mower. The management of the links and the putting greens reflect credit upon James Galloway, who has been green-keeper for fifteen years; his labours being aided by "George," his efficient helper. While the younger caddies, with a more alert and expectant air, kept a sharp look-out for fresh comers, one or two small boys, whose aspirations pointed to the possibility of their being some day admitted to the privileged roll of the caddie confederacy, reconnoitred the proceedings from a distance.

Meanwhile two gentlemen golfers leisurely strolled

on to the putting green. One of them came from the neighbourhood, and seemed to be well known to all the caddies, for he exchanged salutations with several of them. He was fairly well up in years, and had a decided Anglican accent and an expression of affable jocularity. No one could be dull and down-hearted if he played with Mr. Cheeryman, whose geniality never forsook him. He was a moderate all-round player, but wonderfully steady in the short game. He liked to be sprightly and vivacious while playing, and was inclined to jest at the expense of those who walked their rounds as if golf was a matter of life and death. His companion was a popular teacher in an historic Edinburgh institution, who, though very uncertain in style, yet could drive a long ball, and ever kept his coolness and good temper.

Having duly swung their clubs to and fro in preliminary and impalpable strokes at an invisible ball, while the small boys, attracted by the lofty stature of Mr. Grey, hung about in expectation of seeing a long drive off the tee, all was ready for the start. Bob Ferguson, with bland air of courtesy, handed his driving club to Mr. Grey, who, in workmanlike manner, carried his ball well over the little bunker which lies half-way to the "graves." Mr. Cheeryman followed suit, but at a respectful distance behind. Mr. Grey's next shot was with the cleek—a beauty, just landing his ball a few yards over the large shallow bunker west of the "graves"—while

his companion only got about half the distance. Using his putter, Mr. Grey lay dead in three, and won the hole easily.

"Man, ye very near holed in three!" exclaimed Bob enthusiastically. "Ye're comin' on; I'll get that hauf-croon soon noo." This was an allusion to a promised appreciation of a special feat.

Old Tom was meanwhile quietly administering consolation to his principal, whose unfailing buoyancy never allowed him to despond, and who was floundering with his iron in the bunker, playing three more.

A spectator watching the game from the crest of the slight eminence above the "graves" can get a survey of the whole of the peerless Musselburgh links. He will note how excellently the bunkers are placed, all natural ones, it must be remembered, except in one or two cases where the hand of man has slightly enlarged or deepened the hazard. He can see choice long stretches of tufted sward, decked with blue bells, or purple with sweet-scented thyme and other wild flowers. What superlative greens lie inviting the players to dalliance with their verdant charms. Then, as his eye takes in the long line of highway bounding the racecourse, down which he must go, he sees how readily the ball will diverge on to the road or reach the garden plots in front of the terraces. Black-faced colliers, in twos and threes, come straggling along the course and side walks; nurse-maids and children rush right

across the line of play, or calmly stroll about oblivious of danger; and sturdy fish-women, with heavy blue serge petticoats and well-filled creels on their back, march doggedly to market. Altogether it is seen that the course of true golf does not, by any means, run smooth. But a delightful expanse of undulating sward in the direction of the sea-shore promises well, so the players drive off for the Linkfield hole, keeping a wary look-out upon the ugly bunkers which lie on their left hand.

By the time they reached Linkfield, Mr. Grey was two holes up.

"Ye maun ca' canny a wee bit, sir," said Tom Brown to Mr. Cheeryman, in a tone of gentle remonstrance. "Ye're puttin' far ower muckle strength into yer drives. Tak it easy."

"Aye, Tom, it's a simple matter for you to tell me that; but, my friend, I feel off my game. Why, I can't even make a decent putt."

"Never ye heed; tak my word for it, ye'll sune come up; but ye're gettin into an awfu' heat. You jist watch yersel' noo, and dinna get flistered," remarked the veteran.

"Aye, Mr. Cheeryman, Tam's givin' ye first-class advice," broke in Bob Ferguson, by way of restoring the equilibrium of the former, who had long been a good friend. But alas! when they reached Forman's, Mr. Grey was three up, and settling into a very steady game. A fair drive off the tee landed Mr. Cheeryman pretty well clear of the two bunkers

which guard the "sea" hole from that side, while Mr. Grey pulled his ball, foozling it in some sand.

"Ye'll wun this hole!" said Tom, with well-grounded confidence. And, sure enough, Mr. Grey bungled badly in the bunker, while his companion rolled his ball nicely on to the green a yard from the hole, which he did in three.

"Didn't I tell ye?" continued old Tom, as he triumphantly handed Mr. Cheeryman his driver. The latter drew himself proudly up and looked round with complacency, as he prepared to face the arduous task of clearing "Pandy."

Merely regarded from the pictorial point of view, the scene here was noteworthy. Turning towards the sea, there was the fine open expanse of Firth, the rocky shore at the West Pans crowned with some picturesque old cottages, fast crumbling into ruin, the wooded entrance to Drummore forming an appropriate frame, and the masts of the ships lying in Morrison's Haven towering over the harbour walls, while the eye glanced along past Port Seton, until it reached the dusky cone of North Berwick Law. In the other direction the long arm of Leith pier jutted out to sea, and emerging in dim outline amidst the mist and smoke were seen the precipitous slopes of the Calton Hill adorned with pillars and monuments, with the spires and terraces of the capital in the background. On the other side of the links, where the green fields and smiling uplands of Pinkie led up to the wooded heights of Carbery,

the spectator saw nearly the whole of the site of the disastrous battle which cost Scotland so dear.

In the near vicinity were the grey buildings of Levenhall, with little gardens behind, the one next the links being the welcome house of refreshment known as "Forman's." Many men in widely different walks in life have sought the shelter of its friendly walls, or stood outside on the green while their wants were supplied from the bar inside the window. In former days, when the judges and leading advocates from the Parliament House used to congregate on the links, they regularly slaked their thirst at Mrs. Forman's hospitable fountain. The older caddies have many anecdotes to tell about these times, when noble lords of ancient lineage mingled with the titled occupants of the Bench, none of them disdaining the humble cheer of this time-honoured bar.

A special feature half a century ago, and nearly until the close of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers' connection with Musselburgh, was the Parliament House element which prevailed on the links. The ancient habitation of the Scottish Parliament is now the home of the supreme Law Courts, where thirteen ermine-clad and bewigged judges form an august tribunal before whom all barristers, solicitors, and other emissaries of the Law, as a rule, speak with bated breath. Many illustrious names can be cited of men who have dignified and adorned the Scottish Bench. But

they have, at certain seasons, to descend from their Olympian heights and mingle in mufti with ordinary mortals, such as the caddies of Musselburgh, who are utterly impervious to any sensation of awe in presence of "senators of the College of Justice," as Scottish judges are technically termed.

Golf has always been a favourite recreation of both Bench and Bar. A few years ago four of the judges who, in Scotland, are, by courtesy, known as "Lords," and were formerly styled "Paper Lords" by the irreverent layman, regularly every Monday enjoyed a game on the links. Lord President Inglis, tall, stately, rarely unbending even to his caddie; Lord Lee, dignified, decorous, and a trifle dull; Lord Rutherford Clark, jovial, with almost a rollicking air; and Lord Shand, exuberant, genial, fond of talking to his caddie: those legal luminaries made up the "foursome." They played their two rounds, inhaling the glorious breezes of the links, and lunched inside Mrs. Forman's sanctum, appreciating the old lady's "Welsh rabbits" and bitter beer with genuine golfing zest.

Moreover, the delicious ozone of the links seems, to a certain degree, to impregnate the talk of the Parliament House with a piquant spice of Attic salt. Many good stories have emanated from its precincts. Could anything be neater than the following witticism from a well-known member of the College of Justice? When an advocate of extremely diminutive stature was made a judge, amongst his

colleagues were Lord Lee, and another whose statements were not invariably founded on fact. Whereupon the venerable wit remarked, "We have now upon the Bench the three degrees of comparison, Lord Lee, Lord *Leear*, and Lord Least."

A rare humour broke out in the case of an old lady who must, towards the close of her career, have quaffed draughts of Musselburgh air. When the good woman was apparently *in extremis*, her attached family stood around with solemn faces to listen to her farewell injunctions. The day was rather cold, and the atmosphere of the room decidedly chilly. For some time the excellent lady had lain with closed eyes, and her son bent his head over the bed to catch her faint whisper. All at once she opened her eyes, and remarked with considerable asperity of tone, "Jeems! the're a drap at yer nose!"

And how redolent of *grave* facetiousness was the following, uttered many years ago in sight of the "bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond." The speaker was Mr. Wylie, of the very eminent firm of Glasgow undertakers, long since gathered to his fathers, though the firm flourishes with more than its pristine vigour. It would seem as if the enterprising merchant must, at some period of his life, have frequented Musselburgh links. He was one day in the Loch Lomond steamer placidly admiring the beauties of the "Queen of Scottish Lakes," when he was accosted by a friend.

"Graun day, Mr. Wylie; hoo are ye?" then, in

a slightly lower tone, "may I ask is it business or pleesure wi' ye the day?" The gaunt mournful visage of the worthy undertaker, who was ever draped in black, momentarily relaxed as he replied, "A kin' o' mixture o' baith," adding, with a jerk of his thumb, "I've got a *corp* in the bow."

One day two players were having a quiet game in presence of a small "gallery" of miners returning from their work. This class of workmen, who preponderate in Musselburgh, are great golfers, and keenly appreciate fine play. A well-got-up Edinburgh gentleman, with orthodox knickerbockers and immaculate scarf, also joined the spectators, but, unfortunately, he was afflicted with a peculiarly hoarse rasping cough. This, unluckily, more than once broke out in a paroxysm just as one of the golfers was bringing off a difficult putt, and had a disquieting effect upon the player. At last his caddie could stand it no longer, and upon the next offence addressed the gallery in stentorian tones, "Is there ony *gentleman* present that can gie that *man* a joo-joob?"

Fifty years ago all this part of the links was mostly overgrown with an abundant mass of whins, and a brickfield occupied the site of the villas of Levenhall. Access to this was gained from the main road by a very rough cart track, in the heavy ruts of which the balls were often caught. Players starting from Forman's for the next hole, then known as the "Ridge Hole," had a difficult task to

FORMAN'S SIXTY YEARS AGO.

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escape losing their ball in the whins, for it needed a very long driver, such as was Bob Cosgrove, whose achievements, half a century ago, made him famous, to get near the "Ridge" with his tee shot.

Instead of the row of houses at the end of the links, extending between the latter and the shore, known as Levenhall, there was this brickfield, with a narrow road in front for carting gravel from the beach, protected by a strong boundary wall. None of the modern villas which now adorn both sides of the road up to the gate of Drummore were then in existence. Forman's, and the two or three adjoining tiled cottages, one called "Blucher Hall," built in 1814, were the only dwellings. Inside the popular hostelry, the more favoured guests regaled themselves with their fish, poached eggs, bread and cheese and ale, in the parlour, while visitors of lesser note were only too glad to get a seat in the kitchen. On fine days many preferred to lounge on the turf outside, and enjoy a well-earned lunch in the open air, because there were then but few golfers, and this was a secluded spot. All is changed now, for the links have lost their sequestered aspect, and are thronged from early morning till dark by crowds of players, male and female, who have often to make long pauses on the green to allow those in front to get away.

A special and admired feature in the old links has been the advent of the lady golfer, a loving invasion dear to the youthful gentlemen of the

green. Forty years ago the fact of a lady doing two or three rounds, accompanied by a caddie, would have been chronicled as a phenomenon of portentous import. But nowadays, often more than half the players are of the gentler sex. Daintily attired, perchance in a becoming "Tam o' Shanter" bonnet, on which glitters crest, brooch, or other jewelled device, while beneath beams the sweet youthful countenance glowing with health—she exchanges smiling greetings with her friends. Observe how she goes on her round, lightly brushing aside the dew drops with fashionably made golfing boots. With hands often bare, sometimes hidden by white kid gloves, see how she nervously grasps the club, bracelets and bangles sparkling in the sun. After quietly addressing the ball, notice her vigorous circling swing, and the rigid attitude of relief as, with motionless, uplifted club and eager gaze, she follows the Haskell in its flight.

Can it be a subject of wonderment that, when such a lovely apparition is seen gliding over the links, the nerves of susceptible youthful gentlemen players are hopelessly disturbed, and "foozling" prevails to an alarming extent?

"Here goes to clear Pandy," said Mr. Cheeryman, as, after two or three preliminary manipulations of the club, he let it go with all his force.

"No' this time," murmured old Tom, as the ball just lighted on the far verge of this terrific bunker, while Mr. Gray triumphantly cleared the obstacle,

with thirty yards to spare on the other side. So there was nothing for it but a good recovery which, however, landed the ball in perilous proximity to another hazard. The "Table," however, proved an unexpected gain for Mr. Cheeryman, as his antagonist managed to run across right into the deep abyss beside the green in which he foozled frantically, and finally gave up the hole.

Both players now settled in earnest to work, and when they reached the "Gas" hole, were all even. A well-judged tee-stroke dropped Mr. Gray's ball some way beyond the first hole, but as Mr. Cheeryman duffed his shot badly, and sliced the second, his opponent, by bringing off a longish putt, secured the match, thus getting down in two.

III.—INVERESK AND ITS ANTIQUITIES.

There is an air of antiquated grandeur about Inveresk, which distinctly contrasts with the more prosaic environs of Musselburgh. Masses of trees lightly wave behind high walls, shading foreign-looking mansions with steep roofs, monograms and scroll ornaments carved over windows and doors, while old-fashioned entrance gates, with pillars on either side, indicate a degree of isolation on the part of the occupants. Several of the houses belong to a far-off era, and their beautifully laid out terraces and gardens slope down to the grassy haugh lands beside the Esk. From the windows there is a delightfully varied prospect of river, fields, wide stretches of park lands and avenues, grouped with clumps of trees, and an occasional castellated tower or grey turretted keep, with the rounded summits of the Pentlands in the horizon. The few cottages by the roadside have an old-world look, and the little plots of flowers in front, with creeping plants twined round the windows, enhance the effect.

The hill of Inveresk was once dominated by an important Roman encampment, and the pretorium occupied the end of the ridge, where subsequently was founded the ancient Church of St. Michael.

Dr. Moir considered that the whole northern slope of the hill had, at one period, been covered with Roman buildings; and numerous coins, fragments of urns, and pottery have, from time to time, been brought to light. Tradition says that the sea formerly flowed over the low grounds between the site of Pinkie and the base of Inveresk hill, and in old feu charters, grounds were stated to have been bounded by the sea, which is now three quarters of a mile distant. At the end of the ridge, until 1805, stood the former Church of St. Michael, where the Scottish cannons were planted at the battle of Pinkie. It was of great antiquity, and supposed to have been built out of the ruins of the pretorium close by. The church was 102 feet long, with a tower at the end, and two aisles on each side. There George Wishart conducted service shortly before his apprehension by Bothwell at Ormiston.

From the churchyard a most extensive view is gained, embracing nearly the entire Firth of Forth, with gleaming blue surface of water, its islands and white strand lost in misty haze. Musselburgh and Leith, environed with docks, from which rise the masts of many ships freighted from tropical climes, are seen in the foreground. Away across the Firth on the coast of Fife, are snug harbours and prosperous towns, soaring over which are the Lomonds, the Ochils, and the far-off Highland peaks. Turning to the left, the eye surveys the storied monuments of the Calton Hill, the whins and rocks of Arthur's

Seat, and all the intervening agricultural landscape, varied with fertile pasture and substantial farm-houses. Historic battle-fields and romantic ruins, whose verdant bowers artists have sketched and poets sung, peer out from wooded plains now waving with the golden harvest of summer.

Near the church, on the fatal day of the battle of Pinkie, in September, 1547, the Scottish commander planted cannon to fire on the English host, but had the army not foolishly given up their strong position and crossed the river, the issue of the combat might have been far otherwise. Somerset marshalled his force along the hill of Fawsyde, with his right on the plain, and he was extending his line when the Scottish leader, under some extraordinary delusion that the English were seeking their ships of war in the Firth, executed the disastrous movement of crossing the river. From that time the Scottish army lost ground; they had no cavalry to follow up the infantry attack, and the guns of the Spanish carabineers, along with incessant flights of arrows, spread consternation and death through the wavering ranks. There is no need to dwell upon the terrible slaughter which resulted after the Scottish host had broken and fled. The pursuit lasted five hours, until the Protector sounded the retreat, and assembled his victorious troops on the ridge of Edmonston, where the Scottish encampment was first planted.

Years rolled on, and the old church of Inveresk—a

very plain structure, with its tower, high roof, and small, square windows—continued to shelter its worshippers, who now adhered to the reformed faith. In 1597, a notable man was ordained minister—Mr. Adam Colt, who owned considerable property, including the land round the church. He also built a residence for himself—the existing Inveresk House—contiguous to the church, and it is only within the last few years that the property has passed into other hands. An interesting old house it is, dark grey in colour, with massive walls, fine umbrageous chestnut and elm trees, and many relics of antiquity about the grounds. Over the entrance is the date 1643, a monogram, and motto. A short way down the avenue is to be seen St. Michael's Well, a small stone trough overgrown with lichens and moss, the water in the reservoir about four feet deep. For centuries the well was completely covered over, but was opened up a few years ago, and now flows with all its crystal purity.

Oliver Cromwell resided in Inveresk House for a short period in the summer of 1650, and several of his letters are dated from Musselburgh. In one of them he describes how his army came from Berwick and Haddington, and that he was lying at Musselburgh with the enemy encamped four miles off, between Edinburgh and Leith. He found the Scotch too strong to be drawn, but some severe skirmishing took place, though operations were a good deal hampered by rain. Another letter speaks

of the enemy being marshalled on the hills near Arthur's Seat, looking upon Cromwell's forces, but not venturing to attack. It is interesting to read how he tried to tempt the Scots to leave their strong positions, and how General David Lesley lay with his lines near Calton Hill, while his outposts on Arthur's Seat were too cautious to attempt to give battle. In a later narrative of events it appeared that the English marched from Stony Hill, near Musselburgh, to Braid Hills, Colinton, and other places, and that they planted some guns on Niddry, at midnight, to oppose the Scots cannon at Craigmillar.

There are many vestiges of the past about Musselburgh, delightfully irregular patched-up walls, curious gateways, with the crumbling roofs of deserted cottages all going to decay. The Pinkie road is still lighted on winter nights with oil lamps, recalling the period when the streets were faintly illumined by feeble attenuated oil wicks, fixed on brackets at rare intervals on the walls of the houses. Old citizens well remember when gas was introduced in 1832, and when, four years previously, the "Innocent Railway" was started, mainly for the purpose of conveying Newcastle coal to Edinburgh by horse power. A branch led from Niddry to Fisherrow, down which laden trucks were sent without horses, and with very primitive brake power. Passenger coaches also were despatched, horses being required to drag the cars

PINKIE GATE.

Facing page 40.

up the incline on the return journey. Some traces of this pioneer railway are yet to be seen, and a few inhabitants can recollect the small terminus at the Ship Inn.

After the year 1770, a considerable change took place in the aspect of the links and the waste ground adjoining Pinkie. Up till about that period the public thoroughfare ran along the south side of the "Mid-raw," across what is now the domain of Pinkie, which it traversed, and then joined the old London road not far from Pinkie Mains. When the Hope family bought the estate, after a time they got the highway changed to something like its present route, thus securing more privacy. Also they did away with the former approach to the mansion, which used to be on Pinkie road near the west corner of the park, and at the same time took down an ancient house belonging to Mr. Ambrose Main which stood close to what is now the handsome avenue gate at the end of High Street. The extensive stables and part of the garden were also constructed, and other improvements effected. Over a century previous to this, the then owner of Pinkie, the Earl of Tweeddale, had opened up a large new entrance to the house facing the links, and the date, 1697, is visible over this door, although it is now disused.

Linkfield, the rather quaint-looking roomy house standing in its own grounds, partly screened by a high wall, but with sundry windows peering over

the links, was built in the early part of last century on a feu taken from the town by Bailie Cochrane. At one time the surrounding ground was little better than a swamp, with a bountiful crop of rushes, weeds, and litter, which may have contributed to give it the somewhat derisive by-name of "Cabbage Ha'." In those days the avenue struck off the road nearly opposite to the gate of Loretto, but this was altered when the row of villas was projected. Where the latter now stand, there used to be, a century ago, two or three tiled cottages, one of them a public house, and a larger habitation of two storeys. Along from this all was neglected common land until the old toll house, in which spirits were sold, was reached at the commencement of the brae leading up from Levenhall. This suburb of Musselburgh, as we have seen, did not then exist, and opposite to the town's brickfield was the excellent quarry, now gradually getting filled up, from which the stone was extracted to build numbers of new houses in Musselburgh. Any one was at liberty to quarry there without charge, provided the stone taken went to raise more structures in the town.

The shady glades within the grounds of Pinkie, Drummore, and the more extended precincts of Preston Grange afford grateful shelter to many varieties of birds, which may be seen flitting from bough to bough, and occasionally visit the fields and links. The mavis and blackbird pour forth their mellow music from the brake, bullfinches and chaf-

finches, in all their gay plumage, cheerily warble their sweet notes, while blue and yellow tits hop amid the bushes, or peer out from recesses of moss-grown walls and cottage eaves. Everywhere in garden and park the tiny wren is at home, briskly twittering its clear, lively song; whitethroats and blackcaps will be late heard amid the sheltering thickets, for they are lingering visitors who enjoy the ruddy rowan berries when other warblers have sought sunnier climes. After most songsters have ceased their lays, the simple strain of the red-breast delights the ear, and still later on the plaintive melody of the familiar yellow-hammer thrills amid the chill air of autumn. In spring the pretty little yellow-breasted siskin may be encountered in quiet nooks, while the willow warbler's slender form darts from tree to tree with its pleasing pipe, and the ever welcome swallow, sweet harbinger of summer. The swifts career in rapid circling flight round the towers of Pinkie, incessantly on the wing from "morn till dewy eve," in striking contrast to the corncrake with strange harsh rasping voice resounding during the long summer night. And far up amid the quivering atmosphere, when the early sun rays are gilding the turrets of Fawsyde's ruinous keep, is heard the sweet carol of the skylark soaring above the clouds, its musical trill growing fainter and fainter as the little singer is lost in the empyrean.

Along the shore and links the active sprightly wagtail is a constant visitor, its pert lively ways

attracting observation, and different varieties of sea-gulls congregate together on the long sandy beach, or upon the muddy strand near Levenhall. Wild ducks, oyster catchers, teal and widgeon, may at times be noticed; plovers, sandpipers, and crowds of starlings are continually on the wing, and the beautiful kittiwake gull, as it lightly skims above the blue-crested waves, utters its cheery quavering cry.

Seventy years ago the shops in Musselburgh were but few and humble in aspect, for the era of plate-glass windows had not set in. One or two bakers, and a similar number of butchers' establishments, sufficed for the town. Mr. Currie, Eskside, who knew the place even before that period, and who still can do his two rounds of the links in splendid style, used as a boy to carry loaves to the few miners' cottages at Levenhall in the morning, and his afternoon's tramp included the far more distant Cousland and Carbery. The flourishing trees by the border of the stream in front of Eskside, were recently planted, and no steps had been placed at either end of the Roman bridge, the roadway being open to vehicles. From the coal pit near Pinkie burn, a narrow railway was led alongside the historic burn, through the grounds of Pinkie, and traversed the road at Loretto gate. Thence it passed round the links near the grand stand, crossing the Esk by means of a rude bridge constructed of old disused iron pit props, almost at the spot where the present

jubilee of 1887 wooden fabric spans the river. After this the rails were laid as far as Pinkie salt-works, which had been acquired by Sir Archibald Hope in 1792. The ancient cottage in front of the works is, in artistic sense, a perfect gem. Where can be found a more pleasing combination of subdued tints as is presented by the varied surface of the irregular rounded boulder stones which form the walls of the building? The small odd windows, stout chimney supports, bulging door lintels, and display of mottled colouring, make up a most effective picture.

Behind more modern buildings may be noticed indications where once had been carried on trades such as tanning, currying, hat-making, haircloth weaving, hand-loom weaving, pottery works, and grain storing. Before the era of gas, candle-making was an industry which gave employment to many, and the business of distilling was then in a prosperous condition. The salmon-fishing station at the mouth of the Esk was wont to produce a good revenue to the town, and Dr. Moir remembered when salmon were taken by net above the old bridge, but now the sadly diminished volume of water, and pollutions from the mills, have stopped the fishery. The former excellent Pandore oyster beds, situated at the place where the river loses itself in the sea, long ago ceased to yield their valuable return, owing to the reckless dredging and harrying to which they have been subjected. Against the decay of these

useful industries there can only be set the large paper, net, and wire factories, and the increasing number of coal pits, whose black smoke pollutes the air.

The crowds which used to congregate on the race days are still in evidence, but different surroundings now prevail. Since 1816 the races have been held, and the grand stand is thronged by numerous spectators, with some of the select and aristocratic patrons of the turf who are wont to assemble at this annual carnival. In the days when enthusiastic sportsmen such as the late Lord Eglinton, Mr. Little Gilmour, Ramsay of Barnton, and Mr. James Merry ran horses, often ridden by gentlemen jockeys, Musselburgh was a noted racing resort. The rowdy gambling element, now so rife, was less obtrusive, and the "turf" had not become such a source of evil and injury to the public.

On the racing anniversary, an army of some two hundred bookmakers, many clad in white coats, shiny hats, and resplendent waistcoats, with bawling raucous voices and glib utterance, are licensed by the Corporation to tempt confiding investors to risk their money. Before each event a volley of shouting is heard, far along the links, from the assembled layers of odds, frantically vociferating their offers on the horses. A little way back from the throng may be seen clean tidy-looking fishwives from Fisherrow, with ample striped petticoats, blue stockings, well-brushed shoes, and gay-coloured handkerchiefs on

their heads, sitting beside little tables stocked with shell-fish in saucers, oysters, and crabs—an inviting banquet for the passers-by. In olden times some tents close to the race-course supplied refreshments of a primitive kind, chief among which were the homely loaves known as "penny bricks." Behind the stands there is always a surging crowd watching the jugglers manipulating daggers, cups, and balls, organ grinders and their monkeys, itinerant ice-cream and sweet-meat men, and the whirring "merry-go-round," with its rushing paraphernalia of horses and their excited riders. Sometimes the travelling theatre flings open its gaudy portals, while the performers air themselves on the platform in their spangled finery, to the profound admiration of the crowd.

As the shades of evening begin to prevail, great flaring jets of gas light up the motley throng, bringing into relief the keen faces, dark eyes, and expressive gestures of the acrobats. The crowds of spectators keep pacing up and down amid the shows, but gradually the strains of revelry grow fainter and fainter. One by one the "merry-go-rounds" cease their revolutions, the rifle-ranges are silent, the gipsies, fortune-tellers, and itinerant musicians relax their restless energies and seek repose, while once more calm returns as darkness closes over the scene.

On a peaceful summer morning, should any one be anxious to study the effect of daybreak on the links, let him take his stand near the shore as the early dawn is opening, and he will be rewarded.

Looking to the east he sees the row of time-worn miners' cottages at West Pans, crowning a rocky promontory backed by the dark woods of Drummore. Then, gradually, a delicate pink fringe begins to tinge the heavy clouds, and spaces of pearly grey, deepening into blue, form lovely contrast with the fleecy masses of red flushed vapour beyond. Sapphire zones of sky now radiate around, and higher up in the firmament patches of feathery mist gleam with rose tints. As the slow moving clouds advance over the horizon, each billowy mantle catches more and more of the golden fire of sunrise, and the dim cool atmosphere of morning is intensely suffused with light. By degrees, as the orb of day rises in the heavens, the slanting rays fall lightly on dewy knolls, bringing their rounded forms into delicate relief. Each slight ridge is indicated by soft pencilling shadows, until even the sandy hollows gain something of ethereal beauty diffused over the glistening sward.

IV.—NOTABILITIES OF GOLF.

The links of Musselburgh enjoy a peculiar charm of their own, although they have been somewhat shorn of their fair proportions, and have lost their pastoral aspect. On the south side is the public road, with its rows of terraces and villas upon the very verge of the golfing ground, considerably altering its character. But where can you find a finer breadth of delightful old turf, sprinkled over with clusters of blue bells, perchance single flowers peering from the grass beside tufts of whins vainly struggling for a precarious existence, while the modest yellow trefoil and scented wild thyme, give touches of colour. In those days the town had a secluded appearance, with its crow-stepped gables, old lanes, doorways, and battered walls, crowned by an occasional antique dove-cot, whose moss-grown summit spoke of the past. A straggling cart would rumble along the grassy streets, or the mail-coach whirl past, and the exhilarating fanfare of the guard's horn draw all housewives to the front. No noisy excursionists streamed through its silent ways, or diverted themselves on the links; and the few miners in the pits near the burgh were all housed close to their work. No club houses welcomed within their friendly portals the golfers who found

their way from Edinburgh to enjoy an afternoon on the historic links. Where the gas works now stand, there was in those days an ample sheepfold, and the flock wandered at will amidst the whins and rough bent grass near the shore. A pleasant feature also was the Pinkie burn, which, after leaving the grounds, was conducted under the road, and then flowed in an open course through the links to its present outlet into the mill lade, its mossy banks decked with daisies, blue bells, and wild violets.

The links were chiefly cared for in the interests of golf by the Musselburgh Golf Club, and latterly the Honourable Company of Golfers gave liberal help. It has always to be remembered that only since 1892 has the golf course been under charge of the Town Council. As far back as June, 1832, the Musselburgh Club took into consideration the state of the course, and passed sundry resolutions with the view of improving matters. Next year it was decided that there should be eight holes, in place of seven as hitherto, and it was in 1860 that the nine-hole course was instituted. In 1843 the club petitioned the Town Council for exclusive power to make and regulate the holes and putting greens; and we find that, in 1853, John Gourlay was paid two guineas a year for attending to this duty, no one to be allowed to cut holes without his authority. In 1878 an arrangement for joint control of the green was arrived at by the Royal Musselburgh Club, the Honourable Company, the Edinburgh

Burgess, and the Edinburgh Bruntsfield Links Clubs, which subsisted till recent years. It is but a few years ago that the walk across the Levenhall end of the links was allowed to be made, when the new course for young race-horses was opened from Forman's to the point where it joins the original track.

Four club houses stand in imposing array at the west end of the links, showing how the Musselburgh golfing world has developed. The building nearest the gas works was erected by the Edinburgh Burgess Club, but since it migrated to Barnton the house has become a restaurant. In the adjoining commodious establishment the venerable Royal Musselburgh Club gives shelter to its members, and next door was the habitation of the Honourable Company. They built the house in 1865, after, for a fleeting period, having found quarters in the lower part of the grand stand; but in 1891 they secured a final resting-place at Muirfield. The flourishing young New Club stepped in with alacrity to fill the vacancy, and now it has already established an honourable name in the annals of golf. Beyond this, still another shapely structure rears its front to the links. At first it was the home of the Edinburgh Bruntsfield Club, whose members for a season about 1866 had possession of old St. Peter's Episcopal Church—a goodly congregation, regular in attendance. But alas! the magnetic attraction of Barnton was sufficiently strong to draw away this

club with its historic traditions. Yet another body of a somewhat nondescript character has taken its place, whose frequenters are more identified with the "turf" than with the "green."

But as a power in the world of golf Musselburgh no longer holds its honoured place. For long years it was the resort of the inhabitants of the metropolis and surrounding counties, who appreciated the invigorating air of the links while following their favourite game, with the pleasing interlude of an *al fresco* lunch at Forman's. Hard-worked lawyers, doctors, and other professional men threw aside the cares of business, and engaged in friendly contest, thus giving pleasure and profit to themselves and their attendant caddies. That glorious leveller of all social distinctions, the putting-green, asserted its supremacy over weaker pastimes, not even excepting the royal and picturesque one of archery. Certainly the area round the hole was very unlike what it now is, with its closely mown lawn as keen as a bowling green. No convenient boxes were to be seen, for if the "fore" caddie with his bag of sand was out of the way, the player just put his hand into the hole and scooped out what sufficed for his tee. The clubs were heavy and old-fashioned, unlike the slim implements now in vogue, and the feather ball held supreme unchallenged sway. Golf was then a pursuit for the comparatively select few, for it was with the advent of the gutta ball that the game began to spread throughout the length and breadth of the

land. It was the famous club makers who were celebrated for their prowess on the green, because the purely professional performer had not yet appeared on the scene.

Golf has for centuries been a royal amusement, and even on various occasions has been the subject of discussion in Parliament. Charles I. was engaged in a contest at Leith when the news of the Irish rebellion was brought to him. James II., when Duke of York, played at the same place, and Pepys mentions having seen him disporting in Pall Mall. It is also on record that Queen Mary enjoyed a bout at golf on St. Andrews links after Darnley's death. It is not asserted that the grave Cromwell indulged in the sport during his residence at Musselburgh, but his hands were then rather too full of more urgent matters. It has long been a favoured pastime with lawyers, and sundry Lords President of the Court of Session, beginning with Forbes of Culloden, have exhibited themselves on Musselburgh links. The ministers of different denominations were ardent golfers, and the famous "Jupiter" Carlyle, of Inveresk, has, in his autobiography, given instances of his skill.

The Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers is the oldest club in Scotland, whose minutes go back as far as 1744, in which reference is made to an arrangement for playing by all comers "noblemen or gentlemen from any part of Great Britain or Ireland," for a trophy, being a silver cup offered

by the town of Edinburgh. In their minutes they are styled "the gentlemen golfers," and the club was largely composed of aristocratic and county magnates. In 1782 it was enacted that, at their festive gatherings, port and punch should be the ordinary drink, except at statutory matches for the cup, when claret or any more adequate liquor might be drunk. The club resolved, in 1836, to meet at Musselburgh, in M'Kendrick's Inn, on certain Saturdays of the year. For a long time the members had accommodation for their clubs in the lower part of the race-stand, until, in 1865, they built the club house at the end of the links, where they remained twenty-seven years, when they finally left Musselburgh.

The Royal Musselburgh Club was started in 1784, and has in many ways been of valuable service to the links and to the game. About the first record of this venerable body was, "Mrs. Sheriff's Tavern, 10 December 1784," though it is probable that its origin was about 1760, and for very many years the members used to meet at these places of entertainment. Sir John Hope of Pinkie, Captain Milne, R.N., and sundry officers stationed at Musselburgh, joined in 1791. In 1828, "Delta," the poet, Dr. Sanderson, a tried benefactor, Mr. Alexander Blackwood, the publisher, Mr. Robert Chambers, and several soldiers of distinction, became members. The club used to meet at various taverns, Ward's being a favoured one, but Widow

Cochrane's, Thom's, Kedzlie's, the Royal Oak, and the Musselburgh Arms were all patronised. Its head-quarters from 1792 to 1819 seemed to be at Moir's Inn, in the High Street. Members used to be fined 1s., a century ago, for not taking part in monthly meetings, and 2s. 6d. was exacted from those who gave or accepted dinners on the club days. The hour of dinner was 3.30, and in 1796, 1s. 6d. was all the charge, with extra for wine. Matches were regularly made at those dinners, a "foursome" being the favourite, and were duly recorded. The last to be entered was in 1872, when four well-known Musselburgh names occur, Messrs. Sanderson, Denholm, Kirsopp, and Britton. Careful rules for play were enacted in 1785 and 1834. The caddies were to carry a bag with moist sand or clay for tee; if ball was lost, only five minutes allowed to look for it. Driving from the tee the player must not be nearer the hole than two club lengths and not farther than four, besides other elaborate rules as to balls in water, stopped, stimies, etc.

The principal among many prizes offered by the club is the famous silver cup presented in 1774 by Mr. M'Millan of Shorthope. Prior to 1841, the cup was not allowed to be taken out of the parish, even by the winner. In 1874, it was ordered that the cup should rest in custody of the Bank, but the winner was allowed to have it in his possession for twenty-four hours on applying to the Secretary. A

century ago, playing for the cup was a great annual ceremony. The trophy was brought by the last year's winner to the tavern where the club met for the day, the procession escorting the cup consisted of clergymen, military men, doctors, and other professional men, and the public, with the town's drummer in front, and the club officer carrying the precious trophy with its jingling appendages of medals.

Yet another flourishing institution with a very large membership is the Musselburgh New Club, amongst whose supporters are some of the finest golfers on the green, and though young in years it bids fair to rival any of its competitors.

About 1840, some notable votaries of golf were often at Musselburgh, who wore the time-honoured red coat, with tall white or black hat, and all drove the feather ball. Sir David Baird of Newbyth, the Earl of Stair, Mr. Oliphant, Lord Eglinton, Colonel J. O. Fairlie, and Mr. Goddard, a very steady golfer, gave an excellent display of their skill. Later on, Sir Robert Hay made his *debut* on the links, who was universally acknowledged to have a beautiful style, was a splendid driver off the tee, stood close to his ball, and made few mistakes. Mr. George Condie's handsome well-built figure was often seen, and his powerful swing admired. Mr. George Glennie was a most careful and accurate player, and Mr. Gilbert Mitchell Innes had an easy showy style, the envy of all beginners. The game owed

OLD WILLIAM PARK.

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much to Mr. Robert Clark, who originated the "best ball" matches, when a first-class golfer plays his single ball against two inferior opponents, who, at each hole, are entitled to count the ball holed in fewest strokes. Numerous other amateurs might be cited, and grave lawyers like Lord President Inglis, whose upright, lofty form was well known. The late Lord Moncrieff was an enthusiastic golfer, and another keen student of the game was Lord Rutherford Clark, about the last to wear a tall black hat on the green, and Lord Shand, who gave his name to a bunker.

Of professionals who hailed from Musselburgh, there are many outstanding names, whose repute has travelled far. Perhaps the most eminent were the members of the Park family, still represented by that crack golfer, Willie Park, who may occasionally be met doing his round of the links. A pretty sight also it was to note how deftly his promising boy, who had already developed a clever style, could wield his club, but, to the sorrow of his father's many friends, the little golfer will never more be seen upon the green. About the year 1853, old Willie Park first came prominently before the public. He and the far-famed Tom Morris of St. Andrews played many matches with varying results, and, in 1860, in the first championship competition, Park won the belt. His style was graceful, the ball always got grandly away, and he was splendid on the putting-green. Both of his

brothers, David and Mungo, were first-rate, especially with the putter. In 1874, Mungo gained the championship, beating young Tom Morris, then at his best. Young Willie Park was born in 1864, and in 1886, at Troon, scored his first honour, winning the championship next year at Prestwick, and he still is well up at tournaments. For nine years he held the record at medal competitions, having done the four rounds, 36 holes, in 147, and twenty years ago, playing with Archie Simpson, he did the round of 9 holes in 33. Park always keeps cool and collected, never loses his temper, and his display all round is admirable. The two Dunns were first-class reliable golfers, and Willie Campbell unrivalled as a match player. Peter M'Ewan said of his performance at Carnoustie, in a famous match with Archie Simpson, that he had never seen the like of it.

Willie Park, senr., was four times champion—in 1860-63-66, and 1875, and four times second. He and his brother Mungo were the only instances of two brothers winning this coveted honour. The case of father and son both being champions was afforded by the Parks—William senior and junior. This was paralleled by old Tom Morris and his lamented son, young Tom Morris. For the championship, old Willie Park and his brother David were, in the same day, first and second at Prestwick —a stroke dividing the two brothers. This was equalled in the case of Harry Vardon and his

brother Tom, who, on the same day, were first and second. For this extremely interesting information, as well as for many valuable hints, I am indebted to that experienced golfer, Frank Park.

When the well-known John Gourlay was at his prime, the game could be viewed to perfection on the links. Gourlay was famed as a feather ball maker, and was not only the greatest authority on the rules of golf, but had a perfect style as a player, and as a man was held in the highest respect. His very appearance gave weight to his words, and all the leading golfers of the day looked upon his utterances as axioms which admitted of no dispute. For years he managed the course at Musselburgh, saw to the greens being mowed, and the holes renewed when they grew rugged and uneven, and his comfortable house in Millhill Street was the haunt of many choice amateurs, who kept their clubs there, made up their matches, and recorded their wagers.

The caddies of former days are nearly extinct, and, in fact, the great majority of players now carry their own clubs. Boys were always hovering round the principal gentlemen golfers, and were very clever at imitating their style as they struck off the tee. There was no regular tariff for the caddies, who would make 3s. 6d. or 4s. a day, being often engaged beforehand, and paid whether the weather prevented play or not. Fore-caddies were in vogue, owing to the whins which overspread the links, and got ample employment. Those boys who were

ambitious of becoming caddies, or wished to learn the art of golf club making, would often rise at four in the morning of a summer day, and do their round of the links before work commenced.

A few of the old caddies still linger round their loved haunts, and keep up the traditions of other days. Amongst them is incomparable John Carey, known familiarly as "Fiery," with ruddy weather-beaten, smooth countenance, who has been present at many of the famous matches of the past forty years. There he stands on the verge of the first green, with the look of quiet dignity which becomes one who has carried for numerous celebrated players. His face, though the expression on the whole is a little stern, gradually relaxes as he greets his clients. He strolls about near the rails of the race-course, with a slightly contemplative air, or takes his smoke while surveying the green. His neat attire is becomingly crowned with the historic "Balmoral," that is so well known on many links. Sagacious in counsel, he is withal sparing in speech, and his equanimity is little disturbed by the most eccentric vagaries of the merest tyro under his charge. No smile illumes his imperturbable visage as with wild sweep the club passes innocuously over the ball calmly reposing on the tee. Even if he does remark to the disgusted beginner, "A little lower down next time," there is no trace of censure conveyed in his tone, but rather a mere insinuation that it was necessary to hit the ball. At all times inclined to

JOHN CAREY ("FIERY").

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silence, he can whisper a word of encouragement to the raw aspirant as he holds on his measured pace over the turf, though he but seldom directly applauds a good stroke. Rather, he indicates approval by a slight but significant move of the head. See him at some critical phase of a great match; while every face in the surging crowd beams with suppressed excitement, all talk hushed, and every eye strained on the ball—who carries himself with more becoming dignity of demeanour than our veteran friend? The very way in which, with unerring prescience, he tenders the exact club, seems to nerve the player to make a brilliant display as he glances round the ring of spectators.

Amongst the purely Musselburgh players who figure on the links, there are still to be seen some who, in spite of advancing years, can exhibit a powerful game. Few can make better appearances than J. M. Williamson, Mr. T. T. Gray, Mr. Andrew Lawson, and Mr. Marcus J. Brown—who even now has an elegant style, and drives a lovely straight ball—amongst the older men, while of the younger generation no one has a more distinguished record than Mr. Gordon Stewart. Frank Park, who is a magnificent driver, and his younger brother, John, are both very fine golfers; also Douglas M'Ewan, who has a finished style—all are Musselburgh men. Robert Turnbull, another young local player, is a brilliant all-round performer, who might have risen

to the very foremost rank, but he has for some years been engaged at Copenhagen.

It would have been easy to detail other names of amateurs, such as the two brothers Dolman, or Musselburgh professionals like the Dunns, but only a few have been specified. Also as to scores, it must be remembered that with greatly improved and keener greens, modern clubs, and rubber-cored balls, the condition of things is entirely altered. And yet, thirty years ago, the record of that sturdy veteran, Robert Ferguson, for the round of the green was 33, and, later on, Willie Park, Junr., equalled this fine performance. Bob Ferguson, having already won the championship three times, in 1883 tied with Willie Fernie of Troon, and only lost his fourth "blue ribbon" by one stroke. Mr. J. M. Williamson's lowest score for two rounds in the Musselburgh Club Competition, when he won the cup, was 76; Mr. John Brown won the medal in the competition, spring, 1905, of the New Club, with 76; and Mr. Graham Walker of the same club, on an unfavourable day, gained the cup with 77. Some of the ladies, such as Miss Maggie and Miss Jeanie Park—both admirable players—Miss Maud Titterton—who handles her cleek with rare grace—and Miss Dorothy Campbell, of North Berwick—the Scotch lady champion—can do the round in 40, not in medal play.

Some curious characters are encountered from time to time, whose play is a considerable source of

danger to unwary onlookers. After prodigious demonstration and profuse libration of club, the ball may fly off at a wide angle from its proper course, and come into violent contact with an innocent passer-by. Some players seem so nervous that any remark as they are about to strike will spoil their game. Such an individual will cast a look of withering scorn at the incautious speaker, or perhaps stop his preliminary oscillation and take a turn round the ball before he can regain his composure. As a rule it is best to preserve silence at golf, and few will complain of this as unsociable. Others poise the driving club in their hands, lifting it up and down as though it had been a ponderous hammer, and they were indulging in the premonitory swing before hurtling the weapon through the air.

The names of the holes were somewhat different about sixty years ago. There was no "sea" hole, the tall whins filling up what is now such a fine putting-ground, and the "Ridge" hole, which used to be just beyond "Pandy"—a euphemism for "Pandemonium"—took its place in playing from "Forman's." What is now "Linkfield" was then "Barracks' Entry Hole," nearly opposite to the road leading to the barracks. The facetious Andrew Kirkaldy prefers to approach "Linkfield" by what he terms the back door, thus keeping well to the left of the formidable quadrilateral of bunkers which bar the direct course. The present "Table" was then the "Short Hole," and was located in

hollow ground at the foot of the slope. The well-known "Graves" got its name, no doubt, from the peculiar formation of the little mounds of beautiful green turf, this depression having at one time been utilised as a sort of free coup and afterwards carefully sown with grass. The "Bathing Coach" was so styled from a solitary specimen of that useful and old-fashioned machine which stood upon the beach in those days. Two most treacherous bunkers afflict golfers in approaching this hole—a long deep insidious one almost touching the green, which used to be styled by the caddies in olden times "the Pond," and a more apparent one at the side of the hole. "Cochrane's Bunker" is the long one opposite Linkfield, after the name of the owner of that mansion. "Blackwood's Pot," the small round bunker beyond the tee ground for the "Bathing Coach," is so called from frequent visits on the part of James Blackwood, a member of the well-known publishing family. "Lord Shand's Bunker" is a small one near the putting green at Forman's, also entitled from numerous attentions on the part of that eminent and genial judge. The "Clerk's Nose" is the protuberance rather overhanging the "Graves" putting-ground.

V.—AN OLD CADDIE.

The closing phase of his life was past, and the old man was about to be laid at rest. It was a wet day, and the dreary rain formed little pools in front of the humble dwelling, where the mourners assembled. The small red-roofed cottage seemed to indicate gradual decay, with a few trees partly hiding the harled walls from view of the passers-by. A narrow passage inside led to the small apartment in which the sufferer's last months had been spent, and the plain black coffin rested upon two chairs. He had known better days, but times changed for the worse, and weakness had prevented him from going his accustomed rounds of the links to earn his modest pittance. A few rickety articles of furniture, some cheap prints, and cracked plates and jugs scattered about, indicated the poverty of the inmates. The room looked forlorn and cheerless enough inside, while the prospect from the dingy window was upon the little courtyard, rough and unpaved, where one or two children were playing about in spite of the plashing rain, and overhead the sky was heavy with lowering clouds.

In a room upstairs the table was spread with a white cloth, plates, glasses, and other preparations for a repast, while relatives and friends came in one

by one. They all sat silent and absorbed about the room, and other mourners were assembling in the place where the coffin lay, or standing in the adjoining lobby. As the rain ceased, a few children began to play near the entrance, or even ventured to peer into the darkened chamber where the remains of the old man awaited removal, with a subdued air of timorous curiosity. Those who gave directions spoke in whispers, and gradually the more privileged mourners gathered in the room where the funeral service was to be held. Voices were hushed as the young minister who was to officiate drew near the coffin with the Bible in his hand. He then reverently read the grand old ninetieth psalm, and some very affecting passages from the Scriptures bearing upon the shortness of life, and the good hope of an eternal union with those who have gone before, resting on the merits of a crucified Saviour. The reading over, the minister led in prayer, using singularly beautiful and appropriate language. He directed the thoughts of those present to the uncertainty of all earthly things, and the need of being prepared for the varying eventualities of life, and the hour of death. With excellent taste he alluded to the long life of their departed friend, to his simple career, his modest worth, and the patience with which he bore the sufferings of his closing days.

After a short pause, the bearers quietly lifted the coffin out of the room and bore it outside to the hearse, around which some of the company, who,

owing to the smallness of the house, could not be present at the service, were assembled. In a short time all gathered together, and, with slow measured tread, the humble procession passed into the street where, at the corners, a small knot of spectators stood. Although he had for a long time been absent from the links, the old man had, all his days, been well thought of in his native town.

Slowly the funeral party wound round the weather-worn houses, and came out on the High Street. Following the hearse were the relatives and friends, amongst whom was more than one aged mourner in well-worn sombre clothes, who remembered the departed one from his boyhood, and had incidents to tell of his uneventful life. But little was said, for the kindly observations and formal regrets appropriate on such occasions had been spoken to the friends in the house. A stray van and an empty cab or two were met as the funeral cortege approached the Town Hall—the drivers respectfully lifting their caps, for the old caddie was long a familiar figure in the street along which, for the last time, his body was being borne. The usual group of idlers at the Cross stared listlessly at the coffin, one or two giving a slight recognition of respect. A few young flaxen-haired happy children stood wonderingly looking at the hearse, and hushed their noisy play as the mourning procession passed along. As it drew near the venerable hall at which he had for so many years paused to see the time of

day, the clock struck four. How often had he listened to the hours tolled from that ancient tower, as they gave forth their warning voice to the careless groups below. That curious old grey weather-beaten steeple has witnessed during the four centuries many a funeral train pass on its way to the grave-yard where such numbers rest from their labours. How unlike the Musselburgh of to-day from the humble cluster of thatched cottages, across whose roofs fell at the first the shadow of that remarkable spire.

Silently the hearse moved along Newbigging, and clambered up the brae leading to Inveresk, passing the lofty wall crowned with masses of ivy, over which peers the rugged summit of a picturesque dovecot within the grounds of Eskgrove. Heavy drops of rain were plashing on the leaves of the great trees which cluster round the quaintly decorated dwellings of Inveresk, which form such effective and beautiful features in the landscape. But little heeding the mournful array, the sounds of daily labour went on in the adjoining bye-roads, and the hum of toil was wafted along the humid air. The warble of the blackbird and the resonant treble of the mavis were heard from unseen gardens, while more modest notes of lesser song-birds carolled in delicate concert. Infantile prattle fell upon the ear from children at play, whose young voices subdued into an involuntary hush as the funeral passed on.

Presently the quiet churchyard was gained, where

soon the body will be laid at rest with kindred dust, and as the mourners marched over the pathway a few casual onlookers stood aloof from the humble gathering. The afternoon had cleared up, and the gleaming rays were slanting across the purple firth as the setting sun gradually sank down towards the horizon. Slowly the plain coffin was lowered into the narrow grave, and the last brief words of prayer were offered up by the minister, after which the hollow sound of the clods of earth upon the frail receptacle of the dead told that all was over. In silence the friends gradually dispersed, for work must go on, and ere long the churchyard, within whose precincts lie the remains of some notable men, was left to its wonted calm.

The poor caddie will soon be forgotten on the links which he so often traversed, and the number of those who can recollect him in his prime, with alert and active form, are fast passing away. He had done his best in his own simple way to maintain the credit of his calling, when Musselburgh was held in repute as the home of famous golfers, the scene of many an indomitable fray, and all classes in the social scale mingled in pleasant intercourse with the recognised champions of the royal and ancient game. No unseemly or violent language was heard from his lips; he encouraged the inexperienced beginner, and applauded the fine display of the matured or veteran exponent of golf. While others railed at their evil fortunes, predicted ruin to the fascinating pastime

in the ancient burgh where once it reigned supreme, owing to the advancing tide of modern innovations, he was ever at his post, ready to do his work with undeviating regularity. If the course of events brought to his door the chill of penury and the troubles of age, the grateful labourer endeavoured to recall former good deeds on the part of those who had befriended him in days gone by. He had carried clubs for the highest in the land, and borne himself with becoming self-possession. In his own undemonstrative fashion, he acknowledged that God had been good to him, and he could look forward without dread to the life which was to come. Would that there were more like him who can hold on the even tenour of their way, and rise superior to vexation and sorrow, not elated by success and patient in adversity.

The moralist will find ample food for reflection in the peaceful churchyard. There rest those who had passed stirring lives in many parts of the world, and who have, one day, to render to God an account of their deeds. As a town Musselburgh but reflects many varying phases of the increasing turmoil of modern existence. The gospel of salvation through a risen Redeemer is heard from the pulpits, and is faithfully set forth on the Sabbath afternoons at the ancient cross and on the historic links, but there is only too much to deplore in the social and economic condition of the surrounding community.

VI.—THE GOLF MATCH.

One beautiful summer afternoon there was a considerable concourse of people to witness a match between two young Musselburgh players, both well known in the golfing world. Jack Field and Douglas Ewing both belonged to families who had long been familiar names in the annals of the greens, and were themselves first-rate exponents of the game. It was but a short match of two rounds; but, some celebrated amateurs having heard of it, who had long admired the play of the competitors, there was a big turn-out to see the meeting.

The day was warm, with a light breeze just tempering the sun's rays, and a goodly company around the teeing-ground at the first hole. A fair sprinkling of the lovers of the game from Edinburgh, such as doctors, lawyers, and a few clerical enthusiasts were to be seen, with a large muster of the Musselburgh public. A good number of ladies, some of them excellent players, a throng of miners, an odd fisherman or two, and a few schoolboys, mingled with the crowd.

Several of the caddies were in their usual place when the spectators were gradually gathering, and watched the various arrivals at the scene of action.

"It's no' often that we hae a crood like this on

the links," remarked one, with his hands in his pockets.

"Aye, man, you and me minds the times when the rale gentry cam' regular here, and made their ain matches, and played them oot like gentlemen. Noo they maun get twa perfessionals to dae the wark for them."

"Man, the richt sort dinna luk near Musselbury noo; ye kent the set that cam' doon frae Edinbury in the days of Sir Robert Hay and Robert Clark?"

"Aye, fine; they were na like the chaps o' the present day, that carries their ain clubs, and smokes their pipes playin' aff the tee, as if gowff was as easy as whustlin'."

"Luk at thae lauds; they'll be frae the Paurlament Hoose. Man, the consate that's in them. Ye didna see Lord Inglis or Lord Shand strut aboot wi' their hauns in their pooches, and wi' naethin' on their heeds, or inside them, for that maitter."

"Aye," chimed in another veteran, "there's naethin' for us noo but to shoother oor ain clubs and gie up the caudie trade."

"They sud get up a toorament, and bring some mair folk aboot the links."

"We hae plenty folk, but no' the richt sort; and then, thae leddies that comes and keeps back the play. They sud na be be allowed mair than twa 'oors in the forenoon."

"Puir lasses! ye wud na tak' awa' their wee bit exerceese; let them play as lang as they like."

"Haud yer tongue; they wad be better workin' at hame; there's plenty for them to dae."

"Could ye no' get the provost and bailies to try their hauns at the gowff?" said another.

"What guid wad they dae, the bodies? They may as weel keep to their bit coonsel meetin's. It's no' likely they can dae muckle guid to help the links. If they wad pass a law that ony body playin' gowff maun hae a caudie wi' him, there wad be some sense in that."

During all this talk, Jacky, Jemmie, and Sandy, and one or two others of the carrying fraternity, listened to the dialogue of their elders with becoming respect. These caddies are favourites with the gentlemen who employ them, and they assume a soothing, sympathetic manner when some specially flagrant stroke has been perpetrated, that would elicit disapprobation from their seniors. In some respects the most characteristic specimen of the whole caddie genus stood near, looking on in grim silence. Old John is a sailor who had raided the Baltic in the Russian war under Charlie Napier. Rugged in aspect, as in speech, he blurts out his comments on the play of his clients in the frankest manner, often with half-stifled ejaculations of derision. Brief and terse are his opinions as regards the stylists, critics, and innovators of the present day in golfing matters. He clearly regards the ladies, the miners, and all who carry their own clubs, as interlopers, who should be put down with a stern

hand. His expressions are generally to the point. "Ye've an awfu' ill-wull at the grund"; "Be doon till't"; "Keep a haud o' the club"; "Canny ower the bunker"; "Losh! the ba's awa' to Carnoostie"; "Dinna press sae hard," "Let the shouther chack the club," are some of the sayings of this warrior, who at any rate is straight and unambiguous.

Several gentlemen now appeared who used to be familiar visitors on the links, but, since the Honourable Company had forsaken their old haunt, they were hardly ever on the green. Mr. Leslie Balfron Melvin walked past, and at once drew the caddies' attention. As a graceful golfer, who that has once seen him play can forget his correct, beautiful style, his fine muscular physique, which enables him to deliver such a rapid, straight, powerful stroke, and his lovely manipulation of the cleek? Over thirty years ago, he made his first appearance on Musselburgh links, an unknown young man. Old Willie Park happened to be standing, with his son, Frank, at the first hole, when Mr. Melvin, accompanied by a friend, strode on to the green. As he was quietly manœuvring before the tee, Willie remarked to his son, "There's a man that can swing a club." From that day onward, his career has been one of brilliant success, and, even now, he can carry off the palm of victory; while on the roll of cricketers he is still in the foremost ranks.

Close behind this renowned champion of the green came Mr. Stuart Alastair, whose tall form and

genial countenance were conspicuous amid the throng. His play has an easy unconventionality about it, like the man himself; he has hardly reduced it to the exact science of Mr. Melvin, but no one can see his grand deadly drive off the tee without being certain that a superb all-round exhibition will follow. "Andy," as he is familiarly known to his friends, warmly grasped the valiant Bob by the hand, and was soon exchanging jocular salutations with him and other notabilities. The redoubtable Mr. Strikewell, from St. Andrews, who is one of the longest drivers to be seen on any golfing green, was there, also. Mr. Plaidlaw, the youthful Loretto boy, who took the golf world by storm, accompanied by a few others from that well-known seminary. But you looked in vain for the beloved and honoured master, who, for more than forty years, had presided over its fortunes, and who, with marvellous intuition, could gauge the capacities and win the affection of every boy who came under his magnetic influence.

Amongst the spectators were some who, as a rule, seemed to care little for the finer phases of the game, but were attracted by the chance of meeting a friend. Three medical men looked on, one of them the much respected Dr. Scotland, whose upright soldierly figure is well known. A veteran, who saw the terrible siege of Delhi, where, after gallant service, he received a wound which closed his military career, Dr. Gladdell, of genial presence, famed for his

splendid silky beard and agreeable manner. Dr. Stott, a local medico, smiling and smoking, stood beside Provost Blacklaw, so highly esteemed, and known for his fluent eloquence, which was not even quenched by the dismal precincts of the dingy council chambers.

Two class-companions were in friendly converse, who sat together on the forms well into the lowest ranks of the famed Edinburgh Academy. One of them, a universal favourite with the boys, was the ever-vivacious Tommy Gladdell, who, after a fine army record in India, where before Delhi, he won that cross—most coveted honour which can blazon on a soldier's breast—still is actively engaged in good works. His companion was that humorous judge, Lord Queensburgh, who, as Johnnie Donald, was the cherished jester and wit of the class, of which the present writer is also one of the few survivors. Johnnie gave no promise of the distinction he has since gained in many varied walks in life. He possessed the faculty by which, after convulsing his audience among the "boobies"—in whom the three class-fellows were often found—by some jest or story, he could assume an expression of inimitably grave and guileless innocence when, tawse in hand, the master hurried to the scene to take summary vengeance for the unseemly merriment. That smooth, serious visage, unwrinkled by a smile, while all around were distorted, never betrayed guilt, so the engine of punishment descended on other hands.

Several professionals had come to look on, amongst them the athletic figure of a famous ex-champion, a native of Musselburgh, and closely related to Jack Field, whose quiet undemonstrative manner contrasted with the vivacity of Willie Troon, his dapper, alert form neatly attired in a tweed suit. The masterly style of this popular golfer is well known ; the jerky way he moves his club over the tee, and then his long, quick swing, sending the ball through the air with beautiful skimming flight. In conversation with these, was the admired and jovial Kirkie St. Andrew, of formidable bulk and soldierly bearing, whose skilful and slashing play has been tested in numerous exciting encounters.

No one, however, drew more homage from the spectators than the honoured and well-beloved Nestor of the game, Tom Morrice. Every youthful aspirant who seeks to gain a niche in the temple of illustrious golfers, instinctively salutes the veteran hero of many a historic contest. The kindly old man was there to watch the meeting of his two young friends, but had a cordial word for all. Long may it be ere his hearty voice, his pleasant smile, and the inborn dignity of Nature's gentleman become but memories of the past on the links of St. Andrews.

Punctually at the appointed hour, the two competitors walked on to the green, Field having the advantage of the vast experience of the sagacious

Bob as his caddie, while Ewing enjoyed the company and useful collaboration of the discreet "Fiery." There was considerable similarity in the appearance of the rivals, both tall and slim, with modest carriage and handsome features, while each had the true golfer's hand, long fingers drawing with nervous grasp round the handle of the club.

Having greeted each other with a friendly shake of the hand, Jack Field stepped forward, and then the crowd formed up on either side, anxious to see the first stroke of the match. Carefully forming his tee, Bob drew back, and Jack, after a slight movement of the club to and fro, let drive, and the ball sailed through the air, landing within fifty yards of the big shallow bunker which guards the "Graves" hole.

Douglas immediately responded with an equally good stroke, his ball lying nearer the race-course than his opponent's, who had the bunker to cross to reach the green. The crowd now streamed on, watching how Field would clear the obstacle in his way. In fine style, with a clever mashie stroke, he rolled his ball to within a few feet of the hole; while Ewing, with the cleek, got close to his rival. With careful putts, both balls went in, thus halving the first hole, and the crowd broke forward to get a good clear view of the approach to "Linkfield." Some very pretty play characterised the next few holes; and, at the close of the round, Jack Field was one up.

It was now that the real interest of the match commenced ; and by this time there was a considerable accession to the number of the spectators. Jack Field teed his ball, and, drawing up his lithe form, with a swinging drive, though with little seeming exertion, he landed the ball within sixty yards of the bunker, while Ewing, following, placed his close to where it rested on the first round. Field had now a rather difficult approach with the cleek, as the end of the bunker was in his way, and, though his ball barely struck the wooden face, still it fell back on the sand. Ewing played a choice cleek shot, and landed three yards from the hole, while Field, with the niblick, got out his ball in rare style to within a yard from the pin, but lost the hole, as Ewing sent his Haskell home. This made the match all square again, and the spectators once more opened up, gathering round the teeing-ground. Ewing now made a faultless shot, which drove his ball right on to the middle of the race-course, Field's lying close beside it ; then both got on the green with the brassie, and with a lovely fifteen yards putt, Ewing lay within half a foot of the hole, but Field ran his ball three yards beyond, and just lipped the hole for a half.

Both players now drove off for "Forman's," Ewing's ball pitching on the pathway, while Field's, with a better line, fell on the race-course. A smart cleek shot sent Ewing's ball over a dangerous bunker, and Field, with the brassie, got about twenty yards

from the green. Both men now made nice mashie strokes, and lay within easy distance, which enabled each to hole out in four. A capital drive off the tee placed Ewing's ball just beyond the green, on the verge of the beach at the "Sea" hole, while Field's lighted on the turf so as to leave a four yards' putt. With his mashie, Ewing made a clever recovery to within a yard of the hole, and Field brought off a beautifully-judged putt, thus once more squaring the match.

With ever-increasing attention the crowd watched the two competitors, who wafted their Haskells over the formidable "Pandy" in superlative style, and two good brassie strokes dropped both balls at the foot of the slope leading to the "Table." Field, with the putter, now sent his ball gently up the brae to within a yard from the hole, and Ewing, allowing for a very slight borrow, ran his a little in front of Field's, so as to lay him a stimie. An effective and striking picture was now presented all around the plateau at this famous hole; the thick fringe of spectators were writhing in and out to get a good coign of vantage from which to watch the game. A dead silence prevailed amid the throng, for it was felt that every move now was of critical importance. The faint plash of the waves could be heard, as the rolling breakers followed one another in quick succession, their snowy crest tremulous for an instant, ere they fell upon the ribbed strand.

Beyond, the blue water, over which many sea-birds poised lightly on the wing, or dived under the wave.

Amid the subdued hush of the crowd, Field closely scanned the green, to see if he could loft the ball over his opponent's, the caddies and Ewing looking on, motionless and expectant. All at once, some one at the back of the crowd struck an unusually strident match, causing many heads to turn to the spot. Bob Ferguson never moved a muscle, Ewing barely elevated his eyebrows, while Field was so intent on his stroke that his eyes were riveted on the ball. With infinite dexterity, he just caught the medium spot between turf and ball which enabled him gently to jump the obstacle, and thus cleverly to secure a half. In striking off for the "Bathing Coach," both men made long drives; but Ewing, now pulling his second shot, landed in a bunker, while Field was on the edge of the green, lying dead with his third; and a bad recovery from the bunker cost Ewing the hole. The "Hole across" was halved; and now the excitement grew tremendous, as the big "gallery" followed each stroke with keenest interest. The "Gas" hole was done in magnificent style in three by both players, with the result that Field was "dormy" one.

A great mass of spectators now streamed over the course at the last hole, while others grouped round the competitors, whose composure was unruffled. Silent and expectant, all watched Jack Field, as,

cleek in hand, he took up his position, and, with a powerful half stroke, sent the ball gliding through the air. All eyes followed it as it rolled on to the close-shaven turf to within a yard of the hole. The match now seemed over, and the tension amongst the crowd was evidently relaxed, as Douglas Ewing approached the tee. Poising his cleek, with quiet determined look, he just glanced at the red tuft indicating the hole, surrounded by an expectant throng of eager faces, gave an almost imperceptible and brief swing to the club, while the sharp metallic click told how true had been the stroke. Straight as an arrow in its course the ball curved through the air, landed on the green, and finally, amidst unbounded enthusiasm, gently trickled into the hole. Thus, in so sensational a fashion, the match was halved, after, to all appearance, victory lay with Jack Field, and the long pent-up cheering and effusive clapping of a multitude of hands testified to the delight of the applauding "gallery" that the honours of the contest were divided between two skilful performers who so vigorously illustrated the superior play of the Musselburgh school.

VII.—OLD TIMES.

VICISSITUDES OF GOLF.

While Musselburgh of the olden time has lost so many of its characteristic features, great changes have occurred in the Fisherrow side of the Esk during the last sixty years. Much of the ground now covered with small villas was then an open grassy common, on which the boys played shinty and other games. From the corner of the High Street, where the iron bridge now spans the Esk, as far as the links, all was unenclosed ground, and the row of trees opposite Eskside had only recently been planted. There has been a foot-bridge and a ford across the river for a great many years at the end of High Street, Fisherrow. It used to be a rickety wooden structure, and Mr. Stirling remembers being told by his father that he had fished with a rod from the bridge and caught salmon of ten pounds weight. The present bridge was built about 1860, and recently has been paved with wood. An old mansion stood where the Co-operative Society's store now is, with a pleasant garden facing the street, bounded by a row of flourishing poplar trees. Just behind this, in the grounds of the manse, there is to be seen one of the interesting dovecots which still remain as a

memento of the past. It is of considerable height, with a great number of small, square pigeon-holes inside, and a triangular window near the top for the birds to enter. The rugged rough-cast walls are very thick, with a ledge below the roof, on which the birds were wont to sit and sun themselves; but, though the window is open, no doves ever now take up their abode inside. Another of these curious structures is at the end of Mrs. Campbell's yard, in Kerr's Wynd, overhanging the mill lade. This is a very massively-built tower, the lower part of the walls exceedingly strong, the whole plain and devoid of ornament, with an appearance of great age. The opening for the pigeons is at the side above the stream, and, unlike the other dovecots, this one is well frequented. There were similar refuges at the back of some of the High Street houses, but they have fallen victims to the iconoclastic spirit of the age. Happily, the large one in the grounds of Eskgrove still rears its verdure-clad battlements over the great wall above the road.

At the other end of the High Street there is an ancient structure, its gable end to the street, the garden shaded by some fine elm trees, the name of which is Tusculum. For many years, this was the residence of Colonel MacNiven, a veteran officer of the Black Watch, who served with that distinguished regiment in the Peninsular war, was dangerously wounded at the battle of Toulouse, and whose monument in Inveresk churchyard was erected by the

officers of the regiment in 1870. The colonel was a fine type of the gentle courteous old warrior, brimming with kindly humour, simple in speech, careless in dress, overflowing with hospitality, who gathered round his social board at Tusculum many choice spirits who represented arms, art, literature, and the bar, and there are still friends living who can recall his impromptu gatherings, where song, jest, and sentiment prevailed, and his guests yielded affectionate homage to their honoured host.

Scattered throughout the town are various abodes whose weather-beaten aspect tells of the light of other days, and whose original owners have long since passed away. One of these is known as "Castle Gordon," its lofty grey walls giving it an imposing appearance, surrounded by a garden, with the remains of a large orchard at the back. Campie House is another mansion, well hidden by trees, with leafy shrubberies and grass-grown walks, which, after various changes, was occupied as a boarding-school; and occasionally, amid somewhat squalid environments, may be noticed a gateway of some pretension leading to one or more houses beyond, whose look of faded grandeur is little in keeping with the dwellings in the neighbourhood.

Newhailes was built about the middle of the eighteenth century by Sir James Dalrymple, is surrounded by an extensive park, and shaded by tall old trees. It is a large rambling plain edifice, with numerous windows of uniform size, lofty rooms, and

a double outside staircase in front. The entrance is adorned by two solid square gate-posts, flanked by old-fashioned rails and heavy retaining walls, beyond which extends the broad lawn. The fine Red House, that admirable institution for the benefit of poor boys, stands beside the Esk at the west end of Mill-hill. It has all the appearance of a country mansion close upon two centuries old, whose broad ample walls seem well calculated to defy the disintegrating effects of time and tempest. In 1734, it belonged to the Edmonstone family, from whom it passed into the hands of different owners, until for a time it was the property of Captain Walker of the East India Company's service.

For a great many years there has been a colony of fishermen at Fisherrow, and, in 1793, when Dr. Carlyle wrote his statistical account of the parish, there were 7 boats, 49 men, and 95 fish-women. He gives the following particulars regarding the latter, shewing what laborious lives they had, and how their business is to gather bait for their husbands and bait their lines. "Four days in the week they carry fish in creels to Edinburgh, and when the boats come in late to the harbour in the forenoon, so as to leave them no more than time to reach Edinburgh before dinner, it is not unusual for them to perform their journey of five miles by relays, three of them being employed in carrying one basket and shifting it from one to another every hundred yards, by which means they have been known to

arrive at the Fish-market in less than three-fourths of an hour."

The means of travelling between Musselburgh and Edinburgh sixty years ago were of a very primitive kind. Besides the Innocent Railway, there used to be a two-horse coach which plied between both places, while communication was maintained with Berwick by mail-coach, and by a wonderful vehicle known as the "Newcastle waggon," a rough open conveyance with wooden seats. Things were changed when the North British Railway opened, and when, in constructing the railway station, the grey Roman bridge was nearly being seriously encroached upon by the authorities of that period. However, it still stands in all the dignity of antiquity, wrapped in the rime of ages, while nearly a century ago it first saw the beautiful building down the river which was to open up a new and improved passage over the stream. About that time, those who were interested had the opportunity of learning the secret of its remarkable preservation, and the details of its construction. On removing the facings down to the foundation of one of the piers, it was found to be partly built on transverse beams of oak, on which a mass of stones, seemingly of the Roman period, were piled, greatly differing in appearance from those on other parts of the bridge. Repairs had been effected on the walls about 1520, by Lady Janet Hepburn, whose husband fell with James IV. at Flodden; and, in 1597, the Scottish Parliament passed an Act for restoring the

ancient structure. The records of Musselburgh Town Council, from that period, have frequent entries concerning improvements enjoined to be executed upon the old bridge.

Formerly, the mail-coach for Edinburgh used to come galloping down the brae to Forman's in fine style, and the guard dexterously picked up the Prestonpans letter-bag, which was lightly fastened on to a pole and held out by Mrs Forman's son, Peter. The "Union" coach, painted yellow, used regularly to pass Forman's at eight in the evening, whirling along amid a cloud o dust in its journey from Berwick to Edinburgh. But alas! the advent of the cycle, the motor car, and the electric tram caravan has changed all this, and transformed what used to be an orderly, well-kept thoroughfare into a highway of incessant peril to life and limb. The whips, whose prowess became the theme of song and story, have faded away, never more to return.

The old order of things passeth away, and in no case is this more evident than in viewing the electric power station. In an outer room are hundreds of the ponderous iron retorts, each stored with this mysterious and awful force, far transcending that of the genie of the *Arabian Nights*, whose might could be encased in a small vase. Beyond is the great hall where the elaborate dynamos, with their ceaseless revolutions, are generating the vast energy which forms the driving motor that transmits itself by thin copper wires to the rolling cars. These massive

wheels rotate with strange whirr, whose mighty pulsations send quivering reverberations through the building and cause that hoarse humming boom which makes the very air to throb.

A century ago, one of the features of Musselburgh was the regiment of soldiers which used to be quartered in the barracks stationed in the large field adjoining Pinkie Mains. The entrance gate remains facing the road, but the spaces for side doors and windows are now filled up. On the right of the doorway was the guard-room, which subsequently was used as a sheep-fold by the farmer, and the canteen has been utilised to form part of the farmsteading. When the barracks were full, the soldiers were billeted on the inhabitants, or accommodated in tents on the links. The officers' quarters were in the tenement in the High Street known as Fairman's land, which is now used as a lodging-hous for travellers. "What kind o' place is Musselburgh?" one day enquired a new-comer of a comrade in an outgoing regiment. The answer came, "Man, it's a grand place; ye can get fou for tuppence."

It is a fortunate thing for the lovers of golf that the links at Musselburgh have been, on the whole, preserved in their pristine condition. Attempts, from time to time, have been made by the Town Council to alienate portions of the ground for feus; and it is not above forty years since a notice-board existed near Forman's intimating that applications would be considered by that august body. The name

of the late Dr. Sanderson should be held in honour, for he was greatly instrumental in protecting the rights of the public; and his services were rewarded by a handsome testimonial. Proposals for extending the area of play have been often mooted, and, at one time, it was contemplated to take in the open space beyond the gas works; another plan was to extend the course by going across the road and encroaching upon the grounds of Pinkie Mains. It is just as well that these projects have failed, for it would be difficult anywhere to find a course better fitted to bring out the capabilities of experts at the glorious old game. Undoubtedly, congestion often occurs between the putting-greens; but the ground remains in all its perfection of natural bunkers, gentle ridges, and closely-mown verges, where the ball, skilfully propelled, needs but little coaxing to drop deftly into the hole.

None of the great matches are now ever contested at Musselburgh, but nearly all the best players of the day have tried their powers on the honoured green. Those who enjoy the spectacle of a surging crowd of eager spectators watching two of the celebrated champions in an exciting struggle, must wend their way to St. Andrews, Prestwick, or North Berwick. There is an unquestionable fascination in studying each golfer as he cleverly wields the appropriate club which is to impell the ball on its triumphant course to victory. Observe the careful position the player takes up at the tee shot, with

his eyes riveted on the ball, his firm grip of the club, its mighty rushing semi-circle, until, falling with unerring accuracy, it drives the ball onwards with magnificent swimming trajectory. As he nears the putting-green if a dangerous bunker lies in the way, the mashie comes into use, and the ball, by a dexterous wrist-stroke, rises with graceful flight and lights on the smooth-mown turf. There are so many admirable natural bunkers on Musselburgh links, that the unwary stranger will easily fall a victim to their toils. He sees before him a seeming safe expanse of fine springy turf, and, having got his second stroke well away with brassie or cleek, he is sorely discomfited when the gently rolling ball suddenly disappears from view in the recesses of the sand. Even when the intervening obstacle is in full exposure, the result is perturbing to the novice, and, in his flustering effort to surmount his enemy, he is too often caught in the trap. The experienced golfer never allows the bunker to affect his game; for, without ignoring it, he will not permit it to have a disquieting effect on his nerves. Once fairly on the green, see how quickly he takes his line, noting the slightest inequalities of level, and finally sends his ball home.

The putting-green is the place where the test of really fine play comes in, and where the opportunity emerges for making up any painful shortcomings of previous performances. Most careful appreciation of the slight sloping or swelling of the turf is necessary,

for an almost imperceptible hollow may have disastrous effect upon the course of the ball. Here the poor old gutta ball, which has now fallen into decadence and disrepute, still asserts itself over its lighter rival the Haskell, with its influential train of enthusiastic patrons. Much labour and ingenuity have characterised the evolution of the ball, from the time-honoured feather stuffing down to the modern rubber-core. It is more than half a century since the idea of introducing india rubber into the constitution of the gutta ball first commended itself to those who sought to combine swiftness of flight with accuracy on the green. On an inland course, where the greens have not the smoothness and keenness of those by the sea, and where roughness of grass retards the movement of the ball, the old gutta runs with less irregularity in its course. In driving off the tee, there is little need to press with the rubber cored ball, and it is marvellous the ease with which it flies and the gentle impetus required on the green. Still, the older ball has its unquestionable merits, and it was a considerable time before the best players took to its rival, and even now, in the hands of a powerful driver, it can hold its own. Innumerable are the claims for favour set forth by enterprising inventors, anxious to prove to the world the incomparable excellence of their wares, and startling statements are confidently advertised as to their behaviour under every possible provocation on the part of undisciplined performers. The worst of it is that,

as a friend in speaking of this tersely put it, "everything they say they will do, they won't do."

Thirty or forty years ago there were far more caddies than now, and the better known of them were often engaged for days before the game, and were sure of their pay. They utilised their leisure time by making clubs or balls, and some of them became distinguished as professionals. They frequented Mrs. Scott's little shop at the end of the links, where they were supplied with humbler refreshments while the gentlemen were at lunch at the club. Up to the period when the Town Council assumed charge of the links, a favourite station for the caddies waiting to be engaged was in Millhill, in front of the house long occupied by Mr. Gourlay, and later by Mr. M'Ewan, a famous club maker. At one time many members of the Honourable Company kept their clubs in a room reserved for them, and the house was long a notable resort of golfers. Of course many caddies displayed the peculiar humour and idiosyncracy indigenous in the race, and even some of the juvenile aspirants to the post showed quick appreciation of the dignity of their calling. The reply of the twelve-year-old caddie to that very dignified judge, the late Lord Moncreiff, who had remarked, "I did pretty well, my boy," was characteristic: "Weel, ma Lord, I did'na think we wad pull through."

The endurance of some of the old generations of professionals was wonderful, as in the tradition of

the remarkable case of old Willie Park and the well-known Bob Cosgrove. About 1851, on a long summer day, these two famous exponents of the game played fifteen and a half rounds of the links, starting soon after six in the morning and, with intervals for meals, finished when the shades of night fell upon the scene of their arduous task. This feat was even eclipsed by Robert Ferguson and Mr. Bloxham, from Edinburgh, of the Honourable Company, who, in 1872, actually did sixteen rounds, to break the record. The inimitable "Fiery" carried on this occasion, but had to strike after the fourteenth round.

The exploit of "holing in one" is at rare intervals witnessed on the links. Bob Ferguson has done it, playing from the "Gas" hole. An account of this feat appeared recently in the columns of the *Glasgow Herald*, as follows:—"Another instance in which holing in one was of the greatest value was in a match between the late Willie Park and the late Willie Dow over Musselburgh Links, in the summer of 1861. Park had won the championship belt in the previous year, but Dow was always willing to play him. On this occasion Park was dormy one at the 'Gas' hole, and the plateau on which the home hole at Musselburgh is placed was crowded with spectators, who, after Park had played, shouted, 'It's in! it's in!' This, however, was not the case, but the ball lay a few inches from the hole. Dow, who was of a very cheerful disposition, smiled, and said,

'I suppose there's no use playing, but I may as well have a go at it.' The ground was hard and dry, as it frequently is in the height of summer. Dow took 'a rattle at it' with his putter, and as the ball struck the back of the hole and dropped in, the cheering was loud and long continued."

From the "Sea" hole to the "Table" is a long distance, but, amongst others, John Park has done it in two, the second shot being from his cleek. In 1901, Robert Turnbull and two friends playing with him each did the "Sea" hole in two—a much easier feat, however. In 1904, the "Sea" hole was taken in one by a gentleman from Edinburgh, playing off from the medal hole at Forman's. It is good play to do the "Graves" hole in four, though it has often been done in three. Indeed, a good many years ago, one of the masters of Loretto did the first three holes of the links to Forman's in twelve, and it has been done in eleven, but that was a rare exhibition of first-class play. In 1865 Mr. Goddard gained the medal for the two rounds in seventy-six strokes.

Much of the prosperity of the Musselburgh golf links was due to the Honourable Company of Edinburgh, although, for a long time, their headquarters were at Leith. In the latter portion of the eighteenth century, men like President Forbes of Culloden, Sir Hew Dalrymple, Sir George Grant Suttie, and other golfers of good social position, were prominent members of the club. The day of

competition for the silver club offered by the city of Edinburgh was duly notified by tuck of drum, the competition to be decided by strokes. The victor in the contest had to give caution for £50 for the safe custody of the trophy, but he was entitled to pocket all the crowns which each member who entered on the competition had to contribute, the amount being duly entered in a book. Among other curious customs, a fine of one or two "tappit hens" of claret was exacted from any member not playing in a red coat, and Mr. Wood, who won the club medal in eighty-seven strokes, was thus mulcted.

Dr. Carlyle, the well-known minister of Inveresk during the latter half of the eighteenth century, was a regular player, and there is a passage in his diary recording how, one day, he astonished David Garrick in the grounds of his villa on the Thames by the accuracy with which he drove a ball under an archway. He describes how, with the second stroke, he made the ball alight at the mouth of the gateway and roll down into the river. The doctor also gained the valuable cup which had been presented to the Musselburgh Club in 1774 by Mr. M'Millan of Shorthope.

VIII.—TRADITIONS:

PRESTONPANS AND PINKIE.

Dr. Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk, known as "Jupiter" Carlyle, from having been more than once painted in that Olympian character, was ordained minister of the parish in August, 1748. At that time, as we learn from his autobiography, the society of Inveresk and Musselburgh numbered amongst its members a good many notable personages. Sir James Dalrymple of Newhailes, with his family, were regular attenders at the church; also Mr. James Graham, advocate, a man of great capacity for business, as well as of distinguished intellect. Lord Elchies, who lived at Carbery, was regularly in the church, forenoon and afternoon, and there being an aisle in the edifice belonging to the estate, with a room off it, he and his family indulged in a cold collation between the services. He also acted as an elder, and was considered eminent as a judge, having a great knowledge of the law. Sir Robert Dickson of Carbery, having run through his whole fortune, occupied the dwelling opposite Inveresk House, then known as Rosebank. He managed to live with his wife and daughters upon the modest income of £130, derived from an

office in the Excise, but he was rather addicted to low company. Mr. Colin Campbell lived at Pinkie House with his family, the younger portion of whom had been on intimate terms with Dr. Carlyle.

At Inveresk also resided John Murray, Clerk of Session, of the Ochtertyre family, who, having been a noted rake and spendthrift, had married Luckie Thom, a celebrated tavern keeper, he being heavily in her debt. His daughter and he liked company, and he entertained many of the Jacobite party, Dr. Carlyle being frequently at their house. The family house of Inveresk was occupied by Mr. Oliver Colt, who had recently come into a large fortune. He used to be much in the society of the magistrates and burghers of Musselburgh, but when he grew wealthy, they rather seemed to withdraw from his friendship. Subsequently he married a lady of aristocratic connections, and who was extremely fond of banquets and revelry.

Dr. Carlyle was always on the best of terms with the families of distinction, and also occasionally consorted with the burghers who, though wanting in polish, were kindly and sociable. He did not, however, care much for the magistrates and councillors, who were strong Whigs and Presbyterians, but rather of low habits. He mentions that all the burghers, except two old magistrates, kept up the ancient custom at their family feasts of making the company pay for their drink. "There were few or no shops in the town, and but one in each of the

streets of Musselburgh and Fisherow where even a pound of sugar could be bought, and that always one penny per pound dearer than at Edinburgh." One other intimate of the doctor's was Commissioner Cardonnell, whose father, Adam de Cardonnell, was once secretary to the Duke of Schomberg, the friend of William III., who was killed at the battle of the Boyne. He was a man of great honour and integrity, a most agreeable companion, a racy *raconteur* of stories, and lived hospitably on a small income. The town of Musselburgh owes a good deal to his taste and enlightened ideas, the planting of the trees on the Mall having been his suggestion. Lastly, Mr. Hew Forbes of Loretto, a witty, agreeable man, and nephew of the famous President Duncan Forbes, at whose suggestion he had purchased the fine old villa from its then owner, Mr. John Steel, who had kept it as a tavern. Tobias Smollett, the historian and novelist, was occasionally a visitor at the manse, and Carlyle's estimate of him was, "a man of very agreeable conversation and of much genuine humour, and though not a profound scholar, possessed a philosophical mind, and was capable of making the soundest observations on human life and of discerning the excellence or seeing the ridicule of every character he met with. Fielding only excelled him in giving a dramatic story to his novels."

Before Dr. Carlyle settled at Musselburgh, he resided in his father's manse at Prestonpans, and in

his diary there is a careful account of what he beheld of the famous battle. He had an opportunity of seeing Prince Charles Edward in Edinburgh, and notes his appearance. "He was a good-looking man of about five feet ten inches, his hair was dark red and his eyes black. His features were regular, his visage long, much sunburnt and freckled, and his countenance thoughtful and melancholy." A few days before the battle he called for Colonel Gardiner, and found him looking pale and dejected, which he attributed to fatigue and bad health. Colonel Gardiner remarked to young Carlyle, "I'll tell you in confidence that I have not above ten men in my regiment whom I am certain will follow me, but we must give them battle now, and God's will be done."

Dr. Carlyle describes how the Highlanders lay with their right close to Tranent, a few companies near the churchyard, while Cope's soldiers, with six or seven pieces of cannon, were about a third of a mile on the low ground north of the church. Young Carlyle again saw Colonel Gardiner, who called for his cloak as he wished to lie down on the field, and he found him "grave but serene and resigned." Next morning Carlyle heard the first shot of the battle, and ran into his father's garden, from the corner of which he could nearly survey the whole battlefield. Although a bare quarter of an hour had elapsed, he saw the fields filled with the run-away royal soldiers, while the Highlanders were in full pursuit. The latter had attacked Cope's troops

after firing once, and then rushed on with drawn swords. The dragoons made a feeble attempt at a charge, but presently wheeled off in rapid retreat, while the Colonel at the head of his division attempted to charge, though he was only followed by eleven of his men. After receiving several wounds, he was struck to the ground by a cut from a broadsword over the head, and was carried to the manse of Tranent, where next morning he died.

In characteristic style, Carlyle describes how, after the battle, "a Highland officer, whom I knew to be Lord Elcho, passed with his train, and had an air of savage ferocity that disgusted and alarmed. He inquired fiercely of me where a public house was to be found; I answered him very meekly, not doubting but that if I had displeased him with my tone his reply would have been with a pistol bullet." He contrasts this ferocious soldier with the polite manner of the Duke of Perth, who, shortly after, came up and asked in a very different tone the way to Collector Cheap's, whither he had ordered some wounded officers. Also he encountered Lochiel, and does not fail to remark upon his "polished and gentle" demeanour, while other officers were quite civil and gentlemanlike. His comments upon the rebel army are not favourable: "In general they were of a low stature and dirty, and of a contemptible appearance," and he considers that nothing but the "most unaccountable bad conduct on our part would have possibly given them the victory."

A very different result of the encounter between what was a powerful host of the English, commanded by the Duke of Somerset, and a Scottish army under the Governor, the Earl of Arran, took place at the battle of Pinkie, on 10th September, 1547. Tytler, the Scottish historian, gives a clear and animated account of this great disaster to the Scots. After describing the unfortunate manœuvre by which the Governor threw away the strong position he held, and took the insane step of ordering his forces to cross the Esk in the face of the enemy, Tytler continues his narrative. Lord Grey, the English leader, "observing the Scottish infantry advancing at so round a pace that many deemed them to be rather cavalry than foot, he waited for a short space till Lord Warwick was pretty well up with the enemy, and then, commanding the trumpets to sound, charged down the hill at full gallop right against the left wing of Angus's division. The shock at first was dreadful, but the superiority of infantry over cavalry was soon evinced. The Scottish foot were armed with spears eighteen feet in length, far exceeding that of the lances of the men-at-arms, and they knew well how to avail themselves of this advantage. Angus, on observing the intention of the English, had commanded his men to form in that formidable order which had often effectually resisted the chivalry of England. Nothing could be more simple, but nothing more effective; the soldiers closed inwards, so near as to appear locked together

shoulder to shoulder; the first line stooped low, and almost knelt, placing the butt end of their pike against the right foot, grasping it firmly with both hands, and inclining its steel point breast high against the enemy; the second rank crossed their pikes over their shoulders; the third assumed the same position, and so on to whatever depth the column might be, giving it the appearance of a gigantic hedgehog, covered with an impenetrable skin of steel bristles. Against such a body, if the men stood firm, the finest cavalry in the world could not make any serious impression. It happened, also, that a broad muddy ditch or slough lay between the English and the Scottish foot, into which the horses plunged up to the counter, and with great difficulty cleared it. Yet, undismayed by these adverse circumstances, Lord Grey, heading his men-at-arms, struggled through, and with his front companies charged full upon the enemy's left. No human force, however, could break the wall against which he had thrown himself; and in an incredibly short space of time two hundred saddles were emptied, the horses being stabbed in the belly with the spears, and the riders who had fallen speedily dispatched by the whingers, or short double-edged daggers, which the Scots carried at their girdle. Such was the fate of Shelly, Ratcliff, Clarence, Preston, and other brave and veteran commanders of the Bulleners. Flammock, who carried the English standard, saved the colours, but left the

staff in the hands of the enemy. Lord Grey himself was dangerously hurt in the mouth and neck. Many horses, furious from their wounds and plunging in their agony, carried disorder into their own companies; and such was soon the inextricable confusion into which the whole body of the men-at-arms was thrown, that a portion of them, breaking away, fled through the ranks of their own division, whilst Lord Gray had the greatest difficulty in extricating the rest, and retreating up the hill with their shattered and wounded remains. At this critical moment, had Angus been supported by the rest of the army, or had the Scots possessed any body of men-at-arms who, by a charge, might have improved their advantage, the English would in all probability have been undone."

Tytler then goes on to describe how the precious moment was lost, when the Earl of Warwick restored the ranks of the English, and a sudden panic seized the Scottish army, who turned and fled in all directions.

APPENDIX.

Mr. R. M'D. Stirling has kindly favoured the author with the following notes :—

"Grammar School.

"See the water-colour, 'East end of the High Street about 1820,' in Council Chamber; boys playing on the street represent scholars of the old Grammar School, where amongst them might be found the late Earl of Stair, Fleet Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, and his elder brother, David Milne Home, who did so much to promote meteorological study and the establishment of Ben Nevis Observatory; 'Delta,' and Drummond of Drummond Light fame, who was the draughtsman of the 1832 Reform Bill.

"'Mansie Wauch.'

"Perhaps the only building associated with this most exquisite story of local character still intact is that of ex-Bailie White in the High Street. When the book appeared, the property in question formed the shop and dwelling-house of Bailie Begg, and in the parlour behind the shop the manuscript was said to have been prepared. Next, to the west, was a very old narrow-fronted tenement of two storeys, and having an outside stair to the upper flat. The ground-floor formed the establishment of 'Cursecowl.' In the east end of a row of thatched cottages, opposite the confectionery works, there lived the original prototypes of Mansie

himself and of Deacon Paunch, of whose identity no secrecy seemed to be made. How keen an interest the story awakened among the natives may be judged from the lingering tradition that the villagers in Inveresk put their pence together to secure a copy of *Blackwood* on the day of publication. When evening came they assembled in an agreed upon rendezvous and impatiently awaited the eagerly desired book's arrival by carrier. The instalment was then read aloud amid suppressed excitement, till opportunity could be had to spot the characters and discuss the details."

Duel between the Marquis of Argyle and Earl of Crawford.

Sir James Balfour, in *Annals of Scottish History*, writes as follows :—

"To remember how in the preceding year the Marquis of Argyle and the Earl of Crawford went out to Musselburgh links to fight the combat. The Earl of Lanark was second to Crawford, and Colonel James Innes of Sandsyde to Argyle. All that was on them could not make Argyle to fight till he saw Colonel Haddan, the Chancellor's man, come in to 'pertey' them. Then was he something stout and refused to subscribe the paper, which he would have formerly done (I believe against his will), but had been forced either to do it, or else to cast off his doublet and boots which he was wondrous loath to do in respect of the coldness of the weather. For this great escape Argyle

became a very humble penitent to the Committee of the Kirk, acknowledging this foolish act of his to be a scriptural desertion. On this the ensuing General Assembly made Act, 12 August, 1648, against duels."

Guthrie, in his *Memoirs,* alludes to it as a combat betwixt the Marquis of Argyle and the Earl of Crawford, Lindsay, to be fought on Monday, 21 March, at 5 o'clock morning, on the links of Stoneyhill—Major Innes, Argyle's second, and Lanark, Crawford's.

Rushworth also alludes to the duel as "some distaste the Treasurer took at a passage in Andrew Cant's sermon, Sunday last being a Fast Day—on great provocation my Lord Treasurer in Scotland had a challenge from the Marquis of Argyle."

Golf—Past and Present.

In an interesting biographical sketch which appeared in a recent number of *Golf Illustrated,* Willie Park thus writes :—"I am one of those who believe that, notwithstanding all the records that are flying about in these days, golf is not played any better than it used to be. Clubs have improved, and balls fly farther, but I do not think that the golf played is one whit better than it was in the good old days, for good they really were. Who among amateurs plays better golf than Mr. Leslie Balfour Melville used to play? I hope it will not look at all like conceit if I make a comparison between my own play in the early period, and in a much later one, which I do only because it is that

which is most convincing to me personally of the truth of what I say. In 1885 I played in an open tournament at Troon, and won the first prize from a field that included all the finest players of the day—Bob Ferguson, then at the top of the tree; Willie Fernie, Willie Campbell, and others. In 1898, after an interval of thirteen years, Harry Vardon only beat me by a putt for the Championship, and I am quite confident that I can play quite as well now as I did then. If that is so, does it not then suggest that the professional golfers of the olden time could play the game as well as champions do to-day, making proper allowance for difference of conditions. This opinion may not be shared by others, but I hold it very strongly, and that without any desire to belittle the fine skill and the great achievements of the new generation of golfers who have no greater admirer than I."

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