

PRESTOUNGRANGE



A Baron's Tale

William Grant might well be an ardent upholder of The Union in 1745 as Baron of Prestoungrange, but his mistress Anne Stewart is an equally ardent Jacobite. Together they survive the dangerous months when Bonnie Prince Charlie claims the British throne for his father winning a stunning victory close by William's lands at Prestonpans. The aftermath of the '45 finds Anne in exile with their son James whilst William as Scotland's Lord Advocate must prosecute her friends and as Union MP destroy the powers of Clan Chiefs and his own as Baron.

William's marital life at Prestoun Grange is calmly presided over by his artistic wife Griseldine, who necessarily enjoys herself in William's frequent absence with the artists of Edinburgh. But she does not neglect the education or the need of fine marriages for their daughters thus eventually enabling William to establish male entail for his estates with the Suttie family which lasts till 1997. In that year William's wish to discover how that entail fares is granted as he encounters the next and 14th Baron who is both ensuring the town's history is collated but also honoured, to Griseldine's great delight, through the arts. Anne adds to the excitement when she rejoins them to celebrate the return of Scotland's own Parliament.

By 2009, a spectacular history now brought up to date, it is the turn of the 14th Baron to wonder how his entail might fare as he takes his leave!

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Cuthill Press

The Cuthill Press is the division of Prestoungrange University Press [PUP] that publishes novels and other works of fiction, including the factitious.

It contrasts with the mainstream publications by PUP of non-fiction historical works in association with Burkes Peerage & Gentry. Cuthill Press nonetheless advances the same community mission as PUP, which is to honour our local history through all the creative arts for the socioeconomic regeneration of Prestonpans and vicinity. Such creativity potentially raises both the artist's self esteem and that of the community at large and leads to the Hope and Ambition for Victory in life that Prince Charles Edward exemplified in the '45.

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from . . . *Prestoungrange*



Cuthill Press

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FOREWORD

We have called this book a novel although it is perhaps a new genre – an autobiographical novel. It comes from the interchangeable pens of long ago William Grant and my contemporary self, both in our time feudal Barons of Prestoungrange.

William Grant was determined to establish a male entail for his 10,000 acre estate after his daughters had in turn enjoyed it. More than that as an early genealogist he ‘wished’ that he might one day find out how it all turned out. When would it end, and who would take up the feudal responsibilities when it did? Although as Scotland’s Lord Advocate in 1746 William saw to it that baronial powers were greatly trimmed, little did he expect that on my watch that estate would have withered to two acres and that feudalism would be abolished altogether in 2004. Since 2004 the Baron of Prestoungrange stands in law simply as ‘a dignity in the nobility of Scotland’ – whatever that might mean.

This novel is William’s wish come true and he made sure he played a key part in writing it. The ‘Tale’ William and his wife Griseldine tell together in these pages until 1987 frequently and quite deliberately makes fiction out of fact and greatly embroiders that too. William probably had a mistress or two, but the Jacobite lady Anne he adores in these pages is our own confection. And we certainly have no evidence there was a son called James. Robert Pryde, who really did petition William as a collier in 1746 might well have subsequently worked for the Cadells after Prestongrange Pit closed – but we have no proof of that. Nevertheless, a direct descendant of Robert Pryde today, Sandra, greatly assisted me

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with information on his Petition in 1746 and her line of descent, although all her contemporary sequences relating to Robert described in these pages are entirely fictitious.

However, where we cite the names of all other living personalities who have played a significant part in feudal Prestoungrange post 1997 on my watch, there is no fiction, only fact. We wanted to name them here because they are indeed jointly and severally responsible for what happened since William's entail ended, and such achievements as there have been are their's.

Whilst it is always invidious so to do I must single out for my deepest personal thanks three who have been outstandingly talented and constant throughout – Sylvia Burgess, Anne Taylor and Andrew Crummy. Without them it could scarce have happened at all.

There is another group of people also named and whose work is fact not fiction. They are the authors of the myriad historical studies completed in Prestonpans since 1997 that explored the history before that date led by Jim Forster, Jane Bonnar and Annmarie Allan. It is their work which enabled William to understand how his entail fared after his death in 1764 right through to 1997. It appears in two important books – *Tales of the Pans* and *Prestonpans: a social and economic history across 1,000 years*.

* * *

There is no need for our readers to believe in ghosts or the baronial reincarnation we have employed here to enjoy the history of Prestonpans told through baronial eyes. But having the reincarnated assistance of William and Griseldine, along with his factitious mistress Anne, and of Robert Pryde, has greatly aided me in its completion. It has meant that the town's extraordinary

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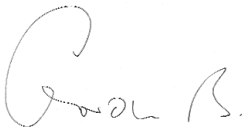
history can be told as an autobiographical novel and I hope as such it will reach an even wider audience than our history has thus far through our murals, literature, music, theatre sculpture and poetry.

We vowed from the outset to seek to use 'all the arts' to assist our town's continuing socioeconomic regeneration in the 20th and 21st centuries and I hope that this novel can take its place alongside the art already accomplished in meeting that challenge.

* * *

This novel is also my personal 'Application for the Chiltern Hundreds'. When I retired in 1997 from my career as a university teacher to the remaining two acres of baronial lands, or rather seashore, I had no notion of what might transpire – any more than my illustrious predecessor William did for his entail. Avril and I resolved to enjoy a decade infert and then to pass over the role to our older son Mathew. Our younger son Julian had already assumed my second dignity as Baron of Dolphinstoun.

What we have all learned and experienced, what we have shared, what we have thoroughly enjoyed, is documented in these pages. It has been surreal. We very much wanted to tell it because it has given us so much unexpected pleasure and because we have met so many kind, talented and caring people. And we wanted to say thank you to all of them for letting us in and helping us fulfil some of our own life ambitions in the process. I trust this novel does our decade some modest justice.



Gordon Prestoungrange
East Lodge

1745

William Grant had so many reasons to be pleased even content with life. He had just turned 44 with much to look forward to.

His family were now comfortably settled in their new home eight miles east from Edinburgh along the Forth at Prestoun Grange. His legal career continued to delight his father, Lord Cullen, having already seen him as Solicitor General for five years and now continuing successfully in the Faculty of Advocates. He enjoyed the enthusiastic support there of both the Duke of Argyll as Lord Justice and of the Lord President Duncan Forbes.

His mistress Anne was younger than him, barely 30. She was uncomplaining at the stresses and vagaries of his daily duties and his necessary family commitments. He adored her most of all for her outspoken advocacy of the Jacobite cause against the Union late into the weekday nights, knowing full well that William's accomplishments were rich fruits of that very Union. What was so refreshing was that she accorded no deference to his station in life and when their debates reached their inevitable impasse the passion of her arguments was readily matched in her embrace.

Nonetheless William certainly looked forward to taking his carriage home to Prestoun Grange each Friday afternoon. Griseldine, his wife was completing a magnificent transformation

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of the house they had finally acquired from William Morrison's estate for just £134,000. Morrison had been representative of the Barons of Scotland as a Commissioner for the Union and sealed the Articles of Union on 22nd July 1706. But it was a sad fact that although he had subsequently sat for many years as a Member of the Union Parliament in London for Haddingtonshire, his obsession with gambling had finally squandered everything his family had possessed for four generations since 1609. His father and grandfather had both in their turn been Lords of Session as Lord Prestoungrange [an office in which William secretly hoped to follow them one day], and his great grandfather Treasurer of Edinburgh.

The Morrison estate William acquired included the Crown Baronies of Prestoungrange and of Dolphinstoun with some 10,000 acres of fine agricultural land as well as extensive coal reserves, oyster farming, very significant salt panning and their own harbour at Morrison's Haven with a vigorous import/ export trade.

He had married Griseldine in 1729 when she was just 18, admittedly with his father's reluctant consent, because of the delight she took in the arts and literature, her domesticity and her ardent wish never to discuss the law. Nowhere were her artistic talents more apparent than in the way she had furnished and managed their new home including a nursery for one year old Christian and the fine way she was educating and presenting their other three daughters Janet, Agnes and Jean. Indeed William had had only one disagreement with all that Griseldine had wrought at Prestoun Grange – the disappearance of the painted ceiling in the first floor drawing room. The ceiling was attributed locally to the patronage of the first Baron infest after the Reformation, Mark Ker, whose descendant was now Marquis of Lothian but who in 1581 was but Commendator of the lands of the Abbey of

Newbattle. It was by every account one of the finest examples of a painted wooden ceiling in the whole of Scotland although it was true that several of the images were quite vulgar and the whole impression grotesque. Griseldine, as a daughter of the Rev. Millar's Manse, knew beyond doubt that it must be taken out of view although her artistic pleasure in the quality of the work and even a frisson of sexual delight at some of the more vulgar images meant she had readily agreed it should be hidden rather than destroyed. Another generation with different tastes might well rediscover it and be able to enjoy it openly.

* * *

This weekend William had been determined to leave Edinburgh immediately after midday dinner on Friday. It was springtime and as he travelled eastwards his spirits rose with the season. He was greatly looking forward to making his way around the estates with Alexander Tytler, his factor, and John Rainin, his estate manager – both of whom had worked for Morrison and thankfully agreed to continue with him. Finding good men for such work was always a hazardous business. Rainin had asked if he could bring his son with him who was keen to learn how to work on the estates which seemed a fine notion.

By Friday evening they had visited the former glassworks at Morrison's Haven where, before William Morrison's descent into debt, bottles and plate glass for mirrors were made but the site was currently used as a pottery by John Thompson with more kilns at West Pans. Plans, he was informed, had long been discussed by the Gordons and Cadells to start 'industrial' pottery production although nothing seemed imminent. All parties argued quite properly that any real growth in the markets for their business beyond Edinburgh was dependent on the restoration and

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development of the Haven itself which had been so sorely neglected by Morrison although it still retained the great merit of its own tide mill and Customs House.

There and then William asked John Rainin to evaluate what might suitably be done to upgrade the Haven, in discussion with the Harbour Master Johnnie Moat of course, and all those who were already making considerable use of it. Rainin's son willingly volunteered to assist.

Both Tytler and Rainin were full of privately shared notions that they hoped the new Baron would support since they had endured an embarrassing decade of neglect and decline under William Morrison. Yet they were none too certain how or when best to present their ideas and felt the need to be cautious lest they sacrifice the roles they had thus far retained. They agreed they needed to be patient, for it seemed that the new Baron was thoroughly determined to make good of his estates and had plenty of notions of his own. Thanking them as he left, William had resolved to visit Cuthill, Salt Prestoun and Dolphinstoun Farm the following morning – Tytler and Rainin were sure such visits would generate further thoughts for improvements.

* * *

William was back at Prestoun Grange well in time to change for supper with the family. He had walked south across the park from Morrison's Haven as the sun was setting over the Forth towards Edinburgh and Leith. It was one of the greatest delights of living here by the sea edge and as he climbed the gentle incline the industrial buildings were hidden by the trees and a tranquillity descended on him that could never be his in Edinburgh. Not that this opinion was shared by baby Christian's three older sisters. Whilst they loved their new home they found the absence of a

social life immediately on hand perplexing. Early invitations to the great houses of Pinkie, Drummore, Preston, Northfield, Hamilton, Cockenzie and way off Wintoun had done nothing to allay their anxieties. They had very much enjoyed the house and parklands at Wintoun and to much amusement Janet had impertinently proposed that a loch must be created outside the beautiful withdrawing chamber windows. Griseldine had been more taken with its fine ceilings and royal cipher. But the only truly bright spot thus far for them, which was the unending topic of conversation at supper, was their recent visit to Bankton House where they had met Lady Frances and Colonel James Gardiner. He was certainly a man who understood the social needs of young ladies and he had not been afraid to argue their case with William and Griseldine. And he had regaled the children with stories of his war exploits and life in Paris whilst at the same time emphasising the virtues of a strong Christian upbringing.

The meal that they always took together on Friday evenings began this week with the local Pandores oysters. They had heard so much of them and indeed they now owned many miles of beds, but this was the very first time they had tasted them. They were certainly not disappointed, even the children. They were followed by lamb from the Lammermuirs, Musselburgh leeks and potatoes – most admirably washed down with a local ale from Mr. Fowler. William appreciated a fine claret but Griseldine and he seldom drank it with their daughters who all seemed to enjoy the ales. By eight o'clock they were ready to retire to the parlour and its roaring fire, for the evenings were still markedly chilly.

Janet and Agnes were already well accomplished musicians, thanks to Griseldine's insistence, and they played the harp and sang several of their favourite songs. But as always they had added something new to their repertoire and on this occasion William was greatly intrigued. It was *Gelie Duncan's Song*. "She," Janet

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proudly announced, “had been executed locally as a witch more than a century ago in the time of James VI.”

She was just one of a great many who had suffered across the baronies as the Kers held their Baronial Courts in the hysteria that had arisen when James’ new wife Anne of Denmark had been prevented by storms from reaching Edinburgh. James had blamed local women accusing them and their cats of treasonable actions by witchcraft. Even Shakespeare, Griseldine reminded them all, had echoed those tragic times in the opening scene of the ‘Scottish Play’, *Macbeth*.

William was adamant the family evening should not end with such talk of witches. The harsh laws against such misguided individuals, passed in the reign of Queen Mary at the urging of the reformed church, had been replaced by a much more lenient treatment in 1736 just before he had become Solicitor General. He had indeed been amongst the strong advocates of the change although the former Lord of Session Lord Grange of Preston, a quite despicable individual who had lived for many years previously at Preston House, had sat in Parliament at the time and made a most extraordinary speech in favour of the status quo. But William didn’t want to go there tonight, or the grizzly saga of Lord Grange’s kidnap of his wife Rachel to Skye then her faked funeral because she had threatened to reveal his Jacobite sympathies would have come up yet again. He had heard that tale many a time from Anne and the children loved hearing it too.

So he deliberately brought the conversation back to the Gardiners. Was Griseldine yet ready to entertain at Prestoun Grange? And if so how soon could they invite the Gardiners to join them for a day? In fact she was pleased to agree that the sooner they could come the better. Company was needed sooner rather than later. She knew from their earlier visit to Bankton that she could talk and share her domestic issues with Lady Frances

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and discuss how her plans to grow vegetables for the family table could be achieved. There could not be much further delay with planting. And Lady Frances had the greatest experience with children so could discuss her concerns about Christian. On hearing their mother's reply, as William knew they would, his daughters hurried off to their bedrooms chattering gleefully.

* * *

William was up and dressed at sunrise before all the others in the house. He made his way to the kitchens and helped himself to a bowl of the porridge which was always on the stove. He had every intention of taking his dinner at Lucky Vint's Tavern, already his favourite spot for its whiting although there were almost a dozen more to choose from close by, so he ate no more but made his way to the stables where his horse was swiftly prepared. He resolved to ride up to Birsley Brae before returning to meet Tytler and Rainin at Cuthill at 9 am. It was not an easy journey because there was considerable marshy ground to be crossed so he rode cautiously, but his horse knew the way and he soon arrived just west of Tranent, being the border of his lands. From there he gazed down across many of the other acres he was so pleased to own and over to Fife. It was a beautiful clear, crisp morning which his horse seemed to enjoy as much as he. If only that marshland could be drained somehow there would be a great deal more scope for arable crops.

He had heard talk of what a magnificent job Dutch engineers had done at Goteborg in Sweden which sent a regular ship to Morrison's Haven. He would ask Tytler if he had any good contacts across the sea when they met. A wild thought perhaps but he wanted to make a distinctive mark on his lands over the coming decade.

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He made his way back to Cuthill first riding down along the bank of the Red Burn before turning west. Rainin with his son had already arrived and Tytler soon joined the three of them. Cuthill [which he had quickly learnt to pronounce ‘Kittle’] lay less than half a mile east of Morrison’s Haven and provided housing for many of those using the harbour and working in the local pit and salt pans. It had been created a Burgh of Barony in the days when Newbattle Abbey owned the lands but the battering its coastline housing took in winter meant that many of its houses overhung the rocks and were barely habitable. Inland from the sea the housing was still poor but obviously for those in better employment. Many of them in both locations were thirled and bound to William’s estate as salters or coal miners for life.

There was no marked improvement in the condition of the dwellings towards the east over the Red Burn to Salt Prestoun which continued to flourish as a major provider of salt in Scotland despite the illegal and hated imposition of the English Salt Tax following the Union. The tax had led to much smuggling indeed Morrison had himself twice fallen foul of the Excise a decade or more before. For William Grant salt was his most successful enterprise contributing more than half his total income on the estates he had just acquired.

The pans on the beach were too numerous to count and were hives of activity belching smoke from their burning coals that mingled with the steam from the boiling sea water. William frankly knew nothing of chemistry but with Rainin’s careful guidance he was beginning to understand the jargon, and the three divisions in the panning process. It started with bucket pots or reservoirs that simply captured the seawater at high tide or by the much more laborious bucket-in-hand methods that saw water taken from farther out where the salinity was higher. The bucket pots afforded two major benefits – some evaporation occurred

and heavier matter sank to the bottom and could be readily excluded at the next division. From the bucket pots the sea water was transferred by long poles or wands to what were called sole pans that stood well off the ground so that the fires could be kindled beneath. These sole pans were typically about 14 feet by 7 wide and 18 inches high.

For William the most fascinating process was the final purifying of the salt by adding putrid clotted blood from local slaughter houses to the seething sea water. This quickly turned to a bubbling brown scum as the albumen in the blood coagulated and carried the impurities to the surface with it where it could be skimmed off. Once that was done the boiling brine was as clear as crystal with no suspended matter. Creech cogs removed the sulphate of lime still present at the coolest end of the pans where it precipitated out and as the salt itself now crystallised it could be drawn to one side with rakes and shovelled out. All that then remained was known as bittern which contained salt of iodine, bromine and magnesia which was barrelled and sold in its fluid state.

As they visited this morning, some of the sole pans were already calmed for cooling since no work would take place tomorrow on Sunday except such repairs as may be needed.

Try as he did to be patient in listening to Rainin at the pans, and his constant urgings of the salters to use bucket-in-hand to save on the coals, the overpowering stench always hastened William's departure from this vitally important part of his estate. It was a relief therefore to dismiss Tytler and Rainin and turn his horse south towards Dolphinstoun Farm. The barony had only recently been added to the Prestoun Grange estate and although there were some coal heughs to be seen it was almost exclusively devoted to agriculture. There were some thirty workers on the farm's land, many in the fields who stood and stared as he approached, and he soon saw the Clydesdale horses used for

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ploughing and moving the wagons. The Farm House lay on the Dunbar Road and included a fine dovecot which supplemented their own supplies at Prestoun Grange, together providing a very welcome addition to their diet. William's understanding of agriculture was quite modest but Griseldine and Janet, his eldest daughter, were particularly keen that the farm should not only be a source of good income but also provide as much produce for their own table as possible. This implied what was increasingly known as market gardening which Janet informed them all could be greatly improved by rotation of the crops grown in sequence each year. William was more concerned about fish and had been disappointed to find how few fishing vessels went out from Morrison's Haven. The two harbours outside his lands at Cockenzie and Port Seton were the hub of that activity. It was those boats that caught the whiting he was shortly to eat at Lucky Vint's Tavern.

When he got there, the tavern was bustling with sailors from the Haven but a few tables were set aside for those like William with serious appetites at dinner, and he had an unimpeded view of the Forth as he ate and once again drank some of Mr Fowler's ale. Fowler's brewery was on the far side of Salt Prestoun, towards Cockenzie. He had not yet visited the brewery but he had already been introduced to Mr Fowler at Prestoun Church and his brewery could be seen immediately below the northern entrance to the church and the hops smelt therein much of the while.

William sat alone but it was clear that most of those drinking there were only too well aware who he was and were used to seeing the local lairds, especially Lord Grange who had a record of contemptible behaviour towards indwellers as well as his wife. He was glad when, before he had finished his whiting, he saw Rainin and his son arrive and waved them over to join him which they readily did.

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They wanted to discuss some of the ideas for the harbour improvement which they had already got from Johnnie Moat when they had gone down to see off a Dutch ship on the noon tide. The most important issue they said was to ensure proper dredging of the harbour to allow larger vessels in and out because that was a more efficient way to trade. When that happened some new warehousing would be needed perhaps on the site of the old fort. William agreed that both ideas indeed sounded sensible but before he would be making serious investment in the harbour he wanted to see a broad plan and some details of the expectations of the various traders. Rainin and his son were asked to do that during the coming weeks and report back again to William.

* * *

He left Lucky Vints by three o'clock riding directly to the stables, instructing the footman that the family would take the carriage to church at 9.30 am tomorrow. He made his way towards the house and could see that Griseldine, Janet, Agnes and Jean were all sitting painting on the south lawn creating an extraordinary collection of images – two dogs, a thorn tree, the stables he had just left and Prestoun Grange itself. They were well wrapped up because the Spring weather still had a chill about it by the early afternoon. They looked like an art class in progress which in truth they were since Griseldine was a good artist and teacher to their daughters. Baby Christian was well cared for lying on a blanket close by them although her artistic concentration was at a much lower level.

As they saw him approach Janet jumped up and ran to tell him they had all decided to invite the Gardiner's in four weeks time, if he agreed of course, and that their mother had confirmed the house would be completely ready by then. They had learnt that

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the Colonel intended to be away by July to England first to Scarborough for his health and then to visit with his great friend and evangelist Dr Doddridge, in Northampton. If he was at church tomorrow they wanted to issue the invitation there and then.

William was more than happy to agree. He realised that it meant much of the evening would be devoted to planning what to wear and how to entertain the Gardiners, and that a visit by all the ladies to Edinburgh was unavoidable as the preparations were made, but Anne was understanding and all would be well. He was resolved to insist that they began to make their planting plans for Dolphinstoun Farm although he knew that Giseldine would only wish to finalise them after talking with Lady Frances.

The evening went precisely as he had anticipated and he and Griseldine were abed before ten.

* * *

At precisely 9.30 the carriage came to the front entrance and all the family, save Christian who remained, were quickly seated. It was little more than a mile to Salt Prestoun Church. They travelled east along the Dunbar Road, across the Red Burn to Prestoun and then turned north past Hamilton and Northfield houses and the sadly derelict Prestoun Tower. They arrived several minutes before 10 avoiding many carriages already drawn up along West Loan and entered the church acknowledging as many as they could as they made their way to their rightful pew. James Gardiner and Lady Frances arrived shortly after they were seated and well before the Rev. William Carlyle entered to commence the service.

The Rev. Carlyle had been at great pains to explain on their first visit that he had been Minister of Salt Prestoun since 1724 and that he was the twelfth in line from its founder the Rev. John

Davidson, a Minister well known throughout Haddingtonshire as a Covenanter and a former student of John Knox at St Andrew's. He had been a thorn in the side of both Regent Morton and later James VI by whom he had eventually been exiled to the county Presbytery and thence to our small seaside town of Salt Prestoun in 1595.

William had already learnt something of Davidson's exploits in the town for the decade he was Minister during which he built the church in which they now sat. He had also been responsible for the Manse and the school as had been required. No Minister had stayed in Salt Prestoun for the previous 50 years since the Battle of Pinkie when the Earl of Hertford had so damaged the villages and the tower.

The Rev. Carlyle was clearly determined to impress William, and to remind his whole congregation once again of John Davidson's contribution to the life of the Parish. He took as his text for the day the same text that Davidson had taken when he preached for the first time in this very place – Matthew 4.16: *"The people who sat in darkness have seen a great light."* As he spoke the Minister continually turned towards William to make his points which William frankly found embarrassing. Not that he was unaccustomed to being a centre of attention in his law offices but in the House of God he felt it totally inappropriate. He was not sure how he might prevent such uncalled for behaviour in the future but he was resolved to try. William's father had actually absented himself from Carlyle's church for this very reason when he had lived locally at Athelstane Lodge.

The moment the service concluded Janet and Agnes flew to Lady Frances with the family's invitation. Griseldine and William knew they would not stand on etiquette but they made their way over as quickly as they could to join in the invitation. By the time they eventually reached James and Lady Frances the invitation

had already been accepted. The only delay they encountered en route was when Alexander, the Minister's son and himself studying to become a Minister, introduced himself most politely hoping they had felt benefit from his father's words. William and Griseldine equally politely agreed that had been the case.

He was an intriguing young man by all accounts, greatly enamoured with dancing and active in Edinburgh's intellectual community with friends in Adam Smith, David Hume and Robert Adam. William felt he would want to get to know him better in the coming months and said so. It even crossed his mind that his daughters might find him a good companion as they began venturing to Edinburgh with their mother.

The Gardiners had certainly benefited from Mathew 4.16. James had followed an extraordinarily dissolute youth which behaviour had continued throughout military service until a Damascene moment in Paris, as he awaited yet another tawdry assignation, had turned him to the Christian faith from which he had never since wavered. Surprisingly William's daughters had not found the Colonel's evangelical outbursts that had punctuated his story telling on their visit to Bankton at all irksome. They were well versed in the scriptures from both their mother and indeed William. They had found his attentiveness to their concerns flattering as children do, and his anecdotes entertaining.

William himself, and Griseldine, were not so comfortable with James Gardiner's ways but had no intention of discouraging their daughters' excitement at the prospect of the visit now agreed. Whilst they too found his story telling engaging and could readily accommodate his evangelical fervour, they were more than a little anxious for the overall state of his mind and his physical health, and Lady Frances had confided her own concerns to them when they had visited earlier. They accordingly resolved that the visit to Prestoun Grange should be treated as a relaxing time for James

and Lady Frances and that a party with other guests invited would not be appropriate. Within such constraints Janet and her sisters were now permitted to make their own suggestions as to how the visit should go as they made their way home.

Monday was to be a very busy day at the courts in Edinburgh for William, so after dinner he left the family to themselves and retired to his study to absorb the legal papers he must master. He was due for a further tiresome encounter with Lord Advocate Robert Craigie, an ineffectual man he held in little affection from all too many days working with him when William was Solicitor-General. Once done, he was resolved to return to the city early that evening.

* * *

Anne was already at his lodgings when he arrived at about 7 pm and they took supper together. She was clearly very excited. Her eyes sparkled and her cheeks were flushed adding greatly to the fine features of her face and her extravagant red hair. She seemed to stand taller than usual, which was just an inch or two below William himself. He truly loved her, had done so for more than seven years now ever since the day she had first called on him privately for advice at her cousin Archibald Stewart's suggestion shortly after William became Solicitor General. They'd taken dinner that day to continue their discussions and much to William's surprise and delight she had become his willing mistress within the month.

But what was tonight's news that made her this excited? It could not simply be seeing William again. They had only parted the previous Friday morning.

She had word from France that Prince Charles Edward was planning once again to set sail for Scotland to claim the thrones of

Scotland and England for his father. William was reluctant to cast any doubt on her intelligence because she and her family were certainly long standing supporters of the Jacobite cause and had suffered greatly after 1715. Her father and uncles had all fled to France and lost much of their land. But the same rumours had circulated in 1743 and 1744 causing excitement and consternation in equal parts. Few, even those like William and Lord President Forbes, and William's neighbour at Pinkie Viscount Tweeddale presently Secretary of State for North Britain, who had all prospered greatly from the Union that Queen Anne had insisted upon in 1707, believed in their hearts that far away London could ever know what was best for Scotland. But the notion that Prince Charles Edward and his father could in some manner resolve the issue was most unlikely. Had James VI, Charles I and Charles II and James VII shown any interest in Scotland once they sat on the throne in London? Certainly not – except to use General Monk as their lever to dislodge Richard Cromwell in 1660.

William wondered if the intelligence Anne spoke of had reached Sir John Cope. He could certainly make the opportunity in the coming week to see what he thought of it and what plans if any Tweeddale expected him to make. Cope was after all the senior military officer in Scotland but he had few regular troops at his disposal most of them being abroad in Flanders with either the King or his impetuous young son the Duke of Cumberland arguing about the Austrian Succession in a futile war. If the Jacobites did mount a successful campaign in Scotland it would pose some challenging questions of loyalty for William and many of his friends and colleagues in the law and commerce.

He might also ask James Gardiner the same question since he commanded a Regiment of Irish dragoons in East Lothian.

All these thoughts flashed through William's mind as Anne

spoke. She always chided him for his support of the Hanoverians. She believed passionately that loyalty to her Stewart clan and its Chief should always come first, and her chief was steadfast in the Jacobite cause. So long as Prince Charles Edward was safely in France the arguments could readily be had and the outcomes carried no bitter consequence. But could he, if the Prince landed, truly join his cause as Anne insisted every Scot must, or would he, should he, take up arms with Cope and the Hanoverians and probably lose Anne for ever and perhaps his own life? Time would tell but for this evening he was content to enjoy her company and bask in the glow and excitement that shone in her eyes.

Yes, he would seek Cope out, but he was as certain as could be that nothing would come of it. George II was proving far more popular than his father, who had never bothered to learn the language or to spend much time in Great Britain. The Prince was surely a youthful dreamer, but he would not come and even if he did, George would prevail. But he did not say this to Anne. He dare not. But he did put up a robust defence of the way in which the economy of Scotland and the expansion of the influence of the old universities had so greatly benefited since the Union which Anne disarmingly declined to contradict. Her family too had seen such benefits.

By ten o'clock she had left, still wildly excited and promising to bring more news as soon as she had it. More worrying, she cheerfully announced as she went that she was travelling to Inverness the following week to be with her family over Easter. He knew he would miss her greatly.

William's thoughts turned to what he must do in the courts in the morning, and he recalled his casual promise in church earlier that day made to Alexander Carlyle that they would meet up in Edinburgh with some of Alexander's friends, especially those from Glasgow. He was intrigued to learn more about the Moderate

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Party within the Kirk which subscribed to the ideas of Francis Hutcheson to which Alexander belonged and possibly to meet with David Hume and Adam Smith.

* * *

Monday brought early news that Lord Advocate Robert Craigie had been called by Tweeddale to London and was leaving at noon so the business he had spent Sunday afternoon attending to could not be dealt with. It was a relief as well as an annoyance. His client would be exasperated at yet another delay in defending claims that Craigie was determined to advance

So with Anne preparing her own household for Inverness he found he had ample time available to make contact with Alexander Carlyle. He asked his clerk where the Moderate Party might be contacted but he was reluctant to assist. He clearly believed that the strictures and dogmas of Knox were greatly to be preferred to the position Hutcheson suggested for the kirk of a more humane and comforting face. He had often heard Griseldine advancing Hutcheson's opinions which he knew had been her father's too, but Anne showed little interest being as devout a Catholic as one could expect to find anywhere in Scotland. William personally felt he was with Griseldine and Hutcheson on the matter following his involvement some years back as Principal Clerk and Procurator of the Church of Scotland.

Since he could apparently get no advice in his own chambers on how to trace the Moderate Party, he resolved to step out and enquire at a nearby coffee house close to the old Parliament.

As chance would have it some six Ministers were gathered in one corner so he sat close by to eavesdrop before asking them for guidance. They were engaged in heated discussion that clearly indicated the great majority disapproved of Hutcheson but two

amongst them were stubbornly for him and repeatedly described him and his views as the New Light. Before William had finished his own coffee the group broke up in good humour despite their debates nonetheless leaving the dissenting two behind, and William was not slow to lean across and pose the same question he had earlier given to his clerk. Not surprisingly they knew the answer and also knew young Alexander Carlyle. A meeting at which Hutcheson himself was expected from Glasgow was to be held on Thursday evening and they said all were always welcomed. William agreed he would make every effort to be there and looked forward to meeting them both again but most especially young Alexander Carlyle. In truth, William was more intrigued to meet Alexander's friends David Hume and Adam Smith than to become deeply involved in the affairs of the kirk. Since his earlier work as Principal Clerk, which he had found both exhausting and frustrating, he had always left it to Griseldine with her own family so deeply involved therein. Griseldine as was to be expected took all responsibility for the religious upbringing of their daughters.

As he returned to chambers his clerk was curious whether he had been able to make the contacts required and he nodded politely saying: "Just so." No more, no less. A clerk in chambers was not one to be trifled with.

From his window he looked across the North Loch. If Prince Charles Edward and a Highland army were ever to arrive in Edinburgh they would scarce arrive across that water but if a bridge was ever to be built across the land on the other bank would greatly increase in value. He wondered who was currently infert. Were there such plans? Surely he could not be the first one to gaze across and wonder?

* * *

The rest of the week passed surprisingly quickly in court and he saw Anne both on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings knowing that Thursday evening was committed to Hutcheson's meeting. He was then as always due back at Prestoun Grange after Friday dinner.

The Moderate Party Meeting was taking place at St Cuthbert's, the church immediately below the Castle, and he made his way in the gathering dusk past St Giles' Church and out of the city walls by the West Port along Grass Market. The church was perhaps a surprising choice but St Cuthbert's Minister, the Rev. Neil McVicar, was well known as a courageous man and welcomed all good argument as a way to learning. A Gaelic speaker, he had been at St Cuthbert's which was a parish of some 10,000 souls, since 1707. It was especially concerned with those Highlanders living in and about Edinburgh although he was known to have little time for the Jacobite cause. He had ardently supported the Hanoverians since his spell as Army Chaplain at Fort William not least during the 1715 Rebellion. His opinions on Hutcheson, he said, were his own. But all who wished to debate the matters were welcome in St Cuthbert's Hall and on this Thursday evening as many as sixty were gathered when William arrived, amongst them his two coffee house acquaintances and Alexander – who it must be said was flattered that so eminent a lawyer as William should have made such effort to track him down. He welcomed William in words almost as ingratiating as his father's.

William was pleased to see that Hutcheson was present as had been hoped, travelling over from Glasgow. William listened with rapt attention. He had every intention of passing on to Griseldine what he learnt this evening and he had no doubt that young Alexander Carlyle would not only wish to discuss it at length afterwards but would also report back to his father at Salt Prestoun Church. That, thought William, might give him an

opportunity to dissuade the Rev. William Carlyle from his overtly deferential behaviour each Sunday.

Hutcheson, despite his advancing years, was a most engaging speaker, without a note, walking back and forth across the room and displaying a fervent and persuasive eloquence which William and seemingly all the others found irresistible. William was particularly fascinated by how similar Hutcheson's opinions were to those he understood of Knox, not how dissimilar. As had Knox, Hutcheson argued for the right of resistance whenever one's fundamental privileges are invaded, and for popular sovereignty. Such religious ideas had the deepest implications for politics and economics where a new moral philosophy was demanded.

"We were born with a desire to be free in our own lives and our political arrangements" Hutcheson continued. "It is such freedoms that are the source of our happiness." But where William wondered might such thinking lead? There was very little evidence of such freedom for the great majority of people in Great Britain or Ireland, and certainly not for the thirled salters and miners living on his lands whose housing conditions and the education of whose children Griseldine was constantly bringing to his attention.

Hutcheson didn't seek to resolve such contradictions, he offered no answers. He argued that the ends of the freedoms that were man's right in political, social and economic spheres were not selfish. They are governed by God through each individual's own moral reasoning which leads us to personal gratification through a joyous and contented life but it is also intensely altruistic.

"No man or woman stands alone. Our willingness to be involved in the lives of our fellow men is what defines us and becomes the measure of who we are. "Action is best," he concluded, "which produces the greatest happiness for the greatest number."

William left St Cuthbert's in the company of Alexander and a visitor who had also come across from Glasgow, Adam Smith. They were both brimming over with excitement. Adam, to William's rising interest, argued how vital he believed education was to every person's ability and society's at large to increase the sum of human happiness. Knox, William offered, had been right to demand all Ministers take responsibility for ensuring schools were established in their parishes, and Adam agreed.

"The educated person was one better able to exercise their rights to freedom because the quality of their moral reasoning had been greatly improved. Individuals, showing necessary respect for their fellow men as they proceeded, can be and should be allowed the freedom to make the decisions which determined their happiness.

"Politics should only intrude upon our lives as we allowed the invisible hand of moral reasoning to determine our behaviours, when in freedom we agree rules for the greater happiness of our fellow man.

"Certainly," Adam argued, "there can be no place for politics or instruments of government to require and instruct us in place of our own moral reasoning."

William was both pleased that he would have so much to share with Griseldine at the weekend but aghast at what such moral philosophy might mean not least for himself as a feudal laird. It was true that Parliament in London and then reluctantly in Edinburgh had removed James VII from his throne and given it to Mary II and William III, and after Anne's death Parliament had again resolved to invite the Elector of Hanover to take the throne. But the Parliament now sitting in London was scarcely the organ of every individual in the land. It still protected the interests of property above all else. It classed all too many humans as 'goods in slavery' void of all rights. Could a world be envisaged where every soul would share in government through a Parliament of their

choice? Where such slavery would cease? Where no distinction would be based on gender?

As they made their way back into the city through West Port another young man who had been at Hutcheson's meeting hurried to catch up with them, and suggested they adjourn to an oyster house and tavern or even to World's End. Against his better judgement William agreed to join Alexander, Adam and the newcomer, David Hume, provided it was an oyster house.

After just the briefest of introductions, William quickly realised that this David was a distant relation of Harry Home, whom he had got to know well as Curator of the Faculty of Advocates Library in the late thirties – a formidable legal mind undoubtedly destined for the Court of Session, forever sarcastic but nonetheless one who greatly enjoyed the pleasures of life. The women found him captivating which had, William admitted, frequently made him envious until he met Anne.

David was obviously very much in awe of Harry but there was one issue on which David could not agree with him, and that was why he had been so determined to listen to Hutcheson this evening. David was quick to tell William he had no religion. He did not believe, as Harry and Hutcheson, Adam and Alexander did, that God was the driving force of moral purpose. He believed it arose from human aspirations rather than divine ones, "from mere human contrivances for the interest of society. Our reasoning should be the slave to our passions," he declared.

What William had always admired about Harry had nothing to do with religion. It was Harry's appreciation of how politics and government, with the creation of law through the ages, evolved an appropriate framework for each individual's exercise of their rightful freedom whilst ensuring respect for others. Its continuous evolution was achieved in Scotland, even since the Union, by the application of moral reasoning by judge and jury in each instance

rather than by slavish reference to previous cases as was now increasingly the norm in England.

Harry had postulated that there were four stages in the evolution of a civilised society, the first being that exercised by heads of families in primitive circumstances which required no formalised laws or government. But as that evolved to an agricultural community with a multiplicity of individuals a need did emerge for adjudication. And when such communities began to trade in market towns and through seaports such evolution brought the use 'money' in transactions creating a commercial society eventually leading to an accumulation of capital and property that can and does allow of civilisation and politeness necessarily maintained within a supportive framework of laws.

David was determined this evening to take the debate to the way in which laws can and should protect and prevent us from pursuing our desire for capital and property as the guiding force in our search for civilised lives at the expense of our fellow man, or woman or indeed slave.

“Our own moral conscience should determine the laws whilst never seeking to deny that it will always be the individual's ownership of property and capital that defines that individual in a manner that common ownership never can.”

This was heavy talk. It was not the revolutionary nature of the ideas that exhausted him it was simply the ferment of them all. Was he already too old for this sort of exchange? William could take no more for that evening and after his oysters and some fine ale he left Alexander and his friends to continue into the night. With his mind in a whirl he made his way quickly to the peace and comfort of his lodgings. It was lonely there without Anne as he rekindled the fire and sat, wondering, in his chair.

* * *

He arrived at Prestoun Grange just before sunset the following day. He'd met John Cope briefly in the morning as he was leaving the State Council who had quickly reassured him that although he, Duncan Forbes and Robert Craigie all believed talk of Prince Charles Edward coming to Scotland was make-believe, he was taking it seriously and seeking its source so he could decide what steps if any might need to be taken. Cope had already asked Tweeddale in London if there was any indication of activity in French ports as there certainly had been in 1744 until the storms had put an end to earlier plans, but no reply could be expected for several weeks. If any evidence did come to light however, he had told Tweeddale he would need to be provided with immediate support.

William, like Cope, was concerned that any response from the Regency Council in London in the aftermath of Cumberland's wasteful manoeuvres in France and with George II's continuing absence in Hanover, would be hopelessly delayed. And, privately, William could not but think Anne might know more than she was telling him. He had not pressed her on the matter, but why else her sudden decision to travel to Inverness for Easter?

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Griseldine was most pleased William had been to St Cuthbert's to hear Hutcheson speak, whom she had never met but long admired. But she was even more intrigued by what William had to report on his conversations with Adam Smith and David Hume. As a Minister's daughter herself she had not been brought up to the ways of a great lady and would scarcely wish to defend them. She had been more than anxious as to how the people of Prestoun Grange and Dolphinstoun would receive her and William when they took over from the Morrisons. But thus far

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her anxiety had been groundless. William had behaved firmly but with considerable courtesy and was spending much time trying to identify what he might most suitably do to develop the baronies and with that the welfare of those who served on them. He had the same intentions this coming weekend.

One particular notion he had intrigued her as an artist. He felt that the estate could be better managed if he was to map his entire baronial lands. The notion had occurred to him in conversation with the Governor of Edinburgh Castle, who he sometimes met socially even though William was no longer a member of the State Council. Two very talented individuals at the Castle, William Roy and Paul Sandby, were systematically creating maps of the whole of the nation, spending the summer months in the field and the winter months in the map room just outside the Castle. With such precise mapping it was argued a great deal of attention could be given to the proper and often unique development of each area. But Roy and Sandby would not be able to help for at least two summers and William wanted to make improvements well before then – not least at Morrison's Haven where the silting had to be addressed.

There were, however, considerably more pressing issues to be dealt with. Griseldine confirmed that she had received word that on Saturday, Tytler and Rainin would be at the coal pits at Morrison's Haven by 9 in the morning. They needed to begin discussions in earnest with William about the ever present problems of flooding. Unless something was done within the very near future the pits would have to close. Much of the workings were so close to the sea and at a maximum depth of 75' that it was impossible to use pit and adit gravity drainage methods although some were possible inland where they also even provided some watermill resources. Whins were however the main method used to remove the water with windlass and drum rotated by

horsepower, and they also raised some of the coal this way. But most of the coal was still raised by stair, with human labour including women and children climbing the eighty or ninety steps with each basket. Yet William knew successful coal owners elsewhere had been using Newcomen's steam engine for more than thirty years and he wondered whether it could be economically employed on his estate.

When they met next morning Tytler and Rainin both disappointed him. They had spent many months evaluating the feasibility of a Newcomen engine for Morrison to pump the water away but it was hopelessly uneconomic for the volumes available at a depth of 75' to 80'. The Prestoun Grange pits would have to close within a year. But as William knew from earlier meetings with them, they had other notions which they believed could be successful for his estate even when his coal was abandoned.

The first initiative they proposed was to use the tide mill at Morrison's Haven to grind flint for the pottery industry. It was a scheme that involved little investment and William was happy to encourage them immediately to take it further. And he took the same approach to a much more revolutionary idea that Tytler had learnt of in Edinburgh from a visitor lately up from Birmingham, one John Roebuck. Roebuck and his partner Samuel Garbett had already visited Morrison's Haven before William's arrival and were enormously enthusiastic to build capacity for the manufacture of sulphuric acid with a wholly new process that reduced the cost by a third. It was a very simple innovation that exchanged fragile glass retorts for their robust lead equivalents. Tytler was convinced that with the growing industrial demand for sulphuric acid it would be an instant success providing local employment as the pits closed and even the opportunity for later development of iron works. There was also an important development going ahead on the estates by Thomas Patterson in the manufacture of soap with

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a large boiler to the north of the High Street which used salt as the separator.

Last, but certainly not least, Rainin was keen to develop yet further the Pandores oyster beds that the barony farmed with the great benefit of its lands all along and across the foreshore down to low tide. Already they ran some several miles from Salt Preston Church west towards Musselburgh and demand was high in Edinburgh, as William knew only too well not least from his visit to the oyster house the previous Thursday with Alexander and friends. It had been Pandores oysters which they had all so greatly enjoyed.

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William was intrigued by Rainin's enthusiasm for the oysters, and asked him if he had been involved himself. He had.

"I worked as a lad on an oyster boat out of Cockenzie," he replied. "It was a great life. We could catch as many as 3,000 oysters in a couple of hours when there were three of us, but it was most enjoyable just on my own on a calm sea. Had to use the oars then. When we hauled the dredge up all manner of stones, sea weed, star fish , young lobsters and crabs came up too. We'd throw most of them back of course. And we sang a monotonous song all the while – it was supposed to charm the oysters. Everyone had their own words but my boat sang:

The herring loves the merry moonlight
The mackerel loves the wind
But the oyster loves the dredger's song
For he comes of a gentle kind

The longer William listened the more he came to appreciate that

the large estate he now owned was a mighty challenge. It was not that he did not have the resources to invest but he was much too unfamiliar with the risks involved. Without being unkind to his daughters, he had no son to interest in its conduct and since the difficult birth of Christian it was certain that Griseldine could not give him any further children. He was envious of Rainin and his obviously contented relationship with his son but envy could not help.

William's commitment to his legal career in Edinburgh could not be thrown over, nor his opportunity there to be with Anne, but it all meant he was only ever at Prestoun Grange for the weekend and if the truth be told he truly wished to spend more of that with Griseldine and the children. Despite his love for Anne he still loved Griseldine too if in a different way, and he adored his daughters.

Added to all these duties and concerns, only last month Archibald Argyll had suggested he look to take a seat in the Parliament in London with the added absences that would entail from family, and from Anne.

How could he respond to so many challenges? He knew he had to make a judgement as to whether he could trust Tytler and Rainin to carry matters forward but more than that what should his priorities be? He needed to explore it all with Griseldine. Once again he realised just how much he valued her calm advice and judgement. She had so many virtues that Anne did not even know about. She must have learnt her invaluable skills during her upbringing in the Manse.

He surprised Tytler and Rainin by taking his leave before dinner and returned to a surprised Griseldine at Prestoun Grange.

The children excepting Christian had all gone over to Drummore and Griseldine was able to give William her undivided attention as they ate cold pie and potatoes which she

had found at short notice. She was always happy when William shared his problems with her. She seldom proffered advice unasked but relished the chance to give it. It was one of the things she had always loved and admired in William – his respect for advice no matter who gave it, whether man or woman. She listened patiently as he regaled her with the myriad opportunities they had across the lands and beyond and when he had finished she simply asked:

“What makes you happiest of all?” – to which he could readily reply it was his legal career and the opportunity to be here with his family when he relaxed at weekends.

“My advice then,” said Griseldine, “is straightforward. Trust Tytler and Rainin with responsibility for the baronies as they have had the past ten years for the Morrison’s estate; and as for Parliament in London let that wait for another time when it might make more sense for your legal career.”

William was grateful and respectful of the clarity with which she saw everything and resolved there and then to accept Griseldine’s analysis. He did wonder for a moment what Anne would have said? No, he already knew. She would urge him to attempt it all, and succeed. She’d probably urge him to take her out oyster dredging on a calm sea as well.

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The next three weeks passed by without much of note. Anne was of course gone to Inverness and he greatly missed her when he was in Edinburgh. He took to visiting the oyster houses and even the World’s End on the occasional night and found he was developing a great liking for the Pandores. Cope had no news from Tweeddale in London. And the coming weekend the Gardiners were due for their visit at Prestoungrange since he was now

certainly going to be away to Northampton the following week. The children, and Griseldine at the thought of talking more with Lady Frances, were all greatly looking forward to the occasion. New clothes had been acquired after an expedition to Edinburgh the previous week and the Gardiners were expected to partake in games and even some croquet on the south lawns as well as riding on the estate as far as Dolphinstoun so that vegetable planting could be discussed.

Following Griseldine's advice, and to their great delight, Tytler and Rainin were formally placed in charge of creating formal plans for which, once approved, they would have responsibility to implement successfully. They were both surprised at the confidence William was showing in them after such a short acquaintance, but at the same time more than a little apprehensive which was perhaps for the best. Rainin had also convinced William that his son, who had impressed William from the outset with his youthful enthusiasm, should take on significant responsibilities as a junior manager for some of the planning and subsequent implementation.

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It would be wrong to say that the Gardiner's eventual visit was a let down, but the Colonel was clearly not in good health which meant he was less engaged with the children than when the family had visited at Bankton House. The children behaved well but it was not until they coaxed both Gardiner and Lady Frances onto the croquet lawn that they really started to enjoy themselves. As usual Griseldine beat them all. It was truly a game for the Ministers of the church, an opportunity to appear courteous whilst at the same time administering the most wicked rebuffs. The many years Griseldine had played as a child had given her a fine eye for

hitting the ball and just the right measure of cunning and enjoyment of the game's wicked delights that when combined with her disarming smile found her first to the post again and again.

The children well knew and admired their mother's skill much of which she had taught them. But Lady Frances and the Colonel both thought they could master her, the Colonel at one stage becoming quite distressed at one of Griseldine's most wicked croquet strikes. But any animosity that might have developed was soon resolved when Griseldine confessed her absolute ignorance on market gardening matters and pleaded with Lady Frances to point her in the right direction. The Colonel also volunteered to give his best advice which Lady Frances clearly thought an amusing proposition.

They set out for Dolphinstoun so that they could make their visit and be home for afternoon tea. The Gardiners went by their carriage but William and family all took horse and arrived before them. The workers at the Farm knew they would be coming and had made great effort to prepare the walled area by the Dolphinstoun Dovecot. The soil looked rich, and the Gardiners assured Griseldine that her eyes did not deceive her.

Lady Frances asked first what the children's favourite vegetables were hoping that not only would that ensure a continued interest by the youngest in the family in support of Griseldine, but also ensure gathering and consumption of the harvest. She also needed to know what quantities of produce they wanted to which Griseldine immediately replied: "Enough for the House but also plenty too for those who work on the Farm and more still to take to the Mercat Cross in Preston or even Edinburgh."

Lady Frances laughed at her great ambition and suggested that for the first year it would be wise to settle for more modest ambitions – perhaps the House and those at Dolphinstoun Farm itself. The Colonel nodded sagely.

The children thought for more than just a moment before replying on their favourite vegetables, which was surprising. Most children have a quick answer to such an enquiry. Eventually, Janet spoke up for them all.

“We have decided that carrots, gourds and skirrets or water parsnips are our favourites. We are none too keen on cabbage or turnips although we’ve spent much of our life eating them because we have been assured they are good for us. But in the summer when it’s warm we very much like salad herbs, radishes and cucumbers.”

Lady Frances was clearly impressed with their knowledge of vegetables and had laughed out loud when Janet talked of cabbages and turnips.

“I was always told that when I grew up I would come to love turnips in particular, but to this day I still insist on the smallest portion.”

The Colonel grimaced, clearly a man who did love his turnips along with his haggis no doubt, mused William. But he did confirm what William already knew – that he had always preferred to grow apples and had a splendid orchard at Bankton House that kept him and all his workers supplied each autumn.

Griseldine admired Lady Frances’ approach to determining what should be grown at Dolphinstoun. Taking her advice, Griseldine decided it was tactful next to ask the Farm Manager whether he agreed with the children’s choices and whether they would also be acceptable to the Farm’s own staff to share together after the kitchens at the House had been supplied, and was delighted that he did. He also commented that for all the vegetables suggested the right planting time was upon them. She did not defer for one moment to William himself since she and he both knew she was to have total discretion. Market gardening was to be her exclusive domain, and seemingly Lady Frances was to be her adviser.

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As they prepared to leave to return to Prestoun Grange for tea, she asked the Farm Manager to make arrangements with all due haste to see the seeds into the ground and if any questions arose to be immediately in contact. She specifically asked that he let them know when planting was to take place so the children could take part. Janet's enthusiasm was certainly not to be spurned.

The family and the Gardiners travelled back as they had arrived, by horse and by carriage, happily contemplating vegetables to come. Janet was almost impossible to contain. She was insistent that not only should she help with the sowings but also with the weeding and most importantly in the final harvesting. Could such enthusiasm last a full six months Griseldine wondered?

As soon as the children had finished their tea, and talk of vegetables was at last exhausted, they asked to be allowed to go off alone and to practise their croquet, which was readily agreed to. The Colonel had in any case by now become sullen. His mind was wandering. He told William in no uncertain terms that he was greatly worried at the poor state of discipline with his Irish dragoons, all of whose horses were out to pasture. If the Prince did make a vain attempt to recover the thrones he was not at all convinced they could play a worthy part for King George. He ought to be calling them out for rigorous training but he could not without permission from Tweeddale or Cope. He even wondered how many would want to support the King, for he knew full well the extent of Jacobite support in Ireland even though all could readily see the cruel fate the Setons and so many Jacobites had suffered after the Earl of Mar's ridiculous rebellion on James' behalf thirty years before.

Gardiner confirmed he had spoken already with Cope and been formally authorised to travel south on his long planned trip to see his evangelical mentor, Dr Philip Doddridge, in Northampton –

but on the strictest understanding that if the Prince did land in Scotland he must return post haste. In the meantime, Lady Frances would be returning to Stirling to be with her own family there and she would take her children too.

As the Colonel spoke he seemed to become ever more depressed about his dragoons and their preparedness. William pressed him on why they could not undertake training anyway and their horses readied for military service but Gardiner explained the reality was that they were Irish volunteers and could only realistically be called upon when danger was imminent – not simply on a rumour. And there could be no payments without formal authorisations from Tweeddale or Cope. In such circumstances, with the King's main military forces still on the continent including even much of the Black Watch, all that could be done was to hope the Prince stayed away or, as Duncan Forbes had reassured William, the clans saw good sense and refused to rally to any standard the Prince might raise.

On such a worrying note, the Gardiners left.

The visit had been a success for Griseldine and her vegetables, but William was anxious. He could not get from his mind the way Anne had enthused almost as though she knew for certain her Prince would come. He resolved to seek yet better intelligence the following week just as soon as he was back in Edinburgh.

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Anne must have had William on her mind too for by the post on Monday came word from her in Inverness. Rumours abounded she told him that the Prince planned to set sail from Brittany with a considerable force of French soldiers and plentiful arms for the Highland clans in June or at the latest July, which implied no more than six or eight weeks hence. She was returning by

Thursday to Edinburgh to see what support she could arrange for the Prince.

William was amazed at the flagrant risk she would be taking in any such endeavour, indeed had already taken simply by sending him such a letter. He quickly destroyed it but could not help his exhilaration at the prospect of seeing Anne again. He had missed her greatly, but if the Prince did come and she acted as had always seemed likely, she would surely be lost to him forever. He had to ensure when she reappeared on Thursday that her wild Jacobite ideas did not land her in great trouble. She might be the Lord Provost Archibald Stewart's cousin but he could not give her protection if she insisted on such treasonable actions, and she could also endanger Williams' own position as a pillar of the Hanoverian establishment in Edinburgh. Her complete trust in him, telling him all that was afoot, could be dangerous for them both. He did not believe he could reciprocate, but perhaps one could do anything for love.

He decided he must keep everything Anne had said to himself and look to other sources in Edinburgh to see if they had similar intelligence. Surely none was more suitable to consult than Cope himself. Rather than betray Anne's confidences, he resolved to share with Cope the concerns that Gardiner had expressed over the weekend and see what reaction Cope might have. A meeting was swiftly arranged for Wednesday morning at the Castle, where Cope was due to be in conference with the aged Generals Guest and Preston. This was ideal since when he met Anne on Thursday he would have a better idea of the seriousness with which talk of a rebellion was being taken.

William was however somewhat taken aback on Wednesday when he met Cope to learn that he had already received word of his concerns from Gardiner prior to his departure to Northampton. Furthermore he was much inclined to agree with

Gardiner's assessment not only of his dragoons but of what amounted to more than 3,850 troops at his disposal across the whole of Scotland if the Prince should come. He had written again on Monday to Tweeddale in London alerting him to the potential difficulties and asked him for funds to be ready at his disposal in case of need for the purchase of the necessary supply if his troops took to the road.

Cope readily shared with William the strategy he intended to adopt if the Prince made his landing in the Highlands. It was almost as though he was seeking confirmation that it was the most sensible way to address matters although he was totally confident in what he said. He would seek to cut off the Prince's line of advance by moving north at once to strengthen the garrisons already at Forts William and Augustus that Wade had built after the 1715 rebellion, and bringing Fort George in Inverness itself up to its full strength of 400. Fort Augustus could expect to block any passage the Prince might seek across the Corrieyarick Pass where Wade had built an effective military road that would otherwise greatly shorten any march the Prince might attempt towards Edinburgh. That would mean leaving General Guest in command at the Castle in Edinburgh with Gardiner's dragoons on hand.

If the Prince somehow managed to avoid Cope or break through his lines, then it was clear Edinburgh would be at risk, but simply to await the Prince's arrival in the Lowlands was not a course of action he felt he could entertain. Any rebellion should be put down at the very earliest moment. Guest had his doubts, not least because it would indeed be most difficult for him and all in Edinburgh if the Prince did manage to avoid Cope on any southward march from the Highlands. There was no militia in the city and Lord Provost Stewart was likely to be of little help in calling one into service. In any event a Royal Warrant would be required from London to raise an Edinburgh militia.

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

William was not a military man and his only contact with such strategies as were under discussion had been through his brothers who had become professional soldiers. Yet it did seem to him that Cope was a man very much in command of his wits and likely to be a very competent leader when the call might come. Certainly he inspired more confidence with his positive talk than Gardiner had, including his clear understanding of the way Edinburgh was left exposed if the Prince did manage to get past him in the Highlands.

Anne would be back the following day with her Jacobite news. He resolved, just as he had kept Anne's letter to himself, not to tell her what either Gardiner or Cope had had to say but to listen and learn what further news she herself had gained since writing the previous week. Then he must decide whether to play a duplicitous role with her.

* * *

Anne's return was as rewarding as he had hoped. She was at his lodgings by 6pm and only after they had eaten and lain together did she mention the Jacobite cause. He was much flattered. And she gained his admiration further when she insisted on discussing not *if* the Prince came but *when*, and how she could protect William and his family from retribution indeed ensure his advancement whichever side might be victorious. She was adamant that it need not involve them ceasing their friendship in public or in private. It was well established, well known and socially accepted amongst his legal friends. Besides the role she had been asked to undertake for the Prince was to remain in Edinburgh in support of her cousin the Lord Provost and avoid bloodshed at all costs. The Prince was apparently adamant that 'all his father's subjects' were to be treated with the greatest respect.

Anne reported that wherever she had talked in Inverness it had always been made clear that there could be no rising, no clans could follow the Prince unless he accepted that victory would not be achieved without most considerable French support. There was talk of the need for fully 6000 men as had been mustered in 1744. That had not yet been secured so far as Anne was aware and the Prince's arrival was not imminent. It could even be delayed again until 1746. But the Prince was on record to his father, James VIII, which had been seen conveyed in a letter from Navarre to Rome that it would happen:

“Let what will, happen. The stroke is struck, and I have taken a strong resolution to conquer or to die, and stand my ground as long as I have a man with me.”

William was relieved that nothing looked likely to happen in the immediate future, so relieved in fact that he blurted out to Anne all that Cope and Gardiner and Guest had shared with him. It was nothing new he reflected to himself, nothing that Lord Provost Stewart did not already know, and had as likely as not already ensured was communicated to the Prince in France.

* * *

The weeks went past, summer days arrived. News came that Cumberland had been defeated at Fontenoy in early May and made peace with France. William walked in the early evenings with Anne in King's Park and they talked of politics and the Union. He enjoyed his weekends with Griseldine and his daughters at Prestoun Grange. Still, it felt like a calm before a storm.

The vegetables were growing well at Dolphinstoun and radishes and salad herbs were already reaching their table.

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

Sadly, Rainin had been taken very ill in late June and was not expected to recover, but his son was taking care of new developments with the guiding hand of Tytler on his shoulder. Morrison's Haven was shortly to be dredged and the tidal mills were almost ready to begin grinding flint.

Flooding in the coal mines continued unchecked. William had therefore decided that most of the coal workings must close before the winter but had as yet no idea what to do about those who worked them for him living at Cuthill, although he'd had an enquiry from the Duke of Hamilton's oversman in Barrowstouness, John Binel, following a word there from Gardiner. Griseldine was especially concerned that alternatives should be found when the Prestoun Grange pit workings closed and had said so quite bluntly during the croquet game to the Colonel, but William had not anticipated any outcome from it. He had resolved when he next saw Gardiner that he must explore the options for work at Barrowstouness since he now remembered it had been Gardiner's own birthplace and he regularly visited there to see his older family members.

* * *

Anne had been first with the news. In fact she was three days ahead of the Lord President and Lord Justice Clerk who received the news on August 8th at which time she knew she could share her own intelligence with William. But she was determined not to compromise him.

The Prince had indeed landed in Scotland on July 23rd at Eriskay. He had brought a company of seven committed supporters on the *Doutelle* of whom the most senior was the eldest surviving son of the Duke of Atholl, the Marquis of Tullibardine – and a good quantity of brandy. They were accompanied by just a

few retainers, a secretary and a chaplain. The French soldiers promised and the muskets and ammunition were nowhere to be seen. The French soldiers who had started the voyage with him in a second vessel, the *Elizabeth*, had turned back after a disastrous sea battle with *Lion* of the British navy. However, the clans had been summoned and Cameron of Lochiel, very very much against his better judgement said Anne, had agreed to join. The Prince was currently at Borrodale House and his Standard was expected to be raised at Glenfinnan on August 19th.

Precisely as Cope had anticipated, the Prince had selected his entry point extremely wisely. Glenfinnan was placed near the termination of Wade's military roads and the strategic garrisons were all still at minimum strength. Small reinforcements sent from Perth towards Fort William were easily taken by the Highlanders at Spean Bridge.

Cope resolved to leave Edinburgh immediately. He knew what he wished to do. Tweeddale had finally replied with agreement from London that he should depart and confront the Prince before too many more clans joined him. Lord President Duncan Forbes believed many could be dissuaded and worked unceasingly to that end.

Cope was actually delayed a day or two whilst he secured enough biscuit for his troops since he had no expectation of being able to purchase it as he marched. He left 84 year old General Guest in command in Edinburgh and 86 year old General Preston as Governor of the Castle, along with Gardiner's dragoons preferring the company of Loudon because of Gardiner's continuing illness. Taking Wade's road to Stirling and then beyond Crieff to Dalwhinnie, Cope hoped to get to Garvamore and then across the Corriearick Pass to Fort Augustus before the Prince could block his march. But word came that the Highlanders had reached the pass already and fortified it.

If that was true, to attempt the passage would have been suicidal.

After careful deliberation and with the full signed consent of all his officers, Cope chose to proceed to Inverness past the Ruthven Barracks rather than retreat to Stirling. He was still hopeful that clans, as Forbes believed, would join with him or that at least by his presence he could dissuade them from joining the Prince.

To Anne's absolute delight and her cousin's, Cope's march to Inverness opened the road for the Prince to march straight for Edinburgh through Perth, where Lord George Murray joined him, and then past Sterling. Anne knew neither the Lord Provost or indeed Guest himself had any wish to challenge the Prince's advance. Indeed, they set about delaying almost every initiative that the city's Hanoverian supporters, including William, attempted. As Lord Provost, Archibald Stewart was Lord Admiral of the Forth and able to frustrate shipping movements – and he did.

William shared his frustration with Anne on so many occasions that they both began wondering if they could ever spend quiet times together again. But of course there had never been quiet times. They were a house divided, and Griseldine at home in Prestoun Grange did nothing either to calm William's anxieties at weekends. She said that she heard so much about the Prince, and his charm, that she very much hoped to dance with him herself at the Palace of Holyroodhouse before the year was out. He might not be in the city long and his entire enterprise might fail, probably would, but she would enjoy the excitement whilst it happened. She found all things Hanoverian wholly un-Scottish and certainly life in Edinburgh bereft of the sociability and excitement of her youth. Her daughters would have a wonderful time.

He was amazed at what Griseldine had to say. Totally amazed. Was she a closet Jacobite after all? He had always seen Anne as the wild one, was accustomed to her passionate support for the

Jacobite cause, for an end to the Union and Scotland's own Parliament again. But Griseldine was so ordered, so much the supportive mother and wife, mistress of the household. How could she explain her feelings as the Prince marched closer to Edinburgh and Gardiner and his Irish dragoons cantered ineffectually hither and thither at Stirling?

"I am an artist at heart," she declared. "And a romantic. The whole situation opens the eyes and heightens the senses and quickens the blood. The Prince is but 25 years of age, full of Hope and Ambition, determined to take the risks that have to be taken if he is to be victorious in his father's name. I hope our daughters will grow up to feel and behave the same one day. And if they can understand just part of what the Prince is striving to achieve, just for a few months maybe, they will have that experience with them for the rest of their lives. More than that, they will seek husbands who have Hopes and Ambitions and raise their children to be the same."

William knew Griseldine was right about what she wanted to achieve for their children. But for him it was not the Jacobite cause that he saw as fulfilling their Hopes and Ambitions or his. It was a successful and yet more prosperous Union. The more he heard and saw of Anne's enthusiasm for the former the more determined he was that sooner or if necessary later he would bring that same passionate belief and commitment to the Union. He would go to the Parliament in Westminster and he would play his part in helping Scotland and the whole of Britain learn the lessons of the rebellions and move on. He would seek to convince Anne not by words but by example that restoring the Stuarts was not the only or even the best way forward. Scots could play a greater role on the stage of Britain as leaders and across the world through trade and conquest which they had never been able to do on their own. If ever that needed proof all one had to was to remember the

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

folly of James VI's adventure in Nova Scotia with its preposterous baronets, or the Darien scheme which had brought the nation to its knees less than 50 years before. Scotland had a population with educational standards well above the rest of Britain and indeed Ireland. They could provide legions of administrators for a greater empire that a united Great Britain could provide. And his own miners and salters could one day find roles and opportunities across the world for their families.

For now he must act. And where better to seek support than from Alexander Carlyle, David Hume and their associates. He was too old to be much use in battle but he had heard they were seeking to organise Edinburgh Volunteers as a militia despite the Lord Provost's obstructionism and he would give what help he could. Anne and Griseldine surely expected him to take a stand for what he believed in. They could scarcely love him if he did not.

* * *

By the time he finally tracked down Alexander and David, Cope had marched across from Inverness to Aberdeen and taken barges hoping to reach Leith and the capital before the Prince. But the Prince was now just a mile or so from Edinburgh and across the Forth. Gardiner's dragoons which with Brigadier Fowke had been sent out to confront him withdrew on General Guest's command to much derision in a retreat immediately ridiculed as the Canter of Coltbrigg. Gardiner's dragoons withdrew first to Corstorphine and then as far as Musselburgh, destined to meet with Cope as he landed as would now be necessary at Dunbar rather than at Leith.

Alexander and David were in despair. Although some 1000 or more men were available in the armed town guard and a Company of Volunteers including themselves was also in place, there was no understood plan for the defence of the city. The

castle's fortifications and artillery had been made ready over the preceding weeks but the defence of the city gates against the Highlanders now assembled was impossible. Understandably there was no enthusiasm to go out and engage the Highlanders, but the Lord Provost deemed it proper and politic at this juncture finally to take a lead. He mobilised the whole town guard, and together with the Volunteers who had assembled at Lawnmarket, require them to march out beyond the city's walls. But his plan was immediately frustrated by the intervention of senior church members who argued that their responsibility was to stay within the walls and most were easily convinced.

Messages began to reach the city, first via Mr Alves, the Solicitor General, after conversation with the Duke of Perth at Coltbrigg and then formally by an envoy from the Prince, that the city should open its gates and surrender all its arms thereby being spared any torment or loss of life. The Council of State sought delay to enable Cope to take what advantage he might, and certainly had no wish to be seen surrendering arms to the Prince. It resolved to send message back to the Prince that it needed more time to consider his proposal but it was not expected to be granted. The Council knew full well the Prince wished to be in the city before Cope had any chance of giving assistance.

After much debate the decision was made by the Lord Provost and officers that all personal arms should be handed into the Castle rather than retained by either the town guard or the Volunteers. The guns on the walls of the city which had been made ready by Professor McLaurin were not however destroyed as General Preston initially ordered since neither General Guest or the Lord Provost saw any point and the Prince had expressly forbidden it. Dutifully, and it has to be said gladly, Alexander Carlyle and William along with all other members of Mr Drummond's Company as they were known handed in their

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

arms. They were certainly ashamed at their inglorious contribution but relieved they did not have to make battle after all. They all withdrew directly from the city just after 6pm.

Anne was elated and remained to enjoy what was surely to happen next.

Alexander and William headed first to Lucky Vints at Cuthill for supper on their respective ways home to Prestonpans arriving just after 8pm. To their surprise they found the officers of Gardiner's dragoons there already as was Judge Lord Drummore. They all asked of them whether Edinburgh had yet surrendered and whilst they were able to reassure that it had not, they indicated it was most likely to do so the following day. The dragoons were already in a state of high excitement and, on receiving such words from Alexander and William, all immediately took to horse and rode off to rouse Gardiner who was at Bankton House expecting thereafter to head for Dunbar or Haddington to join Cope.

William and Alexander resolved to enjoy some whiting and Fowler's ales together before heading to Prestoun Grange and the Manse respectively just before 10pm. William did not awaken Griseldine. He would tell her the whole story in the morning.

* * *

He had barely finished describing the events to Griseldine the following morning when message arrived from Anne that the city had awoken to find the Highlanders in total control of all but the castle and not a single shot fired. It appeared that a hundred or more had sneaked through the Netherbrow Port as the gate was opened to let the carriage the group parleying with the Prince had used return to the stables. Few were going to believe that version but it was apparently close to the truth.

Quite frankly William was greatly relieved as was Archibald Stewart, the Lord Provost, by Anne's account. And no doubt the Prince as well. Whilst most of the arms had been placed in the castle against the Prince's express command, no blood had been spilt 'of his father's subjects'.

Griseldine was insistent that she and the children should go at once to Edinburgh to see the Prince although Anne had said he personally was still outside the city and not expected at Holyroodhouse Palace until later in the day. There was nothing William could say that would prevent her. So the carriage was immediately made ready and he reluctantly joined them in their enterprise – much, indeed totally, against his better judgement.

They arrived just after 11 am and could see crowds gathering at the Mercat Cross where word had it Proclamations were to be made at noon. So Griseldine and William mingled inconspicuously with the crowd and made their way there also. Precisely at noon Lord Lyon and the Heralds together with the Prince and Lord Provost arrived to a fanfare followed by the pipes. The Proclamations were lengthy and frankly tedious, but the crowd cheered them little realising that James VIII was now their King, the Prince appointed Regent, religious toleration asserted, and a Parliament promised for Scotland once again. William glimpsed Anne across the square with such a smile on her face as told all her excitement, looking straight at him yet refusing to acknowledge him as was their pledge in public when he was with his wife.

In fact, Griseldine and the children had left his side for a moment and he was sorely tempted to cross to her just to savour her beaming exhilaration, but he knew he must wait. She was with her cousin the Lord Provost and a group of known Jacobite supporters. He knew for his own and his family's sake, and even perhaps for her's, that he must keep his distance. If, no surely it

must be when, all this unravelled, when Cope who was now in Haddington marched on Edinburgh and defeated the Highlanders, there would be a rapid reckoning of who stood loyal to George as King, who stood to one side to watch and wait, and who took up arms with the Prince. In an instant he knew he must absent himself from the city. He searched the crowd for Griseldine and the children and saw them amongst fifty or more ladies surrounding the Prince as he started to make his way downhill to the Palace of Holyroodhouse. He beckoned to her and she, leaving the children to fend for themselves, stepped out of the throng.

“Don’t spoil the fun for us all,” she said before William had a chance to say a word. She must have read the expression on his face.

“You may be gone but leave the carriage for us,” Griseldine continued. “I absolutely promise to be home with the children before supper time, but this is an occasion not to be missed. Even if it lasts just a few days or a few weeks, the sheer joy at feeling and being just Scots again cannot be missed. The children will carry the memories all their lives, and so will I.”

William left, without a further word. Nor did he glance at Anne who watched his going with sadness because she so dearly wanted to share her excitement with him but knew that could not be. Not yet at least, not until it was clear that the Prince was here to stay, Parliament would sit again and the Union would be at an end.

William’s first call was on Duncan Forbes who was with the Duke of Argyll. They were both extremely anxious and planned to leave Edinburgh by mid afternoon for Dunbar. Their advice to William was to do the same or even head for Newcastle.

“Go back to Prestoun Grange and await the outcome of Cope’s impending challenge to the Prince. It wont be long to wait, and

like as not the fight might even be on your own lands," said Forbes. "Word has it Cope plans to march from Gladsmuir towards Salt Prestoun and the Prince has already called a War Council with Lord George Murray as his Commander. I am not for a moment sure Cope can defeat the Highlanders but he'll certainly do the best he can."

As William rode out through Duddingston the massed Highlanders were already well encamped across the parkland. He stopped at the Sheep Heid for a glass of ale but felt quite incapable of saying anything to reassure the anxious drinkers who crowded the bar and continually asked for news of today's events and what the morrow might bring. He had a dreadful feeling that Cope would not win the day. He had seen the state of the dragoons the previous evening at Lucky Vints and knew Gardiner to be a sick man. And the Highlanders were on top of the world, the Prince ebullient. They were in the mood for a Victory, their Prince was filled with Hope and Ambition, his daring from the moment he landed with but seven men vindicated. His critics amongst the Clan Chiefs were silenced for the moment.

He arrived back at Prestoun Grange early afternoon and summoned Tytler and young Rainin. If there was to be battle made on or close to the estate there would be foraging before it began and likely plunder and chaos in its wake. His first thought was the safety of his wife and daughters and it was agreed at once that Tytler would take them that very night as soon as they returned to Tyler's cousins inland at Humbie. Young Rainin had no chance to tell William that his father had sadly died that very morning. Together with Tytler he made arrangements to gather all the horses and all the livestock at Dolphinstoun Farm. They may well be lost along with all the vegetables Griseldine and Janet had so carefully grown but at least they would not be casually taken. Orders were given that no resistance was to be made to the

demands of either army. The lives of his family and staff were more important to Griseldine and himself than any goods and chattels. But he readily concurred when some of the staff said they wanted to be at the battle for the Prince.

“You must go where your conscience leads you,” William said. But he refused to be drawn on his own actions and Tytler and young Rainin both quickly realised he had no intention of risking the baronial lands or his life until it was clear which party to the battle would win, a lead that they were more than content to accept themselves.

Griseldine and the children arrived as promised at 6pm, exhausted but full of the day’s excitement and bursting to tell William all about it. But he would have none of it and Griseldine quickly realised the wisdom of his plan. He made clear to her that the forthcoming battle could rage across their lands and their home could be in the middle of it all.

Within an hour the carriage was back on the road to Tytler’s cousins in Humble, Tytler accompanying the ladies all the way having given his word to William. He would return the following morning by horse to confirm all was well.

As soon as the family had departed, William who was of course a Grant, donned Highland dress and took horse straight back to Edinburgh and to Anne. He was there before 10 pm in a city that was buzzing as he had never seen it before. The taverns were full but he was amazed to see that all the Highlanders were behaving impeccably, paying for their meals and drinks and causing few disturbances. They spoke a Gaelic which William scarcely understood nor it seemed did most of the population of the city. Anne had not been expecting him, barely recognising him in his Highland guise. It had taken him another half hour to find her but the moment she finally spotted him she rushed to him.

“How have you come? Where are the family? What will you do

tomorrow?" she demanded whilst grinning broadly all the while. He answered the first two questions with ease but of tomorrow all he knew was that he would be gone by dawn. So they retired to her home where, relaxing in his arms she began to tell him all she knew, not forgetting to recount what Lord George Murray and the Prince had planned in an immediate battle with Cope. It must have been an hour later that she finally paused and asked once again:

"What will you do tomorrow?"

All of a sudden William knew. He must do everything he could to ensure that both his family and Anne came through whatever might happen next. He should as Duncan Forbes and Argyll had wisely observed, stay right out of sight until the imminent battle was concluded. He said precisely that to Anne who quietly whispered to him:

"You are right William, and I love you for it." But she continued in a most serious vein: "Although my heart so wishes you would declare for the Prince and join him in the field in the coming days you must not. Even though I am absolutely overjoyed, as is my cousin, neither of us truly believe the Prince can win through in the long run. He may well beat Cope in the Lothians but to hold Scotland for ever against the Elector and his allies, without the support from France which can never be relied upon, is virtually impossible. Those who stand in his name will surely be punished as they were in 1715, losing their estates and destined to exile in France or worse. You must never let my heart rule your head.

"I can survive whatever the future may hold, but I am not too sure about my cousin. He has done all he can to help without being guilty of treason to the Elector. For your part, you may God willing hope to play a fine role after the whole matter is resolved whoever wins.

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

“But for my tomorrow, without you here in Edinburgh, I shall enjoy every moment. And if we fail I shall steal away to Inverness and my family on the Black Isle with my memories – and you must promise, when you can, to come and find me.”

He promised and they fell asleep in each others arms.

* * *

William awoke at 5am and quietly left whilst Anne slept on. He rode along the coast road through Portobello, keeping well clear of Duddingston and was at Prestoun Grange, changing out of his Highlander dress before 8. Tytler was back from Humbie by 9.30 and confirmed that Griseldine and the children were safely cared for just as long as may be necessary. Tytler also brought news that Cope was on the march from Haddington and expected in Preston later that afternoon or early on the 19th.

There was little for anyone to do who did not take up arms but wait. William, Tytler and young Rainin set about their duties on the 19th whilst the Prince himself left Edinburgh for Duddingston and spent that night there with his army. He ate at the Sheep Heid where William had been but the day before and met, so William was told, two particular young ladies being the daughters of the Minister from Athelstaneford, The Rev Jenkinson, who was lodged himself at Tranent expecting to see the battle.

William had only been 14 years old at the time of the last Jacobite rebellion after James VIII was denied the throne on the death of his aunt, Queen Anne, in 1715. He had no experience of such conflict and frankly had no appetite for it. He was after all an advocate who believed all disputes should be resolved under the law before a judge. The notion that visitors should travel from afar hoping to watch such a battle as was now expected seemed to

him quite extraordinary although he had heard it was a common sport. Young Rainin had just informed him of countless boats coming across the Forth from Fife to watch too. They were moored at Morrison's Haven and to the east at Cockenzie and Port Seton. Would they simply watch or give help to the wounded or were they expecting to prey on them, robbing them and any corpses of any timepieces and other things of value. He put these thoughts out of his mind, but resolved to see what help the staff at Prestoun Grange and indeed Dolphinstoun Farm could offer to those who were wounded.

* * *

When William awoke on the morning of September 20th it was clear Cope's army had arrived such was the clamour all around. And by midday, the Prince's Highlanders could be seen climbing Carberry Hill and moving along Fa'side Hill and thence to Birsley Brae. As Duncan Forbes and Argyll had guessed, the armies were now virtually on William's lands.

Anne had often told him how the Highlanders always loved to charge downhill in attack, but with the marshy land between Birsley Brae and Preston and Salt Prestoun there was no chance for that to happen. Cope needlessly wheeled his army round from facing west to facing south however, thinking perhaps they might. Later in the day there was some brief canon fire along towards Tranent Churchyard which young Rainin reported had dislodged a detachment of the Camerons who had unwisely advanced that far.

To William's un-military mind it had seemed most likely that the Prince would have attacked from the west, as he marched out from Duddingston. But Tytler pointed out that would have involved an attack through the town itself. He was convinced the

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

only available approach for the Prince was from the east. The question was how far east would the Highlanders have to go before they could head north coming down from the Tranent ridge then wheel west to face Cope. If they went too far that would leave the road open to Edinburgh for Cope to take, linking up there with Guest and Preston in the castle, not that that would have been much help.

It was young Rainin who thought he knew the answer if Lord George Murray and the Prince were prepared to take the risk. The best and shortest route was past Anderson's Riggonhead Farm just east of Tranent, along what was called the defile. It offered a firm but very narrow route through the marshy area and emerged west of Seton Collegiate church. If that could be negotiated overnight the Highlanders would be immediately upon Cope's troops as the sun rose.

Cope had posted pickets at all the boundaries of the site he had selected to do battle and this included the well worn routes down from the ridge to the east and to the west of Tranent but the narrow defile past Riggonhead Farm had not been noticed.

William did not sleep at all that night. From the upstairs windows of Prestoun Grange he could see the fires burning across the farm land to the south of Salt Prestoun as far as the marshy ground. There was nothing to be seen of fires along the ridge however. The Highlanders were not sleeping at all. Were they following young Rainin's hunch and walking just three abreast past Riggonhead Farm at 5 am in the morning? William had to know. If they were perhaps he should warn Cope, or should he stay aloof as Forbes and Argyll advised?

He left Prestoun Grange just after 3pm and, taking the only horse remaining at the house since the rest were at Dolphinstoun Farm, rode quietly past Dolphinstoun towards Birsley Brae. There a small group of Highlanders was watching the route back to

Edinburgh but they took no notice of him and he rode on to the centre of Tranent. There he found a small number of Highland horsemen, scarcely dragoons at all, but they again showed little interest. The main body of Highlanders who the previous afternoon had been clearly visible along the ridge was nowhere to be seen.

Young Rainin must be right. They must be seeking under cover of darkness to outflank Cope and mount a charge across the recently harvested fields beyond the marshy area just south of Cockenzie. In a matter of hours the battle would be joined. Should he warn Cope?

He turned his horse to return to Prestoun Grange but this time his route was blocked. With the greatest politeness officers of the Strathallan Horse identified themselves and said that there was no passage west until after dawn. They advised William that if he wished to lodge the night he should head for Wintoun House at Pencaitland which he well knew was a mile or two to the south. He took their advice but on reaching the house, rather than seek to rouse them at such a time turned his horse around and rode back to Tranent. As he approached the town the sun was just rising in the east, and all still remained silent. Then all of a sudden he heard a mighty shout from the plain below, a shout as 2000 Highlanders charged across the Waggonway which carried coal by gravity to Cockenzie harbour, and into the redcoat ranks.

They were not taken completely by surprise since Cope had clearly wheeled them round to face east, but they were ill prepared for the speed or tumult of the onslaught. There was the sound of just a few cannons going off close to the base of the ridge but after pausing just a moment the Highlanders charged straight past them and they never fired again. Gardiner's dragoons to the left and the right of the foot soldiers did not move forward. To William's utter amazement they began to wheel about and

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

disappear towards the paddock and orchard at Bankton House and some onwards towards Dolphinstoun. Seeing the dragoons retreat like this the foot soldiers took flight as well although here and there William could see small groups of redcoats try to make a stand. One in particular he saw way across the battlefield close to a solitary thorn tree, but it was all to no avail.

Whilst it was clearly possible for the dragoons to retreat towards Bankton House and Dolphinstoun, eventually making good their escape up to Birsley Brae seemingly with Cope himself as well, the fleeing foot soldiers were pinned against the walls of Preston House. Although there were some breaches in it by and large it meant the foot soldiers could retreat no further. Those who fought on were struck down where they stood. Hundreds could be seen turning their coats in surrender.

It all seemed like an eternity sitting there on his own horse watching this incredible panorama unfold before his eyes. He had never seen a battle and never wished to see one again. He was later told it was all over in barely ten minutes, a rout that would surely be remembered in history for a thousand years to come.

The command came from the the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, the Highland Commanders speaking for the Prince, to cease battle. Soon the walking wounded and the prisoners began to leave the field but as they did so a horde from amongst those who had come to watch surged across the battlefield robbing the bodies of those that had been killed until they were angrily chased away by the Highlanders.

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William's early concern not to be involved evaporated. He would not side with the Prince and the Highlanders but he had made preparations to give assistance to the wounded and he must act

swiftly. They must be cared for at Dolphinstoun Farm and at Prestoun Grange as well as at Bankton House and Prestonpans Schoolhouse. He took the top road back towards Edinburgh along the ridge and descended via Dolphinstoun where he met with the Camerons led by Lochiel himself. He invited them to carry their wounded to the Farm and to the House which they gratefully did and the redcoat wounded as well, who far outnumbered the injured Highlanders. Soon both Farm and House were overflowing with soldiers many of whom had suffered the most terrible wounds or had limbs that had been severed by the Highlander's axes.

There were no surgeons to assist yet although word was that they were coming out from Edinburgh. For the time being all William's household staff could do was to bandage and seek to comfort the wounded. Shortly Minister Jenkinson from Athelstaneford, who was staying at Tranent Manse and had watched the battle from that churchyard came by Dolphinstoun Farm with his two daughters to see what help they might be too. No sooner had he arrived however than the miller from Meadow Mill called to ask all three to return at once to the Manse where urgent help with some of the wounded was also required.

As William bade them God speed he saw a party of Highlanders literally pulling a grand carriage down the Edinburgh road past the Farm shouting as they went that it had been Cope's. The daughters said they felt sure they were the Robertsons they had met just a few days before in Duddingston but certainly nobody made any attempt to intervene.

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William quickly decided, in light of the most courteous behaviour of the Highlanders, that it would be safe and indeed helpful to ask

Tytler to fetch Griseldine and their daughters back from Humbie. They would be anxious to know what had occurred anyway and they could assist the wounded and the staff who were already helping themselves freely to Griseldine's vegetable crops at the Farm and all other supplies to hand. William had no care about that. Lochiel had earlier insisted when they met on the road that all they took would shortly be paid for at fair prices but even if not it was the least they could offer.

He found Tytler organising affairs at Prestoun Grange and he relieved him so that he could set out at once to Humbie to bring the family home. Tytler reassured him they would be back by nightfall.

But what of his Anne?

He certainly could not leave his lands at the moment. And he had no wish whatever to be seen by his legal colleagues in Edinburgh 'celebrating' the Prince's Victory or even bewailing Cope's ignominious defeat. But Anne would be ecstatic and he would dearly wish to see and share the moment with her. He resolved that as soon as Griseldine returned that evening he would head for the city and find Anne, although he would say he had to be there to protect his office against anticipated disturbances in the coming days.

What would the Prince do next? He was a bold adventurer. Would he press on at once to England, consolidate before moving on, or settle simply for the end of the 1707 parliamentary Union and the Scottish crown for his father? No matter what came next it could be expected to include the French, indeed without them the Victory could not hold.

As he continued to arrange the care of the wounded, surgeons began arriving from Edinburgh before noon. He saw Cope's baggage train which he was told with glee contained great supplies of ammunition and ample specie for the payment of the Prince's

clansmen carried away as booty by the Highlanders. Then just as Griseldine and the children returned with Tytler he received news that Gardiner had been very badly wounded and was not expected to last the day.

He was at Tranent Manse and asking for William. He so sorely wanted to go at once to Edinburgh but he knew a visit to Gardiner was not only to be expected out of common human decency but might also stand him in good stead at a later date if, no, when King George finally managed to put down this rebellion. So he left with barely a word to Griseldine saying he would go straight from Tranent to Edinburgh.

She had been wholly aghast at what she saw as she approached first Dolphinstoun Farm and then Prestoun Grange and even more so when she saw the condition of the wounded and heard their cries as the surgeons worked at their tasks. She had immediately busied herself as did Janet and Agnes with young Jean being what help she could. Amazingly the children seemed to take it all in their stride.

* * *

When William arrived at Tranent Manse he saw to his utter astonishment that there was a party of Highlanders in the kitchen eating roast lamb from a spit and taking ale with the Rev Jenkinson and his youngest daughter. She was telling them all with pride how she had met the Prince at Duddingston two days before but it was clear they did not believe her even when she showed them the snuff box he had given her. 'All the young lassies are seeking his eye' they bantered.

The Reverend had the presence of mind on seeing William arrive to break away from the group to meet him in the lobby and point him directly up the stairs to the first floor bedroom where

William heard Gardiner's groans before he opened the door. Inside the scene was one of hopelessness with Beatrix, the older daughter, caring for the Colonel.

He had clearly been very badly mauled indeed both in the head and on his arms. William was surprised he was still conscious but on seeing him enter Gardiner recognised him at once.

"William," he whispered, "thank you for coming for I can only have a few hours to live. I want to ask that you make sure Frances and our children are well cared for. They are all away in Stirling but when they return they'll need a great deal of help to get the estate in order again.

"As for myself, I was slain doing what I always loved best – in my uniform serving the King – and I long ago made my peace with the Lord." The effort to speak was weakening Gardiner all the while but he went on:

"You'll need to take care in the coming months of your own position until it becomes clear how this sorry affair will end. My advice is stay on your lands well away from Edinburgh until they call for you. You're a fine lawyer and the nation will need the likes of you to steer a sensible course in the years ahead."

With those remarks Gardiner closed his eyes resting his head on Beatrix's shoulder. William left quietly, passing the crowd in the kitchen below who were now more boisterous than when he had arrived just ten minutes earlier.

As he climbed into the saddle and headed for Edinburgh he felt flattered that Gardiner had asked for him in his final hours and pondered just why he had felt it necessary to offer the personal advice he had. Gardiner seemed convinced the Prince must ultimately fail and that the aftermath of this Jacobite rebellion might offer William an opportunity both to advance his own career and to serve Scotland well. Was that so? Must the Prince fail? Anne had certainly had her doubts.

A Baron's Tale

He had serious questions to debate with Anne and he sped his horse towards Edinburgh where he arrived late in the afternoon.

* * *

Edinburgh was not celebrating. The Prince had expressly forbidden it and had himself stayed at the battlefield into the afternoon ensuring the wounded were taken care of. He'd evidently then retired to Lord Tweeddale's home, Pinkie House, for the night with a return to Edinburgh planned for the following day.

After a short search, he found Anne with her cousin, Lord Provost Archibald Stewart – who knew of their love but was sworn to secrecy. Both were beside themselves with delight but at the same time truly anxious for the future. William watched even indulged their delight but as they both knew only too well, in public he would never be seen to take sides with them.

As Lord Provost, Archibald was under the strictest instructions from the Prince to continue in office to manage the affairs of Edinburgh. Anne announced that she had been asked to assist with the financial management of the Prince's campaign and had just had confirmation that some £5000 in specie had been taken from Cope's baggage train at Cockenzie House. It would enable the Prince to honour his pledge that his Highlanders would pay their way buying such food and goods as they needed which Lochiel had also given to William. All three exchanged stories of how they had viewed the battle and the incredible disintegration of the redcoat army at the very first charge although William did not mention his meeting with Gardiner at Tranent.

Anne and Archibald had climbed the Tower in Prestonpans. They had seen first hand the dragoons wheel away without a fight

at all, then flee leaving the foot soldiers at the mercy of the Highlanders. They had seen Gardiner's final skirmish against hopeless odds close by a thorn tree. They had heard the cannons fire but only once. But they were all totally exhausted by it, and soon resolved to seek the best night's rest they could get. With the Prince back in Edinburgh the following day there would inevitably be much that needed to be done.

William and Anne walked back to his lodgings without speaking a word, not one single word. But as soon as the door closed they fell into each others arms and hugged and kissed for an eternity. Anne recovered her wits first, led William to the sofa and sat him down.

"What are we going to do?" she asked. "What are you going to do? What am I going to do?"

William was silent. Dare he tell Anne what he secretly thought, of his ambitions, of the advice he had just received from Gardiner? He was saved by Anne.

"We must take *both* sides" she cried. "I must honour my support for King James and give my loyalty to my Clan chief. You must do as you are asked by the Jacobites, as must Archibald, but you must not take sides so that you can be available to the Elector's government if needed.

"When I entrust confidences to you they must stay with you and not reach Cope or Wade, and I will honour all that you may entrust to me. We can all survive whichever way this whole affair works out. If the Prince prevails Archibald and I will see you do not suffer and if he fails, you must do all you can to protect or help Archibald and I.

"But my greatest concern is for Archibald. Already it is being said he deliberately let the Highlanders in without a fight, and that he maliciously delayed raising a militia that could have defended Edinburgh. And now he is having to obey the Prince

and his Council's instructions to run the city. If the Prince fails I fear he'll be put on trial for treason."

She wept as she uttered these last words and William sought to comfort her.

"If I am able I shall do what I can in his support if it ever comes to that, I promise. But he can always argue that by allowing the overwhelming force of the Highlanders into the city he saved hundreds of lives not to mention preventing the plunder and pillage of many households. And by his efforts those octogenarians Guest and Preston are still in the castle with most of the specie and weapons that would otherwise have fallen into the Prince's hands."

So their pact was made. William, remembering Gardiner's words, told Anne he expected to be the one called upon to deliver and that he would not disappoint her, or Archibald. As he told her all that Gardiner had said she nodded in agreement too weary to argue or contradict. They fell asleep as they sat together.

* * *

Next morning William visited legal chambers close by the Advocates' Library but there was little sign of activity which since it was Sunday was scarcely surprising. He had hoped to see Robert Craigie, Lord Advocate, whom he knew well from his time as Solicitor-General but he was not to be found. So he resolved to make his way to the Royal Bank which he knew from Anne to be attended and then back to Prestoun Grange by early afternoon.

First, however, he visited the new Infirmary and then George Watson's Hospital where many of the injured had already been brought to see what more he could learn of the battle. They were mainly from the government army and he heard with dismay

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

from one officer of Hamilton's Dragoons just how cowardly his men had been in the face of the Highland charge, scattering at the first cries with their horses in confusion as they struggled to escape through the orchard at Bankton House and away to Birsley Brae. He had been pulled to the ground by a Highlander's sickle and would not have escaped with his life but for Lochiel accepting his surrender.

At his bankers' total confusion reigned. Nobody was sure what the Prince expected of them, and the same was reported to be true at the Old Bank too. Nonetheless William was able to withdraw some coin and notes against future needs he knew to be totally uncertain. He also collected copies of the *Caledonian Mercury* and the *Evening Courant* which already carried reports of the battle and were everywhere on sale.

As he journeyed back to Prestoun Grange he saw the procession of the Highland army preceded by a great array of pipers followed by prisoners and more wounded on carts making its way towards Edinburgh. There was no sign of the Prince himself although the procession passed by Pinkie House where he had stayed the Saturday night after his Victory.

He arrived at Lucky Vint's shortly after noon and had just ordered some whiting and a jug of Fowler's ale when Alexander Carlyle came in and straight across to William.

"Did you see the battle yourself" he asked? "I missed it in its entirety having gone to bed at our neighbours close by The Manse to escape the hundreds of visitors come to see the fight. I left instructions to the maid to waken me as soon as the battle began and she was punctual. But the battle was over so quickly that I barely had time to dress. By the time I got to the ghastly field by Preston House just a few hundred yards from my father's door it was heaped with the dead and wounded."

He paused, unable to find words to explain either his horror at

what he found or his disappointment at missing the battle then continued:

“But what most amazed me was the assistance that the Highlanders were giving to the wounded. The Duke of Perth and Lochiel were gentility itself – although Lord Elcho was waving his pistol and rudely demanding to know where there was a public house to be found!”

William agreed that had been precisely his own experience with Lochiel and that it augured well for the coming weeks in Edinburgh too. But he doubted the unkind remarks on Elcho – much more likely that he was greatly agitated at the time – and said so to Alexander. As he ate his whiting in which Alexander, taking no offence at William's contradiction, joined him, William told of what he had seen in Edinburgh. He offered his view that it would be perfectly safe to go there if he wished when Alexander enquired. He had, Alexander said, just received an invitation he found hard to resist from the staunch Jacobite Setons of Touch to lodge with them.

Lunch completed he left Alexander to go on to Edinburgh and swiftly made his own way to Prestoun Grange where Griseldine anxiously awaited his report from Edinburgh, and had much on her own part to share with William. Her news was mostly of the spectacular work of the surgeons who had now arranged for the removal of all but a few of the most seriously wounded to Edinburgh. But she also reported that the dead were being buried all the while in the fields where they had fallen and that Minister William Carlyle had taken full responsibility for seeing that was done with due and proper reverence regardless of which side they fought on. She'd met his son Alexander too who, although he'd totally missed the battle, was revelling in all the excitement. He was privately telling of his adventures in avoiding capture then later aiding dragoon surgeons with the wounded, all the while

getting the school master to hide his family's watches and rings and two saddlebags containing 400 guineas entrusted to them by Lee's Regimental paymaster. This last assistance had certainly been wise since there were several reports of plunder by the Highlanders.

William confirmed he had just met Alexander for dinner at Lucky Vints but that he had omitted to tell William the details Griseldine had apparently learnt.

The comments Alexander had made about Lord Elcho had also been recounted to Griseldine. They both agreed they were surprised although it was true he was locally thought arrogant in the extreme. Alexander had apparently also concluded that to have lost to such a rabble as he felt the Highlanders to be must have involved great cowardice on the government's side. It looked as if Alexander was shaping up to become a regular raconteur of the battle he had awoken only to find already lost and won!

Tytler and young Rainin in turn reported to William that although all local supplies of linen and of food had been exhausted, including the vegetables so carefully nurtured at Dolphinstoun by Griseldine, and the carts were all gone to Edinburgh, no damage had been done to the baronial lands or properties. Further, none of those who worked on the estates, more than a few of whom had volunteered for the Prince, had been killed or even injured in the battle.

William mused to himself he must have been fortunate to have found any whiting left such as he had just enjoyed at Lucky Vints but young Rainin assured him the fishing boats had been in and out with barely any interruption right along the coast. The carts and horses had been promised for expected return on Monday at the latest but Tytler was less than optimistic about how that might be achieved.

To their utter surprise, by nightfall their home was quiet again

as the last, being the most seriously wounded, were taken to Edinburgh and Griseldine and William could finally sit by their fireside and ponder what might come next. And what they could or should do.

If it was safe to do so, Griseldine and the older girls once again clamoured for the chance to go to the city to see and share in what they felt must be a moment of even greater excitement than had greeted the arrival of the Prince on September 17th. William saw no harm in such a course but argued that the most important thing he should address personally was making sure that his lands and his industry were functioning well again as soon as possible. Then he must again return to Edinburgh. They agreed to wait until Wednesday or perhaps Thursday and then if it seemed safe enough they would all go to the city together.

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They did not however go to Edinburgh until the following week. There was amongst all the grief for the dead and wounded need for the proper burial of young Rainin's father which William insisted must be at the church and a wake afterwards at the house, all wholly at his expense.

William found that a great deal of his energy and that of Tytler and young Rainin, henceforth simply to be called Rainin like his father, was needed to get the farmlands and industries back to normal before the family could go. Many men and women were away, presumably gone to Edinburgh with the same motives Griseldine and his daughters had.

They finally arrived in Edinburgh themselves at a time of considerable consternation, not one of celebration. General Guest besieged in the castle had fired his cannons two days running straight down the High Street as a warning to the Highlanders to

resume all necessary supplies to the government forces therein, actually killing some four residents and wounding many more.

The problem had begun when intelligence reports had been found smuggled into the castle amongst the supplies that had been graciously permitted by the Prince. This had led to the ban on supplies against which Guest had initially addressed a polite request to the Magistrates, but on receiving no relief he had carried out his threat to fire. His action was soon successful and led most fortunately to considerable benefit not only for General Guest and his garrison but also for Anne working in the Treasury for the Prince shortly afterwards.

John Campbell, the Secretary at the Royal Bank whom William knew well, managed to exchange his bank's paper notes for gold and silver specie from the castle's vaults whence they had been taken at Lord Provost Stewart's insistence before the Highlanders had arrived in Edinburgh. The Scottish notes had no currency in England where it was increasingly rumoured the Prince had every intention to go as swiftly as he could.

Whilst Griseldine and the children made their own way around Edinburgh William took the opportunity to meet Anne. She seemed to have lost yet more of her confidence in the cause and he was determined for her to tell him why, not to take any pleasure but to try to understand.

"All the talk is of England, none of how we can be done with the Union and convene our own Parliament here again," she said. "The Prince seems little interested in anything else. Lord George Murray and the Chiefs argue with him endlessly in Council every morning from 10 o'clock, but to no avail. All our efforts must go into training the Highlanders and preparing for the march to London. There are no ships to get us there. The Highlanders will have to walk all the way and winter will soon be upon us.

"It's not that we don't have growing numbers of troops or that

we don't have the funds. Both are flowing in as the news of the Victory at Prestonpans spreads. But there is great doubt about our ability to take all of England unless the French land there and of that there is absolutely no news whatever."

"Will you go with the Prince if he does go into England?" William asked, apprehensive that she might say yes but knowing she surely would.

"Of course I must. The responsibilities I have working with Murray of Broughton in the Treasury are fundamental to the success of the whole strategy to win the hearts and minds as we go of all those the Prince for ever calls 'my father's subjects'.

"Everything must be paid for and he is calling for big contributions from the major cities. Glasgow has been asked for £5,500, Edinburgh required to provide tents, stores and arms and 2s. 6d in the £1 on their rentals. The Chief Magistrates of the boroughs have all been summoned 'upon pain of rebellion and high treason'.

"Maclachlan of Maclachlan is Commissary-General in charge of requisitioning horses, carts, arms, corn, hay and suchlike for which receipts are being given with most substantial liabilities accruing."

William well understood the realities of the Prince's fund raising. Several of his horses and carts which had gone to Edinburgh with the wounded on Sunday September 22nd had returned but payment for their use thus far was only as receipts. The total of all such receipts for carts and all supplies for William as now commandeered had reached £250.

But he could scarcely offer any complaint. Others he knew well on both sides were risking their lives on this great adventure, including Anne, whilst he sat quietly by waiting for the outcome to optimise his career. He was not proud of himself in his quiet moments and only able to console himself with the remembrance that he was pledged to protect Anne and her cousin Lord Provost

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

Archibald Stewart if all came to grief. He could only do that if he remained nominally available to King George.

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Anne was convinced the Prince would march to England before November. Six weeks from the Victory at Prestonpans was likely to be more than sufficient to make preparations whilst at the same time retaining much of the initiative in the campaign. However, the longer the Prince delayed the more opportunity Marshal Wade would have to forestall the advance and the King was known to be recalling troops from the continent.

“Lord George Murray is quite outstanding,” Anne insisted. “He debates with John Murray and the Prince extensively but it all seems to be directed towards exploring the various strategies rather than any personal antipathy. Their preferred strategy when they enter England is apparently to seek to avoid battle at all costs by subtle and clever tactical movements that wrong foot Wade. He’s reported to be heading for Newcastle where as many as 14,000 government troops are expected to assemble.”

Time had flown whilst he was with Anne, but William knew he had to be meeting Griseldine and his daughters at Holyrood. The Prince was expected to return from inspecting his troops at Duddingston by 5 o’clock when he would receive the ladies of fashion before supping once more in public. Griseldine he was relieved to find no longer wished to meet the Prince formally let alone dance with him. But she did want to be in the watching crowd and had insisted that William be back to them in time to escort them all into the crowd.

Anne told him the best vantage point, embraced him quickly and was gone. She never spoke a word of Griseldine to William or anyone else for that matter.

A Baron's Tale

Griseldine was at their agreed rendezvous and pleased to be directed by William to that best vantage point. She did not ask where William had been or how he had come by the information that it was best although it certainly was an excellent viewpoint. What William essayed in Edinburgh on business Griseldine had been taught by her mother long ago was very much his own concern. She did not like being ignorant in the matter but her father had always upheld that ignorance was bliss and she thought she understood what he had meant. She was gradually learning that what was good for William might also be good for her and their daughters. Time would tell.

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The Prince was most elegantly dressed but had a melancholy air. As many as forty ladies were introduced to him that afternoon and kissed his hand. Several of them he had met before and Griseldine was greatly impressed that he seemed to remember them instantly. There was music whilst he held court but at no time did the Prince himself dance. After an hour he took supper in public inviting all present to join him – not of course the watchers but those who had been presented. For William and his family it was time to return to Prestoun Grange and they arrived a little after 7 o'clock taking a late supper themselves where the only topic of conversation was the Prince and what he might do next. William listened but confided none of the thoughts Anne had shared with him earlier.

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Gardiner's funeral had taken place at Tranent Church during the week immediately following the battle, the day after Rainin's.

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

Lady Frances and all her children had returned from Stirling of course, and the whole of William's family had attended as had the community at large, including those who were openly Jacobite supporters. Most surprisingly perhaps, the Prince gave his personal authorisation and safe conduct to Generals Guest and Preston from the castle to be there arriving just a moment before the service began and leaving directly afterwards. Of Cope or Gardiner's fellow officers that day there was no sign or any expected although the word was out that the Prince would have allowed their attendance as he had Guest and Preston.

William never ceased to be amazed at the sheer nobility which the Prince brought to the conduct of all affairs whilst he resided at Holyrood. The same behaviour was manifest in all his dealings with the Councillors and dignitaries of the city of Edinburgh and across Scotland. It was such a welcome change to the attitudes of Tweeddale but alas he knew it could not last. Sooner rather than later the government's forces would be back in control in Edinburgh and all manner of retribution and score settling would begin. He truly hoped that Lord Provost Archibald Stewart was taking all sensible steps to protect himself against such a future.

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William met with Anne as often as he could and she kept her promise to keep him up-to-date on the unfolding events in the strictest confidence. Before mid-October the French King Louis XV had sent the Marquis d'Eguilles as his Representative to the Prince as Regent, and French artillerymen with their guns and ammunition trains arrived giving significant reinforcement to the Highland army.

On the 24th at Fontainbleau a Treaty was entered into with France in which it "engaged to assist the Prince by all practicable means." Specifically this involved the despatch of a body of troops

from the Scottish and Irish Regiments then in the service of France and orders were issued on October 28th to embark under Lord John Drummond at Ostend.

In Edinburgh the Prince now had some 5000 foot soldiers [up nearly 3000 on the numbers at Prestonpans], 400 cavalymen and 20 or so pieces of artillery. But about the support of English Jacobites when they crossed the border Anne was increasingly uncertain. This seemed to have replaced her earlier concern at the absence of any real French contribution.

Although she had similar reports to William about the fiasco of the Elector's Speech from the Throne to ill-attended Houses in Westminster on October 17th, few promises of men had materialised in England. And Anne expressed her total dismay that the Prince was deliberately withholding this intelligence from the Clan Chiefs in order to persuade them to cross over into England.

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On the night of October 30th a fateful meeting of the Prince's Council took place at Holyroodhouse Palace. The Prince announced that he wished to proceed at once to Newcastle directly to attack Wade. Lord George Murray would have none of it. After an overnight adjournment the Prince, on the motion of the Marquis d'Eguilles, accepted that whilst a feint towards Newcastle would be made by a separate column both would converge on Carlisle.

Immediate arrangements were made to bring all outposted Highlanders together at Dalkeith. The Highlander guards left Edinburgh pipes playing and colours flying on November 1st, the last man to depart being Lord George Murray. Anne went with them but not before she had forewarned William and sent her loving farewell.

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

Thus aware, William was able to proceed at once to his chambers in Edinburgh passing within sight of Lord George Murray's column as he went. Lord George and the Prince were in the column that was feinting to deceive Wade by marching initially towards Kelso before turning to Jedburgh and thence towards Carlisle.

The scene that William encountered in Edinburgh made his heart sink. No sooner had the Highlanders departed than Guest's cowardly garrison in the castle began brutally maltreating the wounded Highlanders who had perforce remained behind. They also ransacked Holyroodhouse Palace where the Prince had lodged. The contrast with the behaviour of the Highlanders throughout their occupation could not have been greater. Guest and Preston tolerated even acquiesced in it all.

William held his counsel as he knew he must but Lord Provost Archibald Stewart moved swiftly to bring order to the streets and to ensure the proper continuing treatment of the wounded. He successfully demanded that Guest and Preston get their garrison back to their barracks and under control but could not prevent many suspected of helping the Prince directly such as Alexander, Earl of Kellie, being held in irons in the castle dungeons.

Once both news of the Prince's departure from Edinburgh and then his arrival to besiege Carlisle reached Berwick, the many Officers of State who had taken refuge there and at Dunbar during the Highland occupation made haste to return. Unlike the Lord Provost they had not seen fit to continue their roles as the Prince had required. Their return was saluted with cannons from the castle on November 13th and was the prelude to yet further attempts to blame those who had stayed behind who must, by that very act it was argued, be deemed traitors to the government.

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William received no news from Anne or of the progress the Prince was making in England except that Carlisle fell very quickly. But his pledge made to Anne to support Lord Provost Archibald Stewart as best he might must now be honoured.

Archibald had gone to London just as soon as the Officers of State had returned in November and presented himself to the Secretary of State for North Britain, Lord Tweeddale. He had been placed on trial before a Cabinet Council and was now being held in custody pending an appearance in court in Edinburgh where he was to be charged with 'neglect of duty, misbehaviour in public office and violation of trust and duty'.

William resolved to seek his release on bail with an early return to Edinburgh as soon as the emergency was over, and knowing Tweeddale well from his days as Solicitor-General wrote to him early in December asking that it should be arranged. He argued strongly, for publication, that the sooner due legal process began against those who had been seen to support the Prince in Scotland the better for all. It would speed an urgent return to the proper conduct of the Union.

He also sent details of his request to both Argyll and Duncan Forbes, the Lord President, who had always been his patrons. He had at all costs to avoid being perceived as a Jacobite sympathiser himself. Archibald must be formally tried but when that came about he could hope to see to it that a balanced examination of all the circumstances was achieved. In this William sought no more than Cope himself had been arguing must be done in respect of his calamitous defeat at Prestonpans – and Cope had now been promised a full enquiry to be chaired by Marshal Wade himself.

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. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

The very next day William heard from Anne in a letter dated December 8th. He could scarcely believe the news. She and the entire Highland army were actually on their way back to Scotland having reached Derby without fighting a single engagement. The retreat was ordered because Lord George Murray and the Clan Chiefs regarded the final march on London to be quite impossible without overwhelming loss of life. She was uncomprehending at their decision and the Prince was clearly heartbroken.

The decision had been taken in the light of intelligence that the government had not one but two armies between Derby and London, both south of the Trent where the Jacobites had already secured the crossing at Swarkeston Bridge. William in fact knew this not to be true, indeed quite the reverse. No more than 4,000 mixed troops stood in his path. The Prince could have continued to London without risk of any serious conflict at all. All intelligence reaching William showed that Lord George Murray's march had outwitted Wade and Cumberland at every turn.

Anne continued that it was intended that the clans would return to their homes for the winter and be ready again to challenge the government forces in the spring.

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The news of the Highlanders' impending return to Scotland for the winter reached Edinburgh's officials the following day and created great consternation. Would the Prince and the Highland army return to occupy Edinburgh or pass by making their way home? Those who had earlier been adamant about prosecuting Jacobite sympathisers started to have second thoughts and the Officers of State held themselves in permanent readiness for a second flight if necessary to Berwick. It was deemed wise for all to tread carefully as William had done all along.

But what of Anne? As she returned with them all surely she would head for her family in Inverness and the Black Isle rather than risk coming to Edinburgh unless there was to be a full scale occupation. Her role in the service of the Prince was too well known.

William did not have long to wait for news. As the Highlanders retreated from England the Prince resolved to leave a garrison at Carlisle, and Anne was asked to remain there responsible for local supply. Once again Anne reported to William there had been furious debate amongst the Chiefs with the Prince but this time, since Charles Edward was so determined to return to England as soon as possible, the majority felt leaving the garrison was the only sensible course to follow. Lord George Murray had claimed it was frankly suicidal but had reluctantly agreed to leave Colonel John Hamilton in command of some 400 soldiers – two companies of the Duke of Perth's, one of Glenbuckets, one of Roy Stuarts, some artillery and the Manchester Regiment. The Highlanders' heavy baggage and artillery were left behind too. The perspicacity of Lord George Murray was soon demonstrated.

Just a single day after the Prince left on December 21st heading for Glasgow, Cumberland appeared at the walls of Carlisle and by the 30th after endless days of massive artillery bombardment Hamilton was forced into capitulation.

Cumberland refused to agree any terms for surrender whatever under a white flag, and as soon as the redcoats entered the city every officer and soldier was imprisoned. Anne had mercifully escaped by sea shortly after the bombardment began with the aide of Dutch auxiliaries who were fighting in breach of recent treaty obligations to the French King following Fontenoy, but who had little time for the barbarity of Cumberland.

Word came later that on January 10th all 397 Highland officers and men were marched bound and fettered to the goals of

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

Lancaster, Chester and London where they were destined to be tried for high treason. The total ruthlessness of Cumberland and his equally brutal and coarse deputy, General Hawley, appalled every Scotsman William met. Such behaviour could never bring peace to Scotland indeed it was as likely to achieve the reverse, creating lasting bonds of affinity between the Lowlanders and Highlanders that had scarce existed before. It further strengthened William's resolve that the process of justice after the rebellion was done must be addressed in Scotland's courts, and the earliest manifestation of that should be Archibald's immediate return to Edinburgh for trial.

* * *

Anne rejoined the Prince at Glasgow three days after Christmas day finding him at Shawfield House and already regularly in the company of a young lady, just 20 years of age, called Clementina Walkinshaw. She came from a loyal Jacobite family that knew the Prince's father in Rome and indeed had the Queen as her godmother. They were clearly most fond of one another spending every evening alone together and she seemed to have done much to lift the Prince's spirits again. Anne had delighted in telling this tale of blossoming romance to William since it contradicted all that had been observed whilst the Prince was in Edinburgh in October.

Anne had been given the immediate task in support of Murray of Broughton of securing from the city of Glasgow much needed supplies, most particularly shirts, hose, shoes, jackets, waistcoats and bonnets. The city's magistrates acted swiftly to meet these requirements and make amends since they had already done much to antagonise the Jacobite cause, lately sending some 700 men into the Elector's service at the garrison in Edinburgh. But neither

Lochiel nor the Prince would contemplate any of the wilder suggestions that the city should be punished.

Within a week the Highlanders were fully provisioned and on January 2nd took to Glasgow Green for a full scale review by the Prince.

“He was,” wrote Anne to William the following day, “magnificently attired and even the doubting citizens of Glasgow were forced to admit he displayed a majesty and grandeur they had not expected.”

As he returned for the night at Shawfield House an inept assassination attempt was made on his life but the miscreant was immediately seized.

The following day the Prince and Lord George Murray set out on the road towards Edinburgh although they had no intention of going there, rather they wished to reduce the town and castle at Stirling. The Prince quickly reached Bannockburn House where his friend Sir Hugh Paterson was to be his host and amongst the welcoming company was none other than Clementina Walkinshaw, Sir Hugh's granddaughter it transpired. Anne wrote immediately to William with this further news of the romance.

She also kept him abreast of the significant news. The Prince had been visited by representatives of Stirling town council anxious to agree terms of surrender without a shot being fired although General Blakeney in the castle there had declined to be involved. No matter what siege might be put in place on the castle success required artillery which was eagerly awaited from Lord John Drummond who had come ashore in November with soldiers of the Scottish and Irish Brigades from France.

Back in Edinburgh William met the loathsome General Hawley who had taken command in Scotland from Cope and was determined to confront and defeat the Highlanders as swiftly as possible. An immediate attempt was made to intercept

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

Drummond's artillery en route to the siege at Stirling but it was unsuccessful. Incensed, Hawley resolved to go out with upwards of 10,000 troops to Falkirk and confront the Highlanders. However, once there he showed great reluctance for any engagement, preferring to enjoy the hospitality of the Countess of Kilmarnock at Callender House. Accordingly Lord George Murray and the Prince took the initiative themselves to attack and by superior tactics defeated Hawley who retreated to Edinburgh a beaten man arriving there on January 18th.

William could not resist relief on learning that Anne was still safe at Stirling and that the hateful Hawley had been humiliated. But his pleasure in Hawley's humiliation on January 17th and at the news by post that Archibald was due to be released in London on £15,000 bail on January 23rd to return to Edinburgh for trial, was short lived. With the same post came the news that Cumberland, who had returned to London for Christmas boasting after his success and the ensuing carnage at Carlisle, was to take command of the government forces in Scotland. He was expected to arrive in Edinburgh on January 30th. William's anxiety at Cumberland's appointment was widely shared. He was already more despised in Scotland than Hawley although those who supported the government felt he was only doing what had to be done.

* * *

The news of Archibald's imminent return took William at once to meet the Lord President, Duncan Forbes and the Duke of Argyll. He had hoped that his championing of the former Lord Provost's return to Edinburgh for trial would not count against him and he was most pleased to find not only that it had not, but that they too vigorously supported such a move. They had absolutely no

wish to see the independence of Scots law within the Union undermined one iota. But their reaction went a great deal further. Forbes suggested that William might care to tackle the office of Lord Advocate in the aftermath of the rebellion. Argyll further argued that if he was to do so he ought also to go as he had earlier suggested to the parliament in Westminster – possibly from the seat in Elgin.

“But what of Craigie, does he not wish to continue as Lord Advocate,” enquired William. But Argyll and Forbes were both dismissive.

“He has no appetite for the role. He showed no hand whilst the Prince was here and we now need in that office someone who can make a difference over the coming months. You could do it. Think it over.”

He agreed he most certainly would and thanked them both for their invitation and their obvious trust in him. They asked that he give them his decision, on both the proposals, before Cumberland's arrival, which was now barely a week away.

Accepting such proposals would greatly limit his opportunities to spend time with Anne although who could foretell where she might be after the rebellion was done. It would have obvious and far reaching effects on his ability to manage the lands at Prestoun Grange and to spend time with Griseldine and his daughters. Although even now it was only at weekends he made his way to Prestoun Grange, in the new roles envisaged he would inevitably be back and forth to London.

He had previously discussed going into parliament with Griseldine when Argyll proposed it several months previously, but to add to that the work of Lord Advocate was a most sizeable responsibility. Yet, he recalled Griseldine's comments at the time only too well: ‘As for Parliament in London, let that wait for another time when it might make more sense for your legal career’.

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

Perhaps that moment had now arrived, and it would certainly be an honour and an opportunity. If he was to accept, he would need Griseldine's support and he would need to know what Forbes and Argyll expected of him as their nominee in office. Invitations such as these always came with assumptions verging on conditions by the patrons so he needed a most thorough discussion with them both. And how long would they be able to accord him support and patronage after the rebellion? Might they be casualties as Cumberland and others sought further revenge on much if not all things Scots? It was clear that Forbes had been unable to rally the Clan Chiefs to support Cope as he had promised, much to Cope's military discomfort. All Forbes could now truthfully say was that he'd succeeded in keeping many of them away from the Prince.

* * *

Griseldine had spent the weeks in the aftermath of the battle at Prestonpans getting her household back into proper order and assisting those at Dolphinstoun Farm. Not only had linens been sacrificed from every home on the baronial estate, but so too had all the accustomed sources of supplies. Cattle and chickens had been slaughtered, carts and horses commandeered, nearly a fifth of all those who worked the lands, the mine and the salt pans had subsequently gone off with one or other army. All this had to be addressed against a background of the continuing uncertainty of the eventual outcome.

She had been and continued to be magnificent at the task, inspiring the womenfolk across the community. Although she and William had only lived at Prestoun Grange just over a year, she quickly became a widely accepted member of the community. When thanked she always graciously attributed her attitudes and

behaviours to her upbringing in The Manse. But the Manse had also ensured she was wise and shrewd. On the basis of the fragmentary details that William did share with her, for he was determined to protect Anne's confidences, she realised he had intelligence from both sides of the rebellion and like him she had concluded the Prince could not ultimately be victorious. It was now increasingly clear that there had perhaps been just that one chance at Derby if the Prince had been able to convince the Clan Chiefs and continued the advance to London. But it had been lost.

Hawley never ceased to boast in Edinburgh that the Prince's retreat had been based on the planting of false intelligence at his Council meeting about the government's troop dispositions. There were no two armies between Derby and London as William had known. A forced march across Swarkeston Bridge could have seen the Prince in London within four days. The Elector had already made his plans to flee and the French were poised to land on the south coast in great strength.

Hawley had also boasted to any who cared to listen, that he'd made a wager with Cope that when he met the Highlanders in battle he would destroy them. After Hawley's defeat at Falkirk it was no surprise to see Cumberland being sent to take up command in Scotland nor Hawley's bad grace at losing his wager. He was taking it out in humiliating punishment and bullying of his senior officers every day and his reputation continued to sink.

So when William asked Griseldine what she thought of the proposal he become Lord Advocate and look for a seat at Westminster, she saw it for what it truly was.

"This is a great opportunity to sort out the many issues that have arisen in a way that the aftermath of 1715 failed to achieve. The Union has to be enabled to continue its success. Any retribution necessarily exacted for the present rebellion must be

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

shaped to end once and for all the dreams Jacobites have of placing the Stuarts back on the throne. For that to succeed and not store up yet further rebellion for the future, it must be a 'Scottish' solution under Scots law, that brings lowlands and highlands together in a determination to prosper and flourish as never before.

"That might seem an ambitious agenda but with Robert Craigie in the role of Lord Advocate I will not sleep easily. I believe you can do it William, and any and every sacrifice the family and I have to make I will accept.

"But William," she concluded, "you must make sure you understand the agenda of Argyll and Forbes and that they too are wholly committed to those same goals."

* * *

William met Argyll and Forbes two days later. After the briefest discussion of the continuing siege of Stirling by the Prince William indicated that he was very much minded to accept their proposal but first wished to ensure that they all had a common perspective on how affairs should proceed after the rebellion was ended. Duncan Forbes spoke first.

"I have spent all my best endeavours since the Prince landed seeking to persuade the Clans to remain loyal to King George and the Union. There have been endless discussions as I've travelled across the Highlands from my home at Culloden, but I have had only very limited success. You can see who has come out for the Prince. Most of those Clan Chiefs held loyal to the Stuarts because of the high handed way in which the English have behaved throughout since William joined Mary on the throne in 1689. They went out again in 1715 when the Elector came over on Anne's death. On both these earlier occasions we were able to

arrange good determinations for ourselves here in Scotland. But this time I do believe the House of Hanover will be adamant to put an end to the feudal powers of the Clan Chiefs across the Highlands and their ability to command an army at a moment's notice from their followers.

“And with Cumberland coming here to take charge, we can expect not only a merciless repression but disabling legislation in London. It will be greatly distressing to us all, not least because of the civility and dignity the Prince himself has shown throughout his campaign. As Scots therefore I believe it's our responsibility to do all we can to mitigate the barbarity we can expect if reports from Carlisle are to be believed whilst at the same time taking the opportunity of radical change to reinforce the benefits of the Union.

“You only have to look at the success of merchants in Glasgow to see how much they have benefited from trade across the English colonies to realise how much more we can benefit in the decades to come.”

Argyll added his observations at this point as well.

“We Scots who have worked with and for the Union have seen enormous benefits. And this has already included the opportunity for our well educated youngsters to take administrative posts both in the American colonies and with the East India and Hudson's Bay companies and to join the British army across the globe. Without the Union much of this would be denied us. We'd be looking to another folly such as the Darien scheme or the land grants in Nova Scotia.”

“These futures cannot be achieved unless we reduce the total feudalism of the Clans and join wholeheartedly with the Crown in so doing. I intend to continue my unswerving support for the Crown even if that leads us into conflict or even engenders hatred amongst our fellow Scots. I believe we have to do it for the long term good of Scotland itself.”

William had not expected either of them to speak so frankly to him or to echo in their own words the very concerns he too felt so deeply, and which Griseldine had urged him to raise. He needed no further encouragement.

“My Lords, I accept your proposals,” exclaimed William, “I am honoured to have received your invitations to help such noble ends. I shall of course keep my own counsel in the matter until you decide the time is right to announce them formally.

“Can I now raise a related matter with you that I have mentioned earlier, which is the return of Archibald Stewart to Edinburgh. His trial must take place here and in the office of Lord Advocate I must take the lead in prosecution. Yet I am uncertain to what extent ‘neglect of duty’ and ‘misbehaviour in the execution of office’ can be criminal offences unless perhaps they were wilful. Just being inept or wrong headed can scarcely be culpable. This would need to be resolved as a point of law before the Court could proceed with consideration of the facts by a jury.”

“Well said,” Duncan Forbes interjected, “but such discussion is for another day, and unlikely truly to concern us for a year or more. By then we can hope that due process can take its course without any need remaining to make any example of him. For now, the news that Archibald is away from London and that London has granted him bail must be sufficient.”

William took the matter no further. He could have a totally clear conscience the next time he met Anne to answer to his pledge. It looked as though, thus far, he might be able to turn a possible embarrassment very much to his advantage, or was it Argyll and Forbes who were expecting to gain most. He remembered Gardiner’s last words to him with ever growing respect.

* * *

William returned to Prestoun Grange to tell Griseldine of the outcome of his meeting with Argyll and Forbes and she was certainly pleased. She was distinctly less pleased however when he announced that he intended to travel in secret to Bannockburn to see if he could meet with Murray of Broughton, Secretary to the Prince.

“If you are found out, you will destroy all you have worked so hard to achieve. It is complete folly. You cannot hope to act as arbiter in the current rebellion. Cumberland and Argyll by your own account are resolute in their determination to extinguish it and every future hope for the Jacobite cause.”

“I agree,” William admitted, “but I wish to try. Forbes has attempted to reconcile the Chiefs with King George and my own efforts at this time, when the Prince has just triumphed over Hawley at Falkirk, is as good a time as any.”

It was a feeble justification and Griseldine knew it as such. But she kept her resolve not to question what other motives William might have for such a hazardous expedition although she was deeply suspicious. She contented herself with observing that she and the family needed and relied upon his support and that he must take care not to be away when Cumberland arrived in Edinburgh. Cumberland would expect to meet with him and any unexplained absence would be unwise.

* * *

William left immediately and arrived at Bannockburn early the following day without hindrance. He knew Sir Hugh Patterson in whose home the Prince was lodged both personally from the law in Edinburgh but also by reputation. His family had been largely responsible for the disastrous Darien Scheme in Panama that preceded the Union and he was of course grandfather to

Clementina Walkinshaw, whose now public affair with the Prince Anne had earlier alerted him to.

As he arrived at Bannockburn House however it was not Anne or Clementina that he met but Margaret Fergusson, the truly beautiful wife of Murray of Broughton. She was known affectionately by the Jacobites as The Recruiting Maid ever since she had appeared at the Edinburgh Mercat Cross encouraging the young men of Edinburgh to join the Prince the previous September. He asked to see Murray in the fullest expectation that Anne might well be there also which happily proved to be the case. But she offered no sign of recognition as William introduced himself and asked if time could be found for a private discussion with the Prince.

William was not disappointed when he was informed it was out of the question nor would Murray entertain any discussions himself. The Prince, as Anne later informed William when they met secretly, had been ill with a bad cold nursed by Clementina, and had throughout been daily engaged in ever more frustrating discussions with the Duke of Perth and M. Mirabelle of the French artillery. M Mirabelle had the most ludicrous plans to continue the siege of Colonel Blakeney in Stirling Castle after the Prince's victory at Falkirk, by digging trenches. It was becoming more pointless by the day. She confidently expected the siege to be abandoned at any moment and the Prince to march on Edinburgh to confront Cumberland as soon as he arrived. Lord George Murray was in favour of such an action although precious time had already been lost at Stirling since the defeat of Hawley at Falkirk.

As Anne shared all this news with William she expressed her absolute amazement but also her delight that he had come to Bannockburn at all.

“It is sheer folly, but delicious folly, to know that you love me well enough to hazard such a visit.”

He told her of his anxieties before he had learnt of her escape from Carlisle with the aid of the Dutch, and that with the coming of Cumberland matters could only get worse for the Prince. But of course she would not be moved in her commitment. The privations she had and would surely continue to experience were shared with Margaret who had herself travelled all the way to Derby and back – although she had not lingered at Carlisle as Anne had been required. The Dutch, she told William, had been kindness itself, knowing as they did that they should not have been combatants at all but had been coerced by Cumberland in a most brutal way.

William let her talk, marvelling at her courage and devotion to the cause. When she paused for a moment he quickly gave her the news of the fate of her cousin Archibald, and how he had now just been released to return on bail to Edinburgh for trial. She was relieved although anxious how such a trial might proceed and what chance Archibald had of resisting the libels made against him, on which he reassured her as best he might. He had still not told her of Argyll and Forbes' invitation to become Lord Advocate but he now knew he must.

“Well of all the ...,” Anne exclaimed, then paused for a moment to reflect: “That actually sounds a marvellous outcome. You shall prosecute Archibald! But much more than that, if the Prince does fail there will be many more you will have to deal with, all dear and brave friends who have been with me these past two months as we marched to Derby and back.

“What an awesome responsibility. I cannot think of what else to say except that if someone has to bring us all before the law for judgement as rebels or traitors I can think of no better man

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

for that task than this man I love. Let us say no more but delight in being together once more tonight. Never in my dreams did I expect to see you now or to hear such news as you have brought.”

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William knew he must leave by noon the following day and was making ready when Anne, who had by some miracle secured him some breakfast earlier whilst he still slept, returned with startling news. The Prince was besides himself. That very night as they had slept together for the first time since the Highlanders left Edinburgh, Lord George Murray and the Clan Chiefs had convened their own Council of War at Crieff with the Prince and had now resolved that they could not advance to attack Cumberland. They were to retire across the Forth to the Highlands. This was an about face indeed for Lord George Murray but their rationale was that men had been deserting since Falkirk. A reinvigorated army could not now be assembled before the Spring.

The Prince had countered in vain that as victors at Falkirk the advantage should be pressed home but had failed to convince the Clan Chiefs. No matter what happened next however, William must be gone she insisted. His presence at Bannockburn must never be known beyond Margaret, Murray of Broughton and herself. They could all be trusted she believed. Margaret had long since guessed of their love as all their letters had come and gone since the beginning of November.

With but one last embrace William sped away not daring to wonder when they might be together again.

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William headed straight for Prestoun Grange. He told an unsurprised Griseldine that his mission had been a complete failure and that Murray and the Prince were adamant that another victory would be theirs with Cumberland humiliated as Hawley had been in a matter of days. He resolved to get to Edinburgh first thing the following morning to meet with Cumberland but no such meeting was possible. When he arrived arrangements seemed to be already in hand for the government forces to march out to confront the Prince at Stirling and raise the siege.

Orders had gone out to all officers paroled after Prestonpans to ignore their oaths and resume service on pain of loss of their commissions. Along with the coercion of the Dutch, also against their Treaty undertakings, Cumberland had at his command a sizeable force. He left Edinburgh early on January 31st in two columns preceded by cavalry, one under his own command and the other with Brigadier Mordaunt.

Cumberland initially left the city in a state coach drawn by twelve horses and headed for Linlithgow where before the day was out the Palace had been vindictively burnt to the ground. Mordaunt camped nearby at Borrowstouness. The following day they advanced towards Falkirk expecting to meet the Highlanders, but Lord George Murray had already evacuated the town and withdrawn to Bannockburn where the Prince was still lodged after he had reluctantly bowed to the wishes of his Highland Chiefs.

As Cumberland marched towards Falkirk the Highlanders were withdrawing not only from Bannockburn but from Stirling altogether to St Ninian's. Anne travelled there too with Margaret Fergusson and Murray of Broughton, all three narrowly escaping death or some serious injury when gunpowder left behind in the church by the retreating Highlanders blew up as they passed showering them with stones.

The Prince lingered overlong at Bannockburn taking his

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farewells of Clementina who, by Anne's report, swore her undying love for him which he seemed to reciprocate although time would tell.

The Highlanders' retreat was made in very bad order indeed with Sullivan countermanding Lord George Murray's orders on the withdrawal from Stirling and creating considerable panic amongst them. The cannons brought from the siege at Stirling and many of the wounded were left behind. But by nightfall the Prince with Murray, Margaret and Anne were across the Forth at the Frews arriving at Drummond Castle with the Duke of Perth. Lord George Murray was left to do the best he might so that on the following day the retreat could continue to Crieff.

Anne wrote to William from Crieff telling all this news, saying how wonderful it had been to see him again and confirming that all were headed for Inverness – which meant that she could hope to spend the winter with her family.

Cumberland during this time followed the Highlanders at a respectful distance as far as Crieff but then resolved to occupy Perth arriving there on February 6th.

Anne's next letter was from Inverness with news that many of the Hanoverian Highlanders under Loudon's command had fled the town as they arrived. Lord Loudon, along with Lord President Forbes who had been home at Culloden, had escaped leaving Culloden House open to provide hospitality for the Prince and his party, including Anne. But this was not before a bold plan to capture the Prince had been attempted by Loudon at Moy Hall where they had all been lodged with Lady Anne Mackintosh.

They had fled along Loch Moy in their nightwear and the Prince in particular had taken a very bad chill which was keeping him almost wholly out of action at Inverness ever since their arrival on February 18th. The castle, which Marshal Wade had built after the 1715 Rebellion known as Fort George, surrendered

the following day and was blown up with the sad loss of the French artillery man charged with the task through his own carelessness.

Despite his ill health, Charles was well pleased. No reports had reached him that Cumberland had left Perth for Aberdeen and the Highlanders were in far better spirits for being back in their own country. A detachment proceeded to Fort Augustus and captured that garrison although they had no such good fortune when they attacked Fort William.

Charles health continued to be a problem however, and then Murray of Broughton also took sick and was unable to recover as the Prince gradually did. Margaret remained with her husband and Anne had to accept much more substantial responsibilities in the office of Secretary to the Prince. She wrote how beautifully ironic it was that she should be working thus just when William himself was to become Lord Advocate.

Anne wrote again to William in some considerable alarm on April 13th when it became known that Cumberland had eventually crossed the River Spey unopposed and was now advancing on Inverness. Lord George Murray was expecting an early battle and all Highlanders were summoned to join their regiments as swiftly as they could. But he also learnt that Cumberland was vainly intent on celebrating his birthday on April 15th at Nairn. Ever the strategist, Lord George wished to move his army to Nairn and attempt a surprise night time attack on Cumberland as he celebrated. The Prince supported this latter approach which had worked so well at Prestonpans and Falkirk, but he did not support the plan to move the whole army to what Lord George saw as much preferable ground.

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Anne's next letter to William came after the desperate defeat at Culloden from her hiding place with Margaret at Strontian in the West Highlands, whence Murray of Broughton had sent them for safety, most particularly because Margaret was pregnant. It was intended that they should cross to Ireland from there.

She reported how the whole Culloden affair had been grossly mismanaged with bickering and argument on all sides. The night march Lord George Murray championed had failed to reach Cumberland's camp. The ground on which the Prince insisted the battle had to be fought at Culloden Moor proved, as Lord George had predicted, totally ill suited. More to the point still, Cumberland's soldiers had shown much greater metal than either Cope's or Hawley's, after weeks of thorough training by Cumberland.

When the Prince had left the field in defeat he had gone into hiding seeking, Anne believed, to escape to France and urge assistance from Louis XV. But most Highlanders under Lord George Murray had not expected him to flee at this juncture. They found their way to Ruthven awaiting a rallying message from the Prince. Eventually a message came but not the one expected.

Lord George Murray, incredulous, read it aloud to the assembled Jacobite forces: "Let every man seek his own safety the best way he can." Deeply concerned, Lord George Murray wrote to the Prince resigning his commission. He formally requested that Sullivan be impeached and reproached the Prince for having ever attempted his enterprise without the more definite support of the French.

* * *

Anne had not actually seen the carnage wrought by Cumberland's

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deliberate vengeance and cruelty towards the wounded after Culloden, or the destruction and mayhem across the clan villages in the following weeks on Cumberland's orders. But she had heard countless tales.

Murray of Broughton had left them at Strontian and gone off to try to find and persuade the Prince not to leave the country after word that he was in the Outer Hebrides. But he had no command of Gaelic and made little progress. Margaret later discovered that her husband had been arrested just a few hours after he had travelled to visit his sister at Polmood in Pebbleshire, and was now destined for the Tower of London.

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Anne had a tale to tell of her own escape with Margaret when she next wrote to William on June 25th more than 10 weeks after Culloden. By that time he had been installed as Lord Advocate. She was by then also in Edinburgh herself with Margaret, not more than a mile from where he sat as he read her letter, at Cant's Close. She asked for no help but just the opportunity to meet him perhaps for the last time since she was determined to travel with Margaret to the continent as soon as Margaret's child was born. William could scarce believe she was safe and made immediate arrangements to meet her that evening.

"There was no boat at Strontian," Anne began after they had held one another for what seemed like an eternity. "Rather, there were boats but no one was prepared to risk their life by assisting rebels, but neither would they report on us. So we had to make our way across the moors, sleeping at times outside with little or no food. We cannot stay here long in Edinburgh either because word will soon get out. Just now we are hopeful we can get to the Hamiltons at Bruntsfield Links until the child is born for

although they are certainly not Jacobites his wife is with us.”

“But why must you go to the continent?” William wanted to know. “Surely you’re not in too much danger and you should be able to find a home perhaps in London for a while.” But Anne replied:

“John Murray has been so ill and his mind so disturbed we fear that now he is taken prisoner he might betray us all. I cannot risk remaining and I certainly must not be seen with you or even thought to be in contact with you now you are Lord Advocate.”

“I hate the very thought of your being so far away but your safety is more important than my selfishness,” William insisted. “You must do what you feel is best and as I have always pledged I will do whatever you ask. You will I’m sure want to stay with Margaret and see her through her labour and then to the continent if you must. Be sure to send me word as soon as you can. I need to know you are safe.

“But I almost forgot,” William added, “We have good news of Archibald, or at least as good as we can hope. He is safely back home here in Edinburgh and I am preparing the case against him which I shall likely lead before Argyll. It wont come forward until Spring next year but I have every confidence I shall fail to persuade any jury that he wilfully neglected his duties as Lord Provost. It’s not that I shall not do my best but quite simply neither Argyll or Forbes believe we can make the case.

“Archibald acted wisely and in the best interest of the capital. Resistance without Cope’s army at Leith would have been fruitless. His failure to render the cannons useless as Guest had asked him to is an issue, particularly as the Prince had expressly insisted at the parley that it should not be done, but Archibald argued at the time that it was Guest’s job not his as Lord Provost.

“The worst conclusion any jury is likely to reach is that he was not an effective leader at the time and that a bolder man may well

have acted differently, although it is hard to see how. Those who blustered most, both at the time and subsequently, have offered no clear alternative that would in any way have saved the city. Once Cope decided to march north and not attempt the Corrie-yarick Pass, Edinburgh was destined to fall without a fight.”

“Enough” cried Anne. “I know you will do what you can for Archibald, but I shall ask nothing of you for myself I promise unless all else is lost. You must not risk your own chance to help the reconciliation and minimise the brutality that is still taking place across the Highlands. And if you do get to London soon in the parliament, I sincerely hope I might be able to be with you again there.”

They spoke no more of politics, or the Prince or the Elector or William's role as Lord Advocate. They sat by the log fire in each others arms and remembered their happy days together and what might have been. The only time they laughed together was when William showed Anne an initial sketch of Allan Ramsay's portrait of him as Lord Advocate that was due to be painted for his offices.

She was suitably impressed it was Allan Ramsay who had been commissioned, but felt William's nose too long, almost as long as Cope's she joked. He promised to pass on her thoughts to Ramsay later in the week.

As midnight passed they knew they must say their farewells with no date fixed ever to meet again but full of hope it could be soon. William left as the clocks struck one.

Anne watched him go, and with consternation as she saw he was observed and followed by two men who had been talking quietly on the corner. She had no idea who they might be but resolved that they would have to move to the Hamiltons the very next day.

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. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

William tried to stay in touch but Anne refused to answer his messages. He consoled himself that their love was as deep as ever and that she would find him when she felt it safe to do so. After all he was easy to find, and she was necessarily elusive. It seemed certain that martial law in Scotland would not end until August no matter how hard Forbes and he tried to bring its tyrannical behaviours to an early end.

William did not know till many months later that Margaret and John Murray's son, Charles, was born on September 25th but sadly died very shortly afterwards. It was hardly surprising bearing in mind that most of her pregnancy had been spent on the run across open moors since Culloden in April. Anne helped nurse her back to full health and by the end of the year they both booked passage on a Dutch ship from Leith only to be refused the journey at the last moment when the captain learnt who they were. Frustrated, Margaret and Anne left for London finding lodgings in Lambeth and finally got a ship under false names that took them to Holland.

Only once she was established there by May 1747 did Anne write to tell William she was safe. Her letter came as the most enormous relief.

* * *

John Murray, taken to the Tower the previous year on July 7th and interrogated under threat of execution, had turned King's Evidence. What he had to tell was largely responsible for the fateful trial and execution of Lord Lovat, Chief of Clan Fraser, for whom it was the case that neither the Highlanders or Duncan Forbes and Argyll had anything to say in his defence. William had no notion of what John Murray might have said of Anne or any of the myriad Jacobite supporters with whom he had contact as

Secretary to the Prince throughout the rebellion. He could potentially have destroyed them all and taken William with them. He might well have told of William's visit to Bannockburn House.

By the time William at last heard from Anne in Holland he had been elected to the Union parliament for Elgin Burghs with the support of Argyll, and the trial of her cousin Archibald was in progress in Edinburgh. He was back and forth to London every other month seeing little of Griseldine or his daughters. It was very wearying indeed and Griseldine was already fearful for his health. She concluded that so much travelling was impossible to sustain and that he must establish his own house in London to which he reluctantly agreed.

Griseldine travelled to London with him in August to see it was properly to her liking and gave him all necessary support. As Lord Advocate he also had access to the services of the North Britain office that Tweeddale had conducted so unsuccessfully at the time of the rebellion.

He was surprised at Griseldine's determination that he should have a home in London. Little did he suspect that it suited her also that he should be both well cared for and away leaving her more time to follow her own interests in the arts community in Edinburgh whilst not neglecting her children.

* * *

William had much to do in the debates throughout 1746 on Heritable Jurisdictions and the Proscriptions not to mention the Attainders taken against those who had supported the Prince. He found little personal distress in seeing to it that Clan Chiefs and Barons such as he lost many of their heritable jurisdictions and that these were transferred to the Crown but, along with Forbes, he believed the proscription of the tartan and the bagpipes and up

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

to 7 years deportation as punishment was ridiculous. They both felt it would achieve less than nothing but instead over time they would become clandestine symbols of Scottishness within the Union.

He wrote to Anne telling her he was now in London a great deal and that when the time was right she must come and visit the city. She responded that she most certainly would, and that she and all who loved Scotland so dearly were looking to him to do all he could to preserve and strengthen it. She urged him to ensure that the attainted lands were well managed for the Crown without giving undue distress to their tenants.

* * *

The trial of Archibald dragged on with one witness regrettably absenting himself from Scotland and, despite William's request, Argyll and the other judges rejected a late submission.

The trial had commenced in March 1747 and by August had got no further than considering whether or not there were valid charges of negligence to which Archibald had need to respond. By August the Court found that there were and so a jury trial could now take place, which was finally concluded in November with the unanimous and totally expected verdict that Archibald was 'Not Guilty'.

Edinburgh, and certainly William, Forbes and Argyll wished to move on from such agonising over the rebellion and were glad of that decision. William at once wrote to Anne with the news of his 'failure' to see Archibald convicted, and in return she promised to try to get a ship to London early in the New Year to celebrate. William responded with delight at such a prospect and was also able to give Anne the news that Archibald was hopeful he could make a new life as a merchant in London from the Spring of

1748. He was expected to arrive there in January or February at the latest.

* * *

Christmas at Prestoun Grange with Griseldine and his four daughters was always going to be a happy time. His busy official schedule was set aside for three glorious weeks, with snow on the ground throughout. The family walked and rode, attended church regularly, and visited all manner of households excepting Tweeddale at Pinkie House who was still greatly involved in politics in London and could never really see eye to eye with William on the most significant issues there. Those they visited were invited to Prestoun Grange in return. There seemed no animosity in the Lothians to William's role in London or as Lord Advocate at Archibald's trial. In fact the way in which Griseldine and William had acted in the immediate aftermath of the battle was remembered with considerable gratitude. As so often when catastrophe strikes, strong friendships had developed and made life at Prestoun Grange so very enjoyable.

He saw a great deal of Tytler and Rainin of whom he greatly approved and of whom Griseldine was also full of praise. Rainin still missed his father but Tytler had taken him under his wing after his father's death and together they had dealt with the re-establishment of affairs after the battle. They had spent much time getting the staff back into their routines and making good the carts and horses as well as the crops that had been commandeered by the Prince. Dolphinstoun Farm was once again flourishing under Griseldine and Janet's watchful eyes. Janet was in fact taking the lead with the planting of vegetables and harvesting.

The plans for development of the estate generally, discussed

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

with Tytler and father Rainin in the early summer of 1745, had as yet made no progress with first the battle disruptions and then William's lengthy absences. The coal mine was still bedevilled with flooding and remained un-worked much of the time. Matters had been so bad after the end of military law in 1746 that his own servants from Pinkie had prepared a Petition to him, led by three from the Pryde family along with Robert Thompson and William Ines.

William's Christmas message to Tytler and Rainin was however that they were to discuss amongst themselves and with Johnnie Moat at Morrison's Haven, how the industrial activities might be boldly advanced. In the summer he promised he would spend a few months at Prestoun Grange when he could discuss all their proposals and hopefully make some good progress at last.

He was also most particular in stressing the need to see pottery flourish now that the tidal flint mill was operational, this very much at Griseldine's urging for she was so greatly interested in the artistic work that was going on. For the present six months he asked that they carry on the good work in hand, which was providing a very satisfactory income for the family which together with his emoluments of office more than covered the additional costs of the London home.

One thing he also enquired of Tytler was to find out what had eventually happened to the Prydes and their fellow petitioners. Tyler promised to find out and let him know.

* * *

William was back in London by the middle of January settled in his house in Westminster. He was to report to Anne that, with the conclusion of Archibald's trial, there was to be no repetition of the fate meted out to 80 year old Lord Lovat in April the previous

year after he was found guilty by his fellow peers of treason. William profoundly hoped that the vengeful blood letting would now cease following the example of the Prince in 1745. But there was only modest expectation his hope would be realised and he could see little that he could attempt himself. Perhaps Anne when she came, and he had now heard it was to be in March, would have some suggestions. She very much expected to meet Archibald in London and it seemed as though they might well have plans to conduct business together across the Channel with the Dutch and French.

In the event, Anne was delayed in her sea crossing by very bad weather and when she did finally arrive in London Archibald had had to return to Edinburgh. But William was there, and deliriously happy to have her to himself after such a long separation. Anne insisted on the utmost discretion for their meetings, refusing ever to visit his house. Their secret rendezvous became the chocolate drinking houses that were now so popular in London. Quite by chance they were also now appearing in Edinburgh. Cope had unwittingly introduced them when his coach was captured at Prestonpans containing a good supply of the paste which he carried with him. It seemed the drink was also enormously popular with the Dutch.

* * *

Anne had initially settled in Amsterdam with Margaret when she fled to the continent nearly two years earlier. Margaret, following the betrayal of Lord Lovat by her husband John Murray of Broughton, never sought to make contact with him again. Regaining all her fabled beauty she had readily become the mistress of a Dutch merchant trading to the southernmost tip of Africa. So Anne was now living alone and for the first time she

told William that she was receiving financial support from Archibald. He had asked her to help him develop a range of commercial contacts for the future trade Archibald was determined to establish in London, well away from all his unhappy memories of Edinburgh. She said it did not break his heart to be thus exiled from Scotland since he had been ill treated by so many both before and during the trials – although she was quick to add that he did not include William amongst those.

William thought the whole plan to be wildly optimistic but it had all the requisite ingredients for him to see Anne once again on a regular basis as well as giving her a real sense of purpose to replace the loss of the Jacobite cause. For she like William was convinced it was now over for ever. The ferocity of the suppression at Culloden and under martial law dictated by Cumberland for six months afterwards, the loss of almost all the feudal powers Clan Chiefs had and the attainders now in place were bad enough. But the Prince had seemingly lost any appetite to try again. The failure of the French to give any further support had sealed his fate.

“I am proud I stood loyally by the Prince” she said. “The Clan Chiefs and those they led were ready to make the ultimate sacrifice for the Stuarts. We all had the opportunity at Derby to make the final gamble but we chose not to take it and for many of us everything was lost, sons, estates and hundreds of clansmen such as Lochiel. Others who never wavered in their belief in the Union such as Argyll and his Campbells have prospered beyond belief.

“We are all of the same mind on the continent when we meet. There is no talk now of tomorrow, just of yesterday and the heroics of the ’45 – except for Lochiel’s brother Archibald Cameron. He says he is determined to return and is minded to assassinate King George himself!

“Margaret changed her name when we fled so as not to be known any longer as Lady Murray which was as well since John is everywhere despised for turning the King’s Evidence and sending Lovat to his execution. They call him ‘Mr Evidence’, and even the Prince himself has let it be known he considers him ‘an absolute rascal and a villain and totally let down’ by a man who had been his friend since their student days in Rome.

“Whenever he was named I used to watch to see Margaret’s reactions but she refused to be disturbed, and in the end she joined in with them all in his condemnation. Of course some of those who travelled as we did all the way to Derby with the Prince know full well who she truly is but we all respect her privacy and if her lover is aware at all he gives no sign of it. Frankly I think they may both leave for Africa where he trades so much and I shall never see her again. I’ll miss her greatly because we went through so much together, but I am glad to see her making a new life for herself. And I am determined to do the same myself.”

William scarcely knew what to say in reply. He too, and most of the other Hanoverian supporters, despised the infamy of John Murray of Broughton. More to the point to add insult to injury he was expected to be pardoned within the month as a reward for the evidence he had given on those who supported the Jacobite cause in 1745. What he would do for the rest of his life was an open matter if he lived long enough to enjoy many more years. He was only some four years older than the Prince himself.

“Enough of my news,” said Anne. “How goes your fine career as Lord Advocate? And what of Griseldine and those four marvellous daughters of yours. I know we agree never speak of them, but you must this once make an exception. And have you taken another mistress whilst I have been so long away?”

William was taken aback but delighted. How he had missed being with Anne. “Let me first deal with my *new* mistress then,”

he said. "She is a fine lady and a Jacobite. She lives some considerable distance away but is the soul of discretion. ..." Anne interrupted:

"How dare you treat me like this. You write me letters of love and longing and when I come to meet with you insist if we are to meet at all I must drink interminable chocolate. What is her name?" she demanded.

"Her name is Anne," he replied, "and she drinks interminable cups of chocolate. You were my mistress and you are so once again. That makes you my *new* mistress does it not? If for a moment I made you think there was another that was simply to repay you for doubting me."

"I did not doubt you until you replied that instant ago," she cried, "but I had already formulated plans either to murder her immediately or to murder you or both. I will only share you with Griseldine and your family, with no one else, ever."

"Nor will I share you" replied William, "and if I find there are others who have enjoyed your company too much in Holland or anywhere else these last two years I shall take ship and kill them too."

"Oh," said Anne, "don't do that. They're not worth it. Just passing fancies. You'd lose your career, destroy your family and I'd lose you too when you were hanged."

Now it was her turn to joke and William decided it was best to tell Anne all about Griseldine and the family.

"I've been neglecting the estates, my wife and family ever since I took up Argyll and Forbes proposal to become Lord Advocate, and then to come to London with all the travelling and extra work that involves. Griseldine cannot really come to London although she insisted I buy the house you refuse to visit so that I have some comforts when I am here."

"And your daughters? How are they progressing? There must by

now be suitors.” William thought for a moment before answering, because it was only at Christmas that Griseldine had suggested Janet, who was now 19, might be a suitable wife for the handsome John Carmichael, a nephew of the Earl of Hyndford – provided she was sufficiently attracted to him. He was clearly an ideal match but he was 38 years old.

“Well,” replied William speaking carefully, “it has been suggested that Janet might marry soon and there are several suitors, but Griseldine and I are both insistent that she should make the choice herself. We know no further children can be born to us so there shall be no son and heir. So either Janet or my cousin Archibald in Moneymask will inherit my estates. Who she marries will have great implications for Griseldine and the family in the years to come. Agnes and Jean are still too young I think and Christian, well she is but a child.”

“Ever the lawyer William” said Anne quietly. “I did not ask of your inheritance I asked for news of happiness and rejoicing at Prestoun Grange. Tell me some good news, some exciting news.”

“I love you dearly Anne” replied William, suitably chastened. But he felt he must justify that what he had said about inheritance was not because he was expecting to be gone soon, rather that during his evenings in London he had begun researching as many members of the Grant family in Scotland as he could. He had indeed already started on writing a Memoir on the history of the family.

“You see I’ve got a new hobby, what is now termed genealogy. I think it both reasonable and illuminating to preserve in particular the histories or memoirs, the actions and the changes in private families of distinction and eminency.”

“Well I suppose you might just qualify as potentially distinguished and potentially eminent,” Anne teased. “But will I be included in your own memoir or left unknown to history.”

“What would you suggest?” asked William. Without hesitation Anne replied:

“I wish to be left unknown to history. I want what we have together to be just our private memoir. I don’t want your history when it comes to be written to tell of Anne the mistress. Your history shall tell only of Griseldine and your daughters, and the lives you lived. All the excitement of our love must be left to the imagination, the fantasies even, of others.”

“It shall be as you wish Anne, but I shall definitely leave just a small clue, a fragment of our love in my memorial, that will arouse the curiosity of anyone in the future trying to understand or analyse how we lived in these times of chaos and brutality. The clue shall be found in my humility in office as Lord Advocate and my real concern for those Jacobites who have been so unkindly treated by Cumberland – and Argyll for that matter too.

“As you know well, Anne, that shall not simply be a clue, for it is to tell the truth. Your love of the Jacobite cause has helped me to understand the values and strength of Highland life and of Clan loyalties. They transcend the feudal systems which I have just seen abolished here in the Union parliament. They’ll still live on in Scotland two and three hundred years hence even if or is it when the few remaining powers now left with your Clan Chiefs and we Barons have all gone away. In fact, as we passed the legislation I wondered to myself just when even that which we left would be stripped away or perhaps fall into total disuse.”

“I always knew it was right to have you as our Lord Advocate,” Anne responded, “and I am so very very proud to have so influenced you to understand us and our way of life better. But there was never any intention on my part to seek to persuade you of anything. I simply say what I believe and act of my beliefs.

“And what more do you expect to still be present with our descendants in two or three hundred years?” Anne continued.

"I'd rather say what will not be," William replied. "The virtual slavery of those who work on my baronial lands cannot survive much longer, of that I am certain. Nor can the manner in which the Bourbons conduct their Courts in France or the way King George and his Ministers treat the colonies in North America."

"Whatever brought that to mind?" asked Anne.

"I agree it must seem an unusual combination of ideas but they do hold together. All the philosophical talk in Edinburgh is of education freeing the mind and of educated people playing a greater role in the conduct of their lives. My perspective on the colonies in North America has come from the merchants I meet every week here and in Scotland, particularly from Glasgow. On Louis' France it comes from those Jacobites I know who have been exiled there and of course on the manner of Louis' disingenuous treatment of the Prince.

"But on slavery on my own lands it came from a sad Petition I received some two years back from a Robert Pryde and his family and two of their friends. I've just asked Tytler to find out what eventually became of them but they petitioned me as laird to bring them back from pits in Pinkie to Preston Grange. We had sent them to Pinkie as colliers because our own mine is always flooded, but they were now about to be sent again from Pinkie to work in the Duke of Hamilton's mines where no bread is given and frankly they expect their families to starve.

"I can't do anything about the North American colonies or about France, but I am determined that when I have finished my time as Lord Advocate and forsaken this extraordinary life here in London, I shall give all my attentions to my own lands and how they can prosper. And I shall take Griseldine's advice on helping those who live and work there to see some improvement in their lives."

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

“And what,” asked Anne, “do Tytler, Rainin and Janet even make of all this?”

“I have to say that it is as much Griseldine as me that speaks,” William confessed. “The others think it all most unlikely that we can make much real difference but are content to see me try. Oh, and they think my fellow landowners might be disturbed at such radical notions.”

“You are fortunate in such a wife William. Many married to one in such high office care little how their good fortune is sustained. And for what it’s worth you must know I believe as you do, although the Prince is reported to have abandoned thoughts of taking advice from counsellors altogether since they made him turn back at Derby!

“But enough of such philosophising. I am your *new* mistress and I demand another cup of chocolate drink to strengthen me for the night ahead.”

“A demanding *new* mistress. The notion is magnificent.” William enthused. “I shall take another cup too. But you must know your power over me lies in your concern for what troubles me in life as much as holding me in your embrace.”

“Of course I know William. Successful mistresses must be wise as well as loving. And that is why we are both together still, with our secrecy and our separations adding excitement to it all. We shall never be discovered you and I. What we have together, and apart, is too incredible. But chocolate drinks alone will never be enough to woo or to hold me. Let’s go and re-explore my humble lodgings since your grand house is ever out of bounds.”

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Anne’s visit to London lasted but four weeks and as Easter approached she had to return to Holland and William to Prestoun

Grange. He arrived to find that Griseldine had already introduced Janet to John Carmichael who was proving a great flatterer of Griseldine and the girls. Christian was especially impressed. John seemed not only to find Janet charming company which enhanced her fine looks that she took from her mother, but seemed to be able to take a lively interest in vegetables going to Dolphinstoun Farm with Janet every time he visited to listen to Janet's enthusiastic stories.

John had now visited four times and Griseldine assured William that she had also met the 3rd Earl, John's uncle, during one of his infrequent visits to Edinburgh, who had perhaps too readily agreed that such a match would be for the good of all. She thought she had detected a note of desperation in the old Earl's comments for John Carmichael to settle down and raise a family. It was, Griseldine assured him, now for William to meet the Earl formally. William actually knew him from Westminster where Hyndford was a Representative Scottish Peer. He was a most likeable man, a diplomat of considerable importance. He had been Ambassador to Russia during the '45 and was still there although at his home in Lanarkshire as time permitted. William had met Elizabeth, The Countess, and their oldest son Viscount Inglisberry two years earlier in London during the debates on proscription. But William declined firmly to do as Griseldine asked until he had talked at great length with Janet. He further insisted that neither of them should put any pressure on her in the matter. Finally, no marriage would ever take place with his blessing and consent until Janet was at least 20 years old.

"You are right William," Griseldine had immediately acknowledged. "It is not that I wish to persuade Janet into an early marriage but it's so marvellous to have a gentleman paying all us ladies attention. You are hardly ever here and when you do come

you are burdened with work. We have spent so little time together since Christmas.”

“I know,” he replied. “But we did agree that I should take on these responsibilities and I feel that I have been able to make the contribution we both hoped I could both here and in London. Can you not come to London with the children in the summer recess? I’ll have the time and together we can all enjoy some social life in London. And if Janet is to marry John Carmichael, let it be planned when we are all together there.”

Griseldine agreed and when William came to talk with Janet she too accepted his proposal. He pointed out that marriage was a lasting commitment and that she must think most carefully if she was to marry a man so much older than herself.

“Have there been no younger men you have met who quickened your heart?” he asked. “There have been more than a few,” she had responded at once. “I met several handsome young gentlemen in Edinburgh when the Prince was there who I’ve continued to meet at social events and of course there are those we meet regularly at Preston church and our neighbours’ sons. But they seem unwilling to take me seriously and mother disapproves of most of them.”

“And no doubt so would I,” added William.

“But the choice must be yours first, and only then should your mother and I be invited also to approve.”

“I love you father, and mother too so very much. I would not dream of taking a husband you were not content with, but I think you will like John. Everyone else does, and I’m not sure why he is still available and hasn’t been married a dozen times before. Perhaps he has.”

They laughed together so much that before he knew it Janet and Griseldine were taking him to Dolphinstoun Farm to see the vegetables himself, or rather to see where they would be once

A Baron's Tale

planting was completed. And before they returned to Prestoun Grange it had been agreed that William should travel to Lanarkshire to meet the Earl before he returned to London.

* * *

The meeting with the Earl was a cordial one, but the desperation that Griseldine had thought she had detected showed through for William too. The Earl quite simply wanted John Carmichael married as soon as possible. John had it transpired been introduced on numerous occasions by the Countess to suitable ladies in Lanarkshire and in Edinburgh but to no effect. However, so far as the Earl and Countess could see he was truly interested in his courtship with Janet. William told the Earl, as he had Griseldine and Janet, that there could be no marriage until she was 20 and then only if Janet was herself wholly content in the matter.

“How times change,” commented the Earl.

“Before long the ladies will be running the nation. But of course William you are surrounded by them. I assume they already run you.”

William nodded in agreement:

“More than you will ever wish to know,” he responded, thinking of Anne as they proceeded from the library to dinner together with the Countess and their son Fredrick.

* * *

William was home at Prestoun Grange for five weeks over Easter of which the latter three were spent mainly in Edinburgh. Then he had to travel back to London for parliament. No sooner was he back in his house there than he heard from Archibald Stewart and

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

Anne, who were meeting in London the following week. With Archibald as her consort, William was delighted that he could at last invite Anne to his home. His house in London was not on a grand scale but at least chocolate drinking did not have to be taken as an excuse to meet any more.

Archibald's plans were now ready and he expected to be trading by the summer. With much help from Anne he had been able to get agency rights for Delftware and other leading Dutch pottery although William suggested they might well now be in some danger from English porcelains and pottery. William was however keen to learn as much as he could in the matter because of Griseldine's great interest for such craftsmanship in Prestonpans. What was most reassuring was that Archibald had found partners in London and looked to be well set to re-establish himself after the saddening imprisonment and trials he had faced lasting fully two years from November 1745.

* * *

The summer recess in London soon arrived, as did Griseldine and all four daughters. And with them came the news that Janet had decided she would very much like to accept John Carmichael's proposal of marriage. The Earl would be home again from Russia for Christmas and the New Year and it had been agreed, subject to William's consent of course, that the wedding should take place on January 26th 1749 at St Cuthbert's in Edinburgh. The very mention of that name brought back memories. When he had the time, if ever he did, there were so many people he had met in the feverish autumn months of 1745 he wished to meet again. But when?

William readily agreed with what Griseldine and Janet proposed, and throughout the autumn plans were made, remade

and remade again. Griseldine was determined to design and supervise Janet's wedding gown and the result made Janet look more dazzlingly beautiful than ever and her father of course most proud. He had had several opportunities to meet with John in the intervening months to explore what plans he had for family and living arrangements. To Griseldine's delight they planned to live in Edinburgh much of the time because of John's interests there, meaning that mother and daughter would be able to meet quite regularly.

And so it transpired. William continued his roles in Parliament in London and as Lord Advocate in Edinburgh. Anne continued to meet with him whenever they could which was some three or four times each year when she made month long visits to London.

Comment was sometime made that it was extraordinary that William spent so much time in London in Archibald's company in view of their previous legal confrontations but both replied that from that incident they had grown to respect one another and for William's part he was pleased to show respect for the jury's decision. Archibald had not wilfully acted in any negligent manner in 1745 when the Prince had arrived at Edinburgh's gates.

Few, except Griseldine, realised that it was Anne who was William's close confidante not Archibald, but she kept her own counsel. She enjoyed the life she led at Prestoun Grange which gave her opportunity to follow her interests in art and her fellow artists, and she was still involved in the upbringing of Agnes, Jean and Christian. She saw Janet at least twice each month in Edinburgh, with she and John regular visitors at Prestoun Grange at weekends too.

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. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

On one of his regular late summer visits to London Anne had been acting very strangely, so much so that William eventually felt he had to ask whether something was amiss.

“Yes,” she replied, “very much amiss. The Prince is totally transformed, and here in London. He has formally renounced his Roman Catholic faith and is seeking support for yet another attempt to recover the throne for his father. It’s his second visit. Frankly I’m in despair.”

They proceeded to their favourite chocolate house late that afternoon and for the first and only time in his life, William was introduced to the Prince. Anne had sworn him to remember his oath to her, not to King George. The Prince looked well but was virtually unrecognisable in his disguise as a merchant. He was only too well aware that he was speaking to Scotland’s Lord Advocate who had unsuccessfully prosecuted Archibald Stewart, who was also seated beside Anne.

The Prince was anxious to know not whether William and the Grant Clan at large would support his cause but who else might. Anne was mightily impressed with William’s response. She was proud too. William calmly set forth the disastrous consequences of the ’45 for so many of the great families of Scotland both personally and in terms of their lands and followers. In the four years since Culloden, he said, slaughter and terror were gradually being replaced by better governance throughout the Highlands and the Lowlands. To ask the families and Clans that had given their all in 1715 and 1745 at such great cost to rise once again and face certain defeat was too much to ask.

“There is much we can all criticise in George II and his Ministers” William continued, “not least in the way he treats his 13 Colonies, but they are not all bad and the Union has been bringing great benefits for Scotland since your great aunt Queen Anne insisted that it should be entered into in 1706. My father,”

concluded William, "Francis the Lord Cullen, was indeed one of the law lords who drafted the Act of Union at Her Majesty's request. My own predecessor as Baron of Prestoungrange was a Lord Commissioner for the Union.

"In asking my views, Your Highness, you ask perhaps the wrong man. But I do believe those I deeply love here with me today whose loyalty you can never have doubted, share my opinion also. You should be done with it."

"I do not think I ask the wrong man at all, Sir," the Prince replied. "Archibald and Anne here both tell me you are as honest a man as I could ever hope to ask, and one who knows and loves Scotland dearly. Thank you for your counsel today. I shall carry it to my father who I dare say will be pleased with it."

"Now to another matter. Can you Anne, and you Sir, join Archibald and myself this evening.? There is someone you both met several years ago at Bannockburn House I wish you to meet, Clementina. And I am delighted to inform you we now have a baby daughter, Charlotte."

William was stunned. Speechless. Anne recovered first. "Of course, Your Highness, we would be delighted to meet Clementina again."

And so they were. Supper lasted until the early hours and William sat totally absorbed as Anne and Clementina recalled their time together in Glasgow and at Bannockburn. Then Archibald and William were called on by the Prince to reminisce on the occupation of Edinburgh in September and October 1745, then their trial together.

The entire evening was so wonderfully indiscreet that Anne and William returned to home and bed that night in an elated state. Could this truly be the man who would be King but who now seemed content with life in exile with just the consolation of Clementina and their daughter? It was public knowledge that they

had stayed apart for several years but clearly they were now reconciled again.

He had spoken so wistfully of what might have been if he had been able to convince his Chiefs at Derby to continue to London and with bitterness at the false intelligence they had been given on the Hanoverian troop dispositions. He was also quite frank that he did not for one moment believe his father on the throne would have seen an end to the Union, at which Anne was most surprised and said so.

“My father was always clear with me that whilst Scotland, and Ireland too, must have much greater local discretion in their affairs, it was abundantly clear that the Union was bringing very real benefits to Scotland which he had no wish to reverse. His aunt, Queen Anne, had willed it and she had been right. Did you not wonder why I made no attempt when in Edinburgh to convene a parliament there?”

“But all your proclamations and promises were that there was to be an end to Union,” Anne blurted out.

“I know,” replied the Prince, “but my father believed he could convince you all otherwise.”

“If that had been well known,” interjected William, “to those of us who support and have benefited greatly from the Union, I do believe you would have had so much more support not only in Scotland but in England that you could perhaps have won the day. How extraordinary life so often turns out to be.”

“Indeed it does, or rather has, since you and virtually all the other dear friends and supporters I have met here in London have convinced me that there should be no fresh attempt to bring my father back. We missed our greatest opportunities in 1715 after Aunt Anne died and then again when we turned back in Derby. Let there be no more bloodshed.

“It is for men such as you William to bring peace and harmony

to Scotland so that it can share in the fruits of the Union in the years to come. Our Highlanders are magnificent soldiers and can find a sure role in the Union army and the education so widely offered across Scotland will mean opportunities in North America and India and beyond across the world. As the Union develops and British colonies extend, the values you hold so dear in Scotland will be shared across the world reinforcing as they go the very essence of the nation. I envy you William for you have a starring role to play in the future which I can never contemplate. I am condemned to live in exile for the rest of my days as is my brother Henry unless we can finally convince the French to support our claim.”

The Prince, Clementina and daughter Charlotte departed just three days later heading for Rome to meet with his father and brother there. Neither Anne nor Archibald saw them again.

The Prince's privately shared resolution to renounce any future claim to the throne was a bitter sweet conclusion for Anne. She had harboured little real hope after Culloden but that which she had managed to salvage must now be extinguished. The cause she had been born to follow and striven so long to achieve had been abandoned by its leaders. Moreover, even when she and the clans came out for the Stuarts in 1745 and 1746 their manifesto had been less than truthful.

She told William she did not feel betrayed but William knew just how deeply disappointed and hurt she felt. Her Prince had not felt able to share his father's ambitions for the Union with his own Jacobite followers who gave their all in the cause.

Yet Anne was too strong a woman to allow such an outcome to destroy the newfound excitement of merchanting that Archibald's enterprise afforded – and it certainly flourished and widened in scope as Dutch influence in the East Indies grew yet stronger. The

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

pattern of meetings with William in London, carefully scheduled so that none were missed, continued.

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May 1752 saw William in London on schedule but his visit was suddenly interrupted. An urgent message arrived from Argyll that Colin Campbell of Glenure had been murdered whilst collecting the rents from the forfeit estates of the Stewarts of Appin and that it was absolutely vital the culprits were brought to justice speedily. He must return immediately to Edinburgh to take charge of the case.

Anne was with him when the message arrived and he immediately shared its content with her. She was aghast. Affairs had been quietening down. It was some six years since the Prince's defeat at Culloden. Certainly resentment was still very much present in the Highlands but there was sullen acceptance of reality as the various changes in which William had been closely involved had been implemented. Yet here it had boiled over. Colin Campbell was of course of Argyll's clan. William must ensure that justice was done just as he had been able for Archibald but he suspected Argyll would want revenge and to make a powerful example of a Stewart to discourage any further incidents. That could not be. Justice must be seen to be done at the same time and a further step taken towards the civilising and improvement of the Highland way of life.

He was back in Edinburgh within the week. Anne's parting words rang in his ears all the way along that journey.

"You must see justice is done. Revenge must not be allowed for it will only create more unrest and loss of innocent life. Remember what the Prince hoped for Scotland in the years ahead."

* * *

He was ready, he told Argyll as soon as they met, to join the Forfeited Estates Commission established by Parliament in March earlier that year to help bring about the necessary civilising changes in the Highlands. And he would of course personally lead the prosecution of those suspected of having murdered Colin Campbell or assisted him in any way. But Argyll was dismissive.

“We must make an example of these Stewarts. We cannot allow matters to get out of hand again. My Court will do its duty to the nation and you must bring the guilty parties to them. All reports suggest it was Allan ‘Breck’ Stewart of Appin that fired the musket but he is not to be found. However, I am certain James Stewart was an accessory in it all and if we cannot get Allan we shall have James.”

William maintained his silence and set about establishing the case to be made and answered. Witnesses had described very clearly what took place and none suggested James Stewart was anywhere to be seen. Whoever had fired had been an excellent marksman for he had been placed well up on the hillside. Few even believed it had been Allan Breck Stewart who was not renowned as a particularly good shot anyway.

The trial was hastily arranged by Argyll. It saw a disastrous miscarriage of justice. William was too ashamed to discuss what took place when he next met Anne in London. Argyll as Lord High Justice had himself presided and the jury was packed with Campbells. No convincing evidence could be advanced, no witnesses were to be found that could in the least demonstrate James Stewart had been any sort of ‘accessory’ to the murder – quite the reverse. He had long since argued that his Clan must make the best of their lives in the post ’45 world they had been forced to endure. But at Argyll’s insistence William was driven with heavy heart to argue that James Stewart was an accessory to the murder, all in the interests of the continuing peace of

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

Scotland. James was inevitably found guilty by the jury, and Argyll delighted in condemning him to execution which was carried out on November 8th 1752 – immediately after which William returned to London to meet with Anne and Archibald.

It was a desperately saddened William who sought in vain to convince them both that James' execution was as Argyll so forcefully argued, in the interests of peace in Scotland.

* * *

The following year another incident disturbed the attempts William so wished to sustain for the civilisation of the Highlands. As Anne had earlier predicted Archibald Cameron sought to assassinate the King and his family. He had remained with the Prince since 1746 in France then travelling first to Madrid and then to Rome. He was routinely sent back to Scotland to obtain funds and on one such visit decided to carry out his long held plan. However, whilst staying at Brenachyle he was quickly betrayed by McDonell of Glengarry and members of his own clan who were by this time sickened of his Jacobitism. He was charged by William himself for his part in the 1745 uprising and imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle before being taken to the Tower in London. He was sentenced to death on 7th June 1753 at Tyburn.

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William's next meeting with Anne was without Archibald Stewart, who had briefly returned to Edinburgh. He had expected her to be as grievously distressed with him as she had been after James Stewart's execution. But she was not. She had long ago dismissed Archibald Cameron's notions as potential suicide when he had voiced them in 1746 and 1747, and said she had warned him so.

The Prince himself had advised against it too. She was frankly more greatly concerned with the most exciting news she had to share for William.

Anne was pregnant and expecting his child before the year was out. She told him in no uncertain terms that she did not expect him ever to acknowledge the child and that she was content to make all arrangements for it to be brought up and educated in Holland in the years to come – as a Jacobite she added to William's wry amusement. He was delighted at the prospect. They talked long into the night of what opportunities William would have to see and get to know their child but on one issue they quickly agreed. Neither Griseldine nor any of their daughters should ever know. Anne very much hoped it might be the son he had never had, but William was doubtful if it would since he had thus far been father only to four daughters.

William also had important news for Anne but with her news of the future arrival of their child it was scarcely an opportune time to share it with her. But she had always insisted he must be honest with her, and she with him. So he eventually shared with her that his health was not as good as it had been and the frequent travelling between Edinburgh and London now left him permanently weary. He planned to retire as Lord Advocate and from the Union Parliament here in London at the end of the following year and had been promised nomination then as an Ordinary Lord of Session.

He proposed to follow the precedents set by the Morrisons and take the title Lord Prestoungrange. His offer to be a Commissioner for the Forfeited and Annexed Estates was also finally to be taken up in 18 months or so. Such changes implied he would be in London less often but still at least once a year although Griseldine had sensibly argued he should no longer keep their house there.

“I can accept all that” responded Anne quietly. “We were apart throughout the Prince’s campaign and when I first went to Holland, but we were still able to share all we hoped for and undertook. We can achieve that again and I shall have so much to tell you about our child. But you must promise me that you will make sure that you do meet us both at least once a year.”

“Of course I shall, and I would hope more often than that” William promised. “My times with you here in London have been so very precious that if it was not for my health I would never have thought of leaving the parliament. And my new roles in Edinburgh will give me the opportunity to spend more time on my estates which have been sorely neglected.”

“Enough talk of next year,” cried Anne, “you will be regularly back and forth and so shall I for another 12 to 18 months and before then our child will be born. I shall have the child in Holland of course but shall immediately arrange with Archibald to visit here and you must come post haste. Archibald and you shall be his godfathers. How does that sound? And we shall call him James Stewart to honour that good Chief’s kind memory.”

“You seem mighty certain we are to have a son then. How very much I always wished Griseldine and I could have had such a child to inherit my estates but there was no possibility of any further children at all after Christian’s birth. I’ve even begun to prepare a deed of male entail for my nephew, my younger brother Francis’ son, Archibald Grant of Moneymusk – but should I change that for our James now?”

“Absolutely not, ever. You know we resolved that our love should be our secret with no more than a simple clue left to history. But what of Janet? She is so young still. Does she not expect any children herself?”

“It seems impossible now. She did have one pregnancy soon after she was married to Carmichael but that ended prematurely

and the doctors have pronounced her unable to conceive again. Thus far Agnes and Jean have not yet been married although Agnes is showing a distinct interest in the advances of Sir George Suttie of Balgone, a Scotia baronet no less and sponsored by the current Lord President Robert Dundas. In fact Dundas' own son is also showing great interest in Jean. Perhaps those two fine daughters of mine may produce fine sons to whom I can give entail."

They left the discussion there and set out for the chocolate house they still loved to visit with all its fond memories of their first secret meetings together in London. Anne knew better than to argue with William about his entail or his fascination with genealogy. But she did just think to herself that maybe, just maybe, James Stewart could be that clue they left to history. She must see to it that certain that documents with just enough mystery were created and left secretly available. What fun that would be.

* * *

Sure enough, that son was born to Anne on December 16th 1753, duly named James Stewart, and Archibald and William became godfathers. William told Griseldine he'd just become a godfather shortly after his return from London in early Spring from another session in parliament. Griseldine was firm with him insisting, as one should expect from a daughter of The Manse, that he must take his godfatherly duties most seriously which he perhaps too readily promised he would.

Griseldine had smiled so kindly as she spoke those words that he once again believed she knew of his love for Anne and that he was probably much more than a godfather to the boy. But it was with good grace she thus authorised indeed encouraged him to see

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Anne and James as frequently as he wished. How could he deserve such thoughtfulness? So concerned had he always been with his own love for Anne that he had never noticed or even contemplated that Griseldine too might have found loving fulfillment elsewhere amongst the artists she spent so much time with in Edinburgh. His long absences and his home in London had certainly offered her the opportunity.

* * *

Parliament took William to London again in late Spring and early Summer but it was during a third and final visit in 1754 that he was summoned by the Earl of Hyndford to dinner at the Lords. Hyndford had returned suddenly from his present work as Ambassador in Vienna because his only son and heir Fredrick, who was unmarried, was very ill with smallpox and not expected to live. With his death Janet's husband John Carmichael would most unexpectedly become his heir to the Earldom. Janet would immediately have the courtesy titles Lady Inglisberry and Lady Carmichael and eventually God willing, become Countess.

Fredrick died on 13th of August. There could of course be no celebrations but William knew Griseldine would be secretly well pleased. It was she after all who had first encouraged Janet to consider John as her husband. And so she confessed she was when he discussed the news with Griseldine early in September on his return once again to Prestoun Grange.

She was also pleased that he had now finished with the Union parliament and as Lord Advocate in Scotland. She wanted him to get on with his new life as Lord Prestoungrange, Lord of Session, and as a responsible Baron attending to his estates.

"I shall gladly do whatever might necessarily be different as your Lady Prestoungrange" she affirmed with a wicked smile

William had not seen for many a year. "Janet and I can take lessons together."

* * *

Tytler and Rainin had heard of William's plans to be permanently back in Scotland from Griseldine almost a year earlier as soon as William had known himself. They therefore had the fullest opportunity to prepare their ideas for the expected questioning and hoped for decisions.

Top of William's agenda strangley enough was Robert Pryde whose fate, despite his request almost a decade ago, William had never learnt. Now he was determined to find out and he was equally determined to take a look at the overall viability of coal mining at Morrison's Haven. He would insist on meeting Robert Pryde's family and making it his touchstone.

He had already been invited to meet with Andrew Wauchope at Niddrie and a host of other mine owners across the Lothians now he was back amongst them all, and there was frequently lobbying for a change to the 17th century laws governing the feudal conditions under which colliers and salters worked. Griseldine was adamant that improvements could readily be made that would both create better family living conditions and certainly greater production from the pits.

The next coal owners meeting, at Wauchope House, took place before William had a chance to meet Robert Pryde. They were all in an aggressive mood towards their colliers who had recently sought improvements to their working conditions underground and when denied any such thing had rioted with troublemakers over from the Kingdom of Fife stirring them up. William learnt that there was no room for any concessions with the price of coal in Northern England already undercutting Lothian prices.

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He ventured to suggest to them all that he had been informed in London that improved working conditions actually improved output in many industries, but none of the other coal owners were prepared to listen. Before he had a chance to make any further contribution it was being agreed that the ring leaders of the riots must be punished and excluded from the pits altogether, and for the future that the colliers themselves should bear some of the costs currently carried by the owners. In this way the returns to the Lothian owners could perhaps be maintained despite the competition from Northern England. Most of Wauchope's arguments were presented by his Overseer, an obsequious yet terrifying man if ever there was one, whose wages were seemingly a few pence per ton of coal brought up from the pit.

William found the whole occasion distasteful in the extreme and vowed firstly to have nothing more to do with his fellow coal owners and secondly, actually to visit his own pits to see what the conditions complained of underground were actually like. He discussed this second proposition with Griseldine and then Tytler and Rainin. Each of them felt it to be extremely unwise and dangerous. But his mind was made up. He would take the risk.

* * *

William knew there was a continuing problem with flooding in his mines, and indeed they had closed for a while shortly after he had acquired the estates. But they had been worked again since 1750. Nothing however could have prepared him for what he saw when Rainin led him to the shafts that carried the colliers below ground and then down the ladder where he had to wade through one or more foot of water. Women and children were pulling slydes from the coalface to the foot of the ladder and offloading them into heavy creels for carrying up the ladders. At the coal face

the miners were lying on their sides working deftly with their pick. Nobody seemed to be lingering and they took little interest in William's presence despite the fact he was quite inappropriately dressed for such a place and he secretly cursed Rainin for not advising him better.

By the time the women and children had climbed, unloaded their coal and redescended the ladder their menfolk had normally hewn enough coal for them to pull the slyde, load the creels and repeat the journey again. This work Rainin explained went on for up to 12 hours each day except on Sunday. It was inhuman, yet the family groups who worked together were cheerful enough as they passed one another making jokes and rude remarks, mostly so far as he could understand about their Overseer, a man William have never met, and his never ending demands for greater output.

"The simple truth," Rainin told William, "is that without proper drainage little improvement can be made although the coal seams in the pit were good by any standard."

Within the hour William was back on the surface insisting that Rainin make arrangements for him to visit Robert Pryde and his family as soon as possible. He made his way swiftly back to Prestoun Grange, washed himself and disposed of the clothes he had been wearing which could have no further use. He was then ready to report back to Griseldine who he found in her own small sitting room expecting dinner shortly. But first she wanted to hear what he had found out.

"I scarcely know where to begin," he said. "The whole place is unspeakable and the conditions under which the colliers and their women and children work are beyond comprehension. The men lie of their sides with pickaxes at the coalface often in water, and the women lug the coal along the rocky floor whilst the children help them carry the coal up a ladder to the surface in creels. They do this for 12 hours each day excepting Sundays.

Many of the children already look deformed from the work they undertake.

“It’s unthinkable that we can continue in such a manner. I know that our salters work in unpleasant conditions but they are nothing compared to life below ground. I’m not sure if anything economical can be done to be rid of the water. I heard much talk in London of the ways in which tin miners in Cornwall are using engines driven by steam to rid their mines of water and I know there are some here too in Scotland but they are very very expensive.

“My feeling is that our pits must be closed at once, but then what of the colliers we have and their families? We should try to make arrangements for them to work in other pits perhaps at Tranent where because of their height Rainin tells me the water can drain off using the adit system of channels.”

“Come and have your dinner,” advised Griseldine. “Any such decision will have a considerable impact on the running of the estates but I’ve seen the homes in which our colliers’ families live at Cuthill and around about, and the piteous condition of their children too. I’m not in the least surprised they rioted when the colliers from Fife came over last month. In comparison those who work at Dolphinstoun Farm and yes, even the salters, have a better life altogether.”

As they sat down to eat William wondered what his colliers, their women and children might themselves be having for their dinner if they stopped long enough to have one at this time of day. Certainly not the cold meats and salad they were eating.

“Do you remember Robert Pryde and his brothers and friends who petitioned me years ago?” William asked. “He was most articulate in that petition about the iniquities of us sending him and his fellow colliers off to work at other pits. I’ve asked Rainin to track him down and arrange a meeting with him very shortly. I

never found out his fate after that petition you know, although I did enquire. Along with most things on the estates it simply slipped my mind as my work grew both in Edinburgh and London.”

“Well you’re back here now all the while” Griseldine reminded him. “No alibis or excuses any longer.”

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Rainin asked William whether it would be more convenient to meet Robert Pryde and his family of an evening or on the Sabbath, but William insisted the choice should be Robert’s. He chose Sunday so they could all look their best and William and Griseldine readily understood why. They lived close by the shore at Seacliffe and the family had arranged chairs looking across to Fife for their visitors.

Griseldine had insisted on joining William and Rainin. She eavesdropped shamelessly but overtly left the men to their discussions spending her time talking with the children for whom she had brought some sweet biscuits to eat.

William began by politely asking Robert to tell him just where he had been working the past ten years since he first sent him his Petition. Robert was bold in his reply.

“As we knew we would in our Petition to you My Lord, we ended up being sent further away from Pinkie to John Binell, the Duke of Hamilton’s overseer at Bawerestness as soon as your pit closed here. The conditions there were worse than anything we had ever experienced at Pinkie or Prestoun Grange pit but we were lucky. My son James and I were called back here as soon as you reopened it so our hardship there had been just for two years. But my brother John never came home. He was killed in an explosion whilst at Bawerestness. As for Robert Thomson and

Willie Ines who joined in my Petition I've not seen them for many a year now."

"Well I have to say I'm glad to have you back here with us now, but there's no good news likely for the years ahead in our Prestoun Grange pit," replied William.

"The flooding is worse than ever as you know well, and we shall have to close again before long. We can't get the prices we need for the coal and we cannot pay you and the other colliers less. However there is some good news in the burgh. There are new manufactories starting up so those of you who will no longer have work underground will have the chance to seek work there. Our salt pans are as busy as ever, there's new work with the potters and Mr Roebuck and Mr Garbuck are looking for workmen and women at their new chemical works too."

"You're right, My Lord," replied Robert, "there are opportunities but I believe we shall need your help in getting the new owners to give us the chance, and our children, to learn the new trades and earn a wage, and for the younger ones to be apprentices. There are some 26 men in your pit at Prestoun Grange with 12 women and 17 children. Only a few can read and write."

"Robert," William replied, "I want to ask you to talk with your fellow colliers and the women and children. Would you all want Mr Rainin here to see where we can get you more work as colliers or see how we can get you into the new work that is developing here in the burgh? If we can try to see you all have work to continue with that would surely be for the best. But there must be no more riots."

"It would be best My Lord, of course. I'm mightily surprised but very pleased to hear what you have to say. We all know that the pit cannot keep working but without a way out what can we do except cause mischief in our frustration?"

“I know some of us will want to carry on as colliers elsewhere and others to try new work hereabouts. But I thank you sincerely for asking. If you can make good progress I will certainly do all I can with my fellows to see that no more riots take place here at Prestoun Grange. I’ll speak with Mr Rainin within the week and let us all hope that in the years ahead our families will find good work and a good education.”

Rainin was puzzled by William’s approach as they made their way along to Lucky Vints with Griseldine for some dinner. He had never expected the Laird to be asking Robert for his opinion, rather telling him what would be. Surely it was Rainin’s job to advise William? Clearly he had been getting these novel ideas from London where he had been close on ten years now. Perhaps that was the way things were done there. William sensed his confusion too.

“Mr Rainin, Robert Pryde and his fellows had the presence of mind to send me a Petition all those years ago. They think for themselves just as you and I do. If we are not to have riots here when we close the mine and yet more vagrancy in the burgh, we need to have their leaders with us. That we can hope to achieve if we not only ask their views but act on them whenever it makes good sense. You know we cannot redeploy them all on our estates. There are only a few jobs at the salt pans and for the oysters.”

Griseldine stayed silent until they returned after dinner to Prestoun Grange. It was not difficult because she was enjoying the lively scene at Lucky Vints. It was years since she had been there with William. Her presence had been noted politely and acknowledged, and she still liked that sort of rough attention.

“You did well, William,” she observed as soon as they were finally seated together in the garden. “Robert is a respected leader amongst all the colliers and if you can talk your idea through with the new owners coming to the burgh I do believe you might find

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a solution. My father would have been most proud of you today as I was. Your years in London have made you a more thoughtful person and a kinder one, something I was not able to achieve. I think I even detect Archibald and Anne's influence. But don't forget, you must listen now we have asked them for their views, and help them to find new wages above the ground. For their children it will be a miracle."

William was grateful for her support. It was she who had most consistently argued for the the sense of purpose he felt he now had.

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William was decisive. He closed the Prestoun Grange pit just three months later. Nine of the men went to Tranent to continue as colliers with their women and children. William insisted Rainin kept a close eye on those who stayed and sought work in the burgh and kept his word by talking to the new business owners to see what opportunities there were. Several went to William's own salt pans which were experiencing growing demand from Edinburgh but many of the children and women joined Mr William Cadell's pottery at Bankfoot and some went to Mr Patterson's soap works.

Robert Pryde's support and advice were received and taken. A close bond grew between the two men although they both realised without saying that it must not be allowed to come between the proper relationship William had with Rainin and Tytler. Yet it did not prevent them both wondering together what life at Prestoun Grange would be like for their own children in generations to come, when the pit might reopen with the problem of flooding finally solved. What a future that might be. They hoped it would all work for the best of course, and they both wished they could see how it all turned out.

“Whatever their future might bring” Robert observed to William, “the view across to Fife will be with them still. That’s enough to raise anyone’s spirits.” William knew exactly what Robert meant, but it had never occurred to him before that what raised his spirits whenever he gazed raised the spirits of all those who worked on his lands and under them. But he should not be surprised he thought. Anyone who laboured beneath the ground for 12 hours a day excepting Sundays must surely breathe in such surroundings every time they surfaced.

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Godfatherly duties continued to take William to London at least twice each year after James Stewart’s birth in December 1753 although never for more than three or four weeks at a time, plus the interminable travelling back and forth. They were precious days spent with Anne and their son. He had little work to distract him but with his own house sold he and Anne were guests of Archibald Stewart . William was there for James’ third birthday in 1756.

Anne and he still argued late into the night with one another but it was no longer as Jacobite and Union supporters. The Prince had brought that debating point to an end. Now they chose to disagree about, even debate, the issues of the day.

Archibald observed they never seemed happy in one another’s company unless they were arguing, and he was right. William’s love for Anne had always been that way, a deep respect for her opinions and the passion with which she presented them. None of the deference he now received in Edinburgh as Lord of Session was ever present, and the details of that role by their longstanding mutual agreement were never discussed.

He particularly loved to listen to Anne’s stories of the business

partners Archibald had and of transactions that had triumphed or collapsed in disaster. But perhaps most of all he held and talked with James, listened to tales of his exploits in Holland where he was bilingual Anne assured William, and of Anne's plans for his upbringing.

"He shall become a sailor" she said, "so that he can own ships to carry on the merchanting trade Archibald has so ably created since leaving Edinburgh. James Stewart will sail to the Americas and the East Indies and around the world if need be. And when he is old enough he will return to Scotland too.

"I shall tell him such tales of Scotland that he will not be able to resist. And he shall in his turn regale me with its charm and its magic and the essence of Highland life."

It was not clear to William, perhaps not clear to James Stewart either, whether this was what the future held, but it was a fine dream for any parent to have who'd perforce left Scotland and been unable to return.

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Anne's mention of Scotland reminded William of something else besides. He had a big family celebration in Scotland in six months time and he needed to ensure his godfatherly visits were carefully scheduled with Anne.

"I shall be in London in the early Spring next year, Anne, and then in the early Autumn. In between I am delighted to tell you that Agnes has finally agreed to marry Sir George Suttie of Balgone and the wedding is to be on June 7th. Perhaps they will have a son like we have."

"I very much hope they do, and soon," replied Anne. "Then you will have a grandson you can publicly acknowledge and who can carry forward your estates way into the future. I really do

understand that William. I see how you look at James here, and even in the way you sometimes talk of that collier Robert Pryde and his family, and I wish so very much that there could have been a son for Griseldine and yourself.

“But in James Stewart you and I have to believe we have something just as good and that James is the extra gift we had over and above our lasting love for each other.”

William wept. “That’s all true my love. You have been my inspiration and my companion for so long and James was indeed a gift. He is the symbol of our love, he and any heirs he may have long after we are both gone. They wont be in any genealogy I may write or any entail I acknowledge, but they’ll be as true and real as our love has always been.”

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Jean also married shortly after Agnes. As Anne had wished for them all Agnes swiftly produced a son, George, in early 1759, and William predictably set to work drafting and registering his entail. His estates and his name would now live on. Every support must be given to Agnes and her family. But not, Griseldine insisted, to the disadvantage of his own daughters.

The entail was to be that each of his daughters in age order should inherit, then the heirs male of their body. So if Janet as incumbent did indeed have a son he should inherit. If not, Agnes’ son whilst she was incumbent, or son’s from Jean or Christian likewise. William wondered how long such an entail might endure and what life would bring to those succeeding generations. He could never know, but he wished them well and wished he might. If they managed their inheritance and did not fall foul of the sort of temptations that had destroyed the Morrison family by 1745, they could surely live well and continue to improve the lives of

those who depended on the estate. That was the meaning and purpose and duty of feudalism and it must be honoured just as King and the Union must be respected.

Griseldine gave her consent to what William proposed and confessed she too would dearly love to see and understand what their entail made of such an inheritance.

“It can scarcely last for ever” she observed. “But let’s trust that even when it does end howsoever, the next family infeft will respect the values of feudalism as we seek to do ourselves.”

* * *

“I definitely approve,” said Anne when they met later that year in London. James had not been with her earlier in the year because he was in school in Holland but William insisted that could not be an obstacle in the summer. He had even threatened to follow her back to Holland if she did not bring James on the next occasion but she readily relented.

It wasn’t that she would not have loved to take William with her to Holland to see how and where they lived so well and happily. But she knew he could not be seen with her either in public or privately there without all manner of questions asked. Only in Archibald Stewart’s company in London did they feel absolutely safe and content with William able to live the time as godfather to James.

Yet even though they took such care, there was one marvellous indiscretion to treasure. They had made a tearful, unwise but delightful exception when Archibald’s daughter Euphemia had married. Anne and William had unashamedly appeared in public together at the wedding which was not unnoticed by those he had met in his years in parliament whose glances showed only too clearly that they guessed them to be lovers.

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No word of their delicious deceit seemed to have reached Edinburgh or it was politely ignored there. Certainly Griseldine made no mention of it nor truthfully would she have, even if she heard.

* * *

Although William's own health continued to worry Griseldine, their youngest daughter Christian, now 17, had never been strong and her health deteriorated very suddenly. She died early in 1761 to the great sadness of all at Prestoun Grange. Because she had been so relatively weak much of her life they had all taken extra care of her and become so fond of her and her determination not to make a fuss. Her great enthusiasm in life had always been her art and with her mother's help she had become very accomplished.

It was a very real consolation the family had after her loss that she lived on with them through her paintings and her embroidery. Some of her very best paintings had been done seated in the grounds of Prestoun Grange looking across to Arthur's Seat and Fife but also of the salt workers and the industrial chimneys. Over the last three years she had even begun to make pottery with Mr Cadell at Bankfoot and the pieces she had made were fondly kept on display at the house too.

* * *

After Christian's death William lost almost all interest in his estate although he did encourage Rainin to meet with Janet as often as possible. This was more easily achieved than might have been expected since Janet still regularly visited Prestoun Grange and took the greatest interest in the vegetables Griseldine continued to

supervise at Dolphinstoun Farm. They still graced the table for much of the year.

Griseldine herself felt the loss of Christian greatly too. What mother wouldn't? She became ever more committed to her own painting and spent almost too much of her time in Edinburgh, but William knew he had no right to complain.

He continued his twice yearly godfatherly visits to London where the moment he arrived and saw Anne and James he was transformed. Their son was ever taller and spoke with an accent that was neither Dutch or Scottish or English but certainly unique. He was doing well at schooling and thus far seemed still to accept the destiny his mother had planned for him as a merchant sailor.

That must not begin Archibald rightly insisted until he was at least 14. Until then schooling was the important thing which whenever James was in London seemed to require the unending study of maps of the world.

In the late summer of 1763 William brought two recent maps for James from Scotland, including the Lothians and Prestoun Grange. They were the work of the outstanding military cartographer William Roy. James was immediately onto them, studying every detail and asking every imaginable question. He planned to sail right around the edge and amongst all the islands before he was 18.

Anne showed James where she had travelled with the Prince although the maps went no further south than the Berwick and Carlisle. Questions James posed that William could not answer he promised to put to Roy himself and bring the results back next time. Anne smiled as they talked so animatedly about all the places on the maps, William unashamedly taking the opportunity to explore the Forth with James and to show him where he lived with his family there. James was so intrigued that it was an

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obvious request to his mother that she should take him to see William there just as soon as may be.

“You’re like a father to me Sir” he announced. “I’d love to see where you live and meet your daughters and of course your wife, Lady Prestoungrange, as well.”

Neither Anne nor William knew where to look. James looked puzzled as neither answered. After a silence that seemed to last for ever, William replied:

“I’m not sure we can make that trip just yet, but I will make sure I bring news from the map maker so that you can get to know where I live in Scotland better still.”

“Fine he said” and the moment passed. Anne could have hugged them both.

* * *

Sadly William was never to return to London. He had given Anne no reason to fear she might never see him again. Whenever he was with her and James he was always so full of life, but William knew he was not well. Back in Scotland he rose each day with no zest for life and certainly no great interest in his legal cases.

On his journey back to Edinburgh this time he was taken very badly ill at Newcastle and stayed there for two weeks before he was thought to be well enough recovered to travel on to Prestoun Grange. His Edinburgh doctors were at a loss to know what ailed him and with their consent Griseldine prevailed on him to go to Bath where the waters were known to be so excellent. She accompanied him there in the the early Spring of 1764.

On his arrival William was advised to bathe twice each day and to drink the waters which he did but with little expectation he would be cured. To Griseldine’s dismay they were surrounded by all too many who were not there for their health. It seemed for

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

many to be simply a social venue for the season with gambling, dancing and drinking every night by an extraordinary mix of aristocrats, merchants, bluestockings, respectable matrons, chancers, quack doctors and fraudsters.

They took a house of their own in Bath leaving Rainin and Tytler in charge at Prestoun Grange with Janet and her husband John taking care of urgent matters. One matter however William was determined to attend to himself. He wrote personally to William Roy with James' questions on his maps asking if Roy would be so kind as to communicate the answers directly via Archibald in London. He was particularly pleased when Roy wrote to him confirming he had met his wishes.

* * *

Whatever miracles Bath's waters had offered to the Romans and succeeding generations were certainly unable to assist William. He failed to respond to any of the therapies they tried and he quietly died there on May 24th. And so his entail was begun.

William was brought back to Prestoun Grange and buried at Preston church alongside his daughter Christian. His own community raised the most glorious memorial to him on the south facing wall of the church with the finest epitaph any could have hoped for.

Amongst those who came to the funeral service were Anne and James, making their first visit together to Prestonpans in company with Archibald Stewart to honour a man they had all loved. Archibald came to honour a lifelong friend who had seen justice done when he was Lord Advocate. James had come, as he had already asked, to meet his godfather's family but in circumstances so sad he could not choke back his tears.

Seeing him thus engulfed first Janet then Griseldine placed

their arm around his shoulder whilst Archibald and Anne looked on. When his tears stopped for just one short moment James told Griseldine how very much he loved the maps William had given him and that he was so pleased William had found the answers to his questions even though he had been so very ill.

“He loved you like a father James,” Griseldine whispered to him. And James whispered back:

“I wish he had been.”

Anne too began to cry.

1997

William gazed at the enormous memorial that dominates the south wall of the church. It was so badly weathered that it was impossible to make out to whom it had been dedicated and the wind was so chilly coming from the north east that he would not have lingered long looking at it even if he could. He had no idea why he was standing there anyway. The last thing he could remember was feeling none too well at all after returning to their rented home in Bath after taking the waters one May morning. Griseldine had been telling him how Janet was taking an ever greater interest in Prestoun Grange whilst they were down there in Bath and complaining gently about some of the quack doctors who were for ever pestering her with notions of what he might buy to improve his health. After that his mind was a complete blank.

This certainly wasn't Bath. The building looked pretty much like Preston Church he remembered well. Nor had he the slightest notion where the odd clothes he was wearing had come from although they seemed warm enough to his body particularly his feet. As he turned to leave he saw someone he did not recognise enter the church yard and walk towards him.

"Pity about the deterioration on that mural isn't it" he said in a

friendly tone. "It's to the memory of perhaps the most distinguished Baron this town ever had, a fellow called William Grant. He was Lord Advocate just after the '45 Rebellion and died in 1764. Actually as fortune would have it, the text you can't see any longer was also placed inside the church behind the organ loft. That area used to be the Laird's loft until the church was rebuilt in 1774. I imagine William Grant must have sat in that very spot many a Sunday and heard many a sermon, good and bad."

William scarcely knew what to say, but he recovered his wits quickly enough to ask if he might be allowed inside to see the inscription.

"Of course," was the immediate response. "I'm actually the Minister at the church here, Robert's my name. Might I ask who you are and why the interest? I don't think I've seen you around the Pans before."

"Simple really" responded William, and without knowing why he blurted out: "I'm James Stewart, I'm a keen genealogist and I'm as sure as can be that I am directly related to William Grant. I'm here in Prestonpans trying to find out everything I can about him."

The Minister led the way in and behind the organ loft. Whilst the exterior of the church indeed looked familiar to William, the interior was unrecognisable from the last time he heard the Reverend William Carlyle give one of his sermons there.

"You'll see the words are in latin," said the Minister.

"No worries," said William, "I've been reading latin all my life."

"Well that's a surprise. Not many like us around these days," said the Minister. "But in that case I shall get on with my work and leave you to it, but I do need to lock up in about half an hour or so. Try to be through by then."

As the Minister walked across to his vestry William sank onto

the organ bench totally dazed. What on earth was happening? And why had he without thinking given his name as James Stewart?

Where to begin? He did not feel it would help to ask the Minister or to inform him that he was indeed William Grant, of the fine memorial here in latin. He came to a quick conclusion, not so much by any thought process he could identify, he just concluded – that he'd better read the latin inscription out aloud to himself and see what clues might lie there.

“So I joined my own Christian. Then both Agnes’ second child Joanette just 5 years old in 1767 joined us and my wife Griseldine in 1792 at 83. My, that’s some age. She went on to live another 28 years after me then. And look what they said about me: ‘*aequabili et inviolata, probo et integro*, impartial and incorruptable, upright and blameless’. That’ll make Anne smile.

“But why am I here?” William’s mind wandered as he thought of Anne, and of course their son James. Then that thirty minutes the Minister had reckoned on were up. He came slowly back to where William was seated commenting as he drew near:

“I always find that visiting relatives end up musing and remembering as they gaze at memorials or headstones. I can see you’re no exception. What you might find useful if you want to look further is to get in touch with the Barons Courts of Prestoungrange and Dolphinstoun.”

“Surely those Courts became almost totally inactive after their curtailment in 1746?” asked William remembering only too well his role when they were passing the Act in the Union parliament in London.

“Oh quite so,” replied the Minister. “You’re well informed. They’re largely ceremonial today but they still exist. Scotland to this day remains Europe’s last feudal nation. The Courts here in town have just announced a major research programme to study

and publish the history of Prestonpans since 1189 when their Courts were first established. They might well have gathered material on William Grant. There's a new Baron infest now in 1997 who seems to be behind all the activities.

"Would you believe that the same family, the Grant-Suttie's, held the baronies here ever since William Grant acquired them from Morrison in 1745. There was a male entail in place that was finally broken this year, although it could actually have been at anytime since the Entail Amendment Act in 1848.

"If I can be of further help do come along on Sunday – I'm always here that day as you can guess. But for now let's be moving, I have to be off and I must lock up. I imagine you've noted down everything that was kindly said of William here. It's normally one of the great benefits of being dead. People speak well of you, but I imagine William had his less attractive side just like we all do." 'Amen to that' thought William as he made his way out of the church. The Minister seemed to know almost as much as he. He'd better get to church one Sunday soon and continue the conversations, once he knew what was what.

* * *

William was, needless to say, still mightily confused, but he suddenly had a much clearer notion of why he was back in Prestonpans. Had he not often wondered when he'd decided to establish the entail of the heirs male from the bodies of his three daughters in 1760, after Agnes had her first son, had he not wished he might be there to see what life was like when that entail fell in? Had he not wished he might see what his entail made of their years with their inheritance from him? And had he not said the very same to Robert Pryde and Robert to him?

That must be why he was back. Somehow, he guessed he would

never understand how, his wish had been fulfilled. But would Griseldine be here too? And Anne and James? If this was the case and it was actually 1997, 233 years since the memorial said he had died, presumably in Bath, life was going to very different indeed.

And was he really here as a living person, a reincarnation so to speak, or was he just a ghost or spirit figure visible only to Ministers of the church? The Minister had spoken to him person to person. He was himself dressed as he assumed people of his station dressed these days. So maybe he was more than a ghost. Maybe he needed somewhere to live as well, but no he concluded, if that was so it would already be ordained. All he needed to do was to leave the churchyard by the south gate and follow his instincts to see where he ended up. William turned on his heel and left. Perhaps dinner at Lucky Vints was a possibility a little later but it was unlikely still to be there after 233 years he thought.

He could see the old Tower ahead of him to the south so he walked towards it and there too was the Mercat Cross where the chapmen had always held their annual fairs. Not much room, in fact no room at all for that these days. There too was Hamilton House and Bankton House looking very fine indeed. But there was no sign of Preston House where George Erskine had lived and developed the most amazing gardens, in fact the whole area was a sea of new homes, fine new homes where he assumed the miners and salters lived. Griseldine would very much have appreciated that improvement.

Ahead there was a track which looked similar to the Cadell's Waggonway from Tranent down to Cockenzie Harbour but which judging from the sun was running east to west not south/north. It certainly wasn't making use of the gradient from Tranent. He resolved to make his way west towards Prestoun Grange not

knowing quite what to expect. It was an excellent highway compared with the tracks his carriage had used to come to church to hear Carlyle.

As he approached Prestoun Grange he could see that the estate was now surrounded by a high stone wall but he soon found an entrance on the south side. The parklands were in excellent condition but so far as he could ascertain they were laid out for golf. He had never played himself but the game was becoming popular when he was in Edinburgh in the early 1750s. He made his way towards the Grange which was only just recognisable. The stable block was in ruins to his right.

Whilst Preston church had remained much as he remembered it, Prestoun Grange had clearly been very extensively rebuilt. It had French looking turrets of great distinction too. It looked very grand he thought and under a new north tower over the main entrance door he read MDCCCXXX, 1830, with the motto *Nothing Hazard Nothing Have*. It must have been Agnes' grandson who was responsible because the Minister had already indicated that the Sutties had inherited after Janet and the entail had only just ended. He didn't attempt to enter, that would best be left for another time.

There was another exit from the parklands back to the east of the house with fine wrought iron gates and a pleasant looking lodge. He made his way towards them expecting to find a groundsman there or green keeper for the golfers. As he approached they opened of their own accord which was most puzzling and as he passed through without a further thought they closed behind him.

"Are you lost?" a woman's voice he recognised enquired from the garden to the rear of the lodge. He made his way around and was totally stunned by what came into view. Griseldine and Robert Pryde were calmly seated in chairs in the sunshine. "I most

certainly am lost, or thought I was,” William replied. “What on earth is going on?”

“Come and sit down, William. We’ve both already been here for more than an hour and we think we might have worked it out. Amazing as it might appear, we think we are here to satisfy your curiosity. Your entail has apparently just ended and we are about to learn what all our descendants got up to since we died.”

“But how did you both get here” William wanted to know, “and whose home is this lodge anyway? Why are we here?”

Robert volunteered an answer to his first question. They had had the same experience as William. They simply awoke to find themselves seated as William had found them, and the last thing they could remember was being ill indeed on their deathbeds hundreds of years ago.”

Griseldine had the answer to William’s second question.

“It seems that today’s Baron of Prestoungrange, evidently the 14th and the first non Grant-Suttie, stays here at least some of the time but not it appears at this particular moment. He’s just acquired the lands. There are no staff around and Robert found we can quite easily enter the lodge through that garden door. We have already taken a careful look around and it’s full of documents on the history of the barony since 1189 and more intriguingly for us that includes from 1745 right up to today which is apparently 1997.”

The sun had clouded over as Griseldine spoke and it turned a little chilly. William needed no further encouragement to enter the lodge.

It was not particularly large but it was warm inside with furnishings that looked most comfortable even if somewhat lacking in grace. The dining room seemed to be at the end of the withdrawing area – a strange design thought William but Griseldine was much more interested in looking at the paintings

on the walls. They had styles she had never seen before. But she was keen first of all to show William the washing facilities where she had already noticed that both hot and cold water ran from faucets on the basins. There were no candles to light the house but switches on the walls which when moved bathed the rooms in light. What improvements the intervening years had seen.”

“Did you live to see any of these improvement Griseldine,” asked William. “I noticed from our memorial at the church that you lived a good many years after I died.”

“Not at all” she replied, “nor Robert here either.”

* * *

Robert seemed unsure how to behave in the presence of William and Griseldine, but she was determined to put him at his ease.

“Robert, we’re all at a loss to know how best to proceed, so please do not stand on any ceremony whatever. We shall need all the help we can give one another to make the most of where we find ourselves. What think you William?”

“Yes of course,” replied William distractedly. He had just found a collection of drawings in the corner of the hall way which were dated in the 1830s by an architect William Playfair, and they were of the very lodge they were now standing in, described there as Eastern Lodge. And next to them was a collection of drawings of Prestoun Grange itself which it seemed Playfair had completed at the same time. He showed them to Griseldine.

And hanging on the wall of the hallway was a baronial pedigree of Prestoungrange, beautifully drawn with the Arms of each family from Mark Kerr, through Morrison and William and his heirs right down to the latest and 14th Baron today.

Griseldine was delighted with the Playfair drawings and went outside to compare the corbels on the roof. “They’re still just as Playfair drew them” she exclaimed. “Weathered of course, and

looking nicer for it perhaps, just as he envisaged them, let's think, yes, it was some 160 years ago."

William sank onto a long sofa and picked up a small printed booklet by a Sonia Baker entitled 'Prestongrange House'. That sounded even more promising since it had clearly just been printed. Surely within its pages much more would be revealed. Just as he was about to delve into its details Griseldine returned.

"I wonder why it's just we three who are here?" she asked out loud. "Maybe there's more to come?" William offered.

"Why not Janet and Agnes and Jean or even your son James and his mother Anne?" Griseldine asked in all sweet innocence.

"You knew all along?" gasped William. "No," replied Griseldine, "not really until three years after you died although I should have guessed when they all came to your grand funeral. James was completely heartbroken and told me all about the maps you had given him, and the answers to his queries from William Roy. James confided in me that he 'had always wished you were his father' and Anne broke down in tears as he said it.

"It finally dawned on me when Anne and Archibald came to visit again in 1767 and by then he was 14. James looked so absolutely like you that it touched my emotions at once and I commented to Anne. She immediately confessed and begged my forgiveness – which I may say I readily gave to salve my own conscience for my waywardness when you were so long away in London. They'd come to congratulate Janet who had just then become Countess of Hyndford on the death of her father-in-law, the old Earl. Her husband, John, was then Earl for twenty years until 1787 but they never had any children of their own. After John's death Janet ran Prestoun Grange on her own taking care of me all the while until I finally died in 1792."

Robert Pryde looked so embarrassed at what they had just shared of their secret lives that they both laughed.

“Well well Griseldine,” said William recovering first, “we’ll compare notes later on such delightful topics when we wont embarrass Robert. For the moment let’s catch up here on our *legitimate* descendants.” They carefully examined the baronial pedigree together with increasing fascination explaining it to Robert as they went.

Agnes and her Scotia baronet husband had both died before Janet. So Janet’s nephew James immediately took Prestoun Grange in 1818 graciously adding Grant to his Suttie name, Prestoungrange to his territorial Balgone, and marrying a Hamilton. Then their son George had married Lady Harriet the Earl of Wemyss & March’s daughter in 1829. They concluded it must have been George who did all the rebuilding with William Playfair as his architect.

Next came their son James who had married Lady Susan the Duke of Roxburghe’s daughter in 1857 and their son George who inherited in 1878 aged 8 but never married. So the next in line was a nephew once again, another George who himself inherited aged 9. He did marry later but it was his son who broke the entail and his executors finally divided the estate. The most senior in the male line today was now living at Balgone in North Berwick whilst access to the ancient baronies of Prestoungrange and Dolphinstoun now lay with Drs Gordon and Julian Wills, Julian being Gordon’s youngest son.

Again Griseldine was first to realise that Robert was probably getting bored as they were becoming more deeply engrossed in the pedigree.

“Do you think you might be able to trace your own descendants today?” she asked. “Would you care to try that?”

“Yes, I think I would” he replied. “I recall wondering just as you both did what would become of them all. From all we can see from here, the housing everyone seems to have, and the

cleanliness of the air, it's a far cry from the life we lived then when you were our Laird. You knew, My Lady, didn't you that after the pit closed I went to work as did my son with Mr Cadell in his potteries for the rest of my working life.

"As well as exploring my own family I'd love to learn how the potteries went along over the centuries. Are they still here today I wonder? In my time they were growing all the while and becoming an important centre for much of Scotland."

"Certainly I remember it well," said Griseldine, "and like you I'll be fascinated to see what took place."

"There's another thing I remember as well, William. That grotesque ceiling at Prestoun Grange that I had covered up in 1745 when we moved in. I wonder if that's still hidden or come to light again. I loved the images really, so beautifully worked, but I couldn't possibly leave it for the children or worse my father to see."

"Well it sounds as if we are going to have a fine old time catching up on events over the past 200 and more years," William responded, "but can we wait till tomorrow before we start. Tonight let's see if we can get some sort of plan of approach to the task sorted out. But first things first. Is anyone hungry yet? I'm starving and would just love to get down to Lucky Vints if it's still there for some whiting."

"No such luck" Robert and Griseldine said together. "It burnt down in a riot not long after you died" continued Griseldine. "Not one of Robert's speciality colliers' riots I might add, but the salters fighting with the potters whose wages were far higher. A lot of homes in Cuthill and Seacliffe also went up in flames. And neither they nor Lucky Vints were rebuilt in my lifetime."

"There was another damaging riot, although I remember they called it a mutiny, the year before I died. It certainly involved the miners up in Tranent. Some of those who had gone up from the

Prestongrange pit were even killed there. It was all about Prime Minister Pitt the Younger's conscription of soldiers to fight in the French Revolutionary Wars.

"You'd be amazed what I lived through William. There was the war with of the 13 North American colonies which become the United States of America in 1776 alongside Upper and Lower Canada, and then the French Revolution that overthrew the Bourbons in 1789 and all the aristocracy with the most horrible bloodshed."

"Enough, you're losing me" cried William. "We all know we need a plan for tomorrow, assuming we are still here tomorrow and not just on a one day forward trip in time. But that's for later. What can we eat tonight and can we sleep here do you think? It seems comfortable enough for us all and I'm sure today's Baron would not deny us his hospitality if he was around.

"Let's hope *la noblesse oblige encore*."

* * *

Robert was readily comfortable with William's assumption of leadership as was Griseldine. And although she could not understand why but she was immediately drawn to the kitchen and its cupboards to see what food there might be. She felt ready for anything. Tonight she imagined she would even be abed with William once again. What a prospect and to her further consternation she found herself quietly singing a beautiful song to herself that she had never heard before. Its words simply flooded into her head: *Will ye no come back again, Better lo'ed ye canna be*. She banged the doors she opened to cover her embarrassment.

Finding some food proved no problem although it was alien to all their tastes and came from a seemingly very efficient cold cabinet. There was excellent cheese and ham and some corn and

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

wheat cereals in boxes. Better still there was an ample cellar of red wine from Spain and some whisky from Glenkinchie at nearby Pencaitland. Neither Robert nor William could recall any such a distillery when they were alive but it tasted very well. There were even three bottles of Mr Fowler's Ales to be had which Griseldine counted a miracle and insisted that she have one with her ham. She promised that if they were still there on the morrow she would find out how to create hot food. She thought she might see if she could find Dolphinstoun Farm and some vegetables even. They all laughed together as the drinks granted their mellowing effect and they remembered more and more of the past they hoped might still be there.

As the night drew in it was Griseldine who led William to bed and took him in her arms as if they were young again, reliving their marriage night in 1729 and recalling Lord Cullen's reluctant approval for it. Robert found himself a room at the end of the hallway and was snoring loudly long before Griseldine and William finally fell asleep exhausted. Her last thoughts were that if this was how their coming days were to be, unless of course Anne was to appear and disrupt proceedings, it could be fun.

* * *

William awoke early to the sound of golfers outside the bedroom window. He made his way quietly towards the sitting area just as Robert was making his way out the front door.

"I'm off to see what I can trace of the potteries where I worked after your pit closed," he remarked as he pulled the door quietly closed.

William settled into an armchair and reached for the booklet by Sonia Baker that he'd spotted the previous evening. As he browsed its pages he saw that Janet had continued to focus on agriculture building some dykes, exploiting her oyster beds and

salt pans, and had most usefully got Ainslie and Forrest to create a fine set of maps showing crops and the full extent of the baronial lands at the end of the century. She had added Myles and Birsley Brae as well as the Barony of Fallside from the break up of the Wintoun Estates.

It was however apparently Agnes' grandson Sir George, the 5th Scotia Baronet, who was infest from 1836 to 1878 that finally saw the coal mines reopen with the benefit of water pumps. That meant he could afford all the later improvements to the house William Playfair made whilst the grass parks were let by auction for farming.

Towards the end of his life it seems he had neglected the property and the welfare of the colliers and the ever growing community in Prestonpans. It caused much dismay to the Minister although George did eventually promise to build a new school – it was to be opened after his death by his daughter in law in 1881 and known as Cuthill School. It had been a fine red sandstone building right on the sea shore from which the waves broke over onto the playground in bad weather.

The 6th Baronet, Sir James, succeeded for no more than four months before dying of typhus leaving his wife Lady Susan to occupy Prestoun Grange with her son and husband's heir being just 8 years old. They restored and maintained the house well, and Dolphinstoun Farm and the gardens continued to provide ample produce. But much of the estate's value was lost through the quick succession of two deaths and Sir George's unwise marriage settlements for the other members of the family which had to be honoured on a continuing basis from the estate's income. However, Lady Susan had been able to play an outstanding and well appreciated role in the local communities of Cuthill and Prestonpans generally, frequently making home visits to poor miner's families and encouraging local projects.

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

Her son Sir George, the 7th Baronet, went to Eton and never showed any desire to return and live at Prestoun Grange. Lady Susan had become an active member in the Burgh and eventually a Councillor helping raise the funds to build the Town Hall, acting as President of the Women's Guild and the YWCA. She was even a founding shareholder in the Coffee Shop and Recreation Centre which opened in 1895 immediately opposite the Town Hall although sadly it only lasted five years.

When Lady Susan eventually died in 1909 the house stood empty for 15 years right through until 1924 when the Royal Musselburgh Golf Club finally rented both house and lands. And they then formally purchased it all in 1956 in association with the Musselburgh Miners' Charitable Society.

"That," thought William with a smile, "will greatly please Robert when I tell him, and many another miner from the days when I was the Laird of them all."

* * *

At that moment William heard Griseldine make her way along the hallway and into the kitchen. Without realising what she was doing she filled the kettle and switched on the power point, reaching as she did for some tea bags and two mugs. Then as William watched in amazement she went to the refrigerator and took out a carton of milk. As she did so she noticed William and jumped almost out of her skin.

"William, what on earth am I doing? Here we are in 1997 so we believe and I am in this kitchen setting about making a cup of tea as though I've been doing it all my life. Helping myself to tea bags and knowing that the cold store is a refrigerator. It's unnatural, it's supernatural. I don't know. We seem to have assumed the personalities and the lives of the people who live here today." And I just went and used the running water facilities in

the bathroom which I had never seen in my life before as though I've grown up with them. Is this how it's going to be for us all day long or are we going to wake up from a dream sometime soon?"

William had no answer any more than Griseldine. "It doesn't seem to matter whether it's a dream or not. It certainly didn't seem like a dream when we were in bed last night. You and Robert must be right. We've come forward here in time to find out what happened in my entail which is satisfying enough for me. I have you with me as I go and I'm thoroughly enjoying it all. As long as you're content to go with the flow, just seeing where it all leads, I'm content."

Griseldine nodded as she poured the boiling water over the tea bags and William continued:

"It's going to be totally bizarre you know. I haven't seen a horse anywhere around and the stables at the house are in ruins, so transport is going to be a different matter. And we shall need some money to buy food and wine to replace what we took last night."

They had just agreed they'd no longer be surprised by whatever might happen when a bell sounded at the door and William got up to answer it. It was Robert.

"You won't believe it" said Robert rushing into the hallway. "There's nothing left at all. No potteries, no coal mines, no salt pans, no oysters, no breweries, not even Morrison's Haven. Just a sign there saying 'Prestongrange Heritage Museum', a few ruined buildings and houses as far as the eye can see. Oh, and two gigantic chimneys along at Cockenzie."

Griseldine decided that Robert also needed to join William and herself in agreeing to no longer be surprised by anything they saw, or what they didn't see. Nor should any of them be surprised by the aptitude they all seemed to have acquired to cope with the daily way of life they had been parachuted into.

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

“Will you accept that,” she asked, “or we’ll all go crazy.” Robert readily accepted her notion. He was already feeling dizzy from it all. Griseldine decided to be businesslike about, not exactly with a plan but a next step.

“Well, let’s all have some breakfast and then I think we should walk down to that Museum you’ve found Robert and spot where Morrison’s Haven was to see what we can work out.”

“What I’ve found out so far from my morning’s reading after Robert went out” William added, “is that our coal pits did reopen with excellent pumps that made good profits for the Grant-Sutties in the late 19th century, but nothing more.”

They ate an unusual breakfast of corn flakes from a packet, which they’d already tried the previous evening, along with bananas and soya milk. They followed it with a cup of what was described as ‘instant’ coffee. Robert placed the dirty plates as if by habit in the dishwashing machine which was apparently made by a man called Phillip, and they all agreed to be ready to go out in 30 minutes time.

Robert was already dressed but William and Griseldine headed for their bedroom wardrobes, chose what they felt to be a suitable set of clothes and were indeed ready in less than 30 minutes. Griseldine remarked how much quicker it was to dress without the help of servants and simply to comb one’s hair to appear tidy. William graciously observed that it greatly suited her that way, and she felt a warm glow of pleasure at his remark. She could not remember when he had last paid her that sort of a compliment. 1730 perhaps?

* * *

They locked up and walked down along the east wall of the estate that Sir George must have built in the mid 19th century. They

went right through Cuthill to the seashore before striking west. It was a magnificent day and the view across to Fife was exactly as they all remembered it. They passed the spot where William recalled from his reading that morning was North Lodge. It appeared to be next to a yard for old goods.

They soon arrived onto a grass area of at least 100 acres where the Haven and the pits and chemical works had stood. It was dominated by four main buildings one with a large brick chimney, another a quite recent cubic shaped structure, a very large shed built of stone and a tall building with an arm extended outside – that must be one of the pumps thought William. Although they had not noticed it initially there was also a low level building which had a small gathering of people, obviously not colliers, standing outside.

They approached and a woman in her late twenties who appeared to be their leader waved at them calling out:

“Are you here for the tour? We’re off in 5 minutes.”

They needed no second invitation to join in and soon they were mingling amongst a group of some 15 or so visitors.

The Tour Guide turned out to be a great enthusiast about the Museum and, as she immediately told all the group, was a recent mature graduate from Edinburgh University in Scottish History where she had made a particular study of Prestonpans. The Museum was open each year from April to October and tours ran as often as groups demanded them.

“Coal was first dug here by monks from Newbattle Abbey” she began. They all knew this part of the story. What they were waiting for was the goings on once the pit reopened in the 19th century. “The problem here” the guide continued, was that because the pit was already at sea level the old adit or gravity drainage systems used up at Tranent, Inveresk, Ormiston or even Birsley Brae could not work and it had to await the availability of

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

the steam engine before the water could be economically removed. That happened here in 1830 when Matthias Dunn, a Newcastle mining engineer, leased the land. There was excellent coal in what was known as the Great Seam some 7' to 9' thick to be had here but that pumping problem had to be solved. Several early 26" cylinder pumps were brought here by Dunn and others. Then the railway minerals junction was opened in 1850 linking to the North British Railway's main east coast line after the Prestongrange Company took over the lease. But it was not until the 70" cylinder pump still standing over there known as a Beam Engine came in parts by sea into Morrison's Haven from a tin mine in Cornwall in 1874, on the initiative of the local baron Sir George Grant-Suttie, that the problems of flooding were finally resolved for the next eighty years."

This was getting intriguing, and they all listened ever more intently as the guide continued her talk.

"Morrison's Haven was rebuilt at the same time as the Beam Engine arrived, and so were some locomotive sheds for the railway movements. But all the heavy investment seemingly led to the downfall of the Prestongrange Company. It collapsed in 1893 to be followed just two years later by the Summerlee Coal and Iron Company's lease which then ran all the while until nationalisation in 1947. Summerlee built model housing just along to the east at Cuthill for its colliers, which were replaced after the Prestongrange pit closed finally in 1962. This 'Cornish' Beam Engine last pumped in 1954 and could raise 6 million gallons of water every 24 hours. We'll take a look inside in a moment but first let me explain the other buildings you can see."

The guide pointed out the brickworks with its underground kilns that had used clays captured as the coal was mined. The same coal was used as energy for making bricks to build almost all the houses created up to 1939. Where the group was standing she

pointed out 9 large circles, the remaining foundations of beehive kilns for making large industrial pots until the 1960s. In the distance the large stone built shed was described as the Generator House which had housed the electric pumps which supplemented and eventually replaced the Beam Engine in the final decade of the pit's operation. But Robert and Griseldine were perhaps most delighted when she identified the newest structure as the BathHouse.

"That," the guide proudly announced, "was the final triumph of the colliers. They finally got hot showers to wash off all their grime before going home in 1952, with free soap, and all on company time, and the canteen here too. An onsite medical centre was even added in 1953."

"Do you remember how we spoke so long ago," Griseldine said turning to Robert, "that dream you had for your children?" She saw the tears in Robert's eyes but he didn't answer.

The Beam Engine was a most impressive yet simple piece of machinery. It was clearly in a neglected and derelict state of repair. The building was full of bird droppings too. The guide was most apologetic: "Prestongrange *was* originally destined to become the Scottish National Mining Museum in the late 1960s under the leadership of David Spence. He had been the final Regional Coal Manager here in the Lothians. However, at the last moment that privilege went to nearby Newtongrange in Midlothian where the pit itself had not been filled in as it had here. They now have a very fine museum telling the whole story of mining in the region."

"But what of Morrison's Haven," William wanted to know. "Why was that in-filled too?"

"Well that's both a short and a long story," the guide was quick to respond. "Let me give you the short answer now and we can return later to the longer tale."

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

“The use of the railway for transportation replaced much of the need for the harbour from the mid 19th century, but even the balance of seaborne trade overseas was for ever bedevilled by silting up. The harbour became a health hazard in the 1950s with a sunken wreck, *The Topaz*, used for diving by the youngsters. So it was gradually filled in with local domestic refuse and spoil from the pit and eventually grassed over as it is now. There’s just a small dip and a few remaining timber posts to remind us of all the achievements so laboriously wrought at Morrison’s Haven which incidentally was earlier called Newhaven and then Acheson’s Haven.

“The harbour really began trading when James V granted a charter to Newbattle Abbey which had owned all the lands of Prestoun Grange since 1189, when he came and visited them in 1526. But as I said, more later.”

William and Griseldine readily recalled the earlier history, and could themselves tell a few tales of what went on at Morrison’s Haven in their day. Morrison they recalled had been in great trouble with the Customs over salt smuggling. They knew only too well that the Union had disrupted all manner of trading patterns. But Griseldine could also clearly recall a considerable revival of trade from the potteries both for importing special clay from Devon and flint from Kent and for exporting finished brownwares. The chemical industries which Roebuck and Garbet had established in William’s lifetime and of course salt which regularly went to Gothenburg and Stockholm all moved through the harbour.

Whilst they reminisced the Guide had moved on to discussing oysters and they had certainly been a good source of income for them. They’d enjoyed them many a time at Prestoun Grange and William on his regular visits to Edinburgh and at Lucky Vints. Where was that, or at least where had it once stood? William vowed to look carefully.

“Sir George Grant-Suttie, the Baron here in the mid-19th century, had flourishing oyster fishing grounds” the guide continued, “stretching a good few miles from the mouth of the Esk at Musselburgh to Preston Kirk in the east. The oysters were a great speciality known as Pandores because they were farmed at the door of the salt pans so to speak. But they had their true golden age in the late 18th century when the scalps or oyster beds were providing over 6000 oysters per day during the season April to September.

“They were sent overland and by sea as far as Billingsgate in London in barrels where they were often fattened up in the Thames for a further four months before sale.

“But by the end of the 19th century they had almost all been fished out by foolish English and Dutch boats which dredged the entire sea bed rather than taking just those ready for the table which had been the intelligent approach followed in earlier days. Worst of all, the truth was that the eggs or spat were also being sent down to Kent and Essex to replenish their beds and pollution from the ever growing industrial activities at Prestoungrange was a scourge.”

This guide was certainly knowledgeable. That was a tribute presumably to her studies at Edinburgh University. The tour had proved to be a quite brilliant way to catch up on William's entail. What a stroke of luck. And if the guide was able to study so much it must be well documented and cared for, presumably by the same service as managed this Heritage Museum.

She was now inviting all the visitors to return to what appeared to have been the old miners' canteen from which they had started.

“We don't offer lunches here” she said “but we do sell a good cup of non-instant coffee and there are some nice local biscuits as well for a pound.”

That sounded a tempting suggestion until Griseldine pointed

out to the men that they had no money. That was something they'd have to resolve soon. Perhaps there was an easy answer back at the Eastern Lodge.

As they were about to leave the guide called over to them:

“If you can wait just a few moments longer I can walk back to the Pans with you and we can stroll across to the old Haven you were asking about.”

Once again they decided to take up the kind offer and spent the fifteen minutes whilst they waited looking at some of the old but still laid rail tracks and the wagons. It was not only the Beam Engine that was in a poor state of repair. The place had clearly been neglected for many years, probably ever since it lost out on its claim to be Scotland's National Mining Museum.

Her coffee drunk and biscuits eaten, the guide introduced herself as Jane Bonnar and walked with them along the shore of the Forth east towards the Pans. Sure enough there was a modest indentation in the grass and some surviving wooden posts, and a storyboard telling briefly of the Haven's history. They passed the yard again which they had seen on the way out earlier and got a glowing explanation of its role in community life.

“One of the best scrap yards in Scotland” Jane enthused. “It's been run by the same family, Sam Burns and his heirs across three generations and you can find almost anything you might need there. They do house clearances and the like and if they haven't got it they'll let you know when they have. I've bought a grand piano there in my time and all manner of household items and it's not only the poor folk who go, You'll see Rolls Royces parked outside many a day.”

William looked at Robert and Griseldine not sure what a Rolls Royce was but thought better than to ask.

As they made their way Jane suggested, after a quick glance at their shoes, that rather than walk on the road they might take the

coastal path, right at the water's edge. The housing that had been built in the past 25 years or so almost touched the shore as they reached what William remembered as Cuthill, and he was right.

"That's the remains of Cuthill School there above us," Jane observed as they reached the beach.

"It closed after almost a century when his whole area was redeveloped. And this concrete we are walking on now along the beach covers a slurry pipe that for many years has taken the waste from that Power Station over there along to Musselburgh where there's been major land reclamation at the north of the racecourse. The Power Station was built in the 1970s when Preston Links colliery, the other large pit here in the Pans, closed. It's a big polluter these days and in theory is due to close in the next decade but I have my doubts. There's talk of burning North Sea gas instead of coal in the future."

"Those chimneys are magnificent" Griseldine observed. "They must be a marvellous beacon from the sea in fact a landmark from as far away as Edinburgh."

Jane agreed, confiding there were some who thought them an eyesore but generally the local community had welcomed them when the pits closed. They had brought some 300 or more jobs at a time when thousands were being lost and that was no small mercy. They sent electricity she explained all the way to Newcastle able to meet that city's peak load energy needs.

They passed what they knew to be Seacliffe and approached the old Red Burn area expecting to see it flowing to the Forth but it was not apparent. Clearly it had been culverted. But there was a sign board up saying John Muir Way.

"That's not a name I've heard of," said Robert to Jane. "Who is or was John Muir?"

Jane apologised before she even began to answer.

"I'm so sorry" she said, "but you are always asking me such

intriguing questions that I end up almost giving a college lecture in reply. How long have you got?”

“As long as it takes,” Griseldine readily replied. “We’re from here some while back but have been away so long we lost touch. Meeting you today on your tour has been a godsend for bringing us up to date. So keep talking although don’t let us delay you getting home for your dinner.”

“Have you ever been to the USA,” Jane asked, and all three shook their heads even though Griseldine had in fact. It seemed easier to feign ignorance.

“Well, when you do you’ll find right across the country there are dozens and dozens of official National Parks, where the natural habitats are totally protected. And the inspiration for it all was a man from Dunbar called John Muir who emigrated there in the late 19th century and convinced no less than US President Theodore Roosevelt to establish them, starting with one in California called Yosemite. To honour him here in East Lothian we created a footpath from Musselburgh to Dunbar right along the coast and thousands walk along it each year. We’re walking at this very moment on just one small part of that.”

As she finished her remarks, Jane led the way up a few precipitous steps to the road which had a junction on the other side called Redburn Road.

“I’m going to keep going east to the town centre now,” she said. “I’ll have to leave you. But many thanks for your company this morning. As I am sure you know far better than me, if you’re acting as a guide there’s nothing better than an inquisitive audience, and you’ve certainly been that. I hope we might meet again.”

They thanked Jane profusely and crossed what appeared to be the Front or High Street across the whole town, to reach Redburn Road. On the opposite corner stood a large seemingly

uninhabited red brick building – probably Prestongrange bricks guessed Robert. They concluded that if they headed south up Redburn Road in the same direction William had often ridden his horse they could turn west and be back at Eastern Lodge and Prestoun Grange very easily, which turned out to be the case. They felt rather proud of themselves. They might be 233 years on from William's demise but they hadn't lost their sense of direction.

* * *

Back at the Lodge Griseldine once again demonstrated her mastery of the kitchen and produced not only a pot of China tea which Robert drank politely but without much enthusiasm, but also some buttered toast and jam which he clearly did enjoy. Not exactly dinner as she knew it but it was sustenance.

Whilst it was being prepared Robert had looked around the garden and William had busied himself to see if there were any clues as to how he might get his hands on any money. If they had assumed the personalities of the householders and implicitly mastered 20th century habits and mores, perhaps that might include access to some money.

William had no desire whatever to throw himself on the mercy of the present baronet Grant-Suttie unless he had no other option. It was all surely too complex a tale to tell, and records showed he was now living quite simply as of Balgone at North Berwick which was some considerable way off. If anyone was to assist it needed to be the present day Baron.

Opening all manner of small jars and dressing table pots he quickly found a few small coins. One the size of a guinea but much thicker was labelled One Pound. That sounded promising. Then to his delight he found two notes one drawn by the Bank of Scotland and the other the Royal Bank of Scotland each for £20.

That sounded like a fortune, several year's income for many a family in his time but most unlikely to be of much use now. He remembered that the coffee and biscuits at the Heritage Museum had been £1 each. With the two notes was a flexible small card also bearing the name Bank of Scotland and Baron Prestoungrange. It was a start. After Griseldine's banquet of buttered toast and jam they had better venture out and see just how far £41 and a few extra coins might go in shops and whether the small card could provide access to funds from the bank. It was labelled Cash Card so he was optimistic.

It would only be a matter of time before today's living Baron returned to Eastern Lodge or detected that someone was maybe helping themselves to his funds at the Bank of Scotland and sensed a problem. Then he could seek to make amends but as yet he had not the slightest idea how. Maybe they could all do story telling in the old tradition? Griseldine had always been talented at it and Robert had more than a tale or two he could recount.

After they had eaten Griseldine insisted they tidy up the kitchen and dining area. More than that she decided that if she was to be cook below stairs William should have a similar helpful role. He must do the washing and tidying and he soon recruited the dishwashing machine as his robotic assistant. As he did so and a small light came on he concluded the energy source for all these devices in the kitchen and the light switches must be the energy from the power station he observed. Not all of it presumably went to Newcastle which was not an inconsiderable distance away.

Robert, Griseldine decided, was to continue his reconnaissance activities around Prestonpans which he had so marvellously begun before breakfast when he found the museum. He was happy with a role he felt able to cope with, and pleased to be appreciated. He had begun to relax in the company of the Laird and Lady of Prestoun Grange but as yet he'd not found his tongue in

discussion but it would come he was sure. He'd always had plenty to say for himself in his time.

* * *

Taking one of the shopping baskets from behind the kitchen door which was labelled 'Co-op', Griseldine led the other two out for their first 20th century shopping expedition with, as she would have admitted if quizzed, some considerable anxiety. Where would they find the markets? They had not seen a single market stall or shop in all their walking so far. There had been no sign whatever of traders at the Mercat Cross.

She suggested they retrace their steps to the foot of Redburn Road then head east as Jane had done after she left them. Jane had said she was going to the town centre and that must be a promising place to find a market. Robert, Griseldine proposed should explore around the town to see what old and new landmarks there were and be back at Eastern Lodge by around 5 in the afternoon. William reassured him the church was still there, the Tower, Hamilton House, the Mercat Cross and Bankton House so it would not all be alien.

Griseldine's shopping strategy worked although the market they found was labelled *supermarket*, and offered an incredible array of produce the like of which neither of them had ever seen before. As William had guessed the prices bore no relationship to their concept of the value of a Scots or even an English pound. They saw all the other customers had taken a trolley to push around the supermarket and were examining the prices which appeared on each shelf. There were no staff in evidence. It seemed you just placed items in the trolley and would pay at the door on the way out.

"William, you'd better keep a tally as we go to make sure we don't spend more than the £41 we have," said Griseldine as she set

off looking for what she called basics – some milk, butter, eggs, bread, fresh vegetables and fruit and some meat. William spotted a packet labelled drinking chocolate and put that in the trolley. That certainly brought back memories of many a happy day in London with Anne. There was such variety to choose amongst it took them quite a long time to make their way around the store. When Griseldine said she was finally finished William double checked to assure himself that the total bill would be less than £35 although he had had great difficulty with the pennies. He knew there were 12d in a shilling and 20 shillings in a pound. So confused was he that when Griseldine and he reached the head of the queue to pay he remarked to the lady adding all the costs together with a marvellous device how she coped with the pennies without the shillings. She looked puzzled.

“Where have you been for the last 25 years, Pa?” Surely you’ve got the hang of it by now. It’s a lot easier having 100 pennies in the pound than 240 although I am proud to say I can still do the sums in my head without this clever machine. Often do, just to keep myself amused and check the answer against the till here!”

William smiled, and was only grateful that the total bill in fact came to no more than £39.73*p* – not *d* he noticed.

“That’s cleaned us out now,” Griseldine commented as they paid and William placed the purchases in the bag Griseldine had brought with her and took another two smaller ones as well from the end of the counter.

The checkout lady overheard them, “Don’t fret, the cash machine in the wall outside’s just been fixed you know, so you can get some more out just like that. Saves walking along to the bank branch and queuing endlessly there eh, but I can never remember my PIN number. They say don’t write it down but you have to don’t you.”

She turned away to her next customer in line just as William spotted a stand full of newspapers. There was no *Caledonian*

Mercury to be seen but one was called *The Scotsman* so he took that, rejoining the queue noting that its price at the top was 80p and he still had £1.27 left and the few odd coins which he now realised were pennies as in 100p to the £ not the dinarius with 240 to the £.

As they left the supermarket William persuaded Griseldine to come and take a look at the cash machine in the wall. The small card he had seemed to fit but as he'd just been warned it asked him for his PIN number whatever that was. He clearly needed to conduct another careful search when he got back to Eastern Lodge to see if it had been written down somewhere so as not to be forgotten. He hoped it had but thought to himself it would be a pretty foolish thing to have done.

Anyway, for the moment they had sufficient food for a few days and Griseldine needed some help carrying the three bags. They headed back west and this time rather than taking Redburn Road south stayed on the Front Street until they reached Sir George's wall of Prestoun Grange or rather the Royal Musselburgh Golf Club, where they turned south alongside it back to Eastern Lodge. They didn't expect Robert to be back yet since it was only half past three.

Griseldine took down a brown teapot from the cupboard and asked William if he'd like a cup but he had another idea. "Rather than tea can I try a cup of that drinking chocolate. I always loved it although in our time it was an expensive drink only available in the chocolate houses. Whilst you're doing that I'll go and see if I can find the PIN number to go with this card, and then we can hopefully get some money from those cash machines.

William went back to the pots and jars where he had found the odd coins and the £20 notes earlier. There were a lot of small pieces of paper with what were called phone numbers and calling cards from restaurants and amongst them was what might well be

the vital information. It was a carefully torn scrap of paper reading BoS1745. It was the best he could do and he shared his discovery with Griseldine who was most businesslike in the matter.

“If it is the right PIN it’s been foolish of the Baron to leave it like that. But we better try it out. Just as soon as we’ve had our tea and chocolate let’s get down the road and see if it works.”

They didn’t rush their drinks and it was nearly 4pm when they ventured out again, to see what luck they might have. The cash machine only accepted numbers so William ignored the BoS simply typing in when requested 1745, and to his absolute delight he was then simply asked how much he wanted to take. Griseldine, watching over his shoulder as he set about robbing the bank advised caution so they settled for £100. It swiftly emerged from the machine along with a receipt saying that the balance still available for withdrawal that day was £150. So William decided to repeat the exercise and collected the further £150 but only with Griseldine’s reluctant and strictly conditional agreement.

“We must make a careful note of all we take out, keeping all these receipts, so that when we come face to face with the man whose money we are stealing we can honour the debt. But I’m still not clear how we might ever be able to repay him.”

William, and Robert when he returned to Eastern Lodge, both accepted that Griseldine was correct. Meticulous records should be kept. They could not allow their time warp visitation to be clouded with accusations of theft. They had no idea what laws might govern such transactions, and had no desire to find out just yet. Griseldine sometimes wondered what sort of a lawyer William had been.

Robert’s report on his afternoon reconnaissance was highly informative but as distressing as it had been in the morning. There was no trace of Fowler’s Brewery or any of the salt pans or potteries or market gardens. “Everywhere I looked I saw new

housing. I simply can't see what work anyone does anymore. There were a few more shops and another supermarket further along to the east, and two shops offering Chinese take-out food of all things, but seemingly nowhere for the working men of the town to earn a living."

"They must all work in Edinburgh then" concluded Griseldine.

William had his own suggestion: "The railway I saw before I got here running east/ west will certainly go there and there'll surely be plenty of work in the capital." There seemed no other alternative explanation.

As Robert had returned a bus full of workers had passed by Eastern Lodge. It was a very tall carriage but it seemed stable enough as it had cornered at some speed.

"There are cars everywhere you go" Robert continued, "parked on the roads and in the small driveways in front of many of the new houses ... and I think I saw one here in the garage when I was in the garden earlier. But how one drives such a carriage is likely to remain a mystery for a while."

Griseldine disagreed. "It seems to be a condition of our presence here today that we instinctively know what to do and how to do it in the contemporary context. Look at how I mastered the kitchen and William the cash machine. Instead of the horse or carriage we used long ago people today use their own cars or travel together on trains or buses."

They decided to attempt nothing further that day. Griseldine began to prepare an evening meal as though she had been at work in such a kitchen all her life whilst Robert and William lit the fire and settled down to read *The Scotsman* until she shouted a warning to them to prepare the table for dinner within 10 minutes. That was soon accomplished and they were back to the newspaper where the main story was of a young Scots educated man called Tony Blair becoming Prime Minister of the Union and

a second Scotsman, Gordon Brown, Chancellor of the Exchequer. It certainly seemed as if William's assertions to Anne that the Union would provide heaven sent opportunities for Scots to succeed across the empire had come to pass.

Griseldine's supper was most enjoyable and as they relaxed having once again made free with some of the excellent Spanish rioja available they debated what to do the next day.

Robert had done the reconnaissance after all, so he was invited to make his proposals.

"Why don't we see who can give us more historical background such as Jane from the Museum did today We could make our way down there to get some advice perhaps. And I did see an excellent Library in West Loan just around from the church that might also have someone with information. But we need to get a sensible story as to who we are and what we are seeking to understand," he continued. "How should we do that?"

William recalled his first encounter with the Minister.

"Well, I've already said I'm James Stewart, so I had better stay with that identity. And there's no reason why Griseldine can't simply be my wife, as she indeed is. And as for you Robert, why not simply stay as yourself, Robert Pryde, and you should make enquiries at that library you spotted on what genealogical research has been conducted in the town. With luck it will be just as easy for you to trace your descendants as it is for Griseldine and me."

William had also remembered seeing Bankton House looking fine so he suggested a visit there to see what monuments there might be to the battle in 1745.

"Surely there'll be something to commemorate Bonnie Prince Charlie's victory," suggested Griseldine, and they all agreed there must be.

* * *

They set out next morning for the town centre library that Robert had spotted. It was a small stone built premises next to a big school where a very large number of young children were playing. Perhaps that was where the youngsters from Cuthill had gone ever since they demolished the school Sir George had built and which according to Sonia Baker's booklet *Lady Susan* had opened in 1881.

The staff inside the library were kindness itself. They pointed them to a corner section of the books labelled 'Local Interest' and offered to help out with any questions they might have after they had browsed. Within a few moments Griseldine let out a shriek that attracted attention from the counter staff. She had found a book called *Prestonpans and Vicinity* by Peter O'Neill first published in 1902 that was packed with information on the town. What a stroke of luck and even more so when the counter staff agreed that she could borrow it for seven days provided at least one of them registered as an official library user. Griseldine volunteered to become the Registered User and decided at the last moment not to call herself Griseldine Stewart but Dina. "It's shorter and I suspect more easily remembered than Griseldine" she explained to William.

"I never really liked my name anyway, any more than my mother did. She always called me Dina as you know full well William. Even you did sometimes, mainly when you were annoyed. The name Griseldine was apparently father's choice."

"Oh, I see you're staying at Eastern Lodge," the librarian commented as she entered 'Dina's' details on her computer.

"You must be family friends of the new Baron and Lady Prestoungrange. As you probably know they've set in hand a major update of McNeil's work and local writers are in and out of here all the time doing research on all manner of topics of local interest. They tell me the plan is to make the history readily

available so it can be used for teaching in the local schools although it's hard to get teachers to schedule such studies these days unless it's part of the national curriculum."

It seemed that 'Dina's' registration was sufficient also to allow Robert to ask for help in tracing his own family. He told the librarian that he understood his ancestors had petitioned the Baron of Prestoungrange in 1746 when they were miners but from that time on had no clear notion of how they had fared. The librarian asked one of her colleagues who had specialised in local family genealogy to come over and talk with Robert and William, with his own longstanding fascination with genealogy, listened in to the wise advice given.

"The best place to start is probably in the *Journal of Coall and Salt Works for Prestonpans/ Prestongrange* dating from 1748. If your ancestors were colliers then with William Grant they should be listed there. After that you will need to go to church and parish records and then to the national registers throughout the 19th century. But we do get a very large number of enquiries these days and it may be that some research has already been done on your family name of Pryde. Just give me a moment to look in my database here and see what we have."

The computer held a long list of names where serious investigation had taken place, and one appeared on the screen as Pride, spelt with an 'i' not a 'y'. "Could that be your family do you think because spelling frequently changed over time?" the librarian enquired. Robert had no way of knowing but it seemed to him as good a starting point as any.

"Can I get in touch with whoever did that research?" he wanted to know.

"Well, it's confidential to us but what I can do is telephone the original researcher at lunch time and see if she would like to meet you. That's the best we can do."

Robert happily agreed and, after promising to return that afternoon to see if he would be able to meet the original researcher, the trio left the library, Griseldine clutching McNeill's book tightly under her arm.

* * *

Their next agreed port of call was to be Bankton House and its surrounding area in the hope that they could find a memorial to Bonnie Prince Charlie's victory or perhaps a simple cairn. They walked up West Loan, passing the ruins of the old Tower and Hamilton House in fine condition, another school and arrived at the railway station where they saw they could take the footbridge over the track towards Bankton House. As they had approached the station they had been amused to see the roadway that ran beneath the railway track was named Johnnie Cope Road, fame indeed for such an unsuccessful general on the day.

Whereas Prestoun Grange was almost unrecognisable, Bankton House looked almost exactly as it had in the mid 18th century when Gardiner had lived there although clearly it was now home to several families rather than just one. In the paddock between the house and the railway track was an avenue of trees and at its northern end an obelisk. The first horses they'd seen were grazing too.

They made their way east along a narrow track parallel with the railway towards it and were amazed when they read its inscriptions to find it was for Colonel Gardiner rather than Bonnie Prince Charlie. It carried a fair amount of graffiti, one of the lions had a paw missing and the posts and railings were broken down. Clearly nobody took care of it these days any more than the museum's Beam Engine.

"Quite strange to neglect such things" Robert remarked.

“They say that the story history tells depends on who writes it,” commented William, “but you wouldn’t have thought Cope and Gardiner’s abject failure would get the remembrance. Gardiner would have been truly flattered. No mention of his earlier rakish life here.”

Robert had actually fought for the Prince in the battle, but although he was none too sure if he should be telling William and Griseldine he still had great pride in his efforts that day.

“You’ll probably not recall, My Lord, that I was away with the Prince as were a good many of us colliers. I went no further than the battle here in Prestonpans but I walked the Riggonhead Defile early in the morning and charged with the Camerons at the redcoat cannons. My were we scared. When they first fired their six cannons at us most of us felt like fleeing but after just a short pause Lochiel was urging us forward again. And they only ever fired once, then they fled leaving the cannons and the mortars for us to take. The redcoats were useless altogether.”

“Aye, Robert, that was Cope’s defence at the Inquiry the government set up in London,” William added, the story coming back to him. “None of his soldiers or dragoons for that matter had any battle experience and Highlanders in full cry in those days were a terrifying spectacle. But this wasn’t the battlefield here, it was away over north east from here. This is where the dragoons withdrew before they fled the field altogether leaving Gardiner to be hacked down and carried on a cart across the fields to Tranent Manse.”

William led the way further along the rail track to the east looking for a way to cross beyond the bridge they had used earlier. Tranent Church and Manse could be clearly seen although the church had definitely been altered since Colonel Gardiner’s time. A large pyramidal mound came into view and Griseldine suggested a walk to the top would give an excellent view of the

whole surrounding area. That would help all of them get their bearings much better, and it certainly did.

From the summit the view looking south ran from Edinburgh and Arthur's Seat around Duddingston to Carberry and Fallside Hills, to Birsley Brae and lastly to Tranent. To the east there was no longer any sight of Riggonhead Farm just a flattened blackened landscape and large machines looking as if surface coal getting was in hand leading to Seton Collegiate and Port Seton and then Cockenzie. They could see Cockenzie House too quite clearly and the two fishing harbours. Obviously they had not been in-filled like Morrison's Haven although the giant power station dominated the skyline towards the Kingdom of Fife across the Forth.

* * *

The line of the Waggonway was still clear to see running from Tranent to Cockenzie and the corn fields to the east where the Highlanders had charged across were still there covered in corn. It was to the west that the original land had disappeared. It first presented another rail track with a long chain of coal wagons leading to the power station then further west still where corn had grown right up to the walls of Preston House was covered in new houses stretching from the rail track right down to the sea.

They had not yet taken even a cursory look at the plaques that had been placed at the top of the mound so fascinated were they by the view they had. They were badly scratched but told the story much as they all recalled it. There had always been a fine view of all his baronial lands for William from Birsley Brae but this was better. It gave a 360 degree panorama.

Griseldine wanted to see if Dolphinstoun Farm was still there and they all strained to look where they thought it should stand.

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

It was not obvious but the land surrounding it was still in agricultural use except for a massive main highway straight across the area they all knew had been the impassable marshes.

“What a feat of engineering that must have been,” Robert exclaimed. “In our time we only had gravity to move water away from our works.”

William remembered how he had hoped the merchants from Goteborg might have had some good advice on canals and ditch drainage as the Dutch had introduced these in Sweden, but his long absences in London had meant nothing ever came of the notion. The main east to west rail track must have been a similar engineering feat too.

As they walked down the opposite side of the mound Griseldine was adamant that one of her key visits had to be to the Dolphinstoun Farm. It had given her so much pleasure from her first months at Prestoun Grange in 1745 and Janet too for more than 50 years. A visit was a must as of course was a visit inside Prestoun Grange House itself.

However, today’s next goal was to reach the route of the Waggonway as it crossed the cornfields. As they made their way they saw a small cairn set by the road running east to Seton Collegiate that commemorated the battle, simply saying ‘1745’. Still no mention of the Prince’s Victory then.

They crossed the road and were almost immediately onto the old track itself. It cut its way north as far as the eye could see towards Cockenzie Harbour to which all the full gravity coal wagons used to roll downhill in their time to be pulled back up by horse when empty. There was no sign of any track remaining although the wooden rails had been replaced by iron by the Cadells to William’s knowledge. They followed it all the way to its end dodging around a coal storage area towards the end and then they were across the road and into the harbour. It was scarcely

packed with ships as they had remembered it but it was obviously still in use, and just to the east was Cockenzie House where the Cadells had lived so long and where Cope had lodged his Baggage Train that the Prince had captured. They glanced through the south facing gates at the gardens, which were strangely familiar although a grotesque addition had been placed on the western end. Although it was obviously no longer a distinguished private residence there were a considerable number of elderly residents enjoying the gardens.

“We’d better start back to the library,” Robert interrupted. “I have high hopes that I might soon be meeting my descendants and the library will be at least a 30 minute walk from here.”

There was no dissent. It was a glorious day and they made their way past the gigantic power station and rolling grasses towards Prestonpans.

* * *

The first building they encountered on the edge of the Forth was built quite differently from any other they had seen. They asked a young lad knocking a golf ball around on the links what it was and although he wasn’t sure what it was now, he was quick to tell that his Pa had worked there when it had been the Headquarters of Fowler’s Ales.

“But that closed in 1965 or so, and I’m too young ever to have tasted any of its original ales – although I’ve heard hundreds of stories from the old folk around here about them, especially their Wee Heavie.”

Thanking the lad profusely they continued into the town with both William and Robert, with Griseldine’s support too because she had always loved her Fowler’s ales, making careful note to find out more about Fowler’s fate. Clearly his successors had kept the name alive for more than 200 years.

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

The area where the brewery itself had stood to the north side of the seashore road was also now covered in housing somewhat affectionately named The Brewery. To the south where the soap works had stood was another supermarket and a row of shops, but they soon reached the foot of Ayres Wynd.

It had lights in place to control the traffic and at the junction with Front Street there was a branch of the Royal Bank of Scotland and two more cash machines they noted. To the seaward side there was another monument. Could this be to the Prince? No, it was a memorial to all those who had died in two world wars, from 1914–1918 and from 1939–1945. And on the wall to the side was a panel to those who died with the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War in between. They all wondered aloud just how many wars there had been since they had died and where Scotland had stood.

It was noon now, but not yet after lunchtime, so Griseldine insisted they must try one of the take-out meals advertised all over town before returning to the library which was now less than 100 yards away.

They all knew what a picnic was but the notion of buying regular ready cooked meals and sitting on a bench by a War Memorial was going to be a new experience. Fortunately William had brought some of his recently acquired cash with him so they were able to go together into Ford's small bakery shop and choose from what was an excellent array of pies and cakes. But what to drink? Here Robert seized the initiative and taking £10 from William crossed the street to The Railway Arms, returning shortly with three cans of something called lager, which he had been assured by the landlord was ideal on such a fine day.

None of them were too sure. It was very cold, gassy and of little flavour. Compared with a glass of Fowler's ale, well, it simply

didn't compare. Without wishing to hurt Robert's feelings they suggested it should be avoided in future but they were thirsty and drank it all whilst it was still cold.

* * *

To suggest that Robert was excited as they returned to the library would be the greatest understatement. William and Griseldine both tried to lower his expectations but to no effect and as it transpired their concerns were groundless. Not only had the previous researcher of Pryde agreed to meet up with Robert but she, for it was a she, had told the librarian she was in fact a direct descendant of the Prydes who had petitioned the Laird in 1746. Her name was Sandra and she lived in Edinburgh but she would be happy to arrange a convenient meeting time by phone for the coming week. Robert made a note of the phone number, not letting on that he had no idea how to make such a device work. The librarian was delighted too at having been able to assist and asked Robert to be back in touch so that the records could be updated after he'd had his meeting, which he readily promised to do.

They all made their way back in high spirits to Eastern Lodge walking along Front Street to enjoy the Forth as they went. They had had enough excitement for one day and it looked as if that night by phone, if they could master it, they would be arranging a visit to Edinburgh. They could not even begin to imagine how that would have changed.

They did somehow manage to master the phone that evening and quickly fixed a time to meet with Sandra.

* * *

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

Sandra Elliott Pryde lived in Currie to the south of Edinburgh outside the ring road none of which had existed in their day. It was therefore not an area with which Robert, William or Griseldine were at all familiar and, more to the point, visiting there was not going to give any glimpses of how the nation's capital had changed. That must be for another occasion.

They took the car from the garage at Eastern Lodge that Robert had spotted earlier and which William found he could drive with no difficulty. Within 30 minutes they had reached Sandra's home. Robert introduced himself and, with barely a pause, William and Griseldine too as 'James and Dina Stewart'. He felt that was wise. Sandra was so excited she barely noticed. Even as she made a pot of tea and placed shortbreads and flapjacks on a plate she began her tale.

"My grandfather," and looking at Robert, "your great uncle perhaps, "always had a fascination for genealogy and I helped him dig out all sorts of information as a young girl. We made the breakthrough several years ago after a visit to the Prestonpans library when we traced a James Pryde and his wife, Helen Selkirk, via the *Journal of Coall and Salt Works*, in 1748.

"Let me rattle through what we found. James and Helen Pryde had eight children in all born between 1704 and 1729 and it was from their eldest son James that grandfather and I could trace our descent with all the male heirs working in coal. There was also a collier cousin in 1748 named Walter. My great great grandfather George Pryde is recorded in the 1881 Census as a miner/engineerman living at 5 Front Street, Cuthill. Ten years later he had moved to 58 High Street, Prestonpans and was working as a china merchant. His eldest son William became a miner living in Cuthill and his second son John, my great grandfather, moved into agricultural labour at Seton Mains by 1891. He moved again

with his wife and family to Abbeyhill Edinburgh where he worked as a lorryman in 1901.

“George and his son William seem to have been the last Prydes in mining. My grandfather, Alexander was brought up at Abbeyhill and worked as a telegraph linesman for the railway.

“My father, who took his name, was back in Edinburgh when I was born in 1958, working as a bus and tour driver.”

Robert was delighted to learn so much so swiftly about his descendants or had he better say ancestors! “That’s amazing Sandra. When can I meet some of the other members of your family and cousins?”

“Well” continued Sandra, “I’m a civil servant myself, and now divorced. I have two daughters, Sarah and Joanne, both keen swimmers. Sarah’s a graduate in sport and recreation management but Joanne is still at school. But frankly I was waiting to meet you today before saying anything to anyone else. Many of them make fun of me for my fascination with genealogy, but you’re going to be a vindication for me once we all get together. But tell me about yourself. What’s your line of descent?”

William and Griseldine had listened to all Sandra had to tell with keen interest but had known that final question would come. It was inescapable. What they wondered would Robert say?

“My grandfather was not as far as I know interested in genealogy” he began, “but he was a great story teller and for ever spinning yarns about the pits. I think we must be descended from your great great uncle William because much of the talk was of coal mining and life in Cuthill. In fact he lived in Summerlee as did my father until it was finally demolished. He lived close by Davy Steele’s family there and was forever playing the youngster’s songs.”

How on earth did Robert know about a musician called Davy Steele? Jane had mentioned Summerlee but no musician.

Griseldine remembered how the words of that song *Will Ye No Come Back Again* had flooded into her head. Perhaps the same was happening now to Robert. He was doing so remarkably well, and Sandra didn't seem about to contradict him. In fact she wanted to know more about him asking:

"Were you ever a coal miner here or had the pits gone when you grew up?"

"No," Robert embroidered his tale. "I went off to North America after the war and worked for many years in coal mining at Scranton in Pennsylvania. I've just retired and only been back here in Scotland a few weeks on what promises to be quite a long vacation. I haven't been here for almost a lifetime so everything is quite quite different. The only thing everyone keeps remarking on is how little my accent has changed."

Now it was William's turn to be quizzed.

'Where', Sandra wanted to know, 'did he and Grisedine live? Were they friends or relations?' Robert, much to William's relief helped out.

"James and Dina are lifelong friends from London in merchant shipping, and have a home in Prestonpans at which I'm staying, close by the Royal Musselburgh."

'How kind of them', thought Sandra as she pondered what she might do next. Quickly coming to a conclusion she suggested she would get as many family members together as she could by the following Sunday week.

"Would Sunday week be convenient, Robert?"

He had no option but to accept which had the virtue of bringing their first meeting to a polite close. As the last of the flapjacks was consumed, Robert received a firm hug and a kiss on his cheek from Sandra.

* * *

Clearly tracing genealogical strands was going to be a difficult business in their current circumstances, and William reflected that his determination not to travel to Balgone to see his current senior male descendant had much merit.

Robert was first to speak as the car drew away from Sandra's home, leaving her waving enthusiastically until they were out of sight.

"I must say that was a thoroughly enjoyable morning for me, and I'm pleased to see that Sandra's got the old Pryde skills for making an excellent flapjack. But it's your entail My Lord and Lady we're here to explore not mine. If I have the story right, I'm only here because you wondered all too long ago how I had fared at Barrowstouness with the Duke of Hamilton's insufferable overseer John Binel and then after the riots with those Fifers."

They nodded but William wasn't going to let Robert get away with it totally.

"No Robert, it was more than that I think. As you and I talked about avoiding riots and trying to find new work, you too wondered how your descendants would fare."

"The difference for me" Robert replied merrily, "was that I was not leaving an inheritance."

Amidst this banter it was Griseldine who posed a question that would soon come to haunt them.

"Listen you two. Be serious for a moment. If we have, as we think is the case, come back to discover how our entail or descendants got on, what happens once we find the answers? Do we all just disappear again?"

"I suspect we'll never know the answer to that one" William responded. "We'll be gone before we know it."

"*Que sera sera*," he continued. "My own inclination is to ignore it and just enjoy each day as it happens. As long as we have our

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

curiosity alive and well I suspect we'll continue in the here and now, which is how life must have been for you as a collier Robert.”

He nodded. That was precisely how it had been. Nothing to look forward to much of the time except the creativity of an ever enquiring mind.

William did not drive into Edinburgh as the others thought he might. He continued around the ring road to Wallyford and thence back to Prestoun Grange. But rather than parking up at Eastern Lodge he drove straight into the south entrance, past the golf carts to draw up outside the north facing door of Prestoun Grange that Sir George and William Playfair had seen fit to introduce in 1830.

“Come along Griseldine, let's go inside and see what if anything you can recognise. And you too Robert. Remember it's owned by the colliers now not the Laird and his Lady.” The irony was rich but Robert still felt somewhat abashed as he entered behind Griseldine and climbed the long flight of stairs to the second floor level.

* * *

As soon as they passed through the doors at the head of the stairs they were politely asked whether they were members or guests. William explained they were actually visitors to the town and had known the club house many years before and wondered if they might take a look around, and take luncheon too. Perhaps it was the grace with which William spoke and the graciousness Griseldine clearly displayed, because the man who had spoken with them, called Jim by one and all, immediately invited them into what he described as the bar. It later transpired that Jim was on the Club Management Committee and when he asked them to

join him for lunch to Jim's amazement William ordered a pint of Fowler's each.

"We've made a few improvements over the past decade" Jim immediately offered, "mainly redecoration rather than alterations."

"It's not an ideal club house being on three levels but it's a house steeped in history and we all get to love it despite the stairs – often more of a problem on the way home than on the way up."

"This room I do remember well," Griseldine continued. It always was a pleasure being south facing." William noticed her gaze up at the plain modern ceiling for a moment longer than might normally be expected and guessed she was wondering if she dare ask the question he knew would be on her mind. Jim noticed too."

"Were you living here in the Pans in the 60s then," he enquired, when all the fuss was made about the old ceiling in this room?"

"No" replied Griseldine, and with words once again given to her tongue she knew not how continued: "We were away but we heard it had been uncovered during restoration work. What happened to it?"

"That's easy to tell" replied Jim, who clearly had more than a passing interest in history, "and we've got a small image of the ceiling itself behind the bar. I'll just pop and get it." He headed for the bar and soon returned with a photograph of a section of the old ceiling. Griseldine gasped as she recognised it at once as did William. Jim continued:

"There was no evidence found of when it was covered over but the original work is dated 1581 so that gives us some idea that a house of at least three levels must have been here on this site since then. That was not long after the Reformation when the Kers took possession of the barony here from the Cistercian monks of

Newbattle Abbey. Perhaps the Kers built such a house and commissioned the ceiling. It then probably remained that size right up until the major changes by William Playfair for Sir George and Lady Harriet Grant-Suttie in the middle of the 19th century.

“Sir George was fortunate to get Playfair to be his architect because he was in very great demand at the time with the Duke of Roxburghe. But the relationship had an interesting outcome because Sir George’s son James met and married the Duke’s daughter Lady Susan who was a very important figure in Prestonpans right through to the end of the century.”

William and Griseldine nodded to encourage Jim to continue. He was obviously warming to the tale and could see he had an appreciative audience. They were both pleased to hear this confirmation of what they had already deduced from their own initial researches.

“Playfair added the North Tower first in the 1830s with that staircase you entered by, and a little later Eastern Lodge then West Lodge, new stables and offices. Finally the massive West Tower was built in 1850. Most of his original drawings are still in existence at Edinburgh University as well as the total cost which was more than £10,000 – a not inconsiderable sum in those days mainly derived from Sir George’s success with coal mining, salt panning and oyster farming.”

Robert had by now also taken a careful look at the photograph and his face had turned a shade pink. “It certainly wouldn’t have been the monks who commissioned this painting” he commented as the risqué nature of what he was looking at dawned on him.

Jim agreed. “That was actually one of the reasons why it was removed after we discovered it. But more importantly than our own sensitivities about some of the more vulgar images was the

fact that it is probably the oldest example of such painting on a wooden ceiling anywhere in Scotland. And such was the concern to take care of it that it was eventually transferred to Merchiston Tower in Edinburgh which was being restored at the time – 1965 I think. It was treated very carefully with preservatives and nowadays its new home is moisture and temperature air conditioned.

“In fact it graces the Council Chamber at Napier University, named as you can guess after Scotland’s *Marvellous John Napier*, one of the greatest of all early mathematicians who invented logarithms, introduced the decimal point and with his ‘rods’ method for multiplication created the earliest ever calculating machine. A brilliant Scot.”

“I had no idea how significant Napier was,” William interjected, “although I do remember seeing his memorial at St Cuthbert’s Church in Edinburgh some while ago.”

It had of course been a very long time ago, when he had heard Hutcheson speak there and met with Adam Smith and the others. It would be intriguing to find out how they fared after 1764 as well.

Jim was continuing whilst William’s thoughts drifted.

“Napier was actually born in Merchiston Tower House and died there too in 1617, so it was not an unworthy place to take the ceiling, and we could never have afforded at The Royal Musselburgh here to restore let alone look after the ceiling the way they do now. You can easily get to see it but you need to make an appointment unless, like me, you have the cheek of the devil. I just entered the University and since I knew where it was went up the stairs and, with no meeting going on, was able to take a look.”

Griseldine definitely wanted to see it, and said so. But she also vainly hoped that they might have attributed covering the ceiling to her, since that was as she and William knew the truth of it all.

“What theories are there about when it was hidden from view,” she asked Jim realising it could involve another lengthy lecture, and Robert’s pint of Fowler’s had already disappeared.

Jim was not too sure at all about its covering from view.

“Well,” he began, “it could have offended one of the occupants I suppose after Mark Ker who was here in 1581 or simply fallen victim to Playfair’s alterations with either Sir George or Lady Harriet not finding it amusing and worth keeping on display. Whoever it was though, it’s to their credit that they didn’t destroy it so we are all able to appreciate it for what it is today – one of the best examples of what I am told is called grotesque art . . .”

“... which just about sums it up” chimed in Robert as he returned with four more halves of Fowler’s from the bar.

“I’m rather hungry myself. Can I be impolite Jim and suggest we go into the dining room I saw through there to get some lunch now.” Jim took no offence and gladly showed them through and suggested a table that looked directly south across what was now a golf practice green. Her seat gave Griseldine a south easterly perspective and she was convinced she could see Dolphinstoun through the trees on the rise towards what must be Birsley Brae and Tranent beyond.

Luncheon was a simple affair, with a short menu to choose from. Jim recommended the traditional fish pie, a Club speciality, saying the fish actually came from Port Seton, and they all took his advice. It was excellent as was the apple crumble that followed with what Griseldine had always loved to call *sauce anglaise* but Jim, as her father had, called custard.

Over lunch Robert quizzed Jim asking how he had become so deeply interested in history. It turned out he was not only a Golf Club Committee man but also a keen member of the Prestonpans Local History Society which had been set up in 1986. It held regular monthly meetings and had apparently played an

important part in triggering the 250th anniversary celebrations of the Battle of Prestonpans in 1995.

Since 1995 the Society had become more ambitious still and for the forthcoming 21st century millennium celebrations a large collection of more recent history was being prepared. The current intention was to see it all published in 2000 as *Tales of The Pans*.

“If you like Robert, why not come along to meet some of our local enthusiasts who are putting pen to paper. A lot of it is reminiscence but there’s also a fair bit of original research for some of us. We’ve got a workshop meeting on Tuesday next week,” Jim urged.

Robert, glancing at William and Griseldine, agreed that they all would if they could but that their present plans were still somewhat unclear, to which William swiftly added:

“Don’t get us wrong. We’ve enormously appreciated what you have been able to tell us and if we can we certainly will try to get to the meeting. It’s just a question of scheduling. I for one will be intrigued to learn how the commemoration of Bonnie Prince Charlie’s Victory here has been organised over the centuries and I’m sure we’d all like to meet the present day historians and hear something of the contents of the forthcoming book.”

Jim looked pleased at these remarks and most kindly insisted on paying for lunch despite their best protests.

* * *

Griseldine wanted to walk to Dolphinstoun Farm but the men thought that unwise. The route she had always taken from Prestoun Grange was now dissected by the rail track so a detour was unavoidable. So William took the wheel and they headed back towards Wallyford until they came to the spot where the old toll booth had stood in their day and turned left up towards

Birsley Brae and Tranent. This was the old London Road that headed on east to Macmerry and Gladsmuir and eventually to Haddington. It also forked south to Pencaitland and the Wintoun estates which the Seton's had sacrificed for their support of the Jacobite cause.

There were two clusters of housing on each side of the road as they approached 'Dolphingstone' as a painted sign on a house wall proclaimed. They were not what had been hoped for but looking back to the west when they stopped at Birsley Brae they could see the partial remains of their old Doocot and the outer wall of the farm itself. Not surprisingly there were no horses or farm workers labouring in the fields as Griseldine remembered and no evidence of vegetables being grown either for the Royal Musselburgh or indeed for market in Edinburgh, nor were there any cattle to be seen. But at least it wasn't carpeted with housing.

Janet had so loved the farm and planning the crops but present day markets such as they had seen so far, or rather *supermarkets*, obviously operated quite differently and with quite astonishing results judging by the variety on offer at the Co-op. She'd always been impressed too by the work of the Cockburns at Ormiston with their autumn ploughing to plant winter wheat. Had that changed too?

"This is the very spot where I met Cameron of Lochiel, Robert, after the battle" William recalled aloud. "You said you were with him. He was getting the redcoat wounded to Bankton House and to our farm and to Prestoun Grange itself. Surely you'll recall that Griseldine, the horrible wounds many of them had and how we tore up all the bed sheets." Griseldine nodded.

"Aye, My Lord," Robert replied. "I was certainly there and helped carry more than a few wounded along the road towards Bankton House. I didn't come this high up until the following day but judging by all the mess from the horses that road had

been used by hundreds of Cope's dragoons as they fled south. You can see they deliberately kept the road when they built the massive new highway down there, building that small bridge over the top. Shall we try and drive down that way to get back to Eastern Lodge?"

The suggestion worked, this time driving past Bankton House and under the railway track through a narrow tunnel. During the journey William also took the opportunity to suggest to Robert that he drop calling him My Lord and Griseldine My Lady. It was bound to slip out by accident soon, so could they not just settle for James and Dina Stewart. Robert agreed to do his best, with some show of embarrassment.

William parked the car successfully outside the door at Eastern Lodge. For him the driving had been an extraordinary experience altogether and Griseldine and Robert were not slow to compliment him on his skill. He said it had been exhilarating.

They all wondered aloud whether the skill with which they seemed able to step into the future with all the competencies needed would ever desert them. But for now they were greatly pleased. Robert had a family reunion scheduled, they all had the chance to find out a great deal more about the time they had missed at the History Society, and Griseldine was ready to embark on an unofficial visit to Merchiston Tower.

She'd always adored the ceiling painting, and the vulgar imagery, but whenever she'd looked at it she'd always heard her father's censorious voice so it had really been quite easy to hide away. What a delight though that her wish it would one day reappear to be appreciated had come true. "There you go father. You can't hide from good art," she said aloud to herself.

* * *

It was late afternoon as they entered the Lodge and for a reason she could not explain that small voice inside her head prompted her to ask:

“William, can you put the kettle on please for some tea?”

How extraordinary. Neither William or Robert would ever have expected such a request but William agreed without demure. Perhaps in 1997 men shared the domestic responsibilities or at least were expected to play some part. On reflection she recalled that she already had William doing the washing up. Perhaps they could share the cooking of meals too and the washing and ironing? If they were going to continue out and about all the while, and she had no intention of being left out, they would have to share the jobs around or they'd never get done at all. And someone would need to tend the garden.

That evening they decided to watch television, a wholly new experience which they enjoyed. Their viewing included a news programme that gave them all the surprising information that plans were in hand for Scotland to have its own Parliament again. How absolutely extraordinary. Not even Bonnie Prince Charlie had advanced that case in 1745 when he was in Edinburgh.

William knew Anne would be ecstatic if only he could reach her. He wondered if she too was due to come forward in time. She had so fervently wished for a parliament in Edinburgh again and an end to the Union. Perhaps that might be the trigger. But if it was to be, life would get extremely precarious since Griseldine now knew all about his once secret life in London with Anne and Archibald. And what of James himself? William deliberately decided he should put all such thoughts out of his mind and just cope when or if the occasion demanded.

* * *

The next morning, Sunday, saw brilliant sunshine and over breakfast Griseldine insisted they review how they would manage the various commitments they were accumulating, and what each of them felt they still wanted to investigate. At the top of the must-do list came Robert's family reunion meeting the following week. That would take some pre-planning to carry off and it was agreed they would all have to help even though only Robert was destined to attend.

William was keen to get to the History Society meeting because he expected it to open up all sorts of windows on the last couple of centuries. And Jane, who had been so kind and helpful at the Museum, might also be there. It sounded her sort of occasion.

Griseldine wanted to get a far better grasp on how the housing and health of everyone living in town had been transformed. Clearly it was relatively recent since the miners had only got their BathHouse in 1951. It had always been a point of keen interest for her, and her art of course. It would be marvellous to find out what art might be flourishing in Prestonpans these days. Then William remembered the Minister, Robert Simpson.

"Why don't we all go to Prestongrange Church during the week when it will be quieter. You'll remember I told you my arrival point here was standing outside the church, and meeting the Minister there. He invited me back if there was anything further I wanted to know. Let's take him up on that and find out how the church itself has changed. I didn't really look very closely last time."

Griseldine and Robert both thought it a good idea so the only missing information was the time of the weekday services. They'd have to walk along to get the answer to that one.

They were soon ready to leave and Griseldine appeared at the door once again clutching her Co-op bag. "I know it's Sunday and in our day shopping would be difficult, but I'll see if I can get a

few things on the way back if we are to have any lunch. Then tonight let's all go out to a restaurant."

As they came out of the wicket gate they found themselves amongst quite a large group of Panners making their way downhill to Front Street as they still called it to one another. Robert soon established they were all off to see 'The Steamies' at the Museum.

Evidently once a month a group of local volunteers fired up some old steam engines and ran them along the track with the children, and yes the adults, jumping aboard the wagons for a short ride.

"Let's go along with them all, we've got plenty of time" he urged. William and Griseldine needed no encouragement. None of them had ever seen a steam locomotive. Their memories were of wind, water and horse power plus of course man, woman and children power. They quickly fell in with the crowd which was growing by the minute as they all made their way along to the Museum.

There sure enough three steam engines were already out on the tracks and one, No. 7, even had their title Prestongrange painted on the boiler.

"That's the one for me" cried William and headed off towards it leaving Robert and Griseldine to find out what the day's timetable might be. It wasn't that difficult because most of those standing about were obviously as keen as mustard and eager to share their enthusiasm.

Evidently the engines were maintained by the Prestongrange Railway Society which they had formed in 1980 but the enthusiasts had worked together at the Museum well before that and got their first locomotives in 1975. It was a tough challenge to keep the engines serviceable. Although they were quite simple engineering-wise it was expensive to maintain them. The boiler

had to get a certificate of safety every 10 years, and since the locomotives they had were all some 50 or more years old they normally had something to fix. No 7, the Prestongrange, was built in Kilmarnock in 1914, and No 29, also built in Kilmarnock by Grant Ritchie, was even older dating back to 1908, the year The Goth opened they were told – whatever that meant. However the group was totally committed and the crowds clearly always enjoyed it particularly on a Sunday like today with the sun so bright.

Robert wondered why the engines were all so old only to be informed:

“Well even here in Scotland steam finally disappeared from coal mines by 1981, replaced of course by diesel and electricity. Our stock here is 5 diesels and just 4 steam but everyone loves the steam best.”

Just then No 7 let out a gigantic whistle and smoke belched out from its funnel. Looking over they saw William perched up on the driver's footplate. He was having the time of his life. There was no knowing what tale he had told the chap in charge who they later learned was called Colin, but he'd got himself a ride. He didn't actually go very far at all because the available track was less than one hundred yards, but at least he could now boast he had ridden the footplate of a steam engine.

“They built this collection totally on their own initiative and eventually found the best place to store them was in the back of the Bathhouse,” William reported, “but just fitting a new boiler costs nearly £100,000 and they don't really stand much chance of raising that sort of money for all four steamers.

“They used engines like these here at the pit from 1871 right through till closure in 1962 going up to a junction and signal box on the mainline just beyond Prestoun Grange.”

William's enthusiasm was lost somewhat on Griseldine

although she thought the images they constituted when under way were absolutely amazing. But William and Robert marvelled at the sheer strength they had to move heavy wagons. The comparison even with the coal ships that had docked at Morrison's Haven and sailed off to the continent was staggering. They would never see the Beam Engine driven by steam in action of course, but they could imagine how that must have been a truly awesome sight.

The crowds showed no signs of dispersing and the sun shone on. Families settled down to picnics across by Morrison's Haven and some on the grass beside the Bathhouse. The Museum's Reception shop was doing a roaring trade in teas and coffees, and chocolate William was delighted to find. And this time he had the £1 he needed to partake.

Why could he not think of drinking chocolate without thinking of Anne though? Griseldine ordered for them all and then got William to help carry them out to a table where they were just able to squeeze in as an earlier family left. Robert had just picked up another snippet of history to report.

"The fellow I was just talking to said the brickworks here was the last activity to close and the bricks left by rail as well as on trucks. But without the mine it was never going to be economical in the long term. And worse still, the pit closure here and along at Preston Links was at the same time as Fowler's brewery closed too."

Griseldine expressed everyone's surprise at that. "Well we've been drinking Fowler's since we arrived back. It must be coming from somewhere. You'll have to track that down William and get the full story."

That sounded like an enjoyable challenge to add to the list which Griseldine duly did on her *aide memoire* she'd begun last night as they walked along the Forth once again.

They were really starting to feel at home now and they'd been back less than a week. The Panners were so friendly it was proving fun all the way, not that the linkages with the entail were particularly clear after Lady Susan's work over a century before. They wondered if her Coffee Shop initiative had ever re-opened. Maybe it was a restaurant again these days.

They followed what they now knew to be the John Muir Way along the shore waiting till they got to the Co-op before climbing the steps to see whether it was open. Yes, it transpired, it was, but only till 4pm on a Sunday. Robert and Griseldine wandered through the supermarket gathering a few obvious items such as milk and bread, and some salt. For some extraordinary reason there was no salt to be found anywhere at Eastern Lodge and their recent breakfast of boiled eggs had been quite unsatisfactory without it.

William returned to the cash machine in the wall outside and, remembering 'his' PIN number, how could he forget 1745, helped himself to a further £250.

The same helpful lady was at the checkout desk who had advised William earlier in the week on how to get cash out and of the need for a PIN number. Griseldine thought she would be the ideal person in the town to ask about the restaurants for dinner that night.

"Well now, that'll puzzle you" she answered. "The only restaurant here was Chinese but it closed recently. And the fish and chippie take out is closed of a Sunday. You could try the Golf Club but I don't think they open Sunday nights. You're better off going round the aisles here again and grabbing one of the ready cooked meals. We've got a good selection and in the microwave they'll be ready within 15 minutes or so." That wasn't what Griseldine wanted to do and in any event she was sure she didn't yet know what a microwave was.

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

“What about the nearest town then,” she asked hopefully.

“Well, you might have some luck in Musselburgh if you like Italian and there’s Chinese there that are open, but don’t leave it late.”

Italian sounded a good idea and they got some directions. The one their counsellor had in mind was close by the Dolls Museum – couldn’t remember that – not far along from the Roman Bridge – now they did remember that. They’d crossed it many a time. It would probably mean a spot of after-dark driving for William but he seemed to be on top of the task. But first it was home for a late light luncheon and perhaps a quiet rest in the garden. They’d done enough exercise already for one day.

* * *

They climbed into the car at 7pm and headed off towards Musselburgh along the coast road past the Museum and there before their eyes was Mrs Foreman’s still it seemed offering hospitality. They wondered whether Pinkie House still stood on the outskirts of the town where Tweeddale had lived all those years ago. As they approached they saw a large race track to their right which looked well worth a visit later and yes they could just catch a glimpse of Pinkie House. Its old gateway announced Loretto School. Street signs also offered Fisherrow Harbour which they recalled being built in their lifetimes, or Town Centre. They took the latter and without any difficulty saw the Italian restaurant come into sight, and fortunately it was open. William was showing great skill with his driving and managed to find a parking space with ease. Nobody else much seemed to be out in the evening with their cars although a few families were walking along the Esk and across the Roman Bridge.

The ‘Italian’ was indeed close by the Dolls Museum which had clearly seen an earlier life as a church. The staff invited them to sit

down immediately giving them a menu which was neither in latin or English. It was in what they all took to be Italian and Robert quickly volunteered to take advice from Griseldine on what to eat. She was the only one who had been to Tuscany after William's death with a group of Edinburgh artists although there had been a small Florentine influence in the Edinburgh of their times which had been attributed to glass makers who had come to Scotland during Morrison's life and stayed on.

They thoroughly enjoyed what Griseldine chose sharing a generous antipasto of meats and pickled vegetables and they followed it with cannelloni and carrots. The waiter recommended a *chianti classico* from Villa y Tattoli in San Casciano which was excellent and they enjoyed a second bottle. As they prepared to leave the waiter whispered to Robert 'beware the *carabinieri*?' they are on the streets tonight.

Robert clearly had no idea what such a message might mean, and the waiter could see that. "Well Sir, two bottles of wine between the three of you means you are probably over the limit for alcohol to be driving your car. Shall I call a taxi?"

Not daring to face the embarrassment of being 'captured' by the *carabinieri* and trying to explain themselves, discretion took command and a taxi was summoned. William knew that he'd have to collect the car on Monday first thing or he might be in trouble for parking without a ticket – he'd already learnt about them – but he accepted that as a small price to pay.

* * *

In fact he was up with the lark without waking Griseldine the following morning and back at Eastern Lodge by 8.30 with fresh bread and eggs which he decided to scramble for breakfast for them all. He knew it was a favourite of Griseldine.

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

It was a smart move by William because there was housework to be done, and laundry. They were making free with the clothes in the wardrobes each day but clean clothes had dwindled. Griseldine was not downhearted at the prospect however.

“I’ve seen an electric iron in the kitchen,” she enthused, “which will make the task quite easy and more than a few of the items say ‘Do Not Iron’ on them. Why don’t you two go on out and stay out for lunch too if you can find anywhere on a Monday.”

They were more than willing to agree with that having half expected under the 20th century way of life to end up doing the ironing.

* * *

Liberated for the moment at least they decided they would try to find out more about the fate of Fowler’s Ales and indeed of several of the other brewers they could remember. William recalled always being able to smell the hops when he was at Preston Church so they decided that would be the best starting point and, despite the fact William had already walked to Musselburgh that morning, agreed that they’d step it out.

They walked due east from the gate and just before they reached West Loan were surprised to see a newly built church and school called St Gabriel’s which was clearly for Catholics. There must have been a major change in the law and the population to make that viable.

As they turned north they encountered a second church this time Episcopalian. Finally they reached the War Memorial and made their way east towards the power station which is where Preston Links colliery had of course been.

They’d been this way previously but east/ west en route to the Library. Now they resolved to spend a great deal more time seeing

what was to be seen. The first thing they spotted was Sir Walter Scott Wynd or rather a plaque commemorating the fact that a Sir Walter Scott had lived there. Obviously a man of significance – perhaps they could find out who he was on Tuesday night at the History Society. The new housing which came next on the north side of the street was actually called The Brewery which they had spotted before.

At the edge of town they arrived at the building they had enquired about of the young golfer on Saturday. It had the name COEVAL above the door which William's latin told him meant as an adjective '*originating or existing during the same period, lasting through the same era;* or as a noun '*one of the same era or period, a contemporary*'. Robert was greatly impressed.

William knew there was really only one way to find out what went on there today and what the links with Fowler's had been.

"We shall have to knock on the door and go straight in and ask."

It was Nick who responded to the sound of the bell – there had been no knocker. He accepted their apologies for turning up out of the blue, and their story that they remembered the spot as Fowler's and were wondering what had happened to it.

"Worry not, we get half a dozen visitors a month asking the same question and there's a new small booklet by David Anderson just being published by the new Baron which we will be able to give or perhaps sell to enquirers in future. But you're most welcome. I've developed a small talk over the years that I give to visitors like you, but if I'm boring you please don't hesitate to say so." He wasn't and they smiled encouragement to him to continue.

"If you look at the floor you are standing on here in the lobby you'll see the old Fowler's logo or badge – the Prestonpans Mercat Cross. Although we covered up the name outside where you saw

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

Coeval – it says Mercat House underneath – we were only to happy to keep that. This was that famous brewing company’s administrative headquarters.

“The brewery continued to do very well after the 2nd World War until the early 1960s. But then there were two major changes in brewing that undermined its success. First was that beers could travel much longer distances in a new type of pressurised kegs which were really aluminium barrels. This meant fewer very large breweries could make beers more cheaply and ship them over long distances so the smaller breweries with their own catchment areas and local tied pubs became uncompetitive. This in turn made for national even international brands with large advertising budgets especially on TV rather than local names. Fowler’s couldn’t win in that sort of market. They sold out to the bigger chaps, in our case here to Northern Breweries/ United Caledonian in 1960 with promises that the brewery would stay open, but they were dissembling. They immediately stripped out the assets selling the properties including 40 pubs and two small 7 day hotels they owned. Some of the pubs were here in the Pans – *The Johnnie Cope*, *Queen’s Arms* and *The Railway Tavern*, and the *Fa’side Inn* at Wallyford. Brewing ceased altogether by 1962.”

William wanted to know when the premises had been built because as they walked upstairs it was obvious it had been and still was a most impressive building, so he asked, and Nick was off again.

“It opened in 1956, only 6 years before the whole brewery was sold off and closed, which must seem bizarre. But as I said earlier, business was very good in the 1950s and the technological and marketing changes had not made their impact. The architect’s plans had been made in the 1930s but construction was delayed by the war from 1939 to 1945 and the immediate hard times that came afterwards.

“The style is known as art deco, but you will have spotted that

I am sure. It was all the rage in the 1920s and 30s and in comparison with the immediate post-war architecture anyone with a soul would have preferred it. We certainly do. You can see from the stairwell, and I will show you the old board room in a moment. It was simple and elegant.

“We’ve taken great pride in preserving it as a part of the town’s history. This great old town’s lost just about everything from its industrial past except that totally neglected so called Heritage Museum along at Prestongrange.”

Nick showed William and Robert into the boardroom, with beautifully timbered shelves and what was clearly a tiled fireplace of the period. They couldn’t help noticing the windows.

“They’re Critall, a particular design for metal casement windows that was popular throughout the art deco period. You lose a little light from the bars but don’t you think it’s an elegant shape? They’re still with us today all across the world. ”

William was bitterly disappointed Griseldine was not with them. He could imagine her busy with the laundry but she’d have loved all this talk of design and architecture. And he’d learnt a fair bit about the fate of Fowler’s but his curiosity had been aroused by the latin name outside.

“Our thanks, Nick, for that great briefing. But can I also ask what you do here nowadays? I know enough latin to understand the word ‘coeval’ but how does it relate to your own profession?”

Nick was obviously accustomed to giving talks and lectures about that too. “Well we’re nothing so wholesome as a brewer, and we can be pretty unpopular at times but we like to believe what we do is a big help with road safety and efficiency. We design electronic and vehicle activated road signage. We’ve made routes to school safer for young children. We create talking walk signs and warning signs for over-height vehicles so they don’t accidentally hit bridges.”

Robert remembered the height he'd had to pick the coalface in William's Prestongrange pit in the late 1740s. Warning signs eh. That would have been something. William remembered more than the odd cart with its load knocked sideways under a low bridge.

But neither could quite understand the notion of safer routes to school for children. Traffic had never been that fast and the worst street dangers normally faced were runaway or rearing horses. But clearly Nick had built a successful enterprise over the past 10 years and employed several others in the workshops on the ground floor.

Robert had to bring the discussion back to beer. "I'm puzzled though," he began, "we've been given a Fowler's ale several times since we've been here in town this last week. If the brewery has been closed now for some 35 years how's that being achieved?"

As was to be expected Nick knew the answer, in fact there were two. "Local Belhaven Breweries out at Dunbar still makes the Wee Heavie occasionally under licence and the new Baron of Prestoungrange has already commissioned a microbrewery but I didn't think anything had happened yet. The old brands it appears are now owned by a Belgian brewer, InterBrew, so their permission is needed for any serious production to begin again. If you think you've been drinking a regular pint though I suspect you've been imagining it. But hope springs eternal."

William thanked Nick profusely for all the help he'd been. They seemed to strike lucky every time whether it was the Minister, Jane, Jim or Nick or even the lady at the Co-op. Someone somewhere was facilitating their time warp, he mused. Even providing 'imaginary' Fowler's ales. 'Facilitating', what an unusual word to come to mind. If their luck held Tuesday night's History Society meeting would fill yet more gaps.

* * *

The requirement now was for some luncheon. They decided to walk further along the Forth towards Cockenzie and find a tavern for lunch perhaps.

They had no success in finding any such tavern for lunch but they did find good ale at The Thorntree who suggested they walk along to Port Seton Harbour where there were excellent fish and chips to be had. After enjoying that they walked yet further along to Seton Sands passing a social centre named after a John Bellany – another name to be explored perhaps with the History Society.

They finally set off back for Eastern Lodge at about 3pm and it was well after 4 when they arrived to find Griseldine relaxing in the garden all the washing done. She agreed to brew a cup of tea and give them some of the small cakes she had baked but only in return for the day's news or rather the day's history update.

As William had predicted, she was very sorry to have missed the architectural delights of the auld Fowler's HQ. But she was looking forward to tomorrow and the History Society's workshop. And she added Sir Walter Scott and John Bellany to her *aide memoire* of history to discover.

They all agreed to remain happily puzzled as to how Fowler's ales were being 'facilitated' for them, but resigned themselves to keep asking for it in bars and enjoying it nonetheless.

* * *

They spent a peaceful day on Tuesday. Robert and William found some garden tools and tidied around the flower beds and were delighted to find a lawn mower to cut the grass. Griseldine did some dusting in the house which she said she hadn't done since before she was married.

Because of these domestic duties, and despite all their best intentions, they contrived to arrive at least 15 minutes late at the

centre where the History Society's workshop was taking place on Tuesday evening. William had also found some whiting at Cockenzie that morning and they'd enjoyed it so much they lost track of the time.

It was really an updating session of progress by all those who had pledged to make contributions to *Tales of The Pans*. Jim was just rounding off his comments on the Battle of Prestonpans and the 250th anniversary so they would have to catch up with him later.

Next on was Betty reporting on Sir Walter Scott, just as they'd hoped might occur. Her main source, she confessed, was Scott's own Journal that had been published after his death. He'd clearly been a very important literary figure for Scotland in the late 18th/early 19th centuries. He'd visited the parish before Griseldine died although she had not been aware of it. He'd come in the hope that the sea water might achieve for his lame right leg what the waters at Bath had failed to do. They hadn't worked for William either of course but then he'd been much older.

Walter had been just 18 months old when he'd taken a fever that had deprived him of the use of his leg, and he first visited Prestonpans when he was 8 staying with Mr & Mrs Warroch at the spot now called Walter Scott Pend. He and his aunt, Janet Scott, who accompanied him had regularly taken tea at Cockenzie House with Mrs Cadell whose son Robert was later to be his publisher. He'd played in the gardens of the old Preston Tower with Lord Westhall's daughter, Miss Dalrymple. He'd also met and been greatly impressed by an old battle veteran Dalgetty and a lawyer friend of his father, George Constable, both of whom were to figure as characters in his later novels.

"That, however," Betty continued, "was not his only visit to the Pans. He came back with Robert Cadell 53 years later when he was 61 and most famous, just for the day. Robert Cadell's mother

was still alive and entertained them both to dinner at Cockenzie House which was of 'tiled' being sun-dried whittings." William's eyes glazed over at the thought of them. He was back at Lucky Vints. He wondered if they could find any these days. There was a small store at Port Seton he'd seen where landed fish was offered for sale. Could they get some sun dried whiting?

Betty wanted to know if the others thought her discussion of Walter Scott should simply tell of his visits to the Pans, or go into some sort of literary critique of his works and their enormous significance. That led to a lively debate. One Society member who was clearly a teacher bemoaned the lack of awareness let alone balanced critique of Scott as perhaps Scotland's most famous novelist and as for his poetry there was almost total ignorance. "Not so," someone piped up: "Oh what a tangled web we weave, when first we practise to deceive."

But the teacher persisted suggesting few knew it derived from Scott's epic poem of the *Battle of Flodden*, or knew that *The Lady of the Lake* had inspired one of Franz Schubert's most famous songs.

"At best we think of King George visiting Edinburgh clad in Royal Stuart tartan and from that day forth the emergence of tartan as a potent symbol of Scottishness across the Lowlands as well as the Highlands."

"My suggestion," Jim interjected, "would be for Betty to discuss how he came to write *Waverley* and used it to crystallise the torn loyalties even of an English redcoat at the Battle of Prestonpans. And perhaps even Mark Twain's far fetched attribution of the American Civil War to Scott's romanticisation of war. Whatever the critique of his works, however, we all surely believe that Scott invented the genre of the historical novel and I think we should explain why we are proud that he visited the Pans."

Robert turned to William to see how he was reacting to such talk.

“To think we were there. I was on the field of battle and today a great novelist has told our story. And of all the heartache between supporters of the Jacobite cause and of the Union.” William nodded. He was thinking of Anne again.

Jim had spotted them coming in late but had not interrupted the flow of the session. But now he introduced them to the Society’s members at large before moving business quickly on to a review of the history of the Co-op in the town. That was something they could relate to.

Henry, who had joined the Co-op organisation in 1930 had agreed to do the necessary research from its foundation in 1869 and to make that the background for his own reminiscences. And a second member of the group, Ronnie, also had a contribution his grandmother Jenny Naysmith had written before she died in 1995. She had been the town Co-op’s very first female director elected in 1957. It was her proudest claim that the dividend to those who shopped had always been maintained at 3/6d and reached 4/6d some years.

“These days of course,” Henry was identifying, “there’s a great deal more competition across the town and so the scope for dividends is no longer there, but for many the dividend was essential saving for local folk. Once the dividend was declared they could wipe off their owings to the store and usually have enough left over for something vital for the children.”

What Griseldine found most fascinating about the discussion of the Co-op was the way in which the Society’s members were really writing brief autobiographies at the same time as they told the history. The same applied when Andrew and Margaret reported on their studies of the old colliery pipe and the brass bands. They’d survived right up to the present with enthusiastic

musicians and ever changing sponsorships, more than 40 years after the pits had closed.

Their education continued apace as Father Brendan from St Gabriel's gave his update on the re-emergence of Catholicism in the Pans. He ascribed it to the arrival at West Pans, Levenhall of a potter called William Bagnall in 1780 although it was not until 1907 that a priest celebrated Mass in Prestonpans for the first time since the Reformation. They'd continued using the Town Hall until 1934 when St Gabriel's Hall was built with plans laid for a church as well which were finally realised 31 years later. Two years on St Gabriel's Primary School opened in 1967 as the culmination of educational provision for catholic children begun as long ago as 1888 from Schaw's Hospital at Meadowmill known as St Joseph's. It hadn't accommodated all demand and there had been attendances in Tranent and at Loretto in Musselburgh. But of most significance for William and Griseldine was the news that in 1955 the Cuthill School that Sir George had built and Lady Susan had opened in 1881 was given over to the use of catholic children in the Pans for the final period until St Gabriel's opened in 1967.

* * *

Jim looked rather pleased with what he had heard from his fellow Society members thus far, and called for a break for tea or coffee.

"Trust it's being helpful" Jim enquired of Griseldine. "When we first floated this idea for a millennium project the response was not too good at all. What really got it rolling was holding an Open Forum meeting when people came and reminisced. It's dubbed 'oral history' these days as opposed to 'story telling' but we made a few tape recordings of what people were saying and from that moved on to edited written versions. As things now look, though, we're going to have a grand collection by 2000 as

long as we can get the funds to print and publish it. But we're not worried about that just yet."

Griseldine reassured Jim. "It's quite brilliant. All the members who've reported so far are giving us a marvellous feel for the town. We'd no idea Walter Scott came here or of the origins of the Co-op hereabouts or about the catholic church. What's next on the agenda?"

"There's so much to be heard as I said, but we daren't not let the members flow because that's been the catalyst for their writing – talking it all through out loud first. Several of us remembered the old cinema, 'The Scratcher'. Janet's even written a short poem about it.

"They built the new Co-op on the High Street where the old building used to be. Others can talk us right along the High Street from east to west naming all the old traders, the dairies and the pubs still here and those that are not such as the Queen's Head. Others talk of old wells and the old gas works and the gasometer that Jean Whitelaw, the grocer's daughter, climbed in 1939 when a couple of lads were scraping off 19 coats of paint.

"They reminisce about Preston Lodge School opened in 1924 when it was in the old Preston House – which was sadly burnt down in 1967. Then there's all the talk of football particularly the Bing Boys who played down by Cuthill, the annual regatta of which Lady Susan was a great Patron, and the gift of Cuthill Park by the Royal Musselburgh for the lads. That was part of the old Prestongrange estate and the annual Gala Days were held there at one time.

"There's one of our members here, Annette, who worked for Wiles, the last private bus company in Prestonpans. They've got a restored example of their buses at the Scottish Vintage Bus Museum in Fife. It's well worth a visit if you get the chance. The memories go on. They're endless."

The workshop session resumed with talk of the McEwans, two generations of medical doctors in the town who had practised from Walford House on the sea front. Ann was the member who'd been tracing the detail with Bob's help.

"Dr William McEwan had a practice in the town for 40 years," she recounted. "He soon joined the town council and became Provost in 1895 to give himself the opportunity to pursue his dream of cleaner air in the town, remaining in office for a decade. All the town's industrial premises were regularly visited and at many of them air filters were introduced. He worked with Lady Susan Grant-Suttie to get the Town Hall finally built and opened in 1899. He immediately established use there each Sunday by a Men's Club until 1914, and thereafter for Lad's Meetings. He campaigned for the town's Library which with sponsorship from the Carnegie Trust opened in 1904. He was an outstanding leader here.

"When he finally retired in 1934, aged 75, his two sons Willie and George were already in practice with him and they stayed on to see the advent of the National Health Service in 1947."

More than a few in the room were old enough to remember the McEwans, and some had even been attended by them at their birth. But Ann and Bob both felt their history needed to be remembered. McEwan Senior was described shortly after his death, Ann concluded, as 'a man of great character, fearless courage and a born leader who, for nearly half a century was probably the most influential figure in Prestonpans'.

Griseldine was particularly interested in what Ann had to say, and spoke to her as the meeting drew to a close. What she hoped Ann might know was how the housing and health conditions in general had improved over the years.

"Alas, no, I don't but there are two researchers, Kirsty and Annie, taking a closer look at the health hazards industry consti-

tuted here and the ways in which attempts were made over the centuries to improve housing hereabouts. And you'll have seen already that much of the town's housing stock has been rebuilt in the past 40 years since all the industries closed."

Jim agreed to get in touch with them both as soon as he could, but to William's pleasure he also suggested lunch at the Royal Musselburgh on Thursday when he could recount how the 250th Anniversary of the battle had gone which they had missed by arriving late. Clearly it was their turn to treat Jim to lunch.

* * *

They were back at Eastern Lodge by 10.30, too late for what they had now learnt was newstime on BBC TV. They stayed up later still however, amazed at how apparently easy it seemed to be to trace the town's history. It wasn't from just a single source of course, but countless individuals sharing their own perspective.

Griseldine suddenly had the notion that some of today's Baron's rioja might go down well and a bottle was quickly found. It was as she quietly sat gazing at the fireplace whilst Robert and William talked of Walter Scott, that Griseldine had the idea.

"William," she exclaimed, "we must write an historical novel. We shall begin when we first arrive at Prestoun Grange and bring the whole tale of your baronies here right up to date. Let's not just tell of our times and your entail. We can dream our way into the future. Even hopefully learn what the Baron nowadays is up to."

"By 'we' I trust you don't include myself" Robert prevaricated.

"Oh yes I most certainly do. You heard what Jim said: you just talk, and before you know where you are you're an author. But actually I had it in mind that William should do the writing, with a lot of help of course from you and I. He was always the author anyway. It'll come easily for him.

"I can maybe do some painting."

"That's excellent, I can manage talking" Robert offered as he stood looking for the door.

"I'll leave you both to sketch it out. I'm exhausted by it all. My head never stops spinning and I've got my family reunion this coming weekend."

They all laughed. It was certainly exhausting. Non-stop history lessons.

Could they not take a break and have a day out? They'd had a quiet day on Tuesday until the History Society. How about doing something more sociable? Live something of today's life – even it meant risking making fools of themselves so to speak.

They didn't know if they actually could. But Griseldine was upbeat. She'd already noticed how whenever she seemed to be in a tight spot the right words simply seem to come to her, just as the Fowler's ales always flowed. They seemed to be living a charmed reincarnation, facilitated as necessary by whomsoever was helping them fulfil their long ago wish.

Before too long they all realised they'd not be here together anymore, but back wherever it was they'd been since they'd died two centuries and more ago.

Griseldine felt quite light headed about the whole matter. She was having fun. Let's have more. Lots more.

"To bed William," she demanded and he followed her there at her command.

* * *

It was Robert's idea that they go over to Fife for their day off to track down the old Wiles bus Jim had mentioned. They all knew the ferries of old or the long route around to Sterling. But there was a new bridge he understood across the Forth which although

it could get busy cut journey times dramatically. William decided to phone Jim even before breakfast to ask just precisely where the Vintage Bus Museum was. It was not that straightforward because they were none too sure of Jim's surname when they looked him up in the phone directory. But in the end Robert recollected he was known as Jim Forster. It was a good job they did phone. The museum was only open to the public at large on Sundays but Annette's contacts with the Wiles' bus owners there meant private access could be arranged and Eddie, one of its current owners, was expected to be working there that day anyway.

The Scottish Vintage Bus Museum was not very far across the Forth, at Strathalmond near Dunfermline, and getting to the bridge itself was none too difficult for William either who was now totally relaxed as he drove. He'd even mastered filling the tank with leadfree petrol as he went using the BoS cash card and that magical baronial PIN number. And at Griseldine insistence William was of course keeping all the receipts carefully – for the day of reckoning which they all knew couldn't be that far away.

They had never seen anything by way of engineering that could have prepared them for the sight of the bridge, and next to it was a most beautiful but obviously older bridge that carried the trains. They paid their toll to be carried high above the Forth on the road that was suspended from two giant towers. Robert was quick to wonder how it might fare in a high wind but they all assumed since it was still standing it must be able to withstand everything the weather might throw at it. In contrast though, the rail bridge with its multiple piers looked a great deal more secure.

It was a glorious day and as they drove across they could see all the way back east to the power station in Cockenzie with its two tall chimneys although they couldn't quite make out where Prestonpans was.

They arrived at the turning off the main road that was signed

for Strathalmond and thought they had spotted the museum as soon as they exited but it proved to be a speciality shopping centre – not like the Co-op at all. Griseldine insisted that on the way back they should stop in to see what interesting foods might be available.

They continued a short way and readily found the well signposted museum which covered a very substantial ground area in a series of large sheds. They announced to the gatekeeper that they had an appointment and he directed them to where Eddie was to be found. Eddie had been responsible with two partners for the restoration of a single deck Bedford Duple bus in the Wiles livery, which they'd completed by 1982. Since that time the bus had been frequently used for TV and film making.

Eddie was, as they should have expected, totally devoted to his vintage Wiles bus and more than pleased that this new museum site had now given it a permanent home and the opportunity to welcome hundreds of visitors each Sunday. He also had the chance to take it on the roads at the museum on Exhibition Day each October.

The museum had an enormous site but as Eddie pointed out, and proudly showed them, there were hundreds of vintage buses stored, many still under restoration. He explained that it had previously been a Royal Navy store servicing the yards at Rosyth which was the refitting home for the UK's nuclear submarines and for other naval construction until 1995 – which was why the many large buildings had been needed. It had been ideal for the museum of course, giving the space to display and put the buses through their paces. The museum had only arrived there recently having been previously scattered at many sites.

William, Griseldine and Robert knew something of the Wiles bus story from meeting Annette at the History Society earlier but Eddie was soon telling them more. It had been started in the days

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

of hard tyres in 1924 by Terrence Wiles who had bought a Ford 14 seater open top charabanc providing a service from Aberlady to Gullane. Terrence has succeeded over the years adding additional buses and routes, taking children to school, adults to cinemas and offering excursions over the years as far away as Blackpool in England. The name Wiles had become a household name across East Lothian. But deregulation and swingeing increases in road vehicle taxation in the 1980s undermined the commercial viability Wiles had enjoyed for so long. Just as had occurred to Fowler's ales, Wiles had finally succumbed to larger scale operators in 1989. Annette had worked with Wiles in those final years which was why she was contributing the story to *Tales of The Pans*.

Eddie seemed philosophical about it all however as he concluded his comments.

“Times change do they not? Although East Lothian lost Wiles buses there's still a great service from Edinburgh right along the coast to Dunbar and for Prestonpans the services are excellent.”

All this Eddie had shared as they gazed in admiration at Eddie's bus and inspected its interior. It was not surprising it had been so widely used in TV and film making for it had been exquisitely restored. But Eddie's enthusiasm was not reserved just for Wiles and his Bedford Duple. He insisted they saw many more of the vintage buses. They wandered for at least an hour climbing the stairs of what he called double-deckers as well as relaxing in charabancs and single deck buses with such differences knowingly explained.

They began to realise they had returned to just the sort of history class they'd planned to escape for the day. It seemed their destiny. Perhaps they were only permitted to step forward in time like they had to absorb the history since their demise, or were they just being pessimistic about what they could do?

Thanking Eddie profusely they made their way back to the

speciality shopping centre they'd seen earlier which indeed offered a splendid array of foods. Griseldine enjoyed finding Hebridean Smokehouse salmon and scallops as well as ready made Cullen skink and Dundee marmalade, and with William and Robert both adding favourites of their own her basket was soon full. Back at Eastern Lodge that evening they feasted on the soup and salmon with some excellent brown bread. A fine day out altogether.

* * *

William rose early. He always seemed to be up first now. He had resolved to start making notes on what they'd learnt thus far, just headings. If Griseldine's notion of a novel was ever to happen they would be indispensable. It was strange, he mused, that word 'novel'. They had all used it and knew its meaning but it was not a form of writing they had been familiar with in their lifetimes. In fact what they were about themselves had been described only the other night as having been invented as a genre by Walter Scott in the 19th century – an 'historical' novel.

When Griseldine eventually got up, at least an hour later, they ate a modest breakfast in anticipation of a good lunch with Jim at the Royal Musselburgh. And this time they made sure they arrived five minutes early. They could scarcely offer excuses when it was but a three minute stroll from Eastern Lodge. Griseldine went along with William but Robert had decided to explore further around the Pans. He wanted to see if he could find any traces at all of the pottery industry that had clearly flourished in the 19th century.

Jim Forster was already in the bar, that room where Griseldine had insisted on covering that ceiling so long ago. And he was as usual keen and ready to talk, picking up where they'd left off

earlier in the week with the 250th anniversary of the battle in town. William ordered the Fowler's ales.

"It was a splendid occasion all round" Jim began, "except we invited an imposter to act as the Prince – a young Belgian chap who'd carried off claims to be descended from Prince Charles Edward for more than a decade. Even penned a book titled *The Forgotten Monarchy*. But he wasn't central to it all. The biggest thrill was the re-enactment groups which we tried to make as authentic as possible. We produced a videotape of it all which I can let you borrow."

The ale that they now knew they were 'facilitating' arrived without any problem and Jim paused just long enough to take a sip.

"It was more than that however. We really had a grand party with stalls and music and a local couple who'd just got married came along to make an occasion too. But the sad thing is we've not done anything since. Even the giant figures we set up on the roadside, a redcoat and a Highlander, have gone. The only help anyone gets in trying to explore the battlefield today is a few damaged interpretation plates at the top of the BattleBing."

"What on earth is a BattleBing," Griseldine wanted to know.

"When the coal spoil heaps were all cleared in the early 1970s much of it was pushed over to make the Meadowmill marshy area that had given the Prince such trouble in 1745 into really good playing fields. One was kept and shaped as a pyramid with 45 degree angles and from the top you can have a great view of the whole battle area. You can see where the Highlanders arrived via Carberry Hill to Birsley Brae, Tranent churchyard where the Camerons were peppered by cannon fire, the Riggonhead Defile although it's virtually lost from the open cast mining excavations these past 10 years, Cockenzie House, Bankton House of course and the actual field of battle. It's a magnificent vantage spot really."

As Jim spoke they both realised that they had of course already climbed the BattleBing but the background story as to how it came about was revealing. The marshes had been a challenge for William and he'd often pondered what could be done to drain even some of them. The meadow mill had helped in a modest way of course. He remembered now that John Rainin had never got back to him with that contact from Goteborg who'd talked so much about the Dutchmen's work on their river delta, and it had slipped his mind too. William thought Jim sounded disappointed that nothing had happened since 1995 and couldn't resist asking why the History Society didn't take up the cause.

"We'd love to" he readily agreed, "but the truth is there's not been a great deal of interest, although I have recently heard a primary school teacher from Cockenzie has started taking young children on a battlefield walk and something might grow out of that. But quite a few in the Pans in 1745, and probably to this day, were Unionist at heart. The Scottish Nationalists are for independence of course, but Labour never has been nor the Liberals or the Conservatives. So I suppose celebrating the Prince's Victory can potentially be controversial although no problems surfaced at the 250th."

"It's just history now, surely" Griseldine suggested, "although from what you say the Scottish Nationalist might be cheerfully opening old wounds."

"I wouldn't call them wounds" Jim quickly added. "The Nationalists have a considerable level of support hereabouts and it's very likely we'll soon have a devolved parliament in Edinburgh. But the ScotsNats as we call them are not the majority of Scots toaday. And they certainly don't claim to be Jacobites."

"But whilst I'm always happy to talk endless politics, let's get that lunch I promised you."

They didn't talk endless politics over lunch however. Griseldine

wanted to know about the changes to local housing and the health services, and in particular whether Jim had been able to contact Annie and Kirsty yet. Clearly large tracts of housing had been provided for those unable to own a home of their own, although in amongst some were much more carefully attended to not least in their gardens and front doors. And everyone appeared to be in good health.

Jim could scarcely comprehend the total ignorance of Griseldine and William about all the 19th and 20th century social reforms. The notions of the National Health Service since 1947, and of the statutory responsibilities of local councils to provide housing, were so much a part of daily life that he couldn't believe they needed any explanation. After he'd apologised that he'd not yet been able to contact Annie and Kirsty he warmed to what was obviously a favourite topic.

"I'm so glad you noticed the gardens. I spent many years of my active life working in horticulture both here and in Edinburgh including the Royal Botanical Gardens," he began with enthusiasm. "I still do a great many odd jobs for local folk in their gardens to this day and we have a Horticultural Society in the town. In fact until the middle of the 20th century market gardening was a very significant employer hereabouts...."

Jim's comments brought back happy memories of the times Griseldine and Janet had spent together at Dolphinstoun Farm and she could not resist a quick glance at William, who smiled knowingly in return.

Jim was in full flow... "but I have to confess the best gardens you'll see hereabouts are in Port Seton and Cockenzie, and it's not just the front gardens of their homes but also the public gardens just opposite Cockenzie House which is now an old folks residential home."

"But I wouldn't want to suggest we don't try and succeed quite

often in the Pans, because we do and more often than not it's in those homes where the residents have been able to buy their houses off the local council. As well as their gardens, you can see it in the decorations, quite often an extension or new windows, and almost invariably a new front door. As you'd expect, folk take much more pride in their own home than one they just rent from the council.

“There were precious few things that Margaret Thatcher did as Prime Minister in the 1980s that got much support in these parts but the chance to buy your own home if you rented it from the council was one that gained her many supporters. But of course there's a downside and the council had fewer houses to offer those in real need although housing associations nowadays meet a lot of the need for the better off.”

Griseldine and William listened attentively but took good care not to ask questions that would have revealed the depth of their ignorance. Clearly enormous strides had been taken over the past 200 years and, although Griseldine did not press the question, what applied for housing obviously applied for public health.

The view from the luncheon room window across the grass to the south once again captured their attention and they marvelled at how little that had changed. Griseldine's thoughts strayed again to Janet and her market gardening whilst William and Jim returned to politics.

William wanted to know what pattern of devolution was being discussed and Jim did his best to present the merits and demerits of proportional representation, a challenge still under debate as they took their leave. Jim stayed on at the club for a game of golf.

* * *

Robert was not yet back at the Lodge from his planned pottery

exploration in the town so they could relax awhile. Griseldine told William she was still determined to meet Annie and Kirsty about changes in living conditions and health, just as soon as possible. Jim had confirmed he expected to see them both later in the week and would make a point of mentioning it.

When Robert returned at about four o'clock they all had some tea on the lawn at the back the Lodge. He'd been able to get some understanding of how the pottery industry had fared from the late 18th century, and it was a quite astonishing story. The early beginnings which William had supported in the 1750s with the Cadells where Robert had himself worked had flourished, and Griseldine had of course seen them grow further during her and Janet's life together at Prestongrange with Hyndford. They'd eventually given the town a prominent position amongst all Scotland's potteries by the mid 19th century that had lasted right through until the 1930s. There had of late been some small scale exhibitions of the finest work at the Heritage Museum itself and across Scotland, but most of the pieces seemed to be held elsewhere and there was no permanent exhibition centre in the town.

There was, however, a lady still living in the town, Dorothy Clyde, who had created and developed her own pottery in the middle of the 20th century.

"Let's try and trace her," Griseldine immediately suggested. "Jim's bound to be able to put us in touch."

William made more notes for that novel. He was beginning to be convinced it might be a realistic proposition after all but would their return to the here and now last long enough for him to complete it and find a publisher? Only time would tell. What was increasingly clear was that with the historical detail emerging and the contacts Griseldine was determined to follow through, there'd be no shortage of tales to tell.

Robert was as keen as Griseldine to track down Dorothy Clyde,

but his mind was really on his forthcoming family reunion on Sunday.

* * *

Friday and Saturday were beautiful days, not a breath of wind as the sun shone from a clear blue sky. The Royal Musselburgh was buzzing with golfers and their chatter and banter were often audible to them as they sat in the garden. And of course they ventured down to the Forth where everyone and their families were strolling the John Muir Way as they'd learnt to call the beach path along what had been their old baronial lands as far as the Red Burn.

The tide went well out when low at this time of year and Cuthill Rocks and the other outcrops were unchanged from their memories and clearly visible, glistening in the sunshine with sea weed and thousands of mussels clinging to them. Robert made a goodly collection just as he had hundreds of years ago. Griseldine enthusiastically joined in the task and promised to prepare them just as William always loved them in white wine and cream – to which Robert agreed to raise no objections at least for the first tasting. But there was no sign of any oysters.

As they walked along the shore towards the Co-op shop and further east, they saw youngsters sitting on a large boulder some 100 foot offshore which was certainly an excellent viewpoint and fun to reach. They made their way across too and asked if it had a local name to which they got the immediate reply – “it's Johnnie Moat for us hereabouts.”

They all looked at one another, amazed. William was first to recover asking: “How did that come about then?”

“It's just a legend” the oldest amongst them began. “Johnnie Moat was a harbour master at Morrison's Haven long ago and a

great big man. In fact he was so big and domineering all the locals jokingly called the rock after him, and it's a name that's stuck for hundreds of years."

"There's more than that though" a bright faced young girl added. "In the 1950s it was blown over in a big storm that flooded a lot of the lower homes around here. But there was also a legend which held that as long as it stood the Pans would have good luck. Well after it fell over in that storm everything in town fell apart too. All the industries closed and everyone lost their jobs." William loved such yarning, although he doubted the supernatural claims of the legend.

"How come it's up straight again then? It can't have been an easy job to shift."

The youngsters knew the answer to that one too, and warmed to their uninvited audience.

"Well, when the power station over there was building what's called its slurry conduit to fill up all of Morrison's Haven and along at Musselburgh too, they had all sorts of heavy gear on the beach. Those were the guys that put it back up. 'Twas a big party of course. And it's never fallen over since but that was 30 or so years ago – before we were born."

"What a legend" William exclaimed. "Thanks for that. My wife and I, and our friend Robert here, we all knew a fellow called Johnnie Moat. I wonder if he's a descendant. Have any other rocks around here got names too like that?"

None of the youngsters knew of any other names, and smiling broadly to themselves and to the puzzlement of the youngsters they moved back onto the shore itself.

"Johnnie would be greatly impressed to be remembered all this time. Bet none of them know who we were or even you Robert except of course Sandra Pryde and soon now her whole family."

"I'm desperately anxious about it all on Sunday William," Robert said. "I can't tell the truth to all those descendants that I'm dead and alive again. I've got to maintain the fiction, the lie if you will, that I've been away mining in Pennsylvania, USA. More than that I can scarcely contradict her conclusion that I spent all my working life in mining when I in fact went to work for the Cadells."

Griseldine had some good advice for Robert, which she claimed only a woman could offer.

"Just listen" she said. "And if by bitter bad luck someone asks you about Pennsylvania turn the query back on them – 'Why, have you been there too' – before making any comment at all. And simply don't mention the Cadells."

"I can see I need to persuade you to come along and keep me out of trouble" he replied, but there was no way that was going to happen. Griseldine and William were due at church on Sunday, having found no suitable weekday time. They were not going to miss that.

They hoped the Minister would have a few minutes to spare afterwards or could at least fix a convenient time. More than that, they wanted to see what happened when Robert finally caught up comprehensively with his familial present. Vicariously, and selfishly, they imagined they might find the answer to their own time warp and most importantly how long it could endure. Initially they had thought they might just be able to contact a few key individuals, but it was increasingly clear that they could move freely amongst the entirety of today's population talking with any and all. But to be able to provide a credible contact with today's people, despite the 'facilitation' they now understood they received, they still had had to invent fictitious personalities for themselves – and as they all knew once you go down that road the end result is a tangled web of deceit.

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

Could Robert not confide in Sandra? Could they not themselves confide in the current and 14th Baron when they finally met him, or their own direct living descendant of Balgone? They were clear in their own minds however that they should not confide in the Minister or Jim for that matter.

* * *

Griseldine served the mussels she and Robert had collected just as William liked them on Saturday night, and Robert agreed it was a considerable improvement on his own familiar simpler style. He enjoyed the juice remaining dunking large chunks of brown bread into it as William did and to his surprise slept more soundly than he had since first meeting Sandra.

He was leaving nothing to chance though. He left at about 10 am on Sunday morning although he was not due to meet Sandra and family until lunchtime, borrowing the car from the garage. William and Griseldine had already been expecting to walk to church and back and with the car away they had no other option. It was no problem. They would take the same route they had long ago in their carriage and which William had walked when he first returned.

* * *

Robert drove carefully and was pleased to see the petrol indicator showed still half full. He had the time to travel via central Edinburgh and then out to Sandra's home. The city's streets were quiet and he had some difficulty with some of the one way patterns but the map he had was up to the challenge.

He arrived at Sandra's home exactly at noon. She had assembled not only her two daughters but numerous other

relatives – so many in fact that the luncheon was to be served from a buffet and they could walk into the garden to talk. It was magnificent Scottish food and it soon became obvious that any invitation to lunch at Sandra's was always accepted by the family on those grounds alone, regardless of any other attraction. But Robert's presence had been foretold and all were keen to greet him.

Once lunch had been served to the whole family, Sandra sat down beside Robert. She was obviously concerned about something, and Robert felt compelled to ask what it was.

“Well, I'm not the best genealogist in the world by any stretch of the imagination, but I simply can't place your ancestors in any of the mining records here” she said. “It's almost as if they didn't exist. And the only basis on which that ever normally happens is if they are sent to prison or transported. But even then, the initial record of birth should appear.”

Robert instinctively realised he must tell Sandra the truth, but not yet, not at the expense of the family gathering that was proceeding so joyfully all around them.

“I can assure you Sandra that I'm 100% a Pryde and a direct descendant from 1746. I've been doing my own research this past week or so and once the party here is over I'll tell you the whole tale. Can you wait till then? I can assure you it'll be worth the wait but it must be strictly between you and I or I shall get into no end of trouble.”

Robert's remarks of course served only to intensify Sandra's curiosity, but the promise of an answer was sufficient for her to enjoy the remainder of the lunch party she had so generously called together. Robert talked with many of them and kept firmly to Griseldine's advice – always asking Sandra's family where they stayed and what they got up to. There were other Pryde's present too from quite different family trees whom Sandra had traced but

was not familiar with. It was a grand occasion altogether and Robert despite all his anxieties enjoyed it thoroughly. Whenever he seemed to be heading into dangerous territory he'd felt that unique 'facilitation' of their's slip into gear.

When the last of Sandra's family had left however she insisted Robert put the record straight. "I can't wait any longer to hear your story" she insisted.

"Right then," Robert began. "Are you ready for the surprise of your life?" Sandra looked puzzled but eager to learn as he continued:

"I'm the reincarnation of Robert Pryde in 1746 who petitioned Lord Prestoungrange. I and my two friends James and Dina you met last time are here seeing through an extraordinary wish we all made before we died. We all wished we could see how life turned out when the Barony of Prestoungrange eventually changed hands out of the family male entail of the Grant-Sutties. That has finally taken place now in 1997. The two others you met were, indeed are, the reincarnated Baron and Lady Prestoungrange from the mid 18th century, William Grant and his wife Griseldine.

"I've not just returned from Pennsylvania. That was a fiction for which I apologise. We all three simply materialised in Prestonpans several weeks ago. We're convinced that once our 'wish' has been met we shall return whence we came. It also seems highly likely that although we can learn from you what has happened since 1746, you'll not be able to remember having met us, and particularly me, once I leave here today.

"I can't begin to express how deeply grateful I am to you for sharing all the research you've done on my descendants right up to the present and for getting all those family members together here today. I'm so very happy to see you all living a life that is so much kinder despite its many different problems than we ever had back then."

Robert scarcely knew what to expect Sandra to say as he stopped and looked into her eyes. He had no more to say though. He wanted to listen as Griseldine had advised.

Sandra remained speechless for what seemed like several minutes but was probably only a few seconds, then began slowly:

“Robert, you’ll be surprised but I find I can actually accept what you’ve just said. It’s wholly preposterous on any rational level but emotionally it gives me an extraordinarily deep feeling of satisfaction. In this day and age you won’t know it but we call that ‘closure’. I’ve devoted an awful lot of effort to researching and understanding our genealogy and I was finding your appearance on the scene most confusing even worrying.

“If, when you leave here today I shan’t be able to recall you ever having told me this I’ll take that as proof positive of what you have told me. But I shall need to write down what you’ve just said on paper here and now. Is that alright?”

As Robert nodded his assent she took a pad and wrote: *Met Robert Pryde 1746 today – nobody will believe me but the family all met him too.*

Robert was amazed yet delighted at Sandra’s reaction. He’d become so ashamed of what he had increasingly seen as an unfair and unkind deception on her and perhaps exposing her to embarrassment later with all her family. Although Sandra clearly now accepted she would not be able tomorrow to recall anything they had shared, she could not resist asking more and more questions about Robert’s life in 1746. He was more than glad to share it. Finally, Robert felt he could offer something that might assist Sandra in concluding her genealogical research which he knew she had not yet unearthed.

“Before I leave Sandra, as I must very soon now, there is one thing I am certain you *can and will* remember. After the Prestongrange pit closed early in 1750 I moved to work with the

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Cadells pottery after meetings with Lord Prestoungrange at which he asked me help him find different work for the miners who were all losing their jobs.

“He’d decided evidently, because of our Petition, that I was some sort of leader amongst the miners and that if he talked with me I could help him avoid too much trouble. That was how I came to have the same wish as the Laird, to see how things turned out for later generations. We discussed it one day as we tried to see what other work could be available. Please write that down too on your pad.”

Sandra did as he suggested and as she finished Robert knew it was time to leave. He rose and made for the door. He hugged Sandra close for more than a lingering moment with the realisation growing every second that this moment was the beginning of the end of his reincarnation.

He made his way back to the car without a backward glance. If he had looked he would have seen Sandra at the door waving first fiercely and then, gradually realising its futility, not at all. Sandra stood finally quite calmly watching as he drove away.

* * *

Time had flown. It was 4pm now and Robert knew he had two responsibilities before finally departing today’s world for ever. He had promised to report back to the Carnegie Librarian and he must brief William and Griseldine on everything that had happened since noon. Most importantly he wanted to tell them how he’d felt an irresistible need to tell Sandra the truth and how once he’d done that how he’d become absolutely certain that his time warp was nearing its close.

He drove directly to the Library only to find it was closed on Sundays but noted it would be open on Monday from 10am.

Turning the car around he drove home to Eastern Lodge where he knew William and Griseldine would be waiting and very curious to find out how he had got on.

* * *

William and Griseldine had arrived at the kirk some twenty minutes before the 11 am service and were able to watch the rest of the congregation arrive. There was no sign of the Minister William had met earlier until he entered the church to conduct the service. Whilst the liturgy was quite foreign, the manner and delivery of the address from the pulpit would have won respect from old Carlyle. At the end of the service the Minister, who had given no indication of having seen them during the service, came straight over to William and Griseldine.

“Good to meet you again, James,” he began. “And this must be your wife.”

“Correct” replied William introducing Griseldine as ‘Dina’.

“Well, how have you been getting on with your genealogical research on William Grant’s family?” And without waiting for a reply he continued:

“Actually I’m glad you made it today because we have two ladies here in the congregation who want to meet you. Seems Jim from the Historical Society has been trying to put you all in touch.”

So saying the Minister beckoned to two young women across the aisle who smiled and made their way over.

“Let me introduce Annie and Kirsty” he said. “They are the two researchers who are working on the housing and health conditions under the Grant-Sutties in the Pans from William’s time right up to the closures in the 1960s. They’re an absolute mine of information.”

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

Griseldine was quick to pick up the introduction and she was soon exploring and agreeing when they could all get together for an extended discussion. Both knew Jane Bonnar who had been their guide at the museum and in fact they had a morning meeting scheduled on Tuesday next with her, so it was agreed they would all get together after that at the Royal Musselburgh for lunch.

In the meantime, they had both brought some notes on their early historical references which they were more than happy to leave with Griseldine. If they had not met up here at church they were planning to drop them in with Jim Forster anyway.

That sounded ideal. When they did finally have a detailed discussion Griseldine realised she could sound much more intelligent and ask more perceptive questions.

The Minister was by now in conversation with others but they waved across the church to him as they left heading north by the gardens and down to the Forth. As they did so they found themselves passing a fine looking statue to one Thomas Alexander. There weren't that many statues around town so they paused to see what fine deeds Thomas had done. The inscription read:

Throughout a long military career he has strived incessantly to elevate the condition of the soldier. And during the Crimean War his indefatigable efforts as Principal Medical Officer of the Light Division to alleviate the suffering of the troops were of inestimable value in stimulating others to follow his example 1812–1860.

“A local hero by all accounts,” reflected Griseldine. “If the conditions in that war were anything like those we saw at Prestonpans he'd have had my support – all the way.”

They headed west along the shoreline to Prestongrange Road then homeward. Once again it was a delightful day and the views across to Fife magnificent. Several extremely large ships were passing along as they walked, monsters compared with those that had come and gone at Morrison's Haven or Leith in their days. Back at Eastern Lodge before 2 pm they ate a light lunch and once again relaxed in the garden, speculating to one another how Robert might be faring with his descendants.

When Robert arrived back it was probably 5.30 pm and both of them had dozed off in the sun to be roused by the sound of the car returning to the garage. Griseldine suggested some tea before they heard his full account of all that had occurred. Once that was brewed and poured they declared themselves ready to listen and learn.

* * *

"I told her the truth and she believed me," Robert began. "Sandra had already worked out for herself that my claim to have descended from Robert in 1746 was bogus. She was beginning to think it all a hoax. So I couldn't do anything else.

"But I also realised as I told her that she wouldn't be able to recall anything I said after I had left. She asked a hundred questions about life in 1746 and what had happened to us, all of which I gladly shared.

"She was so very intrigued but strangely content to hear that it'd all soon be forgotten. None of her family know what Sandra and I shared. They were gone when I confessed. Oh and that included telling her who you both were and why we are all here."

William and Griseldine had sat quietly as Robert spoke but both were clearly itching to know why Robert was so certain all would be forgotten by Sandra. All Robert could say was that 'he

knew'. Just as he had known in an instant that he must tell Sandra the truth he had known with absolute certainty that she would not be able to remember. But he went further.

“More than that, however, I also now know with absolute certainty that when I report back to the Carnegie Librarian here in the Pans as I promised I would, I shall not return. This is my last evening with you both. My wish has been fulfilled and I have no reason to remain here any longer. And if that’s true for me, perhaps it might also be true for you.”

The certainty with which Robert spoke was clearly disconcerting but also gave a valuable clue to how William and Griseldine might spend their time in the coming days. Certainly they should avoid for the duration seeking out their direct descendants since that seemed highly likely to create the scenario for a defining end moment, but equally they should start to plan and analyse what they really hoped to understand about the world of today and their wish fulfilment.

Most importantly, deep down, Griseldine didn’t want it all to end. She was having the time of her life, so to speak, her *new* life. She had rediscovered her long lost love for William and she felt he had for her too. She actually wanted it to go on for ever and ever although she knew it couldn’t. So, they had better enjoy it whilst they had this finite new life together.

Robert had reached his own conclusion.

“My presence here is because you, my Lord, and I both made a wish long ago, but it was your entail with which you were concerned. My presence here is almost by accident though I’ve greatly appreciated the chance to share it with you both. You’ve been kindness itself.

“But if I may presume, I’d like to spend what I know is to be my last night here sharing with you in your planning what you can most helpfully do for today’s Panners.

“What advice or guidance might you give to the new and 14th Baron when you finally meet with him – as I am sure you will. Surely he must by now have noticed we are all making free with his bank cash card if nothing else.”

They all laughed out loud at that. They had often laughed like that together. It augured well. Their last night together was not going to be a sad occasion but one to cherish. What was more, Robert was as concerned as they were to make the most of their opportunities in the here and now. Clearly *rioja* was required, and while William opened yet another bottle Robert and Griseldine cleared the tea away and put the chairs and garden table away in the garage.

William surprised the others as they began to imbibe. He had already begun to formulate a plan of action, declaring himself weary of the existential life they had lived for the past fortnight.

“I really do want to know and understand how this community in which we lived so contentedly for so many years has fared in a coherent way. Perhaps it's my legal training but I need it organised. And it was Griseldine's suggestion we, or was it I, write a novel that got me thinking most of all. I've been making notes each morning and actually we've already learned quite a lot. And those meetings on Tuesday next are going to help with further details.

“It's only too obvious there's no industry whatever in the town today but that all the people have some sort of an income to support themselves. All the children are at schools to quite an advanced age, everyone seems to be in exceptionally good health, and everywhere we look there are mechanical devices for cooking, washing and transportation. There's not a horse to be seen and electricity and petrol engines have transformed life.

“I don't expect we can ever comprehend how all this came about but what I would like to encompass in our novel is what role Prestonpans itself played in getting here.”

“I think you should go further William,” Griseldine added. “The novel should honour and take pride in the community’s past, to give it a powerful sense of identity as it travels further forward in what are quite obviously very different directions altogether. If you taught me one thing about genealogy all those years ago it was that it really does make you feel better about yourself the more you discover.”

Robert clearly agreed with Griseldine but had another thought to add. “What’s struck me most forcibly is how there seems no longer to be any aristocrats. Not only haven’t we seen any aristocrats, but the great houses they all lived in are now either gone like Preston House, converted to apartments like Bankton House or in public use such as your old home at Prestoun Grange with the Royal Musselburgh Golf Club.

“Perhaps they all lost their heads in a revolution” Griseldine chimed in. “That was where the Bourbons and the aristocracy went in France in 1789 just before I died. It was by all reports quite horrendous and although Pitt the Younger took us to war we could not save them and in his attempt he triggered that disastrous mutiny in Tranent.”

“No, no, no. Can’t have happened here. We know our own family survived and prospered with Sir George in the 19th century making a great fortune and Lady Susan playing a key role hereabouts,” William protested. “And there’s still a feudal barony at work although hereabouts its Caput seems to be a pub and a greenkeepers cottage.”

“It’s most likely the outcome of greater education across the whole community which inevitably led to a greater desire to be involved as well as a greater ability to improve one’s position in life. And as that process went forward the wealth in society was more widely shared. As such the great differences between the rich landowners such as we were and the great majority of the

community who were dependent on us have gradually been eroded.”

Robert was not convinced. “It’s nice to contemplate such a peaceful evolution from the lives we lived then, but I doubt it very much. There must have been upheavals. The likes of us miners and salters and even potters were growing more and more mutinous as just a little education was becoming available. And there was no sign that your landowning friends were willing to give up what they had without a considerable struggle. You, My Lord, were most gracious in helping us find new work when you closed the mine, but you did it from personal kindness and you, My Lady, you were also known to be most caring, but that was all. You had no legal responsibility to act as you did. It was just feudal *noblesse oblige*.”

Neither William or Griseldine asked Robert to use their Christian names on this their final evening together. They could see he felt it inappropriate, and of course he was right in what he said. It was almost as if he’d returned to their past relationship.

But over supper there was no further evidence of that. Griseldine cooked the last of the mussels Robert and she had collected and at Robert’s request cooked them William-style again. They talked on and on until way beyond midnight, pondering what had brought the Pans to where it found itself today.

Robert finally announced he wanted to turn in.

“I propose to be at the Library first thing in the morning when it opens and I think a good night’s sleep after those mussels and that rioja will prepare me for what comes next.

Griseldine promised to give him a good breakfast in case his premonition proved correct and he did not return. “You never know where your next meal’s coming from” she joked.

More seriously, she agreed with William that she must read

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

through Annie and Kirsty's Notes the following day without fail, which by some bizarre connection reminded her she must get her loan copy of McNeill's *Prestonpans and Vicinity* back to the Library. Robert readily volunteered to do that for her.

* * *

After Robert had gone to his room William and Griseldine sat together for another hour or more before they too went to bed. They hoped so very much that Robert's premonition would not be correct and he would still be with them tomorrow night. Equally they realised that if he was right, a certainty would have arrived in their circumstances that also meant they would shortly no longer be together again. That was saddening. William told Griseldine again and again how happy he was in her company. They both knew they were enjoying one another's company in a way they hadn't shared since William became Lord Advocate in 1746. There was only one great concern that Griseldine harboured, and she bravely shared it with William.

"Do you think Anne will return here and join us too at some stage? I really hope she doesn't but I imagine you might find pleasure in it."

"It's something I've pondered quite a lot" William confessed. "She too often comes to mind. I don't see why she would return since neither she nor James were ever part of the entail. Yet I'm mightily curious how she got on and what James did with his life.

"Frankly, the only moment I think she might reappear will be if this talk of a Parliament for Scotland finally happens. She'd want to be part of that. But we're having such a grand time back together. Let's be content with one another and tackle Anne if we have to later."

Griseldine realised that was a good an answer as she could have

hoped for, but not what she wanted. She consoled herself once again with the realisation they were having fun together.

Once again she led William to their bed. For now at least he was her's alone.

* * *

Robert plundered the wardrobe in his room. He was determined to be smartly dressed for his passage back in time. He chose a pale grey suit with a pale blue shirt, some silver cuff links and a striped tie which indicated on the reverse that it came from the Royal Naval Air Service. Not something he had ever heard of but it went well he thought with his suit and shirt. Griseldine agreed as he entered the kitchen perching himself on one of the high stools where she had laid his promised fine breakfast. By his place setting was McNeill's book he had volunteered to return in case they forgot in all the excitement.

Griseldine was determined to give him a great send off. Before him she now placed Arbroath smokies with bread, butter and marmalade alongside them. He declared it a feast and ate it with obvious enjoyment. Neither spoke except to agree a cup of coffee would be an ideal accompaniment to the smokies. There was no mention of Robert's premonition for the day, but when he had finished he took his plates and the coffee cup to the dishwasher and placed them carefully inside.

He picked up McNeill's book and made his way quietly to the hallway for his coat. He finished putting it on and was ready to leave. Griseldine surprised him as she embraced him kissing both his cheeks. Her perfume overcame him and he kissed her back shamelessly on the lips. William emerged just as he did so but appearing initially not to notice he too came to the door to shake Robert's hand firmly.

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

“Bon chance, Robert. I very much hope we shall see you again later today but whatever happens, I can see it’s been as much a pleasure for Griseldine to meet with you again as it has for me. We would be nowhere near as far ahead without all your local reconnaissance work.”

Without a further word, Robert tucked McNeill’s *Prestonpans and Vicinity* under his arm and headed out through the beautiful wrought iron gates for the last time. He turned north to the Forth. He was intending to take the long way to the Library, taking a last look at the town where he had lived so long and which was now almost beyond recognition. William and Griseldine watched him go frankly bewildered. He skipped a step or two as he remembered kissing Griseldine. Nice to kiss a beautiful lady unexpectedly was it not, particularly if you absolutely knew you’d not be seeing her again. She was alluringly beautiful and he was glad William had spotted him doing it. Maybe a bit of jealousy there to help ward off Anne should she show up again too.

* * *

Robert reached the Library at precisely 10 am and was the first reader in as the doors were opened. The Librarian had not forgotten him and immediately asked how his meeting with Sandra had gone.

“Brilliantly” he replied. “I met her whole family and we spent a long while comparing notes on our own views of life in the 1740s and 50s when Robert Pryde was working in the pit and then after 1750 in Cadell’s pottery.”

The Librarian said she was pleased to have been of such modest help, putting them in touch with one another. Then Robert remembered he was due to return the book Griseldine had

borrowed and passed it to her. She could not recall what name it had been borrowed under for a moment, but then remembered, "It was Mrs Stewart wasn't it who took it out?"

"No" Robert replied firmly, "it was Lady Prestoungrange." The Librarian looked momentarily confused as she sorted through her lending files seeing quite clearly that it was in fact booked out to Mrs Stewart. But she made no further comment watching transfixed as Robert walked as if in a trance towards the shelves and disappeared from sight.

She cancelled the loan record and since no other readers had yet arrived that she had noticed made her way over to the shelf where local interest titles were kept to put it back in place. To her utter amazement she saw Sandra Pryde standing where but a moment before she had seen Robert heading.

"Thank you so very much for putting Robert Pryde in touch with me," Sandra said. "He told me something I didn't know about the original Robert Pryde's 1746 petition to Lord Prestoungrange. After the pit closed in 1750 Robert evidently went on to work at Cadell's. I'd always thought he'd stayed in the pits elsewhere. Anyway, we had a great family reunion yesterday which he thoroughly enjoyed, finding his roots here in town and seeing all the changes that have taken place. He's just left for Pennsylvania where he lives."

The Librarian shook her head. She must be dreaming. How did Sandra Pryde get there?

* * *

Griseldine settled down to read Annie and Kirsty's Notes. They were most revealing. Robert's expectations that the changes which had happened had only occurred after mutinous strife were well borne out, but William's theories of the impact of education had also played a major part.

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

The notes were heavy reading but gave Griseldine a much better understanding.

It seemed that radical governments in the 19th century had initiated formal studies of the health of the working population and banned women and young children from working below ground by 1840. It had become a national political rather than a local concern from then onwards with working men's movements and unions lobbying and striking in favour of better conditions and wages. Underground lamps to warn of gas and then avoid explosions and ventilation to protect the lungs of the miners became key issues as mines went deeper and farther, with truly effective exhaust fans eventually available. Safety lamps were finally made compulsory in 1911 but only when fire damp was likely to be present.

So far as Prestoungrange pit was concerned the research showed these issues had all become significant after Sir George had leased out the mining rights.

Injuries sustained from falls and in haulage activities were always a problem. In the twelve years between 1882 and 1894 records showed the great majority of some 34 serious but non-fatal accidents as occurring in this way. In the period 1858-1922 records of the Inspectors of Coal Mines kept for the pit showed 16 fatalities – all from falls or haulage accidents.

To minimise the impact of such accidents where possible miners were made much more aware of the dangers, and Rescue and Safety 'teams' established with immediate access to the right equipment.

The final efforts to ensure better health and safety put sanitation at the top of the agenda right through to the middle of the 20th century when the pithead showers Griseldine remembered seeing at the museum finally opened in 1951. Most obviously there were no lavatories or washing facilities whatever

below ground in the 19th century and this was increasingly required by law. But once this had been addressed a new dimension altogether emerged in miners' welfare housing.

Housing had for many centuries been provided, not as a matter of welfare but of unavoidable necessity. Annie's Notes showed how in the earliest years, which Griseldine knew to be their own, mine owners were reluctant to provide high quality housing because of the often quite short life of any pit. But this had changed under Sir George and his leaseholders at Prestongrange pit. First Prestongrange Coal and Iron and then Summerlee had built houses extensively at Cuthill – initially 60 then 117 by 1876.

It was this rapid growth of population in the improved housing that had been the occasion for Sir George building Cuthill School after sustained chiding from Dr Struthers who was then the Minister at Prestonpans.

Another major aspect of welfare, the education of miners' children, was but the first step along the road to the provision of greatly extended welfare benefits for miners living in communities such as Prestonpans. By the first quarter of the 20th century it had gone further than Griseldine or William, or Robert for that matter, would ever have dreamt even including recreation facilities.

Miners' Institutes or clubs were established from 1920 onwards following a great deal of unrest after World War I. Parks were provided, such as Cuthill Park, sports grounds and bowling greens.

Amongst the providers were many philanthropists who established across Scotland, and in Prestonpans in particular in 1908, Gothenburg style public houses where miners' families were encouraged to go for indoor recreation and food as well as the miners themselves for drinking ales.

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

The housing that had been built by the Summerlee Iron and Coal Company at Cuthill was without running water or indoor toilet facilities and demands for improvements came to a head nationwide in a Rent Strike in 1912. A Royal Commission was established that concluded, after delays because of the World War till 1918, that Scotland's housing was 'much, much worse' than in England. Lloyd-George won the General Election that year on a platform of 'Homes Fit for Heroes'.

The miners at that time had wanted all housing to be nationalised but Lloyd-George would not agree and another major strike took place in 1919 which was only resolved with the establishment of the Miners' Welfare Fund being a levy of 1d per ton of coal. Pressure to build pithead baths also increased but progress was slow. Local governments were also authorised from 1919 to provide housing for rent although by 1924 of more than 1000 miners' homes in Prestonpans only some 100 were provided by local government with almost all the remainder from the colliery companies.

The most significant of all the mutinous gestures of the working miners which Robert had anticipated occurred in 1926 when they all went on strike for 6 months. Soup kitchens were run from both Cuthill School and The Gothenburg to help the families. But it was also one of the least effective strikes taking place in the context of the economic depression years of the late 20s and 30s.

The final improvements across most areas had to await nationalisation in 1948 when coal was in great demand following World War II, but that demand was short lived as worldwide mining recovered with much lower production costs. By the mid 1960s all underground mining had ceased in Prestonpans.

The 'new' and ultimate welfare challenge was to assist a community with massive job losses. It was addressed with alacrity

by the local authorities with the house building that Griseldine and William had seen as they walked around the town but more than a house was needed for a town to rebuild itself.

* * *

Griseldine had lost track of time as she read the Notes, but she had not failed to be impressed at the depth of the research the ladies had done. It was heavy enough stuff to have put her to sleep but she had remained alert. It was a fantastic story of struggle and accomplishment by the miners. Privately she wondered what role if any their descendants had played after Sir George had granted the mining leases and whether in the end the Grant-Sutties had been compensated at nationalisation.

They'd heard a great deal of Lady Susan's role at the end of the century but nothing more. And what role did that massive Cockenzie Power station play – it was such a dominating and elegant structure and clearly burnt coal but it stood where the Preston Links pit had been.

* * *

Where was Robert? If he had been returning surely he would be back by now? Glancing at the clocks Griseldine saw it was past 12 noon. She called to William and suggested they visit the Library themselves to see what had become of him. William felt intuitively there was little point but agreed to go to satisfy Griseldine's anxieties.

William's intuition was correct. Robert had called in to the Library, returned the McNeill's book insisting it was from Lady Prestoungrange not Mrs Stewart, and the next person the Librarian had seen was Sandra Payne. Perhaps Mr Stewart might care to contact Sandra to see if she knew.

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

They did just that, borrowing the Librarian's phone and Sandra answered at once. Yes, Robert had been with her and her family on Sunday for a most enjoyable family reunion, and had confided that the original Robert had worked at Cadell's after the Prestongrange pit closed, but she had not seen him since. She understood he had planned to return to Pennsylvania later that day. She promised to be in touch with James and Dina if she heard from Robert, although she did not expect to until he was safely back home at Scranton in the USA.

Thanking the Librarian they left, and headed for the Mercat Cross breathing deeply as they went. They now had the hard evidence that their time here in Prestonpans was to be strictly limited, and was to be enjoyed to the utmost. What next then?

* * *

Griseldine knew what was next on *her* agenda – she was due to meet Annie and Kirsty, and wanted to track down the potter Dorothy Clyde too if she could.

“I'd certainly like to meet all those ladies too” William mused, “but I've also got to visit Merchiston Tower to see our old ceiling.” This time it was for Griseldine turn to add that she definitely wanted to tag along for that as well.

That night, not for the first time, after supper they tried to make some sort of a plan of action – and to prepare for what they believed was their inevitable meeting with the incumbent Baron. But it seemed an impossible task or that somehow they were being prevented from addressing it.

* * *

They'd already realised they missed having Robert around even though he hadn't talked a great deal. He was of course the only other person who had comprehended and shared their reincarnation and to whom they could talk about it. Monday had passed very slowly but William had taken the opportunity to find out how to view the precious ceiling in Napier University's Council chamber and arranged to visit there late the following afternoon.

They awoke on Tuesday eager for their lunch meeting with Kirsty and Annie, and their ceiling visit. Lunch would be another opportunity to meet Jane too who had been so very helpful. They made their leisurely way over to the Golf Club dining room just after 12 noon and as was now their habit, ordered their Fowler's ale since their guests had not arrived. At Jim's nomination they had become Social Members so they were able now to entertain guests. It was nearly 1 pm when they arrived, chattering noisily and with great enthusiasm.

"The whole history project is going along so very well" Jane began. "And I'm delighted you've been making so much progress yourselves – Kirsty and Anne tell me you've been browsing their Notes. What do you think?"

"Totally fascinating to me," responded Griseldine, "although James hasn't had the opportunity yet to read them carefully. It seems Sir George was willing to share some of his commercial success with the community towards the end of his life, like the new school at Cuthill."

"Actually he did even better than that" added Kirsty. "He agreed an annual rolling lease of an acre of his lands at £5 pa just off West Loan for a Bowling Club. He did it shortly before he died in 1878. The Club is still there to this day. I don't know if the Minister, Dr Caruthers, was behind that initiative as well as the Cuthill School but it seems to have been triggered this time by

the desire to provide social recreation as an alternative to drunkenness.

“It had an influential Management Committee at the outset too including Robert White, the Fowler’s Managing Director at that time. He’d be pleased to see you all still drinking his ales today although he might have had a guilty conscience then. And John Belfield whose father Charles founded a pottery enterprise here that lasted almost 100 years was on it, and a local grocer John Davie and a banker, Andrew Syme. There was a fair amount of debate early on about how to fund it all, but eventually 1d in the pound on the rates was agreed although only after the matter was settled in the Courts.”

“How on earth do you find all these things out, and all the mass of detail in your Notes,” Griseldine wanted to know. And Jane was able to oblige.

“The Scottish archives are in fact really rather good and since the mid 18th century there have been what are called *Statistical Accounts of Scotland*, started by Sir John Sinclair in 1791, and still written by local researchers today. It appeared again in 1834 and then 1952. There’s one in progress at this very moment here for East Lothian due at the end of the millennium. In the two oldest accounts much was written by the local Minister. And of course since the Censuses began in 1801 all manner of increasingly illuminating data has been collected on individuals and their families.”

William ordered a second glass of Fowler’s for Griseldine and himself as they made their way to lunch. The ladies asked for Diet Cokes which had them puzzled but comment was clearly inappropriate. Over lunch Kirsty and Griseldine continued their discussions of social recreation provision and the growth of all sorts of other activities. In particular there was great pride in pipe and drum bands and silver bands at the collieries. The silver band from Preston Links was still active it transpired more than 30

years after the pit had closed, playing at and winning no end of competitions. And there had long been a fine Annual Regatta from Morrison's Haven which the Belfields had sponsored and provided the winner's cup, and which Lady Susan had backed too. Jane showed a keen interest when the Belfields were mentioned.

"I'm working currently on a project to create a small exhibition of Prestonpans Pottery at the Museum. But the deeper I get into the topic the more I have realised there is to uncover. It prospered so greatly from the mid 18th century, when William Grant and his wife Griseldine, then the local lairds, had originally encouraged it, right through till Belfields had to close in the 1930s. It needs a really thorough investigation and exhibition centre in the town but that's well beyond the scope of what I am able to do at present."

Once again Dorothy Clyde's name came up and this time Jane was able to give William her phone number so he could get directly in touch.

Griseldine could have spent the whole afternoon talking social recreation with Kirsty but she was also keen to understand from Annie how model housing ideas had affected the miners and how the Grant-Sutties had finally disposed of their involvement in housing in the town.

"Housing saw several waves of improvement after the 1790s" Annie explained, "as both the Grant-Sutties themselves and latterly their leaseholders, sought to attract miners to the town's pits and to keep them healthy and able to work. Sanitation was vital of course to good health and improved housing was an unavoidable step in that direction. Then the local councils became responsible for provision and finally after nationalisation the Grant-Sutties were compensated modestly for the superiorities of the lands the houses stood on. After arguments the final agreed sum was £240 each."

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

“That sounds very reasonable to me” William interrupted. “My disappointment I think has to be not that the local population got adequate housing but that there seems to have been an absence of much good architecture in the building that went on over the past 50 years. We seem to be in denial of the sea, everything faces inland.

Annie readily agreed. “I think it must be because the town never looked to the sea for its work. It was an industrial rather than a fishing town – although I’d accept that there were very considerable oyster and salt interests originally.”

Lunch completed they returned to what was now the bar, where the famous ceiling had been for almost four hundred years. Jane and her friends carried on talking but William and Griseldine knew they had to leave. After thanking them all profusely, they headed back to Eastern Lodge with just enough time in hand to jump in the car and make it to Napier University by 3.45pm.

* * *

They registered at the Reception Desk – Mr & Mrs James Stewart of course – and headed along the corridor and into Merchiston Tower. It was a steep and circulating climb but anticipation gave them wings.

Griseldine gingerly opened the door of the empty chamber, although she had already been informed it was unoccupied. She turned on the lights and slowly lifted her head to look upwards. It seemed a very long way up. Much higher than she remembered. William agreed.

“The colours are magnificent. They are still as I remember them. And there are those cheeky images.”

William was straining to look up too but it was clear his neck was not enjoying the challenge.

“Can we climb to that balcony up there do you think” he

wondered, and they quickly made their way up a further staircase. Now they were too close to see the whole of the ceiling but close enough to see essential detail they had never been able to see that close before – before Griseldine had had it covered up that was. They both looked in pleasure for several minutes longer before Griseldine suggested they go back down again to the main Council chamber. She had an idea.

“If nobody is around I am going to lie down on the Council table here and gaze upwards. It’s the only way to see it all at once.” William agreed it was effective but he felt somewhat undignified. Whilst Griseldine lay horizontally on the Council table he browsed around the room until his eyes alighted on some printed notes by a Michael Bath. He read:

‘The ceiling was some 40’ x 20’ and dated 1581. It was removed after discovery during alterations at Prestoungrange House in 1962. Not all of the 23 compartments between the open beams are on display – 4 are still in storage’. The text went on to discuss the origins of the images and he knew Griseldine would want to see that detail. He called to her to climb down off the table and read along with him.

‘The grotesques copy at least four different print sources, by far the larger number taken from Jan de Vries’ *Grotesco*, published in Antwerp in 1565. Another four [the most lewd and the ones that had theoretically offended Griseldine so long ago] are copied from pseudo-Rabelasian prints published in Paris also in 1565 by Richard Breton, *Les Songes Drolatiques de Pantagruel*.’

“Did you know all that Griseldine when you decided to cover the whole thing up?” William asked.

“Not at all, I had no idea,” she replied. “It must have taken a great deal of research to find those original drawings from the books published in 1565 and to match them with our ceiling. But I think I’d still have covered them up, although as I recall saying at

the time, a later generation might be able to enjoy them more publicly than we could. This seems to be that later generation although if I was actually here today I think I'd still cover them up all over again. I think the term grotesque art sums them up and they would not be for my own everyday sitting room ceiling. I don't imagine the Council when it meets here even gives it a second thought. It's not in anyone's line of vision really.

"I've seen enough" she concluded. "It's all very nostalgic and brilliantly executed but I don't actually miss it. It's just been a trip down memory lane, that's all. Let's be gone. I'm looking forward to a nice cup of tea back at Eastern Lodge."

They left as quietly as they had entered the chamber, thanking the receptionist as they went and were soon back in the Pans with that cup of tea. As she drank the first sip she relented.

"William," she said, "I'm sorry that I was so unexcited about the ceiling. I had been so looking forward to it as I know you had. The quality of the artwork was quite excellent. But that was the very first time I've seen something that is exactly as I remembered it. It deeply upset me as I lay there gazing at the ceiling from that table top.

"I could see all our children, and you a young-ish 40 something man and the sitting room the way we furnished it. Until now everything that we have encountered has been almost unbelievably different apart from the view across the Forth. I even shivered – you know, someone walking over my grave type of a shiver. That was why I wanted to get out and back here as quickly as possible. Is that silly and wrong of me?"

"Of course not. I felt the same when I first glanced at the mural on the outside wall of the church which you and Janet and the others erected to my memory. Most kind of you I know, but I shuddered then. And inside the church high on the east wall I saw Lady Susan's funeral hatchment, and I shuddered again."

A Baron's Tale

William rose and placed his arms around Griseldine's shoulders.

"What I do know" he continued "is that we have never been so close as we are now. You and I always led our separate lives, just sharing life occasionally. Here and now we are truly companions, and I must confess I really rather like it. Could we not have achieved this long ago?"

Griseldine smiled at his remarks, but shook her head.

"I think it was impossible in our own time. Women had no opportunity to share in all the aspects of a man's life as they clearly do now. But I like what we have today and I'm enjoying being with you like this. I'm really very glad you feel that way too."

They sat contentedly for a while and at last Griseldine got up saying she would prepare some supper. But William had other ideas. "Let's go out, down into Edinburgh. See if we can find a comfortable restaurant. It's a beautiful evening and we can walk as well perhaps. Tomorrow we can see if we can meet the elusive Dorothy Clyde."

* * *

They parked the car just around the back of the Palace of Holyroodhouse which was looking very fine and set out on the walk up High Street which had been labelled The Royal Mile. Many of the buildings they passed were familiar to them and of course St Giles' Cathedral dominated it all with the old Parliament behind, before they reached the Castle itself. There was no Netherbow Gate to be seen through which the Highlanders had burst into the city as Anne had reported in 1745 but there was a plaque on the wall. By the time they reached the castle it was closed to visitors but it afforded a great viewing point for the city across which they gazed, first south and then north.

They could scarcely recognise a thing. North Bridge, which Griseldine had seen built in her lifetime was there of course, but *aulde reekie* had gone. Railway tracks lay at the bottom of the old loch. Large swathes of most elegant housing lay to the north.

As they walked back down they decided to take their supper in a small Italian restaurant, Gordon's Trattoria. They had enjoyed themselves eating Italian food in Musselburgh so it augured well. But why so many Italians? They decided to ask.

Gordon introduced himself as the proprietor working with his brother and daughters and niece, all keen to enjoy sharing fine food with their customers. The place was bustling with groups clearly enjoying themselves greatly, and often noisily. As soon as the antipasto had arrived with some mineral water and a bottle of *chianti classico* William asked Gordon if he had a moment to spare to explain the considerable Italian presence in Scotland.

He readily agreed after warning that if duty called he would have to break off. But he was soon lost in his tale as only a true raconteur can be. They wondered how he knew so much and he explained there was no secret. A good friend of his Joe Pieri was collecting masses of information for a book he planned to write. Joe had arrived in Scotland when he was just one when his father came to open a fish and chip shop – not a trattoria.

In all, three major waves of Italian migrants had come to Scotland, mainly from Tuscany, in search of work. In the early and late 19th century they were craftsmen and stone masons and makers of figurines, travelling throughout Europe selling their services and wares. Then after World War I more came simply looking for a better life and being from Tuscany they liked what they found in Scotland. Finally after World War II many prisoners of war remained behind to find work. In Scotland today some 15/20,000 people were thought to be of Italian descent. And one most particular point of contact had been the ancient town of

Barga where Scotland's famous artist John Bellany had settled in the late 20th century.

"Today it's become known as Italy's most Scottish town with a substantial two way tourism" Gordon continued but was called away mid-sentence. A heated debate on the proposals for the Scottish Parliament was taking place four tables down and a gentleman, a journalist it later transpired, had called across with a serious question. He intended to publish the reply in tomorrow's *Glasgow Herald*.

You couldn't miss overhearing the question: "Well Gordon, what do Scots-Italians think to this home-rule for Scotland proposal? What did you learn from Garibaldi when he insisted on the union of Italy?"

Gordon deflected both questions with consummate skill.

"Garibaldi made many mistakes I am sure, but is best known in Britain for the biscuits named after him. As for a Scots-Italian view on home rule, I am but one and in favour. My brother is against. My daughters are divided and my niece does not have a vote. So you could say in my family we are ambivalent. Is that any help?"

There was a gale of laughter around the tables as the journalist accepted defeat. He would have to file copy without a Scots-Italian view.

As Gordon returned to William and Griseldine's table, however, they couldn't resist asking him to explain how he thinks matters will turn out? Will there be a parliament and will it work? To these questions Gordon showed no hesitation. "There certainly will a parliament and it will work well. We all want it, whether we are Scots-Italians or Scots-Irish or even Scots-English. As Sean Connery himself has said: I just want my country to be like any other country."

William and Griseldine had no notion who Sean Connery

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

might be, but he was obviously a well accepted authority. There were clearly exciting times ahead and it was pure good luck that they were to be around to see what course events might take. They resolved that they had better take copies each day of the *Herald* – and *The Scotsman* which William had already occasionally picked up at the Co-op.

They did not hurry their meal or their wine. Why would they in such convivial surroundings and happy in one another's company. It was nearly 11 pm before they made their way back to the car park, the invitation to come again from Gordon still ringing in their ears. And they would.

As he drove back to the Pans William's thoughts turned again to Anne. Surely she would reappear to see a Scottish Parliament open? How could he make contact? Did he want to make contact and if he was successful where would it lead? Griseldine noted his silent thoughts but made no comment.

* * *

The very next morning they both knew. A letter lay on the doormat and it was from Anne. She wrote to them both.

"I am expecting to be in Edinburgh at least until the end of 1999. As you know it was always my greatest wish to see a Scottish Parliament, an ambition in 1745 in which the Prince had shown so little interest. If it is acceptable to you, Griseldine, I would hope to have the opportunity to meet with William to catch up on old times."

"It's certainly *not* acceptable to me William," Griseldine blurted out. "It can force us apart again and destroy the companionship and love we've found since we returned. Please write to her and say you are content here with me, and although we both wish her good luck with her dream of a parliament they were never our

dreams. We were for the Union, our lives prospered from the Union as did Janet's and all Agnes' heirs till this day here at Prestoun Grange."

William surprised Griseldine with the immediacy of his reply. "We're together here in this. It was my wish and yours to see how our entail lived and managed our inheritance to them. Anne, and our son James, never could be part of that. I'll write as you say, and if perchance we do meet I ask you to remind me of my absolute determination that it shall be we two who are here together, not Anne and I or even all three. But I also ask that if the chance presents itself you'll allow me to satisfy my curiosity as to how Anne and James spent the balance of their lives."

"Of course I will, and I'll be your confidant and messenger to spare you any temptation. Now let's change the subject. It's time to try and contact Dorothy Clyde. Give her a call. You have the number."

Griseldine was above herself with delight. William had said the right thing without a pause. She didn't for one moment trust him, but at least he'd said the right thing.

As William talked on the phone in the hallway to Dorothy and agreed to meet later that day, she danced around the sitting room. Stupid, she thought to herself. Childish even but definitely very jealous. After all Anne had William's son she had always wanted and never been able to give to him. But it was a load off her mind. The threat had not evaporated in the slightest but it was out in the open now and she could live with that, even try to manage it. And having met James and Anne after William's death she had quite warmed to them both and was genuinely interested in how they had lived their lives. But that had been after William was no longer there to squabble over.

William put the phone down and came into the sitting room where by now Griseldine had sat down and was gazing perhaps

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

too calmly out of the window into the garden. He sat down too and gave her a nudge.

“It’s all fixed with Dorothy. 3 o’clock. And I’m glad we’ve got word from Anne. It puts my mind at rest. She will be around but together we will be able to control how we meet.”

Griseldine nodded. ‘Control’, she thought. ‘I doubt that, but at least I’m part of the matter now as opposed to it being a secret, just as my own lovers in Edinburgh were so long ago. I never could resist a truly creative artist. They had such a way with one’s emotions that made falling in love the most natural thing in the world.’

* * *

Dorothy’s welcome when they arrived at her home was warm indeed. She had been retired for some five years or more now but her memories were fresh and her pleasure in what she had achieved was clear. But equally she was disappointed that for the time being at least pottery in Prestonpans was definitely at an end.

She had been raised in the Pans, daughter of a stone mason. Her interest in pottery however grew as a young girl from taking a job as a decorator with Buchanan’s pottery in Portobello in 1956 – just a few miles to the west. Her monogram on her work was DC and she’d worked happily there for 16 years when a reorganisation of Buchanan’s would have meant a move to Crieff in Perthshire. So she made the big bold decision – to start her own pottery in the Pans. But she did not jump straight in. She took herself off to college in Stoke-on-Trent before launching Pypers Wynd Pottery in 1973. Initially working part time the business grew successfully over the years with sales to local shops and increasingly making personalised and custom orders.

“I was never comfortable with the sales aspects of the business”

she remembered, “but of course it had to be addressed and I was able to make a sufficient success of it until I retired when I reached 60. Nowadays the market for all but specialist pottery pieces is in the hands of major international groups importing from China and retailing chains such as Ikea. The sort of business which Belfields were able to run for a hundred or more years until the 1930s is no longer an option here in Prestonpans.”

There seemed to be no regrets that the markets had gone the way they had. Small potteries still continued across Scotland but they were artistic boutiques making unique pieces and perhaps small production runs. They gave satisfaction to the artists involved just as Dorothy herself had enjoyed her artistic work.

Before they made their way home they drank a welcome cup of tea served from some of Dorothy's own tableware, and had the opportunity to see a collection of her old potter's tools and a wide range of beautiful items she'd made – including a large moulded saut bucket or salt jar with beautiful blue bells. She was especially proud of some bottles she'd made from Prestonpans' own clay that she'd acquired whilst the new housing at Inchview was being built in the 1970s – an area jokingly nicknamed *The Ponderosa* after a popular TV series at the time. “It was just opposite the old Belfield potteries,” she added.

* * *

As they walked back along the John Muir Way towards Cuthill that afternoon they could not help but comment on the enormous pride and self-esteem of so many of those they had met since coming to the Pans and how much they were achieving individually and independently. There was no trace of deference in the air, rather a self confident determination to make dreams come true, and a society in which it could obviously happen. So

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very unlike their own feudal world of the 18th century which despite its obvious mutuality of benefits was a yoke around everyman's neck. Was there an alternative yoke today, they wondered?

As they passed the Co-op William made a withdrawal with the cash card, faithfully entering the PIN 1745. He asked for £200 but to their surprise it only dispensed £100. The printed receipt suggested a withdrawal of £150 had been made earlier in the day. They knew it was not them, so it must surely have been the 14th Baron or his family, the 'new' team. Griseldine and William both felt they must be getting pretty close now.

Actually, the 14th Baron and his family weren't too close at all, quite yet. They were south of the border in Northamptonshire where they lived much of each month. But they were curious about the cash withdrawals that had appeared on their most recent bank statement when they had reviewed it over the weekend. Someone was helping themselves to their cash, not greedily up to the daily limits each day, but certainly with regularity. And the transactions were all shown as taking place in the Pans at the Co-op ATM except for some petrol and a couple of restaurant meals.

They decided not to panic nor would they change their PIN number just yet. When they were in the Pans early next week they decided they would have a word at the Co-op and see if there was a simple answer. If not they'd need to notify the bank or even the police. It all sounded most intriguing.

* * *

The drive from Northamptonshire to Prestonpans is convenient but it's still a considerable distance – some 350miles. If you follow the M1/ A1 it's achievable in seven hours with a couple of stops.

It's much the same if you head northwest from Teeside and over the hills via Jedburgh on the A68. In fine weather that's a wondrous drive including the hidden dips and summits and the heather and gorse ... and the bravura saltires at the border crossing. It clearly is another country you enter as not only the countryside but the architecture change abruptly, inescapably reminding one and all of the auld alliance with France.

Gordon and Avril were in no great hurry this weekend to get to Eastern Lodge before supper. Sylvia Burgess was in charge of their diary as she had been for nearly 15 years, and mercifully no meetings had been arranged until noon on Monday in Edinburgh. They planned to drop into the Co-op to enquire about the ATM and their cash card use first thing. They stopped for lunch at the Blacksmith's Forge at Belsay. As was usual, the Australian Holden they were driving attracted curiosity. It looked mean but most of all it was something most had never seen except perhaps on TV's *Top Gear* with Jeremy Clarkson. It was a completely nostalgic indulgence from the 14th's time teaching in Queensland Australia. It was a nightmare for spare parts and tyre wear and drank petrol. But it was fun and fast off roundabouts.

They reached the Pans just after four and as was their habit, visited Hastie's Garage to fill up and buy both local weekly papers, *The Courier* and *East Lothian News*. It was one of the unexpected delights of East Lothian to find two really rather good local newspapers, several national dailies and the *Edinburgh Evening News*. Such local and regional coverage had virtually disappeared south of the border except perhaps in Yorkshire, a county with a bigger population than Scotland. Hasties had some fresh milk too which was always a necessity.

Thus supplied, they travelled the final half mile to home. They turned into the gates and it was immediately apparent something was not as they might have expected. Most particularly their local

use car was parked on the tarmac in front of the Lodge. But there was room for them too so they parked nose on to it.

* * *

As they climbed from the Holden, two complete strangers appeared at their front door. How extraordinary. They were extremely well dressed, in clothes they instantly recognised as their own. The woman was most striking, couldn't be more than 40 something. She looked well in one of Avril's floral summer frocks. The man looked distinguished, older – a lawyer or a doctor perhaps, not a university teacher for sure.

William took the initiative and walked towards the 14th Baron and Lady Prestoungrange.

"I, or rather we, owe you much more than just an explanation...." he began.

"You certainly do" replied the 14th looking slowly from William to Griseldine and back again. "Do you know you look the spitting image of William Grant, the 7th Baron here. Are you a descendant of his by any chance?"

"I can do better than that," replied William, "I *am* the 7th, William Grant himself. This is my wife Griseldine."

Avril and Gordon both burst out laughing. "Give us a break. This is totally ridiculous" the 14th blurted out, "you'd better invite us into our own home which you seem to have occupied. Incidentally, I assume you are the same person who has been helping themselves to our cash at the bank and buying petrol as you've presumably driven our car there across Scotland? And dining out in Italian restaurants?"

"Guilty on all counts." Griseldine spoke for the first time. "But we've kept all the receipts and plan to pay you back."

"Well that's a start" agreed the 14th.

"A cup of tea seems very much in order" Avril suggested. "Have

the pair of you mastered that skill too may I ask,” looking at William and Griseldine together. But it was Griseldine who smiled back at Avril and remarked:

“I think that’s a good exit line for us two” and they walked together indoors leaving William to assist the 14th to carry the cases in.

They dropped them in the hallway and at William’s suggestion made for the garden where they settled quickly into the chairs to await the hoped for cup of tea.

“You’d better amaze us with your ridiculous tale when the ladies get here,” the 14th suggested. “Don’t worry, we’ve a good sense of humour and seen myriad places across the world so it takes a lot to faze us, but you’ve made a good start so far.”

“Alright, I’ll wait, because telling it twice over will take too long” William concurred. “But I should add to our immediate confessions that we’ve been drinking your rioja here as well as stealing your cash and using your car and lodging here for three weeks already.”

They did not have long to wait. The kettle must have been near boiling already. Within less than five minutes a tray arrived with a nice looking fruit cake that had travelled from Northamptonshire that day. Avril insisted that Griseldine pour. No way the 14th was going to play housemother to the 7th at least not in their own home.

William was ready to tell all. His legal training had perhaps given him mastery skills for any brief but there was a most substantial case to present here, and a necessary defence for helping themselves to the 14th’s cash and taking up residence at Eastern Lodge.

“Firstly” William began, “an apology for using your cash card. I, we that is, Griseldine and I, promise to do what is necessary to repay you with interest.”

Avril and the 14th nodded. This was the least interesting part of the story but welcome nonetheless. William, seeing it was not going to be the main bone of contention moved on with some relief.

“Griseldine and I, and until recently one Robert Pryde, are here in answer to a wish we made in the 1750s. We wanted to know just what life would be like when the male entail we established for the heirs of Agnes, our second daughter, and Sir George Grant-Suttie finally fell in. And so far as we understand, you have lately acquired the baronial lands from the executors of Sir George Phillip Grant-Suttie – the last of that entail. So our wish was due to be fulfilled – that is apparently the way life is in the hereafter.”

“Keep going” urged the 14th, “the whole tale is increasingly incredible so you might as well finish it uninterrupted.”

“Well” replied William, “you might well wonder why we ended up here living in Eastern Lodge making free with your car and wardrobe.”

“And your rioja” added Griseldine.

“Yes, that too” he continued. “Well, we quite simply landed here. This was where we were placed. I arrived first at Prestongrange church in front of my own Memorial and walked back here to find Griseldine and Robert had already arrived and were seated in the garden just like we are now.”

“Gordon, do you believe all that?” Avril asked looking at her husband – the 14th. “It’s like some Hollywood movie, not at all like life here in the Pans.”

“I don’t see how I can believe it. Can you? It’s all a complete imposition. How much rioja have you drunk anyway,” the 14th wanted to know.

They all laughed again. The answer it appeared was some eight bottles. The 14th was aghast although Avril looked less concerned. She insisted they have some of the cake she had brought

with their tea, which seemed a good idea to break the tension. It worked and the 14th looked willing to join the fantasy, for that is what this had all become, pure fantasy.

“If this tall tale of yours is actually true, you are telling us that you two have both been reincarnated, and Robert Pryde as well, and you’ve taken up residence here in our home. Do you want to become a tenant? That could be feasible if you have any way of paying the rent apart from using our cash card. Or is it just a temporary stopover?”

“Ah, there you have us” replied William. “We’re pretty sure it’s just a temporary stopover. You see Robert Pryde has been and he’s already gone. Once he’d had a successful reunion with his descendant family, confessing to their senior genealogical researcher who he actually was, he simply disappeared. He went into the history section in the library and never came out.”

“How extraordinary. The history section you say? You’d better keep well away from there until we’ve had a good chance to talk everything over about feudal life and being a Baron – we could do with a lot of advice. And of course you’ll need enough time to get the answer to your wish.”

“You mean we can stay?” Griseldine asked feeling totally incredulous at what seemed to be emerging.

“Gordon looked towards Avril hoping for her apocryphal response and she didn’t disappoint. “Why not?” she said. “It’s not likely to be at all boring, in fact I think this might all be great fun. We better check them out with the police mind you to see it’s not a con, although checking a story like theirs would puzzle them.”

“You’re not related to Michael of Albany are you by the way,” the 14th enquired, “you know the Belgian who claimed to be the heir to Bonnie Prince Charlie for many years here in town?”

“Not at all. We’re totally genuine reincarnations, both of us.” William said.

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“In that case” Avril concluded looking towards Griseldine, “we’d better decide what to do for supper? And we need to sort out the sleeping arrangements.”

“We shall have to take supper out, I’m afraid” Griseldine said, “and the eighth bottle of the rioja I mentioned was your last. Sorry, but we know just the place, if you like Italian food. It’s on what you call The Royal Mile. The least we can do is to offer you some hospitality. What was its name William?”

“I saw my cash card entry” the 14th interjected. “I know, it’s called Gordon’s Trattoria. This is all getting too uncanny. Actually Avril and I just love that place ourselves. We’re regulars there.

“And if we are to have supper together we’d better formally introduce ourselves – I’m Gordon and my wife is Avril.”

* * *

So far as bedrooms were concerned there was less scope for bonhomie. William and Griseldine were firmly advised to move to the second bedroom rather than the master suite they had occupied so far, which they did without a word of complaint. The matter of which clothes might in future be ‘borrowed’ was left until the morning.

* * *

Supper in Edinburgh proved the ideal opportunity for William and Griseldine to get to know who the 14ths actually were and how they had come to acquire the baronial lands. The more they talked together the more the implausible fantasy became convincing and potentially fun.

The 14th confessed that their presence on what was still left of the 7th’s old lands was the fulfilment of a lifelong ambition urged upon them by his mother, Audrey Park. She had been born in

Newbiggin in Musselburgh in 1902 but gone south with her family as an eighteen year old looking for work. There she met Stanley Wills in London and married into his English family which was still then in the silk trade originally coming from Somerset. She never returned to Scotland but kept her accent and for ever urged her three children that they should return one day. The opportunity fell to Gordon, the youngest, when he retired from his university business school teaching career working across the world to take up mother's challenge.

"There was more to it than that however" Gordon added. "My great great maternal uncle was none other than Willie Park Senior, who won The Open in 1860, its first year, and four times afterwards. His brother Mungo won it in 1874 and his son, Willie Park Junior, twice. That connection took me to the Royal Musselburgh Golf Club only to find it was now the occupier of your old baronial hall – Prestoungrange House. Finally, my maternal grandfather had been a coal miner, just briefly after retiring from the Royal Marines before he went south, and he'd worked in the local pit.

"These disparate clues led to what to many of my friends, even Avril here, see as a totally bizarre decision to acquire in particular your old Scottish barony.

"Your barony seemed to be an ideal way to enjoy getting to know about Scotland in general as well as in the particular area my mother and her ancestors came from," Gordon continued. "And having a feudal title sounded fun even seemingly important perhaps like being a university professor – after all I've had a lifelong exposure to marketing and advertising so I had those sort of notions in my head. It was whilst working in advertising before I became a university teacher that I met Avril here."

"Everyone I spoke with about the notion was dubious. Most felt it ridiculous and pretentious if not downright dangerous in

good Labour country like the Pans. But that only heightened the potential for fun. Could a feudal Baron play any sort of role in late 20th/ early 21st century society?”

“Well” asked Griseldine, “you’ve held the barony for nearly a year now. Can you?”

“We really don’t know, not Avril or I or our son Mathew who is in line to inherit. All we have done so far is to try and find out as much as possible about the history of the community here from 1189 when as you undoubtedly know the barony gets its first mention as being granted to the Monks of Newbattle Abbey. Which means that so far as being the 14th is concerned I’ve concentrated on living in the past not the present – that seemed a safe starting point. Later, maybe, we can move to the present as we see what might be acceptable, and what if anything can be done to honour feudal values hereabouts.”

“Amazing” said William. “You’ve been doing exactly what Griseldine and I have been up to these past three weeks since we arrived. We’ve been searching out the history of our entail, and at every turn we’ve bumped into people doing the same, many I have to say under your aegis although Jim Forster and the History Society are clearly doing their own thing too.

“But I think I can see how we can go one better than that. Griseldine and I can autobiographically recount the history from our own lifetime. Some of the most exciting parts if we can call them that were our involvement with Prince Charles Edward’s 1745 uprising and then my role as Lord Advocate. And Griseldine knows a very great deal about art – even the artists.”

Griseldine blushed at that and Avril looked on amused. It was the first time William had teased her about her confessed affairs whilst he was away in London.

“It was she who insisted on covering the ceiling at Prestoun Grange House for fear its grotesque imagery would offend others

– it did her father certainly, for he was a Minister.”

“Incidentally, Gordon, how extensive are your baronial lands today?” William enquired.

“Almost non-existent” he replied. “Your daughter Janet’s lands extended to some 10,000 acres when she was Countess of Hyndford. When I became infert that had reduced to just 438 yards of the foreshore running west from the foot of Redburn Road, from high to low tide. It’s probably about two acres, along with dominum directum of a small housing development on Prestonpans High Street and some waste land just north of Cuthill Park, which I expect you will have visited by now – terrible mess. Used to be part of the immediate baronial estate but it was donated to the community as parkland by the Royal Musselburgh after its course was laid out.”

“I had no idea my entail had disposed of quite so much of the land. All that remains then is the beach and the baronial title it accords,” William concluded, but worse news was to come as Gordon continued:

“Even the title is potentially under threat from legislative plans finally to abolish feudal land tenure in Scotland. We’re the last in Europe, although of course it’s largely an irrelevance these days. Although there is an extraordinary proposal around that titles should continue even after the land from which they derive is separated so to speak, with the old Sasine Register replaced by a simple Land Register. Seems the legislators are anxious to avoid paying compensation for loss of rights to thousands of we Barons. Nothing’s likely to happen too quickly unless the plans for a parliament here once again come about though.”

“Don’t tell me about compensating Barons and Highland Chiefs” William added. “When we drastically reduced their powers in 1746 we made all manner of payments. That’s possibly the precedent they’re worried about.”

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

It sounded to Gordon that William knew his 18th century history well. Maybe this fantasy was real in so far as a fantasy could be that is.

They readily agreed that if the old feudal lands were to be separated from the feudal titles there would be an urgent need for anyone using a baronial title to be seen to justify it, and to avoid any tawdry trade in buying and selling just the titles. Gordon had gone so far as to join the Convention of the Baronage of Scotland that Lord Lyon had set up some half century before to see how all concerned were expecting to address issues like that. Thus far it had not made much impact although there had been a number of fascinating historical publications some years before – one of which *The Barons' Courts* by Sir Crispin Agnew, and another on *Baronial Regalia*, had proved enormously helpful.

“What I am now doing” Gordon continued, “for our grand project to try to understand the baronial history, is to work under the umbrella of our traditional Barons’ Courts of Prestoungrange and Dolphinstoun – both as a trading company and as a charity. And, forsaking the family name of Wills, I’ve adopted Prestoungrange as my own surname name just as you did centuries ago and the Morrisons before you. If you and Griseldine do the autobiographical bit you suggested, I think we’re going to make a go of it. What an opportunity.”

As dinner progressed more and more ideas were shared. William certainly approved of the plan already in hand to publish a series of 10,000 word studies of the significant aspects of baronial history along with Teachers’ Guides so that they could be used in schools. He was also fascinated to hear that building on Gordon’s long involvement with academic journal publishing he was now committed to the publication of a massive genealogy of the aristocracy and nobility of the whole United Kingdom including all Scottish Chiefs and Feudal Barons, *Burke’s Peerage*

and Landed Gentry – starting with Scotland. It was not a publication which had been around when William and Griseldine played their part in Scottish life having only commenced in 1826, but it contained all the sort of family information William had been so very keen to collate for the Grants back in the 1750s.

William looked forward greatly to seeing what had become of the many families he had known so well. Some but certainly not all would have established entails just as he had. Most titles followed that route.

But the conversation was not all of Gordon's plans. He wanted to know what William thought of the world he found, of Scotland today in 1997. Was he pleased with what his entail had accomplished? That was a difficult question, and William paused for several moments before attempting a reply. Then, glancing at Griseldine as he spoke, he spoke with some regret.

“Frankly, no. It's very difficult for us to see what was accomplished except perhaps Sir George's efforts with William Playfair to extend Prestoun Grange to what we see today. It seems as though any serious feudal stewardship across the baronial lands ended with Lady Susan a century ago and that Sir George during the second and third quarters of the 19th century was the high point for growth and development, including social improvement.”

“Most of what we see around us today – the housing and the obvious good health of the people, has been achieved by political will much of it since Lady Susan's death.

“Secondly, we can see there's a complete absence of any significant industry in the community and the locus for any substantial leadership seems to be in far off Haddington. The notions we held dear of local responsibility, which when Lady Susan was here was exercised through a local burgh with our own Provost, is lost.

“And finally, but please tell me if this is unjust, the social scene at all levels is but a faint reflection of what we enjoyed.

“So our conclusion is that the Pans has seen much better times – not in terms of education, housing and health but in terms of community. The undoing of the entire industrial base of the town by the 1960s removed the cohesion and sharing of common interests that we had even in our times when there was so much poverty and appalling working conditions.”

“And as far as the arts are concerned” added Griseldine, “I see little evidence in the contemporary architecture of much desire to be creative or to lift the spirits. It’s certainly functional and the living conditions within will be greatly improved on what went before but it does not lift my spirits. There’s no character to feel. It’s a mercy that so much of old Preston village including Bankton and Northfield has survived and of course old Preston church now called Prestongrange. To tell the truth, the most artistic thing I have otherwise seen these past three weeks has been the gardens of the homes, such imaginative use of colour in quite often a very small space indeed. And there’s nature itself, the Lammermuirs and the Forth. But not the architecture I’m afraid.”

Gordon and Avril took some while to absorb just what William and Griseldine had said. They wanted both to agree and to disagree. There was a great deal of grassroots social activity in the Pans, and the sense of identity at ‘being a Panner’ was something that had been apparent to them from their first day in town. But William’s gestalt analysis was inescapably true. The years of dependence that had followed the loss of all the industries in the 1960s had taken their toll. When asked, all too many Panners argued that somebody else, either in Haddington or Edinburgh or even London or Brussels, ought to be doing something about helping the town to regain its prosperity and indeed its reputation.

As a mining town in the 20th century it had inevitably developed a 'hard' culture as had much of Midlothian. But in the last decades a sense of worthlessness had grown up alongside that and examples of vandalism and drug taking were not infrequent.

"If you're right," Gordon pondered, "what if any contribution can feudal values make? A Baron no longer wields any economic power across the former lands and there's not a great deal that can be done with 438 yards of foreshore between high and low tides."

"True" agreed William, "but you sound defeated almost before you've begun. Did you say you were a lifelong university teacher? All theories and no action so to speak? *Courage mon ami*. All my own experience has been that an understanding of history, just like our family genealogy, enriches us. It gives us an absolute sense of place and identity. If you can do that for your baronies, our baronies, they can live again. Not on the land but in the captured imagination.

"My advice for what it's worth is to do it sincerely and with style. Get Arms emblazoned. Don your baronial robes. Reconvene your Barons' Courts. Walk and talk feudal social responsibility one to another and represent the community with its consent as often and as far as possible.

"But beware the democrats that replaced the old feudal system, not because they don't subscribe, I'm sure they do, to the same goals as these but because they see themselves as the 'legitimate' social and political authority today. They may be in Haddington or Edinburgh but they will resent and ridicule you if you are perceived to interfere in their mandate. So relate with them with the utmost care. Don't be political or partisan, be community issue driven and, where you can, join forces with their programmes and hope they will join with yours."

Gordon was listening intently to all William said. He was infected with his enthusiasm. Something more than history

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

writing should be attempted. History was acceptable for its own sake but he must also justify in his own eyes and perhaps the eyes of others his archaic assumption and use of his bygone feudal title.

Maybe the *chianti classico* was working a spell, and it was very good, or maybe it was William's wisdom. But there and then Gordon resolved to commit his best efforts over the next decade to seeing what could be achieved. He glanced at Avril who was clearly still as bemused as she was amused by the whole affair.

"William, I'm going to take your advice. I've just had my sixtieth birthday and I'll give it my best shot for the next ten years. Come back when I'm seventy, both of you please, and see what we've achieved. I can't promise anything in particular, but I'll play the role as you suggest. *Noblesse oblige*."

"What a compact" Griseldine cried. "I love it. And we'll write our tale, *A Baron's Tale*, together. William and I will turn our hands to completing the great story of Prestoungrange and Dolphinstoun from 1745 to 1997, and you and Avril shall then carry us forward through the next decade. We can put our common name of Prestoungrange down as author and you can keep our share of the royalties to repay you for our uninvited use of your cash card at the Co-op and the rest these past three weeks – yes, including supper here tonight!"

"Why not?" enquired Avril right on cue, and they laughed as was the custom. Why not indeed. They all instinctively knew a deal had been sealed that very night. No further words were spoken on the matter. In ten years time they'd meet once more and see what had been achieved.

* * *

Next morning when Gordon and Avril awoke William and Griseldine were nowhere to be seen at Eastern Lodge. Their borrowed clothes were neatly washed, ironed and returned

whence they had been taken. It was as though they had never been there at all.

“Ten years we said, so ten years it shall be” Gordon murmured as they took breakfast from what was left in the cereal packets.

As soon as they had tidied up they headed off to Edinburgh for their scheduled meeting at Lyon Court to explore how to matriculate the Wills' Family Arms already held in England. If they were seriously committed to reporting back in ten years time they'd better get started at once. Sylvia, their fellow traveller for this new journey, must be appointed Baron Sergeand as soon as she arrived that evening. There was real work to be done and she was going to play an indispensable role. She'd journeyed with them as Gordon had worked across the world as a management teacher and had already volunteered to stay with the next one too.

2009

Avril and Gordon both gazed at their latest bank and credit card statements which had arrived that morning at their home in Northamptonshire. There was no doubting what they saw. There were cash withdrawals from the Co-op ATM in Prestonpans which they had certainly not made, petrol costs and a restaurant expense at Gordon's Trattoria. William and Griseldine were back exactly as promised, a decade after that extraordinary compact had been made.

They'd not forgotten those earlier encounters as they embarked on their stewardship of the barony, but they had regarded the idea of any actual return a decade on as fanciful in the extreme.

They were due in the Pans later in the week so Avril phoned to book a table at Gordon's Trattoria for their first night back, only to learn that a caller had already reserved one just that morning in the name of Prestoungrange – four at 7.30pm they'd said. There could be absolutely no doubt. Those long ago Prestoungranges were back. The saga was set to continue.

In truth, they were both secretly delighted. It really was all about to happen again. They had pretended to one another so often over the past decade that it had all been a dream. Now they looked forward, admittedly with a proper measure of anxiety, to

learning what William and Griseldine would make of their ten year stewardship of their old barony – the first incumbents of the new entail. Would they be deemed worthy heirs?

Just as importantly, how had William and Griseldine got on with their promised autobiographical contribution for their joint novel – telling their part of the *Baron's Tale* from 1745 to 1997.

* * *

They waved discreetly as Avril and Gordon entered the restaurant. They didn't look a day older than they had in 1997. They were just as elegantly dressed and totally relaxed at the back of the Trattoria in exactly the same seats where they had dined all those years before. A bottle of *chianti classico* was already on the table and some olives.

Griseldine rose to greet them both with a kiss on each cheek. William kissed Avril too, gave Gordon the warmest handshake, and poured two more glasses. They raised them for a toast which William offered:

“As we promised!”

“As promised!” the others responded.

The *chianti classico* was as good as ever and conversation as relaxed as if they had seen one another just a few weeks before.

“Yes,” William and Griseldine would very much love to stay at Eastern Lodge for the coming weeks if that was acceptable. Of course it was, in fact anywhere else would be impossible in all probability. They laughed at the thought but it was clear William was keen to catch up on all the news as soon as he could.

“Well Gordon,” he began, “we already know all your historical research papers have been completed because although we've not been here we've been able to stay in touch via the internet. Everything prior to 1998 has been accessible via your website @ www.prestoungrange.org. And we've also found that Jim

Forster's millennium *Tales of The Pans* has been published. What a technology the internet is. And we thought Cornish water pumps were rocket science in our time. So, with all that material and ten years on our hands Griseldine and I are pleased to report that we've completed our Tale from 1745 to 1997.

"Now for the sequel, your tenure of the barony. How's that gone? Have you succeeded in making a worthwhile feudal contribution here in the Pans? Was there a trigger you could use without seeming too pushy as the new Baron and spoiling your chances?"

Gordon was ready for the question and knowing that William and Griseldine had completed their Tale to 1997 made it more important that he answered it aright.

"Yes, we think we can honestly say there was a trigger point. And as with all the best triggers it came purely by chance. Not to put too fine a point on it, we snatched some early success from the jaws of a certain defeat. Bizarrely it was all thanks to a small Canadian logging town."

William and Griseldine looks totally mystified, but they said nothing. They simply sat back patiently waiting for Gordon to explain.

"The defeat we faced was the total failure of the Teachers' Guides written for each of our historical booklets to win any support whatever in local schools. Jane Bonnar, who you'll remember you met in 1997, was the original leader in getting the booklets and their Teachers' Guides written but the Schools Officer we were working with left the local education service and was not replaced. So we were in danger of creating one more white elephant of a teaching resource, the like of which I've seen too many times in my life as a university teacher."

"Hold it a minute" Avril interrupted Gordon in mid flow. "I'm hungry and I'm sure the others are too. Let's order first and then we can give them the full story, or rather you can."

She was right of course and the waiter soon arrived quickly accepting orders for antipasti to share, a litre of San Pellegrino frizzante and cannelloni for all. That accomplished Gordon could take up the story again.

“Just when I was getting truly depressed about the unused Teaching Guides, thinking of white elephants, we happened to visit my elder sister Lesley at Victoria on Vancouver Island for a short holiday. She had us doing all manner of fascinating excursions as she always does, and was routinely asking what we’d like to do after the Butchart Gardens and the Harbour. So I set her a challenge. Could she find a theatre offering Shakespeare’s *Midsummer Night Dream* on the Eve itself. It had always been high on Avril’s ‘wish list’ to do such a thing and I’d always disappointed her. Being a formidable organiser, indeed a retired senior banker, Lesley quickly found such a theatre. It was up island from Victoria at Chemainus.”

“It’s an excellent play” added Griseldine. “I saw it more than once in Edinburgh and even on the Eve!”

“Please don’t make Avril too jealous” Gordon jested whilst continuing. “Anyway, it was an hour’s drive and my sister Lesley made sure our family group arrived early because she wanted to show us the intriguing tourist town itself as well as eating a theatre supper thoughtfully provided with the tickets. Little did she realise how quickly lateral thinking would trigger a wholly fresh approach to doing history in Prestonpans.

“It turned out that Chemainus, like Prestonpans but only a quarter of our population size, was a town that had been threatened in the early 1980s with total job losses. Its saw mill closed down. Rather than accepting a ghost town future with un-saleable homes, one talented German-Canadian workshop engineer at the mill suggested the town paint its history on its walls to attract tourists.

“He was greeted with almost total ridicule but he persisted. He’d seen Romanian nuns make the idea work the previous year on a holiday, conducting groups around their abbey and using their multilingual capabilities to explain the medieval murals on their walls.

“Clearly his persistence had earned its own reward. The town had lately received 400,000 visitors in a single year and when we visited had some 50 + murals on display. They even had yellow footprints on the sidewalks to carry the tourist easily around them all. And whereas the murals might attract you once, the arts theatre was bringing tourists and neighbours back again and again with a repertory of plays and shows.

“I decided I simply had to meet this man” Gordon explained. “He had obviously been a very determined individual but most of all by the time we met him he had brought the town’s history to literally millions of people’s eyes and understanding without them reading a book or without the use of a Teachers’ Guide. What he could do, perhaps we could do in the Pans.”

“And I expect he had plenty of good advice on how to carry the community with you” added William.

“Absolutely, and in particular how to address the inevitable naysayers.”

Gordon went on to describe his early meetings with the man concerned, Karl Schutz. Chemainus had been fortunate that a history of the area had been written some years before so the artists for the murals could be carefully briefed as they prepared their maquettes for approval. But then so had the Pans – not only McNeill’s book from the end of the 19th century but all the recent work in the new historical studies and *Tales of the Pans*. It seemed obvious that what worked for Chemainus could work for the Pans.

“Fortunately Karl was retired by the time we met and was able to travel the world on an expenses only basis to advise and assist

others to do the same. In fact there was already by then a Global Association of some 50+ towns, almost wholly in the US and Canada but a few in Australia and New Zealand as well, that were following the path Chemainus had pioneered.

“In due course Avril and I were able to visit more than 20 of these and unearth myriad brilliant notions about how to make it all work well, and better than well. All had the same stories of naysayers but their message was consistent: the idea virtually always works so stay with it no matter what resistance you meet!”

Staying with it in Prestonpans had begun with a formal visit to the town and a presentation at the Royal Musselburgh – who kindly provided the meeting room gratis. Karl Schutz did what only he can do. He explained what the challenges had been in Chemainus and how nearly 20 years later it was one of the top destinations for tourists on Vancouver Island and indeed across the whole of Western Canada.

Karl's message was ‘it unites the community’, and that in that unity the fear of vandalism disappears – something most in the Pans found hard to accept. But any initiative had to have what Karl called the WOW factor. Just a few murals without an integrated coherence could not create the critical mass that brings tourists to the town. And needless to say when they get to the town there needed to be a retail environment where they could spend their money.

“But this was not just a one way process with us in the Pans getting help. Our Scottish origins fascinated the local community in Chemainus since our diaspora had certainly reached them long ago. In return for assistance to us we agreed to convene a Burns Night Celebration in Chemainus at the arts theatre.”

“What's a Burns Night?” asked Griseldine?

“Oh dear, that's a very long story, but can I just for the moment say that after William died a fine poet called Robert Burness, who later shortened that name to Burns, set about collating as many

Scottish songs as he could and writing a great deal of his own poetry. He's now become as well known across the world as Shakespeare who you both knew. Anyway, once a year on January 25th the nation, and the Scottish diaspora around the globe, celebrate him and his works at a supper at which haggis, neaps and tatties are invariably served. It's a more widely celebrated day than St Andrew's itself. Incidentally, the 250th anniversary takes place this year, 2009, and there are fabulous plans to celebrate – including our own. His mother lived for many of her later years in East Lothian at Grant Braes.”

“Oh I do remember the man now. I most certainly do.” interrupted Griseldine. “He was a friend of John Cunningham, Earl of Glencairn, who Janet knew well. I even had a copy of his *Poems – Chiefly in the Scottish dialect* that came out about 1785 or 86. I remember it cost a great deal, three shillings I think. My favourite poem was *To a Mouse*. He was enormously popular and very much a ladies' man. There were any number of mistresses who inspired several of his poems.”

“One of his most famous poems, *Tam O' Shanter* was written after that first volume was published,” Gordon continued, “and it's brilliantly captured in one of our murals. We'll see that I'm sure a wee bit later on. But I was talking of naysayers”

With Griseldine's consent he moved on to enjoy recounting the objections of the early naysayers. ‘The murals would be vandalised’. ‘They would not be maintained and deteriorate’. ‘The artwork presented needed to be approved by a committee before it was done’.

None of these issues was unfamiliar, indeed Karl had addressed them all at the original briefing at The Royal Musselburgh, but they reared their heads again and again.

* * *

“The obvious place to paint the first major artwork” Gordon suggested, “was at the Heritage Museum you’ll remember seeing – which is owned by East Lothian Council based in Haddington. Maquettes were prepared and accepted by the planners only to be turned down by the Council’s arts supremo as unfit to grace the walls in question. It was a magisterial putdown – ‘whilst some of your ideas may have merit, you cannot assume our support for them’.

“It was at this moment that our baronial foreshore came into its own. We simply proudly placed first one and then up to half a dozen in all on the sea wall. They were pounded by the waves from the Forth every winter but no vandals attacked them and maintenance was assured. Passers by on the beach loved them and said so.”

“How did you find good artists to do the work for you?” Griseldine wanted to know.

Avril explained how the first artist, Kate Hunter, was a very talented scenery painter in theatres and as she worked she listened carefully to the passers by. They brought along photographs of their own families, fathers and grandfathers, who had worked in the coal mining industry and soap works depicted. She painted those family members into her work and asked the families concerned to see the mural was looked after – and it was, and all those we have created since.

The critics were dumfounded. But as chance would have it a magnificent bonus was waiting to be added to what had started to emerge. As Kate had painted that first mural scene incorporating pictures of local families as she went, Andrew Crummy, a mural artist of international standing, a lifelong art teacher with an unimpeachable community pedigree, just happened to walk past. He wondered if he could help, explaining that he had completed murals all over the world and lived close by. His mother, Helen,

had been the inspiration of a major programme of community arts and culture in nearby Craigmillar in the last quarter of the 20th century.

Andrew painted the second mural and more besides, but most importantly he became Convenor of a year round Prestoungrange Arts Festival. In this way, the painting of history on the walls of the town was sustained with the necessary focus always on history. However, art per se through painting and drawing took on its own life as well. Upwards of a hundred artists have come to the classes Andrew and then others with him subsequently established.”

“Fantastic” was all Griseldine could say. “I can’t wait to see them and some of the paintings from the classes.”

“That’s tomorrow’s agenda, first thing” replied Gordon. “And if I can I’ll get one of the artists to take you on the tour. There are now 40+ major murals here in total. We have regular tours under the banner *The Prestonpans Experience*. Not up to 400,000 a year yet, and not trying to get there either, but we have as many as a hundred a day unless it’s raining or too cold so it must be 20,000+ each year without counting the special occasions that are organised as well.”

“You better finish your supper Gordon” William advised. “In fact let’s get it reheated for you and whilst you are eating I can bring you up to date on how Griseldine and I completed our contribution up to 1997. You know we used the internet and we’ve put the finishing touches over the last few days since we arrived back. You’ll probably have noticed we’ve also been dipping into your bank account again lately.”

Griseldine explained how they’d been able to be together throughout the decade, how much they’d enjoyed one another’s company working towards a common focus.

“It was such a magnificent idea that we should write the autobiography as we have. Without that challenge I imagine we’d

simply have been absent from one another till now. But don't ask us where we've been throughout because we have no idea whatever. It was some form of exile like the fate of Lady Grange on St Kilda. It was just ourselves, a comfortable apartment with the most beautiful views of the sea, a sandy beach, and a computer for the internet access and to write."

It sounded incomprehensible. It was. Avril and Gordon just raised their eyebrows and asked for no further explanation although both thought it sounded bliss – like their own earlier home on Main Beach in Queensland, Australia! Whilst the others discussed the benefits and dis-benefits of a life that revolves around a computer, Gordon ate his reheated supper – in fact it didn't taste reheated at all. The Trattoria had as always done him proud and presented a fresh plate altogether.

As they made their way back to Eastern Lodge they knew they were old friends. Tired out they fell asleep almost immediately promising to take an early breakfast and get out on the Murals Trail.

* * *

They were up early in brilliant sunshine. Gazing through the gates of the Lodge across the golf course towards Prestoun Grange House a few pairs had already commenced their games. Griseldine helped Avril lay out breakfast on the lawn beneath the eucalyptus tree the smell of which Avril told her always reminded Gordon and herself of their years in Australia and the South Pacific. William and Griseldine had of course never been there, although Grisedline reckoned she could remember a Lieutenant or Captain Cook returning with tales of discovery during her lifetime but after William had died. But they both certainly enjoyed the unusual scented air.

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

Breakfast done, they were all keen to get started.

* * *

“Let’s walk down past Cuthill Park – we’ve made a bit of progress there in recent years, although not a lot – then along High Street to a place called The Gothenburg. As we go,” Gordon explained, “we’ll pass a few murals to give you a bit of a foretaste.”

When they were half way down Prestongrange Road towards the Forth Avril dived off left climbing up a few steps to emerge through a single gate into the south end of Cuthill Park. The others followed and stopped to take in the view all the way to Edinburgh and Leith, and of course across the Forth to Fife. It wasn’t a spot that Griseldine could remember but William knew it exactly.

“I used to pass this very spot when I made my way back from Prestongrange pit to the house in the early months after we bought the lands. I’d often pause here and take deep breaths of the clean air. It was also a spot I passed on my route back from Lucky Vints but that was normally later at night.” Looking downhill William was sure he could see a wall painting and beyond it a bowling green, so he asked what it was.

“You’re right” replied Gordon. That’s one of our Witch murals and the pocket of land with the modern housing directly north from here was the last remaining *dominium directum* I held on the baronial lands. That reform we talked about in 1997 went through by the way William, and all our feudal land tenure rights were abolished from November 28th 2004. But more of that later.”

They all made their way through the park and out at the bottom gates without getting any closer to the mural William had seen. Gordon assured both William and Griseldine that it would definitely be included on the subsequent tour. He made the same observation as they passed a very long mural on the High Street

depicting the old rows and backs of the Summerlee housing which William and Griseldine had learned about ten years earlier from Annie and Kirsty. It looked dense but it had been painted with such care and obvious love that you could almost feel the community alive there. Which was more than one could say for today's Ponderosa architecture.

"The artist was Tom Ewing, whom I'm sure you'll meet soon. His family lived there in Summerlee," Avril supplied, "which I believe explains its warmth. In truth though the quality of the accommodation was not good by late 20th century standards and rebuilding was probably the right solution."

They passed a recently restored Chinese restaurant on the seaward side of the road which Avril informed them all had previously been a pub named after Lady Susan. Then, rounding a bend they saw what must be a totem pole at the foot of Redburn Road. Opposite on what Gordon identified as The Gothenburg, or Goth for short, banners were fluttering looking distinctly baronial. They were. One represented Dolphinstoun and the other Prestoungrange. And the pub sign itself, for it certainly seemed to be a pub, had both Arms on its hanging name plate – one each side.

"I see Lord Lyon matriculated you then" Griseldine chimed in. Gordon smiled and nodded.

Not surprisingly William's eye had remained on the totem pole. "I saw some of those right here in Scotland during my lifetime, but only miniatures. How on earth did that come to be here?"

"It's a long story, but I'll give you the short version" Gordon promised. "Come over the road and we can also use the map that Andrew has painted on the low car park wall. That way you'll get a foretaste of the Murals Trail we will be taking before lunch. And I'll add to that the printed Walking Map from our £1 machine over there."

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

They crossed the road which was quite busy even at this relatively early hour and Gordon put the machine through its paces. For £1 it provided not only a map for the murals trail but guides also for the Witches Memorials and for the 1745 Battle Walk – and a £1 voucher to spend at The Goth. He passed the Murals Trail booklet and £1 voucher to Griseldine but said he'd hold on to the other two for the moment. "One story line at a time."

William meanwhile was strolling along the car park wall looking at what was on offer. The details had been arranged in a map format, and it was clear looking closely that they stretched both east and west, but were mainly along the High Street axis. Gordon confirmed what William had realised by asking: "Would you rather walk east first or west?" We'll take lunch in between at The Goth. You'll need the rest anyway."

The vote was east. And as fortune would have it, Andrew Crummy the Festival's Convenor was available to lead the walk. Gordon made the introductions, as James and Diane of course, and then passed William and Griseldine over to Andrew. He suggested the best approach was to jump aboard the #26 bus and take it east to the far end of the town, on the border with Cockenzie just past the mighty power station. It delivered them as required and as they alighted from the bus they saw a vast mural along the roadside wall of the power station itself.

"I'm proud of this one" Andrew began. "I painted it myself. It captures so much about the history of the locality, but after this one there's a considerable distance back towards Prestonpans until the next – which is in the Burns' Shelter."

Gordon told Andrew he'd mentioned Burns already but of course they'd not seen it yet. However, before they went along there Griseldine wanted to spend a while looking at Andrew's mural in front of them. He explained the various figures and

processions, the Potters Box and the image of the old Preston Links colliery which William and Griseldine could both recall although it had not been on their lands. Griseldine wanted to know how the walls were prepared before painting and how long it had taken Andrew to complete.

When her questions finally dried up, they were ready to start the walk back to the Burns' Mural. Andrew again took up the tale.

"It's illuminated at night when you can see it at its best. It was painted by my fellow artist Kate Hunter and tells Burns' tale of Tam O'Shanter. The shelter was built to commemorate the Bard's 200th anniversary but had not been used much by the public. The Arts Festival had the idea that it could be much more effective if it told a Burns tale, and it really is greatly appreciated in the community."

They'd walked past what William and Griseldine remembered as the auld Fowler's HQ before they got to the Burns Shelter, and noticed how derelict it had become, with its windows boarded up. There was a new supermarket standing next door, all plate glass and labelled Lidl.

William asked Gordon what had happened and he promised the full story later. Meanwhile they headed up Ayres Wynd then West Loan towards Prestonpans Infants School where a very large mural depicting the Battle of Prestonpans had been created on a long wall.

"This one was painted in a single day in August 2006" Andrew explained, "when the 6th Global Murals Conference was convened here in town. A score or more from our arts classes were joined by some of the leading muralists from North America – Art Mortimer, John Pugh and Wei Luan.

"After those initial meetings with Karl Schutz Gordon and others from the murals team had attended the Global Conferences in Moosejaw Saskatchewan and Ely Nevada, as well

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as Californian Symposia in Bishop and Lindsay. Because of the enthusiasm we'd shown we were subsequently honoured to be invited to host the next Global Conference. We attracted the largest ever attendance the Association had seen, from more than 30 different towns around the world. Scotland's Minister of Culture visited and the First Minister sent Greetings as did the Premier of British Columbia. It was a very grand occasion – and incidentally it was on that same occasion that we raised the totem pole you saw earlier.”

Next stop was the railway station where local muralist Adele Conn had recreated early railway history from Sir George's time at the ticket office. As they looked at the history of the railway in the town several trains thundered past. From there it was back to the all too familiar Co-op. Andrew explained the three murals on the surrounding walls but William's attention was immediately attracted to that telling the history of salt. That was an industry he and Griseldine remembered only too well with its overpowering odours.

They descended to the beach walkway just below the Co-op store and were soon arriving back at The Goth. As they scrambled up the tight steps to the pavement above there was a welcome bench to sit on immediately beneath a fine artwork painted mainly in blue.

“This” Andrew explained “is another from Kate Hunter, who did the Salt mural you just saw at The Co-op as well as Tam O'Shanter. I'm sure you can detect her style by now. You'll see it contains shipping documents for Gothenburg and two portraits, one of John Muir, a local and American conservationist hero and the other of Thomas Nelson – and I'll tell you more about him a little later on. It was unveiled by no less a person than the Lord Mayor of Gothenburg from Sweden who has been to see us here twice now, in 2003 and again last July.”

“Why Gothenburg, and why is the pub called after that city?” William wanted to know, but Andrew suggested Gordon and Avril were far better briefed to answer that question than he. Before they went in for some lunch however he did relate some of the story of the totem pole.

The totem pole had clearly become a major local landmark. Even as they stood talking three cars had stopped and their passengers climbed out to look and read the inscription on the panel. Andrew invited them over to listen in and two of them did just that. He explained:

“The timber is red cedar and it was imported from Chemainus British Columbia. The town gave it to us, uncarved. All we had to do was ship it to Scotland, carve it, stain paint it and then stand it up straight. However since it's 32 feet high it was not that easy.”

Andrew told how Lesley, Gordon's sister in Canada, had been tasked to supervise felling the tree and shipping it by container with more than a little help from Karl Schutz. Two trees were actually shipped and the second had later been carved into three smaller poles now placed in Cuthill Park. But this 32 foot pole was the major feature. First Nations Canadians had travelled to Scotland and worked with Kenny Grieve, a local wood carver, to create the pole. It was formally dedicated at the Global Conference.

“The objective of the whole project was to thank Chemainus for giving us the idea of painting murals at all, and to do so in its own traditional art medium, the totem. It's been a runaway success because the possible designs to be used to tell the town's history were explored with young children and their works were carefully incorporated. It's not actually regular paint work by the

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

way, it's stained to resist the weather far better and to facilitate maintenance."

Andrew took them through the stories on the pole from the raven on top to the ocean deeps at the base, recalling the baronies, the miners, other local industries such as pottery and brick making, fishing, agriculture, the town's 81 witches, and the battle in 1745.

Those who had stopped and joined from their cars thanked Andrew as they carried on their way. For the rest it was time to cross the road to The Goth. It took a few minutes to find a gap in the traffic and whilst they waited Andrew shared a delicious naysayer yarn with them. "It nearly didn't get carved at all, you know. It was due to be carved along at the museum. Then the same local arts supremo who opposed the first mural resolved that it would be a health and safety hazard and the council's insurance policy would be invalidated because the First Nations' carvers did not have, wait for it, a certificate in chain saw management. And if that wasn't farce enough, the carvers were stopped on arrival at the airport for failing to have a work permit. That was only resolved when the Immigration Minister in London personally intervened. The carving was eventually all done here on the car park."

As they laughed together a gap finally appeared in the traffic and they crossed the road, entering The Goth through a door labelled James Fewell Bar.

* * *

The bar was most elegant inside, not modern at all. The floor was wooden and the bar polished mahogany. Old pump handles offered 'real' ales which included Fowler's Prestonpans Ale and at the rear through a plate glass window they could clearly see what must be the microbrewery that made Fowler's ales.

Griseldine was first to speak as she read the detailing from the small mural above the fireplace. It explained the opening of The Gothenburg in 1908.

“I see James Fewell was the first full time manager here serving for some 15 years” she began and then suddenly looking up she exclaimed out loud: “It’s our ceiling William. Just look at that!”

It wasn’t exactly their ceiling from Prestoun Grange House or Merchiston Tower where it now was, but it was clear the artist had used the same grotesque style and colouring and several of the key images.

“I’m proud once again to say that’s all my own work” said Andrew apparently not noticing Griseldine’s description of the ceiling as ‘ours’.

“Since the town had lost the great ceiling at Prestoungrange House we decided when this bar was being restored to recreate here some of the colour and designs. It took me almost three months to paint and of course a great deal of research. Apart from the elements taken from the original design I’ve added some of the major players in the arts festival today. Gordon and Avril are just above us, and Anne Taylor who leads the management team here is just along the panel. The builder who did the restoration is there too and Jim Forster from the Historical Society.”

“It’s really very good indeed Andrew,” Griseldine volunteered. “Congratulations. Now can I buy you a pint of the Fowler’s I see here? I’m going to have the 80/- and I’m sure James will to.” Andrew went for a half himself and they sat down by the fireplace which bore the name Fowler’s Haven. A collection of old photographs and even an order dating back to 1841 for a cask of ale was hanging on the walls with what William and Griseldine were told was a valuable Penny Black postage stamp on it.

Just then a young man who Andrew indicated was Craig Allen, the Fowler’s Brewer, passed through the bar on his way to the

microbrewery. His father and grandfather had both worked for the old firm before it closed in the sixties and when it reopened 44 years later in the microbrewery here in The Goth he had taken up the challenge.

He'd been a most considerable success winning applause from the nationwide campaign for real ales, as opposed to lagers which William and Griseldine remembered tasting without pleasure when Robert had bought them at the Railway Tavern back in 1997. Yet making the Fowler's brewery a really successful business commercially still eluded the team. Talk was that as well as the casks, bottles would have to be introduced and that required more, indeed different, facilities.

Gordon, who was an investor in the microbrewery nodded in agreement. It was an open question whether the present configuration could continue much longer. But that was for another day. For the past 4 years and more, Fowler's had been brewed and quaffed once again to the very great satisfaction of many – including all the present company. 'So', mused William, 'facilitation of Fowler's ales back in 1997 had now become a reality'.

"Time for some lunch" Andrew commanded. "Come on into the Bistro next door and after lunch, before we do the rest of the murals, we can make a quick tour of The Goth itself. It's an absolutely splendid arts hub and community facility and over lunch I'll tell you its own story."

They entered the Bistro, named James Park Bistro after the 14th Baron's grandfather who had briefly been a local miner, with a plaque on the wall recalling that connection. It was a wholly pine panelled room and the walls were hung with enlarged copies of postcards printed at the start of the 20th century. There were photographs of Sir George's Cuthill School and the High Street and scenes from the seashore. Several of the customers were

standing and browsing around the walls whilst they waited for their meal orders to arrive.

Gordon urged William and Griseldine to try the fish which was brought daily from Port Seton harbour. There was excellent haddock and also sea bass and trout – but no whiting such as Lucky Vints had always provided for William. They both went for the haddock, grilled, and were not disappointed. The others chose the sea bass and were equally pleased. There was clearly an excellent chef at work in the kitchens. They passed on the dessert offered, even the apple crumble, opting for just a coffee and Gordon, at Andrew's renewed suggestion, began to brief them on The Goth.

* * *

“Gothenburg pubs were unique to Scotland,” he began. “They were all established around the beginning of the 20th century following a set of business rules that had been first introduced in Goteborg or Gothenburg, Sweden – hence the name.”

He explained how excessive vodka drinking had been a major problem in Sweden in the middle of the 19th century and to seek to control its retail distribution the licensing of and supply to such outlets had been municipalized and therefore controlled exclusively by the local government. They granted licences to retailers with the proviso that they were only permitted to make a 5% profit after which they had to transfer any surplus back to local government for community needs.

The idea it seemed must have crossed the North Sea to Scotland as sailors made their way back and forth in trade. William remembered such trade even in his time. What happened in Scotland was slightly different however. There was no such municipal control of retail alcohol sales. Instead philanthropically

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

mindful investors and mine owners adopted a policy of establishing pubs and then remitting any excess above 5% to local trustees for the benefit of the community at large. In its heyday Scotland had more than 60 such pubs but by 2008 there were just three left trading on that basis – at Armadale in West Lothian, at Newtongrange in Midlothian and here in the Pans. The first two were established by the local mining companies but The Goth in the Pans was established by seven philanthropists led by a famous publisher, Thomas Nelson III, who put up the necessary £2,000 as a loan in 1908 to build it – using bricks from the local brickworks.

“Come along upstairs” Andrew invited, “and I’ll show you the very Loan Note he signed. It’s on display in the new Function Suite Gordon added when the renovations took place. It’s actually called the Thomas Nelson Suite.”

They climbed the old spiral staircase with its elegant tiles dating back a century still in place. Its walls were decked out with focus photographic shots of murals and posters from events organised over recent years. They emerged half way up onto a landing that took them into the lobby of that new Function Suite. The lobby’s walls were also covered with documents – a map of the baronial lands in 1997 and another a Pardon for 81 Witches in 2004. But dominating the area was a mural by Kate Hunter known as *Pride of the Pans* – it depicted many of the famous men and women from Prestonpans history. Griseldine noticed they included William himself – taken from his portrait as Lord Advocate. It was apparently fictitiously set in the new Function Suite, revealed as Andrew now opened the door. Its walls in turn too were bedecked with an exhibition of work by the arts classes and the entire style of the new facilities had been designed to continue the original. And there on the wall was Thomas Nelson III’s Loan Note and a plaque unveiled by his grandson in 2004.

“So much art everywhere you look” observed Griseldine. “Does the local community really appreciate that or would they prefer something much simpler?”

It was Avril's turn to take up the narrative. “Almost everyone seems to be grateful that The Goth is back with the community. It did close for some five years, a victim of the end of the town's industrial prosperity. The Murray family, a famous Scottish rugby name, made it into their home for a while. But as the murals programme grew it became clear that the town needed somewhere that visitors could take refreshments as well as the town itself wanting its facility back.

“You'll have noticed it's a particular period of architecture. It's known as arts and crafts in the tradition of a famous Scottish designer and architect of the early 20th century, Charles Rennie Mackintosh. Those beautiful tiles you saw on the walls of the James Fewell Bar are a classic example too, as were the windows. It is such an important building in this respect that it is nationally 'Listed' for protection against demolition and alteration.

“To have it open again and flourishing, with so much beauty added by our own artists, seems to have been a successful formula. So not only has the Pans community got its own Goth back, but it's also a great facility for visitors to the town.”

“It has always been the strategy, if I can use that word,” added Andrew, “not only to attract visitors to see the art works, especially the murals, but also to enable them to spend some money whilst in the town to assist the local economy. And of course it provides local employment as well.”

They climbed a broad Scottish oak staircase with fine wrought iron hand rails with glass ornamentation, tailored during the restoration by local craftsmen, to what Gordon proudly announced was known as The Lord Mayor's Bar. On the wall was a plaque which honoured the visit of Gothenburg's Lord Mayor,

Jorgen Linder, and a painting by Tom Ewing depicting some of the day's events – July 23rd 2003. The carpeting was the Prestoungrange tartan as it had been in the Thomas Nelson Function Suite. The light fittings were arts and craft too having come from a French ocean liner and a beautiful oak bar stood in one corner. But what caught the imagination perhaps most of all was the view from the windows across the Forth. It was a quite magnificent vantage point.

William wanted to know how the Lord Mayor of a major Swedish city had been persuaded to come to a local pub. Here Gordon almost casually provided the answer.

“We simply got in touch with his office and asked if we could visit and do research on the original Gothenburg concept in their local archives. After expressing some amazement at the idea of such a pub, they agreed and Avril and I travelled to Gothenburg. To our surprise the Lord Mayor turned out to be a great lover of Scotland and indeed its whisky. It transpired that not only had Sweden given Scotland its notion of the 5% profit cap for pubs but Scotland had given Sweden a great deal more. Its fine technological university, Chalmers, had been established by a Scot. The first ever game of football in Sweden had been played between Scots working in local textile mills. The shipyards were launched by Scots. The town's porter ale was established by a Carnegie. The Swedish East India Company trading out of the city was established by a Campbell.

“We were royally entertained in City Hall and as luck would have it when we arrived at the City archive the archivist had married a Welshman she had met when working as a barmaid in Cardiff. All the original documents and photographs were unearthed and the invitation to the Lord Mayor to visit Prestonpans extended – which he accepted there and then.

“The Lord Mayor and his wife both came as Scottish tourists

during their next summer vacation and standing where we are standing gave this bar its name. We ferried them along to see other two Goths at Newtongrange and Armadale as well. Then to finalise it all they welcomed Tom Ewing who had painted the celebratory work of art. He made a second copy and flew to Gothenberg to present it to Jorgen Linder. They reportedly talked football most of the time.”

“Well I did ask,” commented William. “Seems nothing has been too audacious for the Arts Festival. And I recall you said they have been a second time too?”

“Absolutely, to launch our Centenary Year. They simply emailed and said they were coming across to Scotland with family friends and could they call in. You can imagine our reply! We even commissioned a special tartan for them, and for the City of Gothenburg.”

* * *

Whilst this history telling was going on Griseldine had spotted two particular paintings on the walls. She wanted to know who they were by and learnt from Andrew that amongst the other art activities two out of town artists had been invited to create works. The two Griseldine had spotted were by Michael McVeigh – one of the Chapmen's Fair and the other Morrison's Haven. She loved them not least, although she knew she could not say so, because they showed the Pans in many ways as she remembered it. “Totally lacking in perspective but the colours are quite magical,” she said.

The other invited artist, Andrew informed her, was Janice McNab, who had three paintings hanging at the top of the spiral staircase which Gordon had commissioned on his accession to the baronial lands in 1997. One image came from their own Prestoun

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

Grange ceiling, the sands of time running out above a skull – symbolic, the artist had argued, of the end of feudalism. The second was of the foreshore and the third of the interior of the Miners’ Bathhouse but with no miners present. They had provoked considerable controversy not least in Gordon’s own family, but Gordon truly felt they each had a point to make at his accession time. “My personal favourite is the Miners’ BathHouse” Gordon added.

“Don’t think you’re finished yet by the way,” said Andrew as they made their way down the staircase they had originally climbed just halfway up.

“You’ll recall there was a Pardon for the town’s 81 Witches on these mid-stairs. Well, I’ll take you into the south garden now and show you our Witch Remembrance Mural.”

But Gordon interrupted Andrew as he spoke: “Could I ask for that to be left until another day? I thought I might tell them the full story of our Barons’ Court Pardons before they saw the mural itself and delved into the south staircase exhibits. Is that OK?”

Andrew had no problem with that. It was a long story and there was still the West Murals trail to follow. They agreed they would now embark on that.

“It’s not quite as long a walk as we had back from the Power Station” he reassured William and Griseldine.

* * *

They left The Goth through the James Fewell Bar they’d entered by, looking more carefully now at the green and blue arts and crafts tiles and the stained glass windows as they went. Avril delighted in pointing out the small dart holes in one corner where the less skilled had let fly over the years, and the final darts thrown in the 20th century which were framed on the wall.

Rather than turning directly west Andrew led them back down

to the foreshore again by the narrow precipitous steps. Then he headed west, and at once they saw the sea wall where the earliest of the murals had been painted some 5 or 6 years before, still gazing out to sea.

“They take a terrible pounding in the winter seas here” Andrew explained. “The sea comes right up to and over the wall drenching cars parked up there and the totem pole. We have a regular maintenance programme to try and keep them presentable.

“I’ve never seen them from a boat out there on the water, but I’m told it’s a great sight. This collection shows the old Morrison’s Haven, the Soapworks, Transportation in the old coal mine and the Potteries – that last was in fact created here by youngsters from Preston Lodge School during vacation time.”

There was so much detail to see and discuss that it was a good thirty minutes before they moved on. William noted in particular the images of women and children hauling coal underground – just as it had been when he went below ground so long ago. It really was quite amazing how well the paint had stood up to the seawater pounding – better Gordon commented than the paintwork on The Goth’s north face. This was Andrew’s cue to explain the particular paint they used which interacted with the surface of the wall itself. Conventional paints would be no use at all here any more than on the totem pole which towered now some 50 feet above the shoreline.

Once their curiosity had been satisfied, they climbed up off the beach by a much easier set of steps to emerge on the High Street directly in front of the three dimensional mural depicting old Summerlee. Artist Tom Ewing had used two walls at 90 degrees to one another to create a great effect.

“When we formally dedicated this particular mural,” Gordon recounted, “we invited all who had lived in the old community there to come along. Many of them were getting on in years and

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more than a few wheel chairs arrived. But their families and friends came too.

“We got our theatre group to put on a half hour show with Sir George in the leading role and Lady Susan speaking up about living conditions.

“And there was one other great feature. A famous Scottish folk singer called Davy Steele, alas now dead, lived in Summerlee and had written a particular song, *Rose of Summerlee*. His widow, Patsy Seddon, a harpist and singer came along with many of his family and his last band, and she sang that song with as you can imagine choking emotions.

“It was a marvellous occasion, more than 200 hundred people came along and afterwards The Goth ran a Miners’ Strike Soup Kitchen and Buffet for all. And the local Community Council launched its own project for a Miners’ Statue at Top Pans as well.”

“It was one of the greatest demonstrations we’ve seen here in the Pans” added Andrew, “of how art can unite and strengthen the community. A brilliant day altogether – sunshine and not too cold for February.”

* * *

Next stop was the Bowling Club, just past the foot of Prestoungrange Road where social and economic life of the Pans was remembered in two murals including The Bing Boys sporting achievements. Then they reached Sam Burns Yard. William and Griseldine remembered it from a decade ago. It looked much the same inside but there were new gates on which Andrew told them he had painted the three generations of the Burns’ family who had operated the yard.

“Burns’ yard gets hundreds of visitors every week from way out of town as well as us locals, and we decided we wanted to interest

them in murals in the hope they'd come further along to see the rest. And many do as far as we can tell. The whole Burns family have the greatest respect across the community. It's always got bargains available. They know how vital it is for their customers to 'make a find' in the yard."

Just as they left another van load was arriving with the contents of a house clearance in Edinburgh.

Last stop going west was at the Heritage Museum they remembered well, particularly the fun talking with the Steamies. It had not changed much in ten years. The rail wagons at the entrance were still off their track and fencing kept one away from the brickworks. That seemed new. Last time they remembered they'd wandered in the brick kilns.

The BathHouse windows had changed. Instead of broken panes they'd got a series of small images and the main building a larger panel. Andrew again explained:

"The windows were boarded up just before the Global Conference was due to come in August 2006 and made it look depressing and of course derelict, so we borrowed an idea we'd seen at a Murals Symposium in Lindsay California and painted them! They're simple enough and include instruments used at the site over the centuries."

Looking at them all William could identify quite a few from his time but he'd not actually seen a miner's helmet which he had lately learnt played such an important role in the 19th and 20th centuries. Andrew saw him looking at it and told him that one had actually been painted by Gordon's youngest son Julian, Baron of Dolphinstoun. He added that there was also a mural inside the Visitor Centre known as Prestongrange Man which he'd painted a while ago.

They didn't have time to go inside and look however, or have a cup of tea there as before. William had spotted another mural just

a little further west which showed the Beam Engine being installed in the late 19th century. He and Griseldine already knew the story of water in the tin mines and how the Beam Engine had worked miracles pumping water from the deeper pits until the 1950s from their earlier discussions with Jane Bonnar and the rest.

“That’s a remarkably good painting” Griseldine observed to Gordon.

“Certainly is,” he replied. “It was one of the very earliest and was painted by Jim Corsiter. It’s still extremely popular.”

“It gave us a very early instance of what the community thought of the whole murals project too. Not long after it was painted flowers were laid at its base after the funeral in the family of one of those we believe Jim had included in it. That was a great tribute to receive for the artist and for our whole project.”

They spent another hour at the Heritage Museum looking closely at the BathHouse paintings but then it was time to head back. And since it was by now late afternoon they resolved to call it a day. Griseldine said the thank you on all their behalves.

“Andrew, I’m not sure if you know just how great it is to have taken the tour with one of the artists who has actually created this public art scene across the town. It’s been a fantastic day. All the very best to you and all your fellow artists in the years ahead.”

Modestly Andrew replied that he actually always enjoyed seeing his artwork, and that of his colleagues, appreciated on the tours. “Frankly, you don’t get that much feedback on most of your work. And it’s often surprising how different people notice quite different things. It’s not always nostalgia and reminiscence you know.”

William and Griseldine, with their hosts, headed up Prestongrange Road and Andrew unceremoniously grabbed a passing # 26 bus back home to Port Seton. As they walked all agreed what a marvellous bit of luck it had been that an artist of Andrew’s stature and leadership skills should have been available

purely by chance to make the historical-literature-into-painting revolution happen. No white elephant to be seen.

“Somebody up there loves the Pans as much as us” Avril concluded.

The murals agenda was still unfinished of course, but what a day they'd had. Witches were for another day, although they did cast a quick glance into Cuthill Park and the distant mural there as they walked back to Eastern Lodge. When they arrived Gordon fished out from the garage a copy of *The Art Treasures and Murals Trail of Prestonpans* for Griseldine.

“You'll love this. The latest half dozen murals aren't in this book of course. We produced it in time for the Global Conference in August 2006.”

“You mean we could just have browsed here with these photographs and not walked all those miles?” she quipped.

“Correct” said Gordon, “and that book includes some of the poetry as well. But there'd have been no Andrew to spin the tale now would there. No pain, no gain they say.”

* * *

They'd missed out on tea at the Museum so they spent an hour in the garden drinking their home brew before settling down to watch the national and local evening news on TV. It included a debate at Holyrood in the Parliament where Griseldine noted that the First Minister appeared to be an Alex Salmond from the Scottish Nationalist Party. That could get interesting in more ways than one. She nudged William.

“Your Anne can't be far away! Those plans for a Scottish Parliament were obviously approved and now the Nationalists are actually leading the government. It looks like a fascinating piece of architecture too, the chamber where they meet.”

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

William made no comment. There was no need. They both realised it was highly likely Anne was back in Edinburgh and if so, they both expected her to make contact sooner rather than later. Their reincarnated life wasn't meant to be easy all the time.

They were fortunately distracted from any further thought by the call to supper from Avril, and because she had prepared it Griseldine and William felt duty bound to volunteer to clear away, William recalling his old competence with the dishwasher. Once in the sitting room again, the TV turned off, Griseldine reckoned it was time to learn all about the town's Witches. She knew William had been much involved in the 1730s at a national level when Queen Mary's Act had been repealed and their children she remembered had sung Celie Duncan's song. But she had no proper idea of what had occurred in Prestonpans.

* * *

"It was an altogether 'other' worldly experience" Gordon began. "As we worked our way through the history of the town we came across the unpalatable fact that, before your time William, the Morrisons and Kers were involved through the Baronial Courts and more besides with the conviction and killing of witches. A local historian Roy Pugh reckoned some 81 hereabouts. We spent a long time pondering how best to address the issue since there are still descendants here from those who were horrifically killed – garrotted and burnt after ludicrous trials based simply on spectral evidence."

"Actually I'm familiar with a great deal both before and whilst I was Solicitor-General" William interjected. "In fact I campaigned hard to get Mary's original vicious Witchcraft Act repealed in 1735. Lord Grange from Preston was by then an MP in the Union parliament in London and vigorously campaigned to continue it all. In fact it was his stance on witchcraft really that finally destroyed his reputation."

“How did you decide to deal with it then?” Griseldine wanted to know.

Gordon first described the anxieties all had felt that the Pans might become known as a Witch Town – like Salem had become in the USA perhaps. And any mention of the witches provoked an immediate media interest – tv, national radio and newspapers, and word spread around the world like wildfire. He and Avril even went to Salem to see that sort of outcome for themselves.

“Then suddenly one day the women amongst the artists had a bright idea, or at least we all thought it was. Why did not I as Baron, along with Dolphinstoun, convene the Barons’ Courts for the last time prior to their abolition on November 28th 2004, and Pardon all 81 of them?

“There was one major legal problem which emerged in that many had been convicted of treason as well as witchcraft and only the monarch could try or pardon treason. A letter went off to HM The Queen but she merely passed it to her Ministers in Scotland whose law officers advised there was little chance of a Pardon unless new evidence was presented. Undeterred, Dolphinstoun and I resolved to act alone.

“What turned out to be the very last sessions of any Barons’ Courts in Scotland were convened at The Goth as our caput. The 81 Witches were duly pardoned and there was much delight and vast publicity all over the world.

“The Courts’ ceremonial was a big occasion of course, which we added to by setting up stocks on the baronial foreshore for the punishment of minor offences. The populace joined in to lob fish filled croissants at the miscreants.

“But the most significant aspect and certainly the most poignant has been the introduction of an annual Remembrance Day focussed on the barbarity of the witch hunts.

“It takes place each Hallowe’en and the grand daughter of the

last lady jailed in Britain under the Witchcraft Act of 1735 lays the first herb posey in the remembrance area at The Goth.

“All 81 names are engraved on tiles placed in the south garden at The Goth which is filled with herbs. The remembrance is reflected in what became known as the ‘Witches Gestalt’. As well as the garden mural a three play cycle was penned by Roy Pugh, a considerable historical evaluation was published, and an exhibition up the side wall of The Goth south staircase was created. All this you can see tomorrow.”

“What else did the Courts do?” Griseldine wanted more.

As the evening wore on she learned that they still held some theatrical and social sway even though formally abolished as judicial courts in November 2004. Gordon and Dolphinstoun had established them as a Charity that sponsored the Prestoungrange Arts Festival and as often as possible the baronial robes and regalia were taken out of the wardrobe and put to work to assist one cause or another – most recently attending the crowning of the Prestonpans Gala Queen.

The Arts Festival had also conducted several small re-enactments in front of the Witch Mural in Cuthill Park they had still not seen up close. It depicted a scene from the Edinburgh Toll Booth where many witches were tried and condemned, and showed an obnoxious witch pricker at work in his disgusting profession. Griseldine remembered what her father had had to say of that practice from her young days and quickly indicated she had no wish whatever to be given any further reminder of that.

Obliging Griseldine’s sensitivities in the matter, the final reminiscence before all resolved to go to bed, and after more than one bottle of rioja had been consumed, was of Gordon and Avril’s visit to Salem.

Avril told how plans had advanced for addressing the town’s witch history. The proposed contact with Salem was targeted on

those responsible for the major Witch museum and interpretation there. As fortune would have it, their Director of Education, Alison D'Amario, was of immediate Scottish descent and had been brought up to the sound of bagpipes. Alison not only gave excellent advice about how to interpret Witch history but personally came to Prestonpans to meet with one and all and discuss our local issues.

“It was intriguing to see that they had used a similar approach to ours, with remembrance as the theme and a quiet garden setting with all the names of those who suffered in Salem. But there was a stern warning too from Salem that unless you wanted your town to be known for ever for its witches, limit the major focus on remembrance to just once a year. That advice we have taken absolutely.”

Alison had returned to a Conference at Caledonian University in Glasgow on Hallowe'en the following year when the experiences in Prestonpans were reported, and a book of its proceedings subsequently published – *Treat or Trick*. That Conference had also been an occasion when one of Roy Pugh's plays was presented in public – the only occasion where the remembrance of the 81 Witches of Prestonpans had travelled beyond the town's boundaries.

Griseldine half wonder whether all this talk of witches would keep her awake but she need not have worried. Bed had become a most welcome destination with William. But they both fell straight asleep. Not only had they walked some five miles, they had taken on board so much information and seen so much art they had been almost overwhelmed. So much to digest. They certainly felt a day off was called for to absorb it all.

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Next morning at breakfast they shared their final thoughts from the previous night and Gordon and Avril were totally understanding. A day's rest seemed sensible and in any event would give Griseldine and William a chance to evaluate what they'd seen thus far.

Gordon and Avril had some discussions to attend which Sylvia had arranged, and lunch again at The Goth – always an enjoyable occasion. But just in case they might have a few idle moments, they fired up the home computer and logged onto the Prestoungrange website @ www.prestoungrange.org

“It's modern magic of course” Gordon offered, “but I know you are totally au fait with the internet up to 1997 from your own researches. I suggest you take another dose of witchcraft here. If you simply click on the *81 Witches* link you'll see all the context and the murals and the annual remembrances, our Poet Laureate's new verses and Roy Pugh's three play cycle – in fact a comprehensive record.”

“I'm sure we'll manage,” William responded. “After all it can't be much different from making that cash machine work at the Co-op. But do we need a password or PIN?”

Gordon reassured them that the whole idea of the website was that everyone could have free access anywhere across the world simply by typing in the right url.

* * *

The moment Gordon and Avril left to head off for their meetings Griseldine and William settled down at the computer. Magic indeed. What a world they discovered. Now they could live in a post 1997 world, looking at everything relating to what had occurred since, but they also found a host of information on the prestoungrange.org website they'd not traced before. And so many pictures. Even Gelie Duncan's *Witch's Reel* which they both

remembered Janet and Agnes singing to them long ago, shortly after they came to the Pans in 1745. It was there being sung out of the computer!

Time flew and although they had looked just at 81 Witches as Gordon had suggested, it was soon past midday. Yet they could see myriad other links they could make and vowed they'd be exploring them in the weeks ahead.

It was such a beautiful day they decided to take a walk down to Cuthill and along to The Goth. Yesterday's lunch had convinced them it was a spot that could always be relied on.

As they came out of Eastern Lodge they walked straight into Jim Forster, looking as well as ever. He gazed at them both with a mixture of surprise and delight.

"It's a long while since I last saw you two" he began. The memories of their meetings ten years before came flooding back. But there was more, and quick as a flash Griseldine quipped:

"Really? We saw you only yesterday. On the staircase at The Goth!" – which was true as she explained.

They'd spotted a fine portrait of Jim by Kate Hunter that hung next to the Accession Paintings of Janice McNab. Jim smiled and asked how their historical researches had progressed to which William could honestly reply that they were virtually complete up to 1997 and that they were on their final phase right now – what influence if any the 14th Baron and Lady Prestoungrange had been able to have on the town.

"We'll I'm sure you'll be trying to make a properly objective analysis, knowing them as you do, so I won't venture my opinions – not that I don't have any mind you. He's triggered all manner of arts activities. But there is one thing he did get ambitiously involved with that's still hanging in the balance and that's the restoration of Cuthill Park just down the bottom of this road. I'm just going past there now."

Since they were intending to go in that direction themselves they suggested they joined him as he made his way there, Griseldine asking as they went how successful the millennium historical studies he had been arranging when they last met had proved to be. She certainly knew they'd been published and had read the book cover to cover.

"Most successful," Jim proudly informed them both. "We had to reprint. It sold out within a few months when we printed the first 500 and we're busy selling the next 500."

"We called it *Tales of The Pans* and it sells for just £5. If you're going into The Goth they have copies there you can buy, and a great many more beautiful books that have since appeared too. I think they're up to nine now with the latest book of *100 Paintings* to celebrate The Goth's Centenary."

They came to Cuthill Park and entered at the top gate, where the view to Edinburgh and Leith was as clear and as tranquil as ever. They all paused, as they always had and still did, just to gaze. Jim explained.

"The grass here was left uncut for several years so that it was quite useless for our local community and the kid's swings were all broken and never repaired. Since the Baron lives here on the road he joined the campaign to get it cut again, and since then the Arts Festival have used it for events. We even have Battle of Prestonpans re-enactments here in September and there are plans for outdoor music concerts and the like and theatre. And a scheme was launched for the youngsters who are banned from knocking golf balls around here to register up at The Royal Musselburgh and get tuition for six months. That worked well, with good local kids coming forward.

"The big ambition is to get this Cuthill Park back again for every sort of use, with great facilities for the youngsters. Those three short totems on the hilltop there were made by a group of

the youngsters from the second tree that came over from Chemainus. The kids also repaint those two cows, the bull and calf each year.

“That bright idea began with an Edinburgh ‘Cow Parade’ several years ago and the Arts Festival contributed the first two. Since then it has added a new animal each year. You can probably also see there’s a Witches mural down there and each summer now there’s a week long Murals Fest here when a good few artists paint large panels to a common local theme and a winner’s chosen. The most recent theme was taken from *Black Gold*, one of our Laureate’s poems on coal mining, to help support the campaign by the Community Council for the Miner’s Statue. Those six magnificent smaller murals to the left of the witches were the result. The Murals Fest simply gets better every year.”

“They say it’s an idea they’ve copied from a small murals town called Sheffield in Tasmania that came to our Global Conference in 2006 – in fact they hosted it themselves in 2008 and our leading artist behind the Fest, Tom Ewing he’s called, went down to compete and learn how to improve on it all for us here.”

They walked over to take a closer look at the Witch Mural which they already knew to be the scene from the Edinburgh Tollbooth where trials had taken place during William’s younger days. And there indeed was the grotesque scene of the witch pricker making fatuous assertions.

Griseldine turned quickly away, with too many childhood memories of the obscenities involved coming back to mind.

Jim parted company at the foot of Prestongange Road. He was off to Sam Burns yard. William and Griseldine continued east to The Goth. They were determined to take a quick look at what Andrew had called ‘The Witches Gestalt’ at The Goth before lunch, and Griseldine felt more comfortable with that than the witch pricker images.

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

She'd found the imagery they were shortly to see on the website earlier, and had read the Poet Laureate's verses for several of the annual Remembrances since 2004. She'd really been greatly touched by them and looked forward to meeting him if Gordon and Avril could arrange it.

* * *

They didn't need to go into the James Fewell Bar this time. They went around to the southern end towards the small garden they knew was there to be immediately confronted by paintings of James VI and his mother Mary on the gates. Passing inside they saw reverse side portraits of John Knox and Gelie Duncan and then the three walls of remembrance and the 81 names, each with its own tile on the south wall. Beside the small dedicated area was rosemary growing in the border 'for remembrance' and beyond that a small well kept garden – probably Jim's work they thought.

There was nothing ambitious or grand, but as they stood there together what came flooding back to them both were memories of the wild taunts of 'witch' they so often heard even had probably uttered themselves when they were children. William remembered only too vividly the heated arguments that finally saw the Witchcraft Act passed in 1735 that repealed Mary's brutal laws that James had so shamelessly used. William, Griseldine knew, still regarded that as one of the most important legal campaigns he had ever joined careless for how it might have affected his ambition to become Solicitor General, and notwithstanding his later work as MP in the Union parliament or as Lord Advocate after the rebellion in 1745.

He'd always cited James' persecution for treasonable witchcraft of those who were supposed to have whipped up storms at sea to prevent his new Queen Anne sailing across from Denmark, as a

travesty of our common humanity. And here on the tiles they were looking at so intently were the names of all those that James had cruelly put to death from Prestonpans on such a pretext.

Behind them as they looked were two more portraits which from the website they knew to be Helen Duncan and Sir Winston Churchill. They entered through the doors they had been painted on and made their way up the staircase absorbing the details exhibited there of Helen Duncan's trial during World War II and her imprisonment. There was a letter from Prime Minister Winston Churchill during that war to his Home Secretary complaining about the nonsense of using the 1735 Witchcraft Act against Helen Duncan in 1944 in the nerve racking months just prior to the D Day Normandy Landings. Then there were details of the Act's repeal when Churchill was back in government again in 1952.

Finally they emerged through the doors at the top of the stairs into the Thomas Nelson Suite – familiar territory. What extraordinary moral generosity it had been of those Gothenburg founders across Scotland a century ago. Comparison with Sir George's gift of Cuthill School came to mind in 1874.

They rode downstairs in the lift in the corner of the room and made their way to the James Park Bistro and as they expected might be the case saw Gordon and Avril at a table in the corner but studiously avoided catching their eye. They seemed deep in discussion with a large party who at an educated guess were actors.

After just a moment's wait they were ushered to a table at the opposite end of the Bistro by a smartly dressed lady who introduced herself as Anne, adding "and I think I know you both. Aren't you guests staying at Eastern Lodge with Gordon and Avril?"

They admitted they were, introducing themselves as James and Dina Stewart. It was clear Anne was not a waitress, nor even the

supervisor. All the lunchtime guests knew her and she was forever giving information to them all about some arts activity or another. Surely she must be that managerial leader painted by Andrew on the ceiling in the James Fewell Bar which he'd pointed out the previous day.

The fresh air had made them hungry so they reviewed the menu for something to meet the need. They settled for two Gothenburgers resolving to have the apple crumble as well. But first it was to be the Fowler's 80/-.

The service was truly friendly, relaxed and not what you could for a minute call pretentious. The food was excellent. They decided as they took their coffees to see if Anne had time to tell them something about The Goth. She said she would once all the guests, including Gordon and Avril's crew who waved as they went out, had gone. She came across to join them with her own coffee clearly appreciating the chance at last to sit down.

"You're a bit of a mystery here in town," she began, confirming that she was indeed the Anne Taylor of the ceiling.

"Several locals recall seeing you maybe ten years ago, and then you disappeared without trace. Gordon and Avril were very secretive about you then, and until you came in here yesterday with Andrew none of us realised you were back."

"I can't think why they'd have made a secret of it," William intervened making it up as he went along, "we're from Avril's father's side of the family, the Turners, from London, and we don't really have much chance to get up here that often."

"I never met Avril's mother or father. I think they had already passed away when Gordon became Baron here, but I've been with the Barons Courts almost since they were established in 1998.

"The Goth wasn't part of the early scene of course, that came in 2003. In the early years we were at Cockenzie in the old school

there. It was still in use right up till this year by arts classes but originally everything we did, all the history writing and work with the Scottish Tartan Society, was done from there.

“The Tartan Society project ended in a horrid mess but the arts classes have never stopped flourishing. Andrew, who you met with yesterday, and Tom Ewing and Adele Conn all act as tutors for the love of it and upwards of a hundred folk have joined the classes at one time or another – including myself and my daughter.

“However, that was then and this is now! We reopened The Goth in 2004 and since 2008 the core management team originally put together in 2004 have had the lease – that’s three of us, Carol Black, Andrew Laurie the Chef, and myself. For short we call ourselves BLT but I don’t think we’ve ever served one!

“It’s been a very tough business proposition since the outset because it was always the intention to offer the Pans a quality place to visit which truly honoured traditional Gothenburg Principles. As you can see Gordon and Avril ensured the whole premises was restored to its original splendour with all the extra facilities you’d expect a century later. The business challenge hasn’t been helped by the current severe recession. It’s not easy at all. But Gordon’s never been interested in blame or problems really. It’s always: ‘What next?’

“Panners love this place as we’ve brought it back to them. It makes you proud to see them all enjoying it once again. They love being able to come here.

“There are old chaps who come in on walking sticks and stand at the bar where they regularly stood 40 years ago, and sadly but gladly we often provide funeral wakes for such old regulars too. And the number of people who come in to show us wedding pictures from their receptions in what we now call the Lord Mayor’s Bar upstairs is legion. Even the former Provost, Pat O’Brien, who officially opened this Bistro in 2004, had his

wedding reception up there and he's still got the receipt. He's been a great supporter, eats here just about every week.

"He retired in 2007, the same year the Labour Party lost control of the East Lothian Council to the Scottish Nationalists and Liberals working as a coalition.

"We even won the prize" she continued proudly and scarcely pausing for breath, "in 2005 for the best pub restoration across the whole of the UK from CAMRA, the Campaign for Real Ale, and English Heritage – English would you believe! When we asked them why they said because we had faithfully kept the whole place just as it was, which is more or less true with those additional refinements like a new kitchen, a new Function Suite, a microbrewery, a lift and fine new lavatories!"

Griseldine could not resist complimenting Anne. "Well, you've all done a brilliant job. I can't know what it was like before you set to work, but it certainly is a peaceful haven here in the Pans and so much beautiful art everywhere."

"It's not always peaceful, and we've had a few run ins with one nearby neighbour, but we do our best to be peaceful. The worst upset we caused was when we launched our Centenary Celebrations. Jorgen Linder came from Gothenburg, he's Lord Mayor there, and we had the new Provost and the Leader of the Council, all for a splendid Dinner. After the speeches there was a fireworks display over the Forth from down on our beach. What we didn't know at the time was that we could be fined £5,000 or sent to goal for 6 months if you let off fireworks without formal permission after 11 pm except on Guy Fawkes Night, New Year or Chinese New Year.

"The neighbours got up a large petition in complaint from more than a hundred local people. Of course we apologised profusely, confessing just how ignorant we were about the law. The local police gave us a formal warning and we've mended our

ways since. But music upstairs in the Thomas Nelson Suite, even with treble glazing, can still cause upset. So we normally keep the music downstairs in the James Fewell Bar. You should come along sometime, it's brilliant these days. Gordon and Avril know the score. We have jazz and folk nights regularly.

"We're also busy quite a lot with the Prestonpans cricketers and Preston Lodge Rugby Club, which is a major team here in Scotland. They play up at the old Northfield Pennypit coal mining site which has of course now been turned into excellent sports facilities. Gordon's been sponsoring their programme for youngsters to do additional rugby for several years now and The Goth had strong connections with the game whilst it was closed.

"When it closed in the late 20th century it was bought by John Murray, father of Scotland's most capped player ever, Scott Murray, who lived here with the family for a while. It was from John that we actually acquired it for restoration when it became too large for their needs."

Anne's enthusiasm for the whole enterprise was clear to see, and she'd been with it almost from the inception. She was likely to be an invaluable source of information and surely she'd have strong opinions about it all. 'Had it been a success yet?' 'What sort of reception had a feudal Baron got from Panners?' So William boldly broached the questions:

"I can hear from your accent you're not a Scot," he began, "so perhaps you can give us an outsider's view of it all. It must have been unusual even unexpected."

Anne wondered how much she should or should not say, but decided there was nothing really to hide, at least not that she could recall off hand.

"My word for it really has always been 'bizarre' I suppose. For me right at the centre of it all it's been a bizarre journey. When they recruited me away from my job as Office Manager of the

George Hotel in Haddington I had no idea what to expect. The job was to ‘help’ the founding Art Director, Jane Bonnar, run the Arts Festival and Tartans Society archive at the old Cockenzie School.

“I nearly froze to death for the first eight weeks whilst we tried to fix the heating, but it’s been a roller coaster ever since the day I joined. Within a month or so the President of the Tartan Society had fallen out with us all and was throwing reams of letterheading paper at me. Not long after I flew to Chemainus for the big Burns Night there that the Baron had arranged for them and saw all the murals they’d done, and a year or so later it was off to Vegas and the Nevada desert to the 2004 Global Murals Conference at Ely. And in between all this we were painting murals all over town and restoring The Goth. And because Gordon and Avril live in Northamptonshire three weeks out of four most months, I and the other managers in the enterprise had to get on and do whatever it took. But I must be boring you ... and I’ve got to get home to my husband who works shifts at the nuclear power station and our children.”

In no way were William and Griseldine getting bored. Quite the reverse and they said so, but they knew they must let Anne be off. There would be plenty more opportunities to hear more. And more importantly to learn the answer to their original question. What had Panners made of it all? Indeed, what about the democratically elected councillors and their officials who must surely have had their toes trodden on.

As they left The Goth to walk home they waved to Anne as she left in an elegant orange car, the same colour precisely as the Fowler’s Prestonpans Ales van that always seemed to be parked by the totem pole. Why orange they wondered?

When they got back to Eastern Lodge it was well past three o’clock, but there was no sign of Gordon or Avril. So they settled

down in the garden once again to have that rest they'd promised themselves. Both of them soon fell asleep – must have been the lunchtime drinking. William recalled it had always been a rule of his not to drink at lunchtime. Whether it was meeting yet another Anne in Anne Taylor or purely by chance, his dreams turned to his own Anne and the letter she'd written.

Oh how he longed to see her again, to hear all she had got up to since 1764 and of course how James had fared. But most of all to share with her the delight of a Scottish Parliament once more. But he knew he must meet her on his own. How could such an opportunity ever arise without upsetting Griseldine for whom his love these days was as deep as it had been when they were young together and defying his father's wishes. How?

* * *

William awoke to find Avril bending down over him. She had obviously shaken him awake and had a cup of tea in her hand for him.

"You were dreaming" she said. "Couldn't make much sense of what you were saying but you kept muttering 'How?' Can you remember where you were?"

William could indeed, but he lied.

"No idea" he replied. "How? I wonder what that could mean? Do you interpret dreams?"

By now Griseldine had woken too and they all laughed as they drank Avril's very welcome cup of tea. It was warming and William had become quite chilly sitting out in the garden as is often the case if you sleep deeply of course.

Gordon wanted to know if they'd got into conversation with Anne Taylor at The Goth after he'd left. It was confession time so they shared the briefing they'd received after posing their questions, commenting how absolutely involved she so obviously

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

was, but concluding that as yet their questions were unanswered. Neither Jim or Anne had come clean. What were they hiding?

* * *

William had no time to think any further, for Gordon wanted to share his news also. He'd been talking at The Goth not with actors as they'd thought but the main players in the Arts Festival including Tom Ewing, about a Petition they had tabled at Holyrood Parliament. It was up for discussion in Committee the next day and the opportunity to sit in the gallery to listen was available, just two seats. Gordon had to attend. Did William care to come along too?

Griseldine encouraged William to go, with a whispered aside:

“And if Anne shows up make sure you arrange for us all to meet in Edinburgh as soon as possible.”

“What are you two whispering about” Avril wanted to know. And like any two conspirators they responded at once in chorus: “Nothing.”

Avril was deeply curious. There was something she and Gordon were missing and it had something to do with the Parliament.

* * *

Gordon was adamant the only sensible way to get to central Edinburgh during the working day was by train, and the nearest point was the station at Wallyford. Pity that, thought William, I could have taken another look at Adele Conn's mural if we'd gone to Prestonpans, but Gordon was in charge. From Waverley Station in Edinburgh it was but a short walk down the Royal Mile to the new Parliament itself. Although William had known the old Parliament before Union which had been on the Royal Mile close by St Giles, he had only ever seen it in session the once, as a child aged six, and that had been its final session. His father had been a

strong supporter of the Union and had taken him along just to see its adjournment. Morrison must have been there too of course.

The brief images he had seen on TV could not prepare William for what he now saw. The contrast between the Parliament in 2008 and the Palace of Holyroodhouse across the street which he knew well enough could not have been greater. The parliament was a wholly modern construction outside with no memorable distinctive feature but a crisscrossing of wooden slats and glass and concrete. He could not see an obvious entrance either but Gordon clearly knew where to go through a side door and then how to navigate through a complex scanning system for all their bags and clothes. "Security" whispered Gordon. "No jokes please or we shall be in trouble." Once past the scanning machines the building opened up magnificently into a great Lobby and Forum. Hundreds of busy people bustled deliberately hither and thither. What it had sacrificed on exterior grandeur was clearly for the benefit of the interior which was most impressive.

Gordon enquired at the Reception desk where the Petition Committee would be meeting and found it was to be in the Main Debating Chamber, a splendid open area with seats for all Members of the Parliament and extensive Gallery space for those wishing to listen. The Chamber was not of course full since only the Committee Members, its Officers and occasionally the Petitioners or their representatives were below them.

The Gallery was well attended yet they managed a seat near the front so they had an excellent view of proceedings. William had been seated no more than a minute when the person next to him turned, and looking directly into his eyes observed:

"I knew you'd come. I saw the name Prestoungrange on the List and I knew you'd be here."

* * *

It was Anne.

She looked as glorious as she had that last day they had been together in London in 1764. He couldn't take his eyes off her, which Gordon noticed at once, nudging him with a murmured "Shssh, our Petition is on next."

Why Gordon said 'Shssh' William did not know. He'd not spoken a word to Anne, just gazed longingly at her, and it had to be said she at him. Maybe Gordon heard the chemistry crackle.

They touched hands as they listened, or rather pretended to listen to what was being said. They held hands so tightly they knew they must be hurting one another, wanting to almost.

Before they realised it, Gordon was standing to leave. The Committee it appeared had merely noted the Petition and forwarded it back to Historic Scotland for its comments.

"Come along you two," Gordon commanded. "There's a pleasant coffee bar downstairs and you can tell me what this is all about. And once my total curiosity has been satisfied I will bore you with the details of the Petition you just failed to pay any attention to at all."

William and Anne made their way guiltily down the staircase, past an intriguing looking gift-cum-book store into the coffee bar. It was most pleasant as Gordon had suggested that is if you cared for chromium décor and plate glass windows. But the view included Arthur's seat and the walls of the Palace opposite so it had its compensations. Gordon invited them to sit whilst he brought over three coffees and some delicious old fashioned oat flapjacks – the very sort William and Anne had eaten in London with their chocolate.

"Right, William. Introduce me," demanded Gordon. William was now quite ready for that.

"Anne, please meet Gordon my successor today as Baron of Prestoungrange. Anne is a cousin of Archibald Stewart, Lord

Provost of Edinburgh in 1745 and was indeed the mother of my son, James.

“She was with the Prince throughout the ’45 escaping from Carlisle after Cumberland attacked in 1746 with the help of the Dutch.”

Gordon was taking it all in with no outward signs of surprise.

“Do you want anymore?” William asked.

Gordon sat in silence for what seemed like an hour but was probably only thirty seconds or so.

“So, not only did Robert Pryde join you from the past in 1997 but now the mother of your son is with us too in 2009. How many more can we expect? No. don't answer that! Most importantly, does Griseldine know about Anne and your love child?”

“Yes,” Anne jumped in to say at once. “We all met at William's funeral in 1764 and then again later in Edinburgh. What's more I know I can explain why I have come back here with you both today, in the Parliament.”

Gordon invited Anne to elaborate and as she did William just sat there gazing at her, lost somewhere in time.

She told Gordon how she had always been the Jacobite dreamer and William the Unionist. And she told how she and William had joked so long ago in London, when he was there in the Union parliament, that if ever a parliament met again in Scotland as she so fervently wished but in which the Prince had totally disappointed her, they would both have to be there to witness it together.

She had been back it time to witness HM The Queen open the Parliament and also to hear Winifred Ewing utter the magic words: *'The Scottish Parliament, adjourned on the 25th day of March in the year 1707, is hereby reconvened'*.

William had not shown up.

She'd sent a letter to Eastern Lodge in 1997 telling William she was back, but of course he'd left late in 1997 before the parliament actually reconvened, and could not be back for the decade as he had been agreed with Gordon and Avril. So she had waited, patiently, all decade, always believing she would see him again. Then when she had seen the formal notice of Gordon's Petition in the name of Prestoungrange she knew this was going to be the opportunity. Simple as that really. She'd relied on him showing up for the Hearing at the Committee and here he was.

"Avril and I are past being amazed at these reincarnations" Gordon lamely offered as comment on her story.

"Ever since William and Griseldine started using our cash card in 1997 with that accomplice of their's Robert Pryde, we've lived in a world of make believe. But there has always been a silver lining for us, because William and Griseldine have indulged our fascination with history. They had the idea to pen an autobiographical novel on their lives in the 18th century and I have to say William has been totally honest about you and your son James.

"But we don't know how James fared, do we William. Even more intriguingly, is he about to appear too?"

"No, he'll not be back," Anne volunteered. "He was away to the Colonies in North America at the time of their rebellion trading in tobacco for our London merchants. After they became an independent nation as the USA he stayed there but sadly died in 1787, never having married or had any children I was ever aware of.

"By then I'd come back to live in Tranent after my dear cousin the old Provost Archie Stewart died, and I died myself in 1796. But I lived to see the spirit of that small town in their mutiny, and was proud to be there. There was no way Pitt should have been conscripting our young men for those wars against the French Revolutionaries."

“So you’re here for the Parliament. But why wait for William as well? Was he part of a promise that needed honouring?”

“I’ve wrestled with that question long and hard” Anne replied. “For nearly ten years now. I’ve concluded that I loved him so deeply I wanted to be able to share the Parliament with him and it was our pledge that we would see it ‘together’ if it ever came to pass.

“I know he’s here with Griseldine and that I can no more be a part of his public life now than I could more than 250 years ago. But we can I am certain have our ‘time secret’ together even if it’s an open secret!”

William had continued gazing longingly at Anne throughout this exchange, realising that he had to take a clear position and then for both Griseldine’s and Anne’s sakes hold fast to it. He felt he could now see what might be possible, just so long as Griseldine agreed. Whilst he still felt the deepest love for Anne, just as he remembered it from so long ago, he knew the greatest justification for his reincarnation was to answer his wish to see how his entail had exercised its stewardship – not as an opportunity to renew his love affair with Anne.

“Anne, we must honour our wish but it can be no more than that. I will, and I deeply desire it, share with you your excitement at seeing Scotland standing once again as a nation, but I have my loyalty to and my love for Griseldine to honour as well. Will you let me do that, help me do that?”

“*Plus ça change...*” was all Anne said to William with sadness in her eyes and just a hint that she had no intention of helping him in the slightest.

“*D’accord*” he replied, and turning to Gordon immediately moved to the matter in hand. “So, Gordon, what do you make of this Parliament?”

Gordon began to talk of architecture, and the controversy

surrounding its Spanish designer, Enric Miralles and his second wife Benedetta Tagliabue who completed it after his death. That it had run so far over budget as to be a international scandal. That even after it had been opened one of the steel rafters had partially collapsed, but notwithstanding all that he thought it a fine building with the sole exception of the wooden slatted exterior – a maintenance nightmare. In 2005 it won the Stirling prize as ‘a tour de force of arts and crafts and quality without parallel in the last 100 years of British architecture’.

But William and Anne showed little interest in all that. They were still lost in one another’s affections. They only came to their senses when Gordon began talking of his Petition – or rather not his but the collective Petition of the Prestoungrange Arts Festival. He unfolded the story with such a twinkle in his eye and humour in his words that they became genuinely interested.

The Petition sought to ask the parliament to prevail upon the Minister of Culture to take the designation or Listing of significant buildings much more seriously than hitherto. Most particularly it was asking that ‘historical significance’ should be given equal weight with ‘architectural significance’ as the statute provided. The Petition was illustrated from the particular case of the Auld Fowler’s Headquarters in Prestonpans, but Gordon believed there was a general principle being overlooked.

“We know it well” cried William. “We had a tour of it from its then owner in 1997. It’s steeped in the history of Fowler’s Ales which was a significant national Scottish enterprise until the 1960s.” That, Gordon confirmed, was exactly the point.

The Minister responsible normally takes advice from a state agency known as Historic Scotland. The whole affair came to the surface when Lidl, the supermarket chain that had bought all the land from Coeval, the owners whose CEO William and Griseldine had met in 1997, to build a new store which they had

also seen during Andrew's murals tour. It didn't need all the space and promised to incorporate the Auld Fowler's HQ in its total design. However, not much later it put the HQ up for sale and in no time at all had received an offer to build apartments there after demolishing the building. The Arts Festival was outraged. It had the experience of seeing The Goth lovingly restored and giving the town back just some of its soul thereby, and felt the same should be done with the Auld Fowler's HQ. It was in fact the only useable old building from the town's industrial heydays still standing.

A campaign was mounted to save it but Historic Scotland refused to listen. They argued with justification that it was not a unique architectural gem and the Minister declined to overrule these advisers who spoke in her name. Historic Scotland had taken outside advice from architectural experts but made no effort whatever to assess the case advanced by the whole community in Prestonpans that it was of 'historic' significance. The only remaining avenue available for the campaigners in the Pans was to Petition Parliament to get the matter reconsidered and for Ministers to accept that 'historical significance' when unanimously argued by the host community, should be respected.

"As you heard today, it's making its tortuous way through Committee and it will be several months before any conclusion is reached. There's always the danger too that it might be demolished before then. But at least we have an opportunity to make the petition here in Edinburgh. We don't have to travel to London as you did William, to be heard by Parliament there or a Scottish Grand Committee."

"I have to say I am delighted" Anne said. "It's Scots judging what's best here for Scotland. And I've sat in on the debates amongst all the MSPs, both from the Labour/ Liberal coalitions and since May 2007 this minority National Party government.

And I've seen and heard your own earlier local East Lothian MSP, John Home-Robertson and since 2007 Iain Gray, who has just been elected as leader here of the Scottish Labour Party.

"We might not be independent again as we were till Queen Anne insisted on Union in 1707, but it's a giant step in the right direction. As I always complained to William long ago, the Prince showed not the slightest interest in giving us our Parliament back when he was here in October 1745. He was too busy heading south to claim London. In the end he broke all our hearts at the time, but the irony is he's just as much a romantic hero today as he was for us in the '45."

Gordon could not disagree with that. Remembering the Prince's Victory in 1745 was another great theme of the Arts Festival in Prestonpans that he'd not yet shared with William. But Anne clearly knew of it. "I saw you here in the Parliament last September making that very point" she added looking at Gordon. He nodded. "Indeed, and I imagine you will want to share that with William and Griseldine too."

"Well I hadn't thought of that for myself," Anne agreed, "but I think your suggestion quite excellent." William looked embarrassed. He had hoped he could contain this adorable cuckoo in her parliamentary nest but clearly he was due to pay heavily in the days ahead for his past pleasures. Unless Griseldine could . . . oh if only!

* * *

He decided there and then he must be firm with Anne and absolutely honest with Griseldine or was it the other way around? As both Anne and Griseldine were to agree as they laughed amiably together later, 'only a man could have hoped to make that work'. It was always up to the women to manage William not vice versa. But that was later. For now Gordon had a dangerously pleasant surprise for them both.

"I've got to go for two meetings across at Lyon Court" he informed them. "I shall be about a couple of hours, that's all. Can you two amuse yourselves for that long" he asked with a knowing smile. "They both nodded scarcely able to believe their good luck. "I'll meet you in The Conservatory as it's called of the Palace straight across the street there, and it's got a grand bookshop. "And with that he grabbed his briefcase, an elegant baronial red with his Arms embossed on it, and made off.

* * *

"First things first," Anne began. "I want to tell you about James.

"He was the perfect image of you, William, a wonderful boy to his mother. And he was good not only at the trades Archibald was always teaching him but also with those maps you gave him the last time you saw him. He studied them until they fell apart and then went on to maps of the world. He got to know more and more of the world. He so loved them, initially I'm sure the whole notion was a reminder of you but then as a real source of fascination and interest. He so missed you coming to see us all in London, not to mention me."

"But why did he end up going to the American colonies?"

"It was the tobacco particularly from Virginia. You must remember how Glasgow flourished in that trade after the Union. It almost beat Bristol. He made a good living and at one stage we thought he'd be marrying out there but it never came about. I only got notice three months after he had died in a fight I was told. He was standing up for the Prince in an argument with some Irish Protestants it seems and they all came to blows. It was just a year before Charles Edward himself died, although he was of course our King Charles III by then."

"What a waste" was all William could say.

“The greatest sadness to me,” Anne continued, “was that he looked so much like you that whenever I saw him I couldn’t stop thinking of you – although much younger looking of course than I ever knew you.”

“But we mustn’t be maudlin here and now. I doubt we shall have much time together and certainly not alone. Do you think Gordon deliberately made off like that?”

“I’m certain of it,” William responded. “There had been no mention of any such meetings with Lord Lyon – fancy that office still surviving all those centuries. I’ll be intrigued to hear what it gets up to these days, especially with feudalism officially ended. Tell me more though about what you’ve been up to here since 1997. What do you make of the Parliament they’ve got at last.”

“Well” Anne began, “for me it’s a disappointment of course. Its powers are strictly limited to managing a block grant from Gordon. But it has to be said most Scots feel it’s better than nothing at all. Perhaps a first step in the right direction. Discussions are currently in hand to see how to move it on.

“No, my greatest concern is that all the wondrous outcomes our philosophers long ago promised from much wider participation in government, what they everywhere call democracy, isn’t very much better than the governance of the world we lived in.

“A very large proportion now work for the government or the nation on full salary one way or another. But it’s mired in procedures and processes that are always being held up to criticism in the media that use up vast quantities of the taxes without any clear benefits being delivered. You saw for yourself how Gordon’s Petition was going through Parliament and bouncing back and around. Compare that with Robert Pryde petitioning you in 1746 and you or your Bailie simply making a decision.”

“True” agreed William, “but I or my Bailie was always playing

God. If I said 'No' or simply ignored Robert, he had nowhere else to go. It seems now that all manner of checks and balances are present to prevent any one individual bearing down on those living on his lands or whatever the equivalent is today."

"That's absolutely so and it's the story everyone gets told. But the bureaucracy is just as stifling as your own autocratic rule through the Barons' Courts was. Lawyers everywhere arguing the point and taking years to reach any hearings let alone judgements at Court of Session. And vastly expensive. It's my frank opinion that Scotland is thus far poorly served by the Parliament we so longed for. Too much governance is centralised in Edinburgh and although all the parties promise and know they ought to pass most of their authority back to the communities it directly affects – the ancient Royal Burghs and Burghs of Barony and the like – it's just words, just rhetoric. There are no empowered institutions to speak up for the local community and the Community Councils that do exist are starved of any resources and spend all too much of their time listening to complaints which they can do nothing about."

"So where," William enquired, "do you think the sort of activities Gordon has been getting up to fit into a picture like that?"

"Your 14th Baron of Prestoungrange seems to be atypical as Barons go today," she answered. "If you ask around some even say he's a role model for what Barons could potentially do. But it's a very delicate line to tread and Barons *per se* have no resources either. What Gordon has done is to try to direct such frustrations as might exist in a positive self-help direction. They tell me a certain Samuel Smiles from Haddington wrote a successful book on the idea over a hundred years ago. The message was quite simple. 'The world helps those who help themselves.'

"So he argues with and helps any and everyone who wants to

get something done across the old baronial lands and tries to ensure it's fun in the process. But it's very much hit and miss, and it's no substitute for the creation of much more powerful local community institutions that seek to accomplish the broad range of ambitions I recall you had as a feudal laird."

"I'm astonished Anne. You're a veritable latterday political philosopher yourself now. And the excitement in your eyes as you talk is as bright as it ever was. How I remember those evenings we shared, with your Jacobite zeal. Have you found any feelings left for the cause in this day and age?"

She certainly had a few tales to tell, none more intriguing than of the imposter who called himself Prince Michael of Albany for nearly 15 years. Living publicly in Edinburgh, he'd fooled thousands including Gordon. He'd even written a credible book *The Forgotten Monarchy* published just a few years before he was exposed. There were also some committed supporters of a complete Jacobite restoration but history told that the Cardinal Prince Henry had renounced all his claims to the thrones for the benefit of the Hanoverians on his death.

It had been Queen Victoria a century later who'd perhaps done most to make Scotland comfortable with the present royal line. And since her reign all her descendants had continued the tradition. If Scotland were to become independent tomorrow even the Nationalists expected to ask today's royal family to continue as its constitutional monarchy. The present Queen's husband, who was from the Greek royal line, was even dubbed Duke of Edinburgh on their marriage in 1947 and the present heir, a Prince Charles once again, was always careful to be known as Duke of Rothesay when in Scotland. The Queen's mother had been a Bowes-Lyon Scot born at Glamis Castle and after King George VI had died in 1952 she spent many years restoring the Castle of Mey as her Highlands home.

“And it looks as though the Palace over there is well looked after these days too,” William added. “Do you remember when the Prince arrived it was virtually uninhabitable and speedy repairs had to be made?”

She certainly did remember. And the balls that the Prince arranged each evening for those blissful six weeks that he ruled the city.

* * *

They left the Parliament Coffee Shop and made their way across the street to the Palace, entering through the gift-cum-bookshop as Gordon had instructed where they browsed awhile. Neither was ready for any further refreshment so they agreed to wait until Gordon returned before they went to the Conservatory and there was clearly not enough time left now even for a short tour. Anne decided to buy a small booklet telling the history of the Palace and a quick glance at it convinced them it would be a good idea to grab a seat to read through it. Changing their minds, they headed for the Conservatory. The booklet had plenty to say about the Prince's time there. It was impressively correct they agreed, and the picture of one of the balls was certainly evocative. He seemed to be its biggest story line.

There had been no talk of their love since Gordon left, and they both secretly wondered why. They had been happy just talking in their old familiar ways. Perhaps that was a vital part of what love really meant, not just passion and the heartbreak of absences, but sharing and understanding what each other liked and cared about. But the passion was still there for both of them each time they touched. Unspoken it might be but they both knew it must be sated. Yet it could not be now as Gordon had clearly realised as he left them alone. Astute he was. Griseldine would approve thought Anne.

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

William's heart only cared about the when they might meet again as the lovers they still were. Forgotten already was his determination, his promised loyalty to Griseldine.

But their time was up for now. They both saw Gordon at the same moment, squeezed one another's hands, and smiled appreciatively as he approached.

"I can see you've had lots to talk about while I was gone," he began with an air of total innocence at the situation he had contrived. "What do you think of the Palace then? It's kept in pristine condition for the tourists and HM The Queen and Her Scottish Ministers to use for Receptions and Garden parties. We used this very Conservatory for our Battle Re-enactments at the invitation of 'the Prince' in 2007 – but more of that another time."

They agreed the Palace looked well, particularly the gold tipped railings and the magnificent iron gates! But they quickly turned the conversation back to Gordon. Had he been bluffing? How had his business with Lord Lyon gone if they were allowed to ask.

"Well, it's another long story which arises because when I retired from my teaching work in the universities I became, as you know, the Publisher of *Burke's Peerage and Baronetage*.

"You recall your parting shot in 1997 William was that we should matriculate our Arms. We did that almost immediately. But the changes made to feudalism in 2004 have meant possible changes in armorial entitlements and additaments for others, and indeed even an impact on the Arms of descendant Barons. They've been difficult times for many of the incomers and the older established at one stage even sought to exclude them from the Convention of the Baronage – the Club so to speak of Scottish Barons.

"To cut a long story short, since *Burke's* respected absolutely all who properly held Scottish Baronies, I ended up championing the

cause going so far as to convene an Annual Celebration of the Baronage each November 28th. After a very great deal of work by ourselves and others, and the arrival of a new Lord Lyon, it's finally coming together again. With good luck and a fair wind, the Convention can sail forward with the active support of the new blood joining its ranks each year – on average somewhere like fifteen baronies change hands each year.”

Anne thought the outcome Gordon described might in some modest way help strengthen the local communities which they had earlier argued were so dis-enabled. Gordon agreed that it *might* but that his experience had mainly been disappointing with only a small minority feeling any need to justify their use of their baronial title to the community from which it sprang. He'd always hoped for more, as an eternal optimist perhaps, but not much to show so far.

Gordon declined tea and took the initiative in suggesting that Anne should come back with them to Eastern Lodge. The sooner Griseldine is in the picture the better, he asserted, and there is no better way of achieving that than for Anne to come with us.

“I will gladly bring you back here to Edinburgh later tonight. Maybe we can all have dinner anyway at my favourite Trattoria?”

Anne wasn't going to refuse such an offer although William, the coward he was, wished she had. He sat in the front passenger seat as they drove back to Eastern Lodge and Anne sat in the back. They all made polite conversation each dreading the moment Griseldine was to see them.

* * *

They underestimated Griseldine's Machiavellian understanding of the situation. As Gordon parked the car she came straight out to embrace Anne like a long lost friend and soon they were deep in conversation. Avril was immediately invited to join them.

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

Gordon turned to William with a wry smile: “I think they’re planning exactly how you will be spending your coming days. You had your two hours together alone. I trust you made the most of it.”

William made no comment. He felt none appropriate or called for. He was certainly not going to give Gordon any satisfaction on that score although he was deeply grateful for the opportunity it had given them.

In fact the ladies had been agreeing that supper would be in Edinburgh and indeed at the Trattoria. They all knew they ought to find another spot but why change a winning formula?

Griseldine insisted on the seating plan for the five of them as soon as they arrived, ensuring that Anne and William were right next to one another but with her immediately opposite William. One could be forgiven for thinking Griseldine was getting some pleasure, even revenge, out of frustrating them thus but she was adamant it was not so.

“You two must have so much to catch up on,” she offered all innocently.

Anne’s life in London initially with James and then latterly with Archibald until his death had been exciting times. She regaled them all with it.

The American Revolution had affected them most of all and at one stage James had headed for Upper Canada with the United Empire Loyalists but he soon returned to Virginia. Anne had earlier been able to go out and spend a whole year with him and adored the country. In fact she had been planning to go again when the rebellion broke out. She’d had every sympathy for their cry: ‘no taxation without representation’. But James had strongly advised against such a second visit, not least because of the sea crossing – she’d always hated the sea.

* * *

Supper itself was the usual boisterous affair with much discussion of the parliament out of courtesy to Anne and much plan making suggested by Gordon and Avril for William and Griseldine. Avril was most determined they should they should visit the Pottery Exhibition that had just opened at St. Andrew's Episcopal Church led by Graeme Cruickshank – one of Scotland's leading pottery experts. They'd seen him only the other evening on a TV programme called *The Antiques Road Show* from Dundee.

It was agreed that would be tomorrow's agenda. Some of Dorothy Clyde's pottery was to be shown and they remembered meeting her ten years earlier. Gordon's ambitions also included getting William involved with the campaign by the Battle of Prestonpans Heritage Trust – but it was accepted that should wait till later on. Everyone was to visit the Pottery Exhibition. William was as intrigued as Griseldine since he had of course seen the Cadells get started and it was at his suggestion that Robert Pryde had gone to work with them when the Prestongrange pit closed.

* * *

Anne was staying just off the Royal Mile at L'Hotel des Vins and rather than driving her there after supper they walked back with her. She embraced them all when they got to the hotel steps and boldly ventured a kiss for William on both cheeks to the applause of Griseldine – which gave her the unnoticed opportunity to propose a rendezvous.

They were back at Eastern Lodge by 11 pm, Avril who is virtually tea-total acting as chauffeur. And quickly to bed.

“Please don't worry William, I'm not jealous,” Griseldine lied as they settled into bed. She had him in her bed right now and certainly had no intention of missing out on tonight's love making even if they'd both knew he'd been mightily aroused elsewhere.

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

As they lay silently together later William could not but worry that Anne must soon be gone. She and he had already shared Scotland's Parliament together so there was nothing more to keep her here except maybe the Scottish Register of Tartans Bill currently going through Holyrood. It was he after all that had seen the Bill through the Union Parliament forbidding Highlanders to wear it after the '45, and now here was Scotland's own Parliament instituting a National Register. It was a Bill to which he knew Gordon had given unswerving support ever since his, and Anne Taylor's, experiences with the Scottish Tartan Society eight or more years ago. As he drifted off to sleep he imagined he might just have the makings of a strategy to prolong Anne's presence with them all in Edinburgh and make that proffered rendezvous.

Griseldine lay silently next to William a while longer, considering her own plans. Her pleasure in his company remained as strong as ever. And Anne was not going to spoil that. But William had no need to choose between them any more than he had in their life together long ago. She was to remain his one and only choice. Even if she must indulge him just slightly before Anne was gone the way of Robert Pryde that would be a small price to pay. But she had to be certain Anne really would be gone, and soon.

* * *

Graeme Cruickshank had been working through the night getting the display cases organised to do the very best justice to the Prestonpans pottery he had gathered together. He'd done many an exhibition in his life but this was something rather special for him and he knew for the Panners. There had never been anything so ambitious attempted in the Pans and Gordon had also agreed to publish the most definitive study of Prestonpans pottery to date.

The Road Show Graeme had held at the Goth the previous March had yielded all manner of pieces none more fascinating than some garden ornaments made from pyrophyllite at the Bankpark Potteries of John Grieve. But sadly there had been no great readiness on the part of the museums and galleries around Scotland to release their artefacts for the exhibition. Each had its own alibi but none of them really showed much respect for the town which had after all been the cradle for the pieces in question. However, the accompanying 288 page book included a host of full colour pictures so some of the inevitable disappointment would be overcome that way. It demonstrated beyond any doubt that the town had been a most significant industry leader in Scotland.

What Panners had brought in to the Road Show for assessment and valuation included myriad teapots for which Belfield had been rightly famous, together with assortments of domestically used pottery. These Graeme had added to his own personal collection of fine pieces of Prestonpans pottery and those which John Burns in particular, and his father Sam before, had been able to collect over many years in the course of their flourishing business.

* * *

As William and Griseldine turned over the pages of Graeme's book they could scarcely credit that all this had happened here in town since those modest beginnings in the 1750s. Nor that not a single trace remained today of any of the places that had driven the creativity. Not a single plaque commemorated their roles.

The major names had of course been the founding Cadells and several later generations of that family. But they had been followed by the Gordons, Watsons, Belfields and finally Dorothy

Clyde. Between them they had produced redware, tortoise-shell ware, white glazed stoneware, hand painted ware, transfer printed ware, Rockingham ware, green glaze ware, majolica ware, porcelain, utilitarian ware and fireclay goods – these latter especially at Prestoungrange Brick & Fireclay Works at Morrison's Haven.

Whilst much had been for domestic use much also was of exquisite design and colouring such as that produced by Littler at West Pans China Works. Watson had produced hand painted and poetic prints for tableware and Belfield the finest majolica and pressed agate.

Graeme had also resolved in the definitive study he had made to report his most careful research on the locations of the potteries in question and give details of the community's Potters' Box and Guild which provided for benevolent support in times of ill health. He had been able to interview shortly before her death Jessie Watson who had worked at Belfield's where the Gothenburg car park now lies and she described what daily life was like there. Amusingly her description of the three 'boles' onto the seashore through which broken pieces were thrown was to become the site for a 'plate throwing contest' at the several celebrations during the exhibition – old plates courtesy of Sam Burns' Yard.

The exhibition was crowded and Graeme gave a most professional address. It was followed by pies and of course tea poured from reproduction Belfield teapots which The Prestoungrange Gothenburg had commissioned for its re-opening in 2004.

Griseldine was certain she'd seen and regularly used just such a tea pot at Eastern Lodge – everyone seemed to be calling it a broon coo. She checked later that day and was delighted to find she was right.

They chatted for upwards of two hours as they wandered

amongst the exhibits, everyone taking so much pride in what they saw and murmuring to one another 'just fancy, all these fine things were made here in our town'.

Word was also out that Lynne Schroder, a local artist in metalwork, was creating a statue of a potter to be placed at the site of the old Beffield Pottery in the months ahead. There was wide agreement about that. For too long the town had neglected its pottery heritage.

* * *

As they came out of St Andrew's they could see they were just across the road from the Carnegie Library where Robert had passed back in time a decade ago. An extension had been added to it since their earlier visits, seemingly wood and glass. They were not certain that would have been their choice but they resolved to cross over and see what new books might have been added to the local history section and they were not to be disappointed. Two major volumes which Gordon had seen published jointly with Burke's Peerage were there – the 250,000 word compendium of 23 history essays they had had access to over the past decade on the internet plus the murals and arts treasures book browsed only the night before last. The new *Prestonpans Pottery* title from Graeme was also there, but most intriguing was a fourth book entitled *Off the Wall Art in Prestonpans*. They took a quick look and saw to their surprise that it contained poetry and plays, all specially created for the Arts Festival.

John Lindsay, the poet named as the Laureate, had all his work in it. They noted him down for an early meeting. Another name was already familiar, Roy Pugh, with two more Andrew Dallmeyer and Iain Nimmo. There was clearly a great deal more to the Prestoungrange Arts Festival than murals and painting classes. There was also a new novel, *Three Sons*, by Mary Turner based on

life in the town. And two children's books by Annemarie Allan who they knew had worked on the historical booklets both for the Witches and their own old ceiling.

“Do you think we should borrow this *Off The Wall*” Griseldine queried with William but he suggested agreed it was more than likely a copy was to be had back at Eastern Lodge. Griseldine, remembering she was a registered user, did however borrow Mary Turner's story tucking it into her bag as they made their way to The Goth for lunch.

The Goth was a good choice, even if still the only obvious one in the town. Andrew Crummy was there already with his customary half pint of Fowler's in his hand, talking with the Youth Development Leader from Preston Lodge Rugby Club. He called Griseldine and William across to share some of the successes that have been achieved. It transpired that The Goth regularly sponsored sports activities in the town – rationally because it brings the club members to The Goth not least on match days to celebrate or drown their sorrows, but also to show the flag. For three years it had sponsored Preston Athletic Football Club and currently was helping to fund extra support for youngsters from schools to build the core strength of the Preston Lodge RFC.

The Rugby Club had taken very significant steps of late with a full time three year post to work with the youngsters – The Goth's financial contribution to this was extremely modest of course but it was always vital for the Club to be able to show in depth community support when seeking matching national funds for such activities.

Discussion was not only of sporting prowess however. The man who they had earlier identified as the Poet Laureate, himself a former physical education teacher, was in on the discussions. They were eventually able to get him to one side with Andrew.

John Lindsay had, he told them, been conscripted by Jim Forster who they both of course already knew.

"Surely it's a controversial role, being Poet Laureate here in the Pans?" Griseldine asked.

"I realise in past sycophantic times it might have been a great notion, but does it fit well in today's society?"

"Well, I've no wish to be impolite" John replied, "but that's what almost everyone asks. And my answer is that it's not necessarily the case. You see, I'm Laureate to the community at large, not to the Baron in particular although I have to admit it was his bright idea in the first place and he certainly suggests topics from time to time for my attention.

"But by and large, I think it's fair to say we've managed to get poetry appreciated just a little bit more in town. By writing poetry about our history, as I do, people can identify more closely with what I say. What think you, Andrew?"

"He's made a success of it, in my view" Andrew responded. "All the themes John has taken, such as our annual Witch Remembrance, have in my opinion been well appreciated."

They made their way into the Bistro for lunch together. William wanted to know how the poetry was decided upon and where it was declaimed. One of the earliest, John recalled, had been at the Burns' Shelter, when the mural there had been unveiled. It had told the story of the Shelter's closure for decades and how the hopes it might at last actually reopen were dashed, but nonetheless redeemed more than a little by its night-time illumination.

Barons gathering at the Annual Celebration each November 28th were cautioned as well as flattered. The hard life of miners and their happy times were recalled equally. The nicest thing of all John had concluded was that on each fresh occasion now when he declaimed the community had come to expect some words from him and they listened attentively.

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

“Whilst there’s vast room for improvement” John offered, “I think we’ve been able to position poetry here in the community in an effective way. But it’s all still down to me. We’ve not created a flourishing poetry school [yet] but we have established some very bad McGonagall Poetry suppers.”

Griseldine and William were baffled.

“Bad poetry. Why would you encourage that?” they enquired, and John realised he needed to explain McGonagall’s success in Scotland. He did just that, pointing out how much fun could be had and what a marvellous way it was for people to manhandle words. If a Burns’ Supper was the occasion to honour the nation’s most famously successful poet whose words carry Scottish culture across the globe and whose reputation and esteem has spawned more statues than almost any other poet, then a McGonagall Supper was a time for community poetic fun. The occasions in The Goth over recent years had taken the form of competitions amongst all present to pen poetry to a common theme – specifically most recently the Auld Fowler’s HQ, Pandores Oysters and Coal.

Lunch was good as always, and the company and the Fowler’s 80/-. It certainly wasn’t what William and Griseldine had expected poetry to mean in the Pans but it sounded as though it had made deep contact within the community just as the murals had. They resolved to read some with care that evening if they could find a copy of *Off the Wall Art* back at Eastern Lodge – and they did. Apart from the poetry for Barons’ Day each year, none of it was sycophantic in the least and that item could perhaps be forgiven.

* * *

The Scottish Register of Tartans Bill was due for its 2nd Reading in Committee at Holyrood later in the week and William told

Griseldine he'd like to be there to see how the debate went. Was it just the Nationalists who wanted it or was it likely to get cross party support? She said she'd rather relax and enjoy the garden, so William decided to take the # 26 bus to Princes Street or as near as he could get in St Andrew's Square with all the street works for the new tramways the city was developing. He walked across North Bridge recalling the debates of centuries ago which Lord Provosts had held but instead of turning east down the Royal Mile to the Holyrood parliament he continued straight across turning right then left for L'Hotel des Vins.

William knew where Anne could be found and he went straight upstairs at the hotel. This was the rendezvous they had agreed upon as they'd kissed and parted whilst the oblivious others had laughed and clapped.

Anne had sensed his arrival and looking out of her window saw him enter. She opened the door as he went to knock.

Within moments their dreams, their fantasies, were consummated. Neither spoke a word for what seemed an eternity until they made love once more. Yet it was barely one blissful hour that they lay in peace together both knowing it was for the last time.

All too soon they were making their way, hand held tightly in hand, to Holyrood.

* * *

At Holyrood Keith Lumsden was expecting them, saw them coming and wondered. Gordon couldn't be there himself today but he'd emailed Keith and briefed William. Keith was a longstanding Tartan Society colleague who'd led much of the registration work of the Scottish Tartans Society over the years. He'd been an adviser for the Bill. Gordon had confidently told Keith to expect the two of them.

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

The Committee meeting was open to the public but not due to begin for 30 minutes so they took advantage once again of the Coffee Bar. Keith told them the whole story, picking up the threads since Anne Taylor had dodged the Presidential missile lobbed at her at Cockenzie.

That missile throwing occasion had symbolised the end of a promising pattern of collaboration between the Scottish Tartans Society and the Barons' Courts. It had all begun as a joint venture from conversations as the Prestoungrange and Dolphinstoun tartan designs were registered. The Barons' Courts it had been agreed would provide an accessible public venue at Cockenzie for the Society's Library and all its artefacts. It would also take responsibility for the creation of a website for the Society to attract online membership.

The Barons' Courts invested most considerably in getting The Hall at Cockenzie well presented, furnished and carpeted for the purpose – at no cost to the Society because there would be perceived gains for the Barons' Courts particularly from the website development. It was never the plan that the Society's President should make it his personal office, since he lived in Moffat, nor that Barons' Courts officers should do his bidding.

When it became wholly apparent to the President he was not to receive such benefits he resolved to seek to lead the Society out of the written agreement he personally had signed. He adopted some intriguing ultra vires legerdemain that involved pre-empting a pre-convened Council meeting, suggesting that pages had been villainously cut from a library book and persuading the Society's Council to suspend the agreement. All this led to a legal impasse in respect of compensation for the heavy investments made, with the Barons' Courts holding the Society's Library as security for its claims.

This distressing state of affairs continued for nearly six years until, quite fortuitously, a Conservative member of the

Parliament, Jamie MacGrigor MSP, took the initiative to propose a Private Member's Bill to establish a National Register which the Government and all parties later agreed to support.

There was never any suggestion that the proposal had any origin in the Society's predicament. Rather it was based on MacGrigor's realisation that tartan was a Scottish national icon recognised globally and its protection and encouragement in Scotland was very much in the best interests of trade in the cloth which was estimated at £350 million per annum. The Bill before parliament whose 2nd Reading they were attending, had been consistently supported by Lord Lyon, by the tartan manufacturers and of course Barons' Courts which along with Keith Lumsden were Keepers of the Society's Register – over 3000 tartans all with supporting samples some dating back to the 19th century.

So far as Barons' Courts and Keith Lumsden were concerned they were prepared to lodge all these assets with the National Archives of Scotland which institution was designated under the Bill to maintain the National Register.

The Bill had not only provided an unintended opportunity for Barons' Courts and Keith to bring their dispute to an honourable, if costly, end but it had in debate exemplified the enormous benefits to the nation that could arise from caring for tartans as the national icon it had become. It firmly put in their place more than a few who too casually decried 'tartany' as making a mockery of modern Scotland.

"It's my firm belief" Keith concluded, "that the origins of that iconic role lie squarely with Gordon's predecessor Baron of Prestoungrange, William Grant, and all those with him as Lord Advocate who insisted on the proscription of the tartan and the pipes after the '45. By banning the tartan and the pipes for more than 30 years their future was assured."

"Well then," Anne remarked to William, "something very good

indeed seems to have come out of it after all. Hoorah for the Barons of Prestoungrange.”

“It’s ironic is it not,” Keith reflected, “that the whole matter has now come full circle with today’s Baron lodging the Society’s assets and its database of more than 3000 tartans and the samples, which are the only collateral he holds for the claim against the Society, with the National Archives.

“But let’s go on up” Keith urged. “There’s a fascinating debate been going on about whether the new National Register should only include tartan designs that have actually been woven and whether each successful registrant should necessarily supply a sample of the cloth – as the Society itself has always required.”

The 2nd Reading in Committee was a surprisingly lively affair. There had never been any excitement about different tartan designs in William and Anne’s time. However, Keith informed them it had really arisen only after that great literary figure, Sir Walter Scott, succeeded in rehabilitating all traditional things Scottish in what had been routinely known as North Britain after the Union. Since 1815 the Clans Chiefs had taken to standardising their tartan designs and the purpose of all the earlier registers, and now of the National Register, had always been to avoid duplication and misunderstandings – a process which the arrival of computer technology with its search facilities had actually made quite simple. This avoidance of duplication was enshrined in the Bill. It was not intended to create any monopoly and any and all persons were to be entitled to register their designs, just so long as they were discretely distinctive.

They stayed listening to the debate for over an hour before bidding Keith farewell and thanking him most sincerely for helping them understand what was going on. Keith stayed on, obviously enjoying every minute and convinced the Bill would soon become law with the all party support it had.

Anne was pleased too, and said so, arguing that such a debate and legislation would have been most unlikely at Westminster. It was perhaps in some modest way a vindication of the nation having its own Parliament once again.

* * *

They made their way across once more to The Conservatory at the Palace of Holyroodhouse realising that Anne's time with them here, and most importantly with William, must now be nearing its end. They both seemed content with the certainty of their imminent parting. They had shared the Parliament together, they had been lovers once again – something they had not thought to wish for but which had been as beautiful as they both so fondly remembered. They were grateful for all they had been able to enjoy but sad that their own son could not have been part of their coming together again. And sad too that his life had ended so early and apparently without a love such as theirs.

“My going very soon will be good,” Anne said at last. “It will enable you and Griseldine to enjoy more happy days together without causing her or yourself anxiety. Mistresses always were a hopeless dilemma for everyone involved. But promise me just one thing. You must break our promise long ago to leave no trace, no record of our love. I have already broken it when I confessed to Griseldine when I came to Prestonpans with James. I could not keep it a secret I was so bursting with pride that James was our son and that Griseldine had seen it, found it out for herself. I want you to promise that when you complete this novel you and Griseldine are writing you include us in it. Let our secret love be known.”

“Now that Griseldine knows I can't see any harm or hurt in it any longer,” William replied. “To do so is only proper for James

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

and you, even if our love was improper. Might even make the tale just that bit more intriguing to its readers. Just imagine us all together at the book launch.”

They laughed, not at the prospect of a more intriguing tale but at the memory of all the improprieties they had indulged themselves with and at the scope for fun at such a book launch. As their laughter ended they knew it was time for Anne to go. The Conservatory staff were tidying everything away. It must be closing time here too.

Anne stood and leant over to William. “Goodbye my love” she whispered in his ear, kissing both his cheeks. “I’m away now to the Parliament’s Library.”

She turned and walked slowly away. William remained silently in his chair. He knew absolutely that he would never see her again.

Anne turned and waved as she passed through the archway out of the Palace but he found he could not raise his arm to return the affection so clearly showing on her face.

It must have been ten minutes later that the last lady staff member approached him apologetically and asked him if he could now leave too. “Of course” he replied, “we all must leave sooner or later mustn’t we.” His reflection brought forth a quizzical look which quickly turned to a kindly smile when she saw just how forlorn he was. She too had seen Anne depart and could understand his sadness at losing her.

* * *

William could not recall how he found his way back to St Andrew’s Square to catch the #26 bus back to the Pans. None of the certainty with which he had sped to L’Hotel des Vins earlier in the day remained. Yet talk of tartan proscription reminded him of

another occasion he had been deeply involved at the wrong end of Jacobite affairs – the Appin Murders and the execution of the wholly innocent James Stewart. And he recalled seeing a reference to it in *Off The Wall Art in Prestonpans* when he had been reading the Laureate's poetry. He resolved to follow that up with Gordon when he got back to Eastern Lodge.

He alighted, still in a daze, directly outside Eastern Lodge. He'd caught the express #26 bus without realising it brought commuters back from Edinburgh by a shorter, limited stopping route. Worth knowing, he thought, comparing it in his mind with his journeys back from his days with Anne each weekend that always took two hours or more.

But speed today made no difference to the absolute certainty he felt. Anne had gone. And that was precisely what he told Griseldine as he entered the front door.

"She's gone. Completely. We shared 'her' Parliament together once again this afternoon, and she bade me farewell. Thank you for all your patience with us both. It must have been beyond infuriating.

"I know you'll be pleased it's finished, and I have to say I too am relieved. Not that I didn't enjoy seeing her again, but now we two can be alone together again."

It was a fine speech, and Griseldine gladly accepted it for that. She asked no questions of the time they'd been together and certainly did not believe William's later protestations characterising Keith as his chaperon.

She'd liked Anne from the moment she'd first met her. She'd appreciated William's taste in a mistress and nothing of Anne's reappearance had changed her mind about that. She said just that to him:

"You had a fine taste in a mistress William. I took it as a compliment that you chose to fall in love with one such as Anne –

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

and she such an out-and-out Jacobite. If only the world had known at the time. You'd have been chased out of office."

"D'you know Grisledline, I doubt if I would. Just about everyone we knew here in Edinburgh, including Sir John Cope, had the deepest respect for the Jacobite sentiments and the nationhood of Scotland. But I'm very glad you approved of Anne because she did have one parting wish, indeed she made me promise, that when we write this novel we'll not write her out of it. In fact we'll write her in."

"I think that's a brilliant suggestion William. Should boost the sales no end if you include it on the dust jacket blurb as well. And with a wish like that, if our reincarnational magic keeps working, she could well pop back again just for the book launch."

William did not think it appropriate to share the fact that very possibility had reduced Anne and himself to laughter just a few hours before. But he remembered it well. Griseldine saw his eyes glaze over. She guessed what he was thinking and resolved not to mention Anne again. William fleetingly believed he might see Anne again at the book launch.

* * *

That night he settled down with *Off the Wall Art in Prestonpans* for a more thorough read. Griseldine admitted she had already browsed through it herself during the afternoon and had spotted, as the artist she was, the latest additions to the murals pictured at the end.

William soon found that the man he needed to meet was Iain Nimmo, a past Chairman of the Robert Louis Stevenson Society and a former journalist with the *Edinburgh Evening News*. The first of these positions had led him to write an extraordinary essay on Alan Breck [whom William readily recalled from the Appin

Murder trial] and a James Balfour. The second was a play about himself, as Lord Prestoungrange, and his role in that same trial. He asked Gordon how these two fascinating literary contributions from Iain had arisen.

“You’ll recall I told you how each November 28th we convene a celebration here of the feudal Baronage of Scotland. Well, for the first big occasion we decided to honour none other than yourself. We are all reminded today on your memorial in the churchyard what a noble chap you were. So we went to the work of a famous Scottish novelist writing at the end of the 19th century, Robert Louis Stevenson, and his book *Kidnapped* together with its sequel *Catriona*. She was the love interest for the hero David Balfour.

“The part we extracted for Iain Nimmo’s play comes from *Catriona* and shows you as Lord Advocate meeting with David Balfour. David is intent on giving evidence at the Appin Murder Trial of James Stewart that he had been in the vicinity at the time and that it had definitely not been James who fired the fatal shot that killed Colin Campbell of Glenure as he collected the rents. You deploy all manner of ruses to dissuade him including getting your two eldest daughters to charm him and explaining that the greater good of Scotland involved the execution of an innocent man, *faute de mieux*. David is forcibly prevented from appearing at the trial and you ultimately befriend him helping his career as a young lawyer. James Stewart as you’ll recall was judiciously murdered and his head left on a gibbet for 18 months.

“Our theatrical group presented it for the Barons at the Royal Musselburgh Golf Club – we felt your old home was a plausible alternative to the Lord Advocate’s residence in Edinburgh where Stevenson had located the factitious scene.

“The assumed actual assassin was thought to be Alan Breck Stewart of Appin, who in the novel is David Balfour’s friend and

saviour from the earlier *Kidnapped*. In that earlier novel Breck saved Balfour as his uncle sought to cheat him of his inheritance by Shanghai-ing him.”

“They sound like a couple of good novels to me” Griseldine interrupted. “Have you got copies here I can read?”

“Not here, but in the Barons’ Courts library most certainly. And they are a great read. But there’s more to it than even that reference to William. In the novel Alan Breck tells how he changed sides from redcoat to Jacobite at the Battle of Prestonpans in 1745, which led to Iain Nimmo’s essay on Alan Breck who was not only Stevenson’s fictitious character but also a real life courier for the Jacobites after Culloden. But much more on that later when we get around to describing what has become our current major arts project in the Pans – the 1745 Battle Heritage Trust.”

“I’ll certainly look forward to that,” William responded. Of all the events in my life that made perhaps the greatest impact on me. Listening to the story of James Stewart of Appin as you just told it, Gordon, truly brings back the deepest shame I felt at the time.

“But don’t let me spoil your tale with my concerns. Might I ask, politely, if I can have a glass of your rioja. It’s been a mighty busy day.”

In fact they shared two bottles of rioja that evening. When William and Griseldine finally went to their bed it was with deep contentment although not a single word was spoken between them as they lay in each others arms until they finally fell asleep. There was nothing she wanted to hear from William or which he felt it kind to recount.

* * *

The following day Griseldine borrowed both *Kidnapped* and *Catriona* from the Barons' Courts Library and settled down to read them in the garden. William resolved to track Jim Forster down who readily agreed to meet him at the Royal Musselburgh for lunch. He was tucked in the corner of the bar as expected when William arrived, and rose to come across and welcome him.

"Great to see you again James" he began. "Fowler's as usual I suppose" to which William's answer was an enthusiastic affirmative. They carried the two pints through to the dining room where the special for the day was a rabbit casserole. William immediately opted for that, remembering so many occasions when he'd enjoyed a rabbit.

As they waited Jim was impatient for an update on William's researches, and indeed progress on the promised novel. William obliged giving details of his two visits to the Parliament as well although he did not mention Anne. But he had his own questions to put to Jim – who scarcely looked surprised. He was always happy to delve into the town's history or to reminisce about recent happenings. As they enjoyed the casserole William posed three questions – about Barga in Tuscany, the Summerlee Mural and the Salters' March from Newbattle Abby.

"That'll take quite a time to tell" Jim exclaimed, "but happy to tell what I can. Mind you I'm no expert on any of them really. But let's start with the easy one – Barga in Tuscany. How did that crop up in your mind anyway?"

"I just saw the picturesque Welcome to Prestonpans sign as I came home yesterday on the #26 bus from Holyrood," William explained.

Jim described as best he knew why and how the local community was twinned with Barga, which sat perched atop a mountain in Tuscany. He'd never been there himself but a lot of Panners had. They claimed it was exquisitely beautiful and quite

unspoilt by the mass tourism which tended to hover around Florence.

“It all seems to have begun, the twining idea that is not the Scottish links to the town, because of our most famous living local artist hereabouts, John Bellany. After a bad illness he went to Italy to recuperate and fell in love with the light out there. His art entered a totally new period yet he always remained in touch with his community roots back here – actually neighbouring Port Seton not Prestonpans.”

Jim went on to recount the myriad ways in which John had been honoured including becoming the county’s first Freeman, and how he’d become good friends with the former Provost. At Christmas 2008 Scotland’s First Minister had even used one of John’s paintings for his official greetings. However Jim confessed he was not aware of all the visits to Barga that had taken place and that Avril was best placed to give him a better insight. She and Gordon had both lived just outside Florence at Villa y Tattoli for a while in their working life and had been most keen to follow through on the link. They’d in fact gone out a couple of times quite independently before the twinning had come into effect.

When Jim started to describe the Summerlee Mural William said he’d already heard a fair bit but really wanted to know what it meant to Jim himself.

“Well,” Jim began, “I think I was most impressed with the way Tom Ewing the artist cleverly used two right angled walls where the old housing had stood to create an image of two streets. And I was delighted that on the main façade he deliberately included Cuthill School and children at play in the Park. The two miniatures were also a great tribute – Davy Steele of course the folk musician but also Gordon’s grandfather who briefly worked as a miner locally although staying in Musselburgh at the time.”

“There’s more talk since its unveiling,” Jim continued, “of

erecting a Miners' Statue but it's still very much a work in progress. It seems to be the case that everyone including the Arts Festival has rather ignored the coal mining history. Certainly the Arts Festival has focussed on Fowler's brewing, pottery and The Goth itself.

They wondered why, concluding it might have arisen because the initial impetus led by David Spence after the Prestongrange Pit closed was lost once the Scottish National Museum was moved away to Victoria Colliery at Newtongrange. To this day, after more than 40 years, no new purpose had been found for the old heritage site. Nevertheless, whatever the reason for the neglect of the town's coal mining heritage, almost every family in the Pans had coal mining connections and the Community Council which was traditionally closely involved with the town's Labour Club was determined at least to see a statue erected.

"It sounds as though the Summerlee mural might be able to act as some sort of rallying call to help the statue project along" William concluded.

"I think that's right" Jim agreed, "although the statue has been a dream for a very long while. The Summerlee Mural can probably help it along a bit. You know, that ability to find a peg to hang ideas on and then nudge them forward has been really significant in the Arts Festival's work here. They've an eye for it. They did it both for Fowler's Ales when they began brewing again at The Goth – got all the old family members together and began collecting memorabilia. And they've just recently done it for salt too – although for salt the initiative came from Newbattle Abbey's heritage officer rather than the Arts Festival."

* * *

William had heard Gordon mention some plans he'd had to start making salt again and they started to come back to him now. It

had been an ambitious notion that boutique sea salt, made in Scotland, could find a competitive market today – Gordon had said they were already doing it in Anglesey for Welsh Salt. Feasibility studies suggested that example could be copied. It was intended to be not only for extracting the salt for sale but also to provide a tourist attraction with a crystal palace out onto the Forth on a small pier to optimise access to good clean sea water. The Welsh sea salt makers also ran a Sea Zoo to attract tourists. But the investment required for the pier and operations had been well over £500,000 and market success was an unknown which would obviously take several years to achieve.

Nevertheless, small quantities of Prestonpans sea salt had been produced by science students at Preston Lodge School, Avril and The Goth's Chef and it had all been tested in Edinburgh and found to be 'clean and safe'. But that was as far as it had gone and the project had been shelved on cost grounds. Jim said he'd seen the samples which still had some impurities remaining since the necessary ox blood to purify it all and make it brilliant white had not been used.

"So what was the eventual peg for the salt?" William enquired.

"Simple" Jim replied. "Newbattle Abbey College wanted to re-enact the walk the Cistercian Monks regularly made from about 1189 when they were granted the lands at Prestoun Grange until the Reformation in the mid 16th century. They got a group of some forty students and local walkers together and simply walked their way down to the Pans looking for 'their' salt. The Arts Festival rose to the occasion and agreed it would have the salt ready for them, and worked with Preston Lodge School Chemistry Club, and The Goth's chef to get it prepared. They made some beautiful small sachet/ boxes to pack it in as a souvenir."

It had evidently been a great occasion all round not least because members of the McLeod family, the last owners of

Scotland's Salt Company based in Prestonpans that finally closed in the early 1970s, joined in. There'd been an educational side to it all too by having salt in its final stage of preparation with a very high salinity boiling away on beach barbecue stoves and visitors could see the crystals forming as it boiled further. Aural history and photographs had been collated from the family as well as former members of staff with the McLeods, and it looked as though it could become an annual event.

* * *

They'd finished their rabbit casserole well before Jim had finished telling these tales, but William could not resist observing how little salt anyone seemed to use these days on food. Clearly it was no longer necessary as a preservative as it had been in his day, but it no longer figured much as a condiment either. Jim agreed murmuring that it was supposedly good for one's health to limit salt intake – as long as it was not taken to extremes. William didn't discuss the matter further, not wishing to display his ignorance on the contemporary health issues Jim was alluding to. But he knew he'd missed salt's ability to lift flavour more than once since his return. He'd noticed in the kitchen at Eastern Lodge that Avril never used it at all.

"You've been picking my brains again" Jim concluded contentedly as they drank their coffees. "How far do you think you've got in understanding our history hereabouts then, and what have you still got on your list?"

William hadn't expected the question but the notes he had been keeping were always tucked in his jacket pocket so he pulled them out.

"Well, I've been making notes throughout" he said. "If you can give me a moment I'll tell you what I've got so far. And you can spot the holes."

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

As he read out aloud he surprised himself at just how much he'd unearthed – the Murals of course, Pardoning the 81 Witches, Cuthill Park restoration, the Global Murals Conference, the Lord Mayor of Gothenburg, the totem pole, Fowler's Ales, the Origins of Goths in Scotland, the Auld Fowler's HQ and Parliamentary Petition, the Tartans Act, Anne Taylor's involvement, Barons Days, the Pottery Exhibition, the Poet Laureate's work including McGonagall Nights, the publishing programme of books, Roy Pugh's three Witch plays – and now the Miner's Statue, the Salters' Walk and of course Barga's twinning on which Avril would hopefully provide more detail.

"That's quite awesome" Jim commented as William seemed to pause for breath. "I didn't know Gordon had anything to do with the Tartans Act although I did know he was involved early on with the Tartans Society. One thing you haven't touched on however is the Three Harbours Festival or of course the Battle of Prestonpans Heritage Trust. They'll take a lot of telling and you'll need Andrew Crummy perhaps for the Three Harbours although Gordon can tell you all you need to know on the Battle Trust. I can't think of anything else obvious at the moment but if I do I'll be letting you know."

William was most grateful once again to Jim for his willingness to help. They sat talking further of the history of the Royal Musselburgh itself until they'd both finished their coffees. Jim was first to leave, off for just a few holes he said. William must have sat quietly in his chair for another hour, just musing, imagining Sir George and Lady Susan here – the last of his entail that had wished to stay in the Pans – looking across the parkland to the Forth and to Fife just as they would have.

* * *

When he finally roused himself the walk back to Eastern Lodge took only five minutes. Avril was the only one there when he got home and she offered him a cup of tea as he sat down again in the garden. He gladly accepted and thought he'd take the opportunity of having Avril on her own to get her views of what Gordon had been up to in Scotland – as well as getting the inside story on the Barga twinning.

“My turn to be interrogated now is it,” Avril began.

“We come up to Scotland every month except December, and we've been doing that for more than ten years, let's say 110 times. Each journey with local goings and comings amounts to about 1000 miles, so we've driven 110,000 miles thus far. The biggest problem is that because we are here for a week or more every month our activities in Northamptonshire are constrained although Gordon does just manage to be Chairman of our Village Hall. But the compensations of the Pans are quite enormous. We have so many friends and acquaintances from the Arts Festival and the Battle Trust that it really is home from home. Then again we spend a great deal of time at The Goth, partly out of loyalty and because we're bound to meet friends there, but really because it's a divine spot and excellent food. Hardly ever eat anywhere else and we probably entertain there at least two out of five nights.

“We always notice it's colder here in the Pans of course, although it's only 350 miles further north than Northamptonshire. But shopping in Edinburgh is so much easier for me than getting to London or even Milton Keynes. And the shops are very good.

“So that's the living bit of being here for ten years. Scotland was a marvellous surprise for me, and for Gordon too I think. All he really knew was his ancestry and what his mother had told him about the place. We had no idea just how beautiful it is and how you don't have to get to the Highlands to enjoy the views and the

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

complete difference from south of the border. We've done the tours to the Highlands particularly with the National Trust for Scotland as a Patron with Richard Dalkeith and his team. And we know Invergordon well because of its murals – they're a murals town too and we went up to visit them and talk just before they started. And Gordon's brother Bryan is a Laird of Glencairn, one square foot of it, and we went with him to espy the ancient cairns there that gave it its name – just near Anstruther in fact.

“Here in the Pans I think it must be said that Gordon's efforts seem to have made some sort of a difference, although it's impossible to trace anything specific other than maybe restoring The Goth. Everything that's happened has been a team or a group effort. That's always been his way. One of the Festival's watchwords has been from the outset when the *Sunday Times Ecosse* ran a major feature on him, that 'The Baron's Not the Story'. The media want a personality we know, but the aim here is always to champion the community at large and give the credit where it's really due. He's always argued that this sort of project, to assist socioeconomic regeneration through the arts, requires individuals to get stuck in themselves. Anything approaching a dependency on what Gordon is personally about misses the point of it all. He, we, can't be here for ever. In fact we committed to ten years and that's already up so we shall be passing the baton and fading away really quite soon. So the measure of any success will be what is still rolling in five years time I suppose.”

* * *

William had listened without interruption to what Avril had to say. It sounded wholly appropriate and as though the advices he had offered them way back in 1997 had been broadly followed. He felt flattered and said so.

“You were leaning on an open door really with your advice William,” Avril responded. “I think he’s been acting true to his normal life pattern. I’ve seen him taking exactly the same approach when he was helping to build the business school faculties at Bradford and Cranfield, and even more so with his publishing enterprise and international management centres work around the world. It was always, always, a team approach.”

“Is that how the Barga twinning programme got underway then too” William asked, “with a team at work?”

“Not at all actually. We came in from the side of the scrum really. In rugby which Gordon adores that’s a penalty offence of course. We tackled it together, Gordon and I, more like the approach to the Lord Mayor of Goteborg when we set out to restore The Goth for the community. We got in our car and simply drove down to Barga, just the two of us, to find out what it was all about, to do a reconnaissance as Gordon always insists – part of his officer training in the Royal Air Force evidently. We’d never met John Bellany the artist who really triggered the links for us all, although we did know a bit about Tuscany because Gordon and I had worked there for several months a good few years before.

“We did however get the contact name of the town’s GP, Dott. Rino Simonetti, from the Provost before we left and took the Provost’s advice on a great spot to stay, Hotel Alpino, which is right in the town centre.

“It was a pleasant and leisurely drive we had through the Channel Tunnel, across France to Strasbourg, through Switzerland and into Italy at Lake Maggiore. Then after another night in Lucca we made it easily to Barga by the fourth day. I’m always charged with the navigating – I’ve adored it since being a child because it kept me sane taking interminable car trips to the seaside for holidays. And it’s a premium skill because Gordon always

wants to get off the main highways at least twice a day if only for coffee and lunch. It slows the journey of course but you see something more of the countryside as you search out continental cafes, and the Mairie place bistros are always a great treat for us.

“Enough of our pleasures in the journey though. Gordon was keen to see what real potential there was for non-school groups or parents + children to visit the twin town. Could artists or musicians for instance from the Pans travel over as groups and strengthen the ties. And last but not least, apart from the John Bellany linkage, what else was there that made Barga an appropriate twin.”

Avril went on to describe the extraordinary beauty of the town of Barga itself, from initial impressions as you first see it ahead of you on its mountain top and the antiquity of its buildings as you walk the narrow streets. All this she said was before you began to listen late into the night to the music in the square below the windows of the Hotel Alpino. The contrast with the architecturally monotonous housing, flat townscape and absence of night culture in the Pans could not be greater. In fact no comparisons were really possible at all. It was another world. Yet it was a world that knew Scotland very very well, announcing to all its visitors that it was the Most Scottish Town in Italy.

It transpired that in the early 20th century large numbers of migrants had travelled to Scotland selling religious statuettes and in due course becoming famous for opening fish and chip shops and ice cream parlours. In present times many a Scottish-Italian family send their children back to visit relatives in the area where they can also find vacation jobs as tour guides it transpired.

Just as soon as Avril and Gordon had arrived Roberto Castelvechhi, the Alpino's family hotelier, had let Rino Simonetti who was to play host know, and by nightfall they were seated and chatting in that town square where the music played late into the

night. A tour was arranged for the following day including the chance to see the work of *Villa Di Riposo Giovanni Pascoli* where John Bellany had donated twelve of his paintings and where local artist Fabrizio Gianni had spent his last days. That evening they were guests at dinner in a stunningly beautiful neighbouring conference resort.

Gordon had a back-home agenda to complete as well. In preparation for the coming formal twinning ceremony in the Pans which was to be held at The Goth, he needed the Barga flag to fly and he needed help with a polished translation into Italian of the forthcoming work of the Poet Laureate to celebrate that occasion. Rino Simonetti perhaps unwisely agreed to do the polishing, a task which Avril later learnt had taxed him and the Mayor of Barga no end. But the poetry request triggered a further excursion to visit the home of Giovanni Pascoli, Barga's own famous literary figure who had stayed just at the edge of the town. Whilst there they also learnt that Barga had for many years held a Jazz Festival each August which would surely be a golden opportunity for a further artistic link.

"We drove back through Liguria to southern France" Avril continued, "and up to the Channel, talking all the way of the relaxed hospitality we'd received, and looking forward to returning just some of that when the Barghese came to the Pans for the twinning ceremony. And come they did the following year, including the Mayor of Barga who we'd missed on our earlier visit there. He not only conducted the whole occasion with great bravura but also unearthed for quite a few of us a well kept Pans secret of those who gave their lives with the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War. The Mayor's father had fought there too. A special remembrance of those from the Pans was convened and the strains of The Internationale rang out for the first time in many a year. In fact one wondered when it had last been heard.

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

The miners' strikes in the early Thatcher years perhaps although both the pits at Prestongrange and Preston Links were long since closed by then."

* * *

The formal twinning ceremony at The Goth had involved flourishing signatures and the national and civic flags flew high. The Poet Laureate's Italian piece so carefully and kindly translated was duly delivered to everyone's delight. Most importantly of all for the Arts Festival was the attendance at the ceremony of John Bellany himself and the opportunity that gave for the germ of an idea for the next step – not just a continuance of the schools exchange programme which was to flourish in its own right, but the next step for the artists of the Pans.

It was decided that Gordon and Avril should again visit Barga privately to see what group accommodation could be booked, and how an artistic group visit could be scheduled. They had readily resolved to make their visit coincide with the August annual Jazz Festival so they could as a bonus get a flavour of that as well.

"The Jazz Festival," Avril continued, "was led that year by Kenny Wheeler, a Canadian trumpeter of international renown, who conducted Master Classes throughout the week building up to a final concert at its conclusion. It was an excellent design and clearly worked well, with the final concert to a packed hall and standing ovations. And the Hotel Alpino readily agreed to group accommodation rates. All that was needed was agreement on out of season timing for Easyjet flights to Pisa and an arts exchange could begin."

One of the arts group, Gillian Hart, took responsibility for gathering the group together, a mix of painters, photographers and musicians. The deal was that they paid their own way with a

small bursary each on their return if they presented an exhibition for all who had not gone to see and enjoy. That they readily did and everyone began to realise just how much potential there was waiting to happen.

They had of course enjoyed the Alpino and the musicians amongst them had joined the late night community beneath its windows. Word of the Scots in town quickly spread and the Mayor threw a dinner party for them all. More than that they discovered there was an official Scot-in-residence in the town for a year already, one Hamish Moore, who was a small pipe maker and accomplished musician. Before the group left to come home to the Pans they had begun discussions to seek to tempt him when he returned to settle in the Pans in the Belfield Pottery Workshops which the Festival had just leased opposite The Goth. And as if that was not enough of a great idea, they committed to returning with a host of colleagues to contribute to Hamish's Farewell Concert in Barga later that year. More than twenty made that second trip and as had been hopefully expected Hamish repaid the compliment. He is now to be seen making his exquisite small pipes at the Belfield Pottery Workshops and playing regularly in concert in the James Fewell Bar at The Goth.

“Even that's not the end of the Barga story though. We got a goodly crowd of them all together just a few weeks ago” Avril continued. “The Mayor who had made it all happen is reaching the end of his term of office and wanted to make not a farewell tour but a second reconnaissance himself in the Pans to see that the twinning arrangements were well grounded and likely to continue and grow. He made his visits of course to the schools and The Goth volunteered to host a lunch reception for him – informal but with all those who'd made that arts visit to Barga and of course Hamish Moore with pipes. It did the trick of reawakening a determination to plan the 'next' visits to Barga but

also to try to encourage visitors from Barga to come to the Pans as well – during the Three Harbours Festival each June perhaps. And there we all were singing The Internationale once again with the Mayor as instigator and chorus master. It was an extraordinary moment, for ever in the memory.”

“It sounds as though the Barga twinning can become a unique aspect of the arts initiative” William suggested. “The setting sounds idyllic and although I’ve never been to Tuscany myself Griseldine certainly did all those centuries ago. She’ll be glad to hear it’s blossomed the way it has.

“You also mentioned the Three Harbours Festival a moment ago Avril. Jim was telling me earlier over lunch that we should find out what that’s all about, but he thought Andrew Crummy the best one to ask.” Avril agreed with that advice, telling William that he was in for an exciting story there since it was a quite independent initiative that neither she nor Gordon had had anything to do with at all but which was all about community arts initiatives. It was going splendidly ahead from strength to strength.

She called Andrew there and then on his mobile phone to find when they could meet up and noon the following day at The Goth was agreed. Griseldine had arrived back from shopping at the Co-op just as the call was about to be made and insisted she be included as well.

* * *

Gordon was home by 5.30 that night, full of news about redecorations at The Goth and an initial meeting he had that morning with David Dorward, a local composer and occasional conductor of chamber music. He’d worked as Head of Music for the BBC in Scotland and composed amongst other pieces The

Aldhammer Suite to celebrate the Pans where he had chosen to retire. Aldhammer was an ancient name for the Pans well before the monks had come looking for salt, and was thought to refer to some early Norse settlers but there was little known justification for that. Apparently there was a chance that the suite could be performed in Prestongrange Church, which had outstanding acoustics and could accommodate at least 400. The Minister William had met in 1997 who was still in post was very much in favour, and the search for a volunteer string orchestra led by one of the town's own musicians, a double bass player, had now been successful.

The Goth's redecoration was perhaps a bit of a luxury but Gordon had always believed it must be maintained in pristine condition if it was to honour the traditions and its place in the town's history.

Once Gordon had shared his excitement and due note had been made of the chamber music initiative now confirmed with Philomusic of Edinburgh, the evening took on its now customary pattern. They sat beneath the eucalyptus tree in the garden and opened the rioja.

Griseldine's visit to the Co-op during the afternoon had ensured that stocks had been replenished. She'd also walked along to Cockenzie harbour and bought some fresh fish, none other than the whiting which she and William so fondly remembered from long ago at Lucky Vints. She planned to grill it lightly later in the evening and serve with a salad. She knew William had eaten at the Royal Musselburgh already and Gordon at The Goth but she and Avril had only had soup at lunchtime so she was confident it would be sufficient.

William sat reading *The Scotsman* which Griseldine had brought back. Avril and Griseldine got up to walk around the garden looking at the shrubs. Avril could be heard complaining of

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the moss in the lawn again. They'd had a big campaign the previous year to try to eradicate it when Gordon's bother Bryan had visited from Canada, and there had been some success. Bryan was acknowledged as the family's wisest gardener, having worked for a couple of years in a horticultural nursery in England after leaving school. But his results were no longer apparent.

* * *

Something in *The Scotsman* must have triggered a thought with William since out of the silence he startled Gordon with an abrupt enquiry.

"We've heard no end of good news about your arts initiatives Gordon, but what hasn't worked? What disasters have you had? I remember you said the whole murals programme arose from your failure to make Teaching Guides work for the town's history. What else has failed and were you later able to turn the situation to good effect as you did with those Guides?"

Gordon thought for a long while before responding in a considered tone: "Well, I think our greatest failure to date was our Music and Real Ale Festivals. We did three up at Meadowmill and each was successful as a music and real ale event – the Fowler's sold well as you'd expect. But they were all a financial disaster and we had to admit defeat. Good musicians cost in the region of £7,000 to £10,000 for a one hour performance. That's a massive front end expense. But when you next have to reward the warm up and local artists who play the remaining hours and you have to make all the necessary fencing and health and safety provisions on top, it adds up to the same amount again. And then there's the sales challenge. We learned the hard way that a pop concert needs some £25,000 risk money up front and to break even you need at least 2500 attendees. We never got above 1200 and that was for top act Eddie Reader.

“Incidentally, we also had the same difficulty with musicians in the James Fewell Bar at weekends where for two years we booked groups, but we could not recover their truly modest fees from additional sales. But there I’m pleased to say we’ve now at last found a way through ‘jam sessions’ so to speak with local volunteer artists to make good music as an important part of the arts festival. It’s still quite modest and it’s still early days, but it looks as though it can work in the longer run.”

“Oh, there was one other mad musical idea that failed too. One of the Scottish Barons we met early on who was a very great help with all aspects of the last sitting of our Baronial Courts, Ardgowan is his name, and he’s from Tulsa, USA. Well, in 1976 I happened to have done a sabbatical year’s teaching at Tulsa University so I took more than a passing interest in his background. His Scottish connections were very strong indeed from his grandfather who’d been Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in America in the 1920s when a great deal of discrimination went on against black folk. He’d stood out against the lynching of an innocent black youth in particular and Ardgowan had commissioned the world’s first bagpipe opera – not small pipes mind you – to commemorate his grandfather’s contribution at that time.

“It was an excellent work written by a fine Scottish piper who went on to be the first ever to gain his PhD in bagpipe music, who by chance was married to a Polish harpist. Well, in a fit of mad enthusiasm we agreed to seek to première the opera in the Pans. As with our pop music and real ale festivals however the costs went wild. In this case we gave up before we lost a fortune whereas we gave the pop and real ale concerts a good try before admitting defeat. But none of these setbacks ever persuaded us to give up on our efforts to have music alongside mural and other painting and poetry and theatre within our deliberate arts

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initiatives. We saw it as a must and that's now being accompanied by singing as we have seen with our remembering of Davy Steele and more besides.

“Our other major failures are really better described as works-in-progress that are taking an unconscionable time to reach any conclusion. And you've already heard both those stories – transforming the Auld Fowler's HQ into an arts hub and Fowler's Brewery once again, and the reinstatement of Cuthill Park as a key community resource. It's impossible at the moment to put odds on the chances that anything significant can ever be achieved in either of these directions during my stewardship of the barony hereabouts although some good old fashioned syndicalism at Cuthill Park is being consistently attempted with the fullest support of the Community Council.”

“As for the Auld Fowler's HQ, the confidence I felt at the outset is now almost totally gone. I would not be surprised to hear it's been demolished at any moment.”

* * *

Griseldine announced the whiting were being placed under the grill at this very moment and all further thought of failures and disappointments was set aside. Here William anticipated was a meal to savour. Gordon seemed to agree without being asked and immediately got a bottle of Western Australian Margaret River Semillon from the Wills' Domaine out of the fridge to go with them.

William guessed there must be a tale behind that one, what with Gordon's family name being Wills so without waiting for it to emerge somehow he broached the question: “Relatives of yours then?”

“It's a long story of murals, Japanese immigrants. Australia's

pearling industry and a former Tory party Treasurer. Let's wait till we've enjoyed the whiting before I tell it" Gordon replied. And they did wait.

The whiting were excellent. Griseldine had lost none of her skill at preparing them although she was the first to admit that she had seldom done it herself when she and William had lived at Prestoun Grange. Her experience had been acquired during the twenty or more years after William's death. They were accompanied not only by the promised salad but with some fresh French bread the Co-op had supplied. And of course the Semillon that washed it all down. As the second bottle followed the first William encouraged Gordon – or would it be Avril, to tell how the Wills' Domaine was traced and pearls as well. Avril took up the challenge.

"When Gordon taught at the University of Western Australia in 1980 our neighbours in the Perth suburbs of Gosnells were from an original settler family in that state which had landed at Margaret River. So although Gordon never made a visit there the two boys and I got the opportunity. We loved it and frequently told him so. Many years later, after his years as a University don were over, a call came from a small community there for help with their murals programme and since we were already in Bowen Queensland for their regional murals conference we decided to go the extra mile and see if we could help over in the west. I recall we had enough frequent flyer miles with Qantas to make Brisbane/ Perth/ Broome/ Perth and then on to New Zealand for yet more murals at Kati Kati and Foxton.

"The murals enquiry was from Bridgetown South Western Australia but our visit was sadly to no effect. The progenitor had given up from ill health, but the small community did have a well established Blues Festival every November and browsing around there I also spotted an advertisement for the Wills' Domaine.

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Next day we travelled to see its Visitor Centre which was sadly closed, so although actually visited, it was not until we got onto the internet back in Scotland that supplies began to flow. As well as the Semillon they have a very nice rosé. In fact I know we have one. I'll go and find it in a moment.

“But that was not the only good news from South Western Australia. We saw something we had so often read about in our bibles but never dreamt we'd see – white lilies growing wild in the fields.”

Gordon agreed. Those lilies had been absolutely fantastic. ‘Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them’. He took up the tale from Avril now with considerable zest about the next steps of the journey.

“I'd read an extraordinary novel by Di Morrissey, *Kimberley Sun*, a year before. It was all about the pearl industry in Broome and had been determined to get there if we could. We'd seen a great deal although of course not all of Australia over the 18 years we worked and lived there, but never the northwest which is both extremely hot and very dry. The aboriginal population still continue their traditional life style almost uninterrupted as they do across in Northern Territories. A web search showed that onetime Tory party Treasurer MacAlpine, who made a fortune in the UK construction industry, fell in love with Broome after his retirement and went to live there introducing a good number of services to the town.

His old home was now a boutique hotel so we checked in there and it was just as you would hope. Calm, cool, lush vegetation in a boiling climate. We hadn't reckoned on the town having quite a few murals as well, but it did. But most importantly for me and for Avril, who ended up with some small booty, was the intriguing pearl industry. It had started in the 1880s with Japanese migrants and was badly bombed would you believe by the Japanese in

World War II in 1942. The tours to the pearl fisheries and the brilliant raconteur who explained the farming processes to us were an inspiration to us both. It was then we'd reckoned we should and maybe could do something similar for our own salt industry and why not be ambitious and re-establish the Pandores oyster beds back in the Pans.

"Talking of failures William, as we were earlier, we have flirted with getting both those industries back into some sort of serious commercial action but have never found partners to join with us and make them a success. I suppose we've been well enough chastened by the rigours of the Fowler's microbrewery."

William was surprised by the last remark about Fowler's Ales. "I thought Fowler's was one of your big success stories, Gordon?"

"Yes, but also no," Gordon replied. "It will only be a success 'commercially' when we get a large enough brewing capacity to supply bottles as well as draught casks. And that can't be achieved at The Goth because we simply don't have the space to manoeuvre. Our major ambition at present remains to get brewing going at the Auld HQ where there would be enough space but if that is not to be, and as I said earlier it's always been impossible to suggest any odds or timescale there, then we need to find a joint venture partner who can carry it forward. We've done so much to get it back to life again, and Craig the brewer has done such a masterful job at brewing, that it would be a crime to let it slide."

"Here, here" cried Griseldine who had been listening quietly whilst taking advantage of the arrival of the rosé from the Wills' Domaine that Avril had found. "This is a good wine but it's no substitute for Fowler's."

They got to exploring what might be done to ensure Fowler's future success and as is so often the case as an evening wears on, the suggestions got more and more ambitious. It was clearly

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nearly time to turn in and conscientious as ever, Griseldine wondered if there was anything they needed to swot up about the Three Harbours Festival before they met Andrew the following day. Avril promised to dig out a couple of old programmes she had which she thought might be useful and that was felt to be sufficient. After all Andrew had been in on the ground floor so would know the whole story.

* * *

Andrew did indeed have the whole story to tell although he confessed that the period December/ March when the programme for the following June was being assembled was an exhausting time all round. But that was past for another year and many memories were once again salient in his mind.

The story had begun some five years ago with a visit by an Arts Festival group led by Eddie Anderson to Pittenweem, which has held an arts festival in its small village on the northern shores of the Forth for more than twenty years. Upwards of 20,000 visitors go in a good year across two weeks when the community opens its homes to exhibitions of every sort of art you can imagine. Not only local artists exhibit; others from far and wide take the opportunity. The Arts Festival visitors were truly impressed and quite simply concluded: 'We could do this in the Pans, Cockenzie and Port Seton so let's give it a go'.

Since each of the three towns has or had a small harbour they readily decided it should be named the Three Harbours Festival. The fact that Morrison's Haven had been in-filled some 50 years or more before was no cause for concern. In the very first year 1000 small paper boats were made by school children and floated in lights at night where that very Haven had been for hundreds of years – certainly William and Griseldine had no difficulty

remembering it. It had been an absolutely magical occasion with the parents and children in their hundreds turning up in the late evening to see them all illuminated.

At the other two harbours, where the tide still flowed and fishermen came and went with boat trips for the youngsters, the Boaties joined in with enthusiasm, including those who had long created model boats that they placed on exhibition.

In the fullness of time the traditions of the old miners and fishermen and potters that each town had held were resurrected and the Three Harbours Festival came to supplement those traditional celebrations. A new waterfront fish restaurant began to develop at Port Seton harbour.

The Three Harbours Festival was about a great deal more than the harbours themselves however. As they had seen in Pittenweem, the local arts community and retailers and community halls provided free exhibition space. The canteen at the great Cockszie Power Station became one of the finest galleries in the region. Its two giant chimneys were lit up in changing colours at night and visible from the Forth Bridge some 12 miles or more away.

“There are so many activities going on every year that it’s almost invidious to single any one thing out,” Andrew added, “but I will. Jasmin Little, the brilliant violinist agreed to come and play and her performances featured later on TV. She played at the base of one of the great Power Station chimneys and then late at night on a MusicBus that protected her from a downpour of rain although all her audience was drenched. Local churches have held open air services on the quayside at Port Seton. A leading local sculptor, Gardner Molloy, gave a brilliant lecture on gravestones.

“Gordon has also been involved in a literary symposium each year with local authors and we’ve had excellent music and choral events in marquees and halls and lectures at the Royal British

Legion and much much more. The most recent wild idea was a Sea Food Festival in a marquee with chefs showing us how to cook the widest range of sea foods and The Goth offering a fabulous fish menu all the while.”

Griseldine could see from the way Andrew spoke that the Three Harbours Festival was clearly an occasion for any and all artists to do as they please not to be organised beyond getting their activity or event or exhibition into the programme.

“It must be chaos much of the time” she suggested, but Andrew chose to disagree.

“Not really, in fact not at all. It’s an approach which Gordon and I and all our colleagues have often discussed but its strength is like the internet. Apart from the programme we produce there is no control approach. Artists en masse are beyond control anyway, but more than that the whole purpose is to allow all inclinations and enthusiasms to prosper. It takes some of those involved a while to get the hang of it as they look for guidance and support even direction. Of course we do assist, but only to get them to understand it’s their art and it’s their opportunity to share it.

“Gordon, as you will know, spent most of his life teaching managers how to learn for themselves rather than teaching them what he knew and the organisational theory implicit in that earlier work of his, andragogy it’s dubbed, is exactly how we operate. The buzz words are organic rather than mechanistic but I prefer his analogy with a spider plant.”

It was clear that The Three Harbours Festival was significantly different from the Prestoungrange Arts Festival in that its massive effort was focussed in just two weeks and it offered an excellent opportunity with footfalls in excess of 20,000 for artists to sell some of their works as well as simply enjoy the chance to exhibit and share. The Prestoungrange Arts Festival was a ‘continuing’ initiative all the while with arts classes and murals painting and

book launches and poetry recitals plus two regular highlight events in the annual Burriss Bursary Exhibitions and Awards on July 23rd that coincided with Gothenburg Day and the annual Witch Remembrance theatre each Hallowe'en. As such they complemented one another very well and many individuals were involved in them both.

Whilst Griseldine was fascinated at just how diverse the activities were that a local group of volunteer artists had been able to set in hand, William as was to be expected was most greatly impressed with the sheer scale of what had been achieved in just five years.

"Was there no fear it wouldn't work, that artists wouldn't come and exhibit or that not enough homes would be opened to the public as exhibition centres?" he wanted to know.

"I don't think fear would be a word we ever used or an emotion we had" Andrew replied. "We were totally confident, having seen Pittenweem, that it could be done. We were not just a small group hoping others would support us, we were part of a growing army of semi-professional and amateur artists looking to enjoy ourselves and we blithely assumed organisation would take care of itself. But we were a quite well balanced group – some wildly creative, others loving to help attend to details, and of course a cluster of self-publicists and marketers. We found people volunteering to do what they liked doing best and The Goth was always ready to act as a home base, always seeing itself as the artists see it, as their natural hub."

* * *

They were indeed talking together this very day at that self same Goth and it was so self-evidently the case that it was just such a hub. As they began wondering what they might have for lunch

two characters strolled past to swop a book at the Book Exchange shelf at the back of the James Fewell Bar. It had been in operation for nearly three years now with hundreds of books swopped there. Next to the shelf was an intriguing old notice taken from the early 20th century announcing the closure and sale of books from a local lending Library where a borrowing charge had been made. Today's free swopping pattern seemed a worthy successor.

One of those standing by the Book Exchange turned out to be none other than Peter MacKenzie, who Andrew was quick to introduce as 'the man responsible for initiating the current wave of interest in celebrating the town's great battle in 1745'. He was still involved but had lately been elected for the Scottish National Party to East Lothian Council as a local Prestonpans Councillor. He readily agreed that he'd be more than happy to take William and Griseldine on one of his famed Battlefield Walks in the coming days. "That" they both agreed with enthusiasm, "will be quite something" not least because they had of course been there. It was going to be great fun to see and hear what today's story tellers would make of it.

They glanced at one another just to make sure they didn't make any inappropriate comments. It still remained that nobody other than Gordon and Avril had the slightest inkling who William and Griseldine were or what they were trying to achieve. So far as the Pans was concerned they were James and Dina Stewart. All would only be revealed when their novel was published and their fantastic tale was certain even then to be treated as factitious rather than the definitive autobiography it would actually be.

The agreement as Peter left The Goth was that he'd take them all on his Walk the following Saturday which would be a good prelude to the annual re-enactments that were scheduled shortly afterwards. Gordon could be relied upon to fill in all the background before then. He'd already indicated it was the biggest

activity thus far of the attempts to honour the town's history but they'd not heard any details yet.

It was time for that lunch. Anne Taylor invited them to eat in the Willie Park Bistro and without a word brought on the Fowler's. She was looking happy and told them why without being asked.

"Looks like the Preston Lodge Rugby Club might be spending even more time next season with us here at The Goth. They're a great Scottish side as you probably know and play just up at the Pennypit. But they sold their old clubhouse off for housing development and haven't been able to settle anywhere new yet. They're always great fun and it's a game I know well from my own son's modest success at it. So it'll be something to look forward to all through the winter and it's of course good for business too. With them and the folk musicians we now see a great deal we stand a better chance of surviving the tough economic times ahead."

Gordon came across to where they were seated, looking delighted too at the prospect. He'd left them with Andrew to hear all about the Three Harbours Festival, but couldn't resist joining them for lunch. It tasted better than ever for them all and Anne came over to drink a coffee with them before they said their goodbyes to Andrew and made their way back to Eastern Lodge – passing the Summerlee Mural once again and seeing yet further detail as they went.

This time it was Griseldine's turn, and she remarked on the hay wagon Tom Ewing had included. On the way down that morning it had been William who looked carefully once again at the old Cuthill School which Sir George had built for the community just before his death. There must have been hundreds of ways his entail had honoured the principle of *noblesse oblige* across the three or more baronies but apart from the stories of Sir George's

widow Lady Susan, Robert's perceptions of how William and Griseldine had behaved, and Griseldine's own memories of Janet and her husband, there were really no records to be seen. Certainly they hadn't sought to use the arts to help build or foster the baronial community. It looked as though the effort had mainly sought to provide employment and some relief for the poor and sick – by today's standards such efforts stood no comparison yet they had presumably seemed right and just at the time.

What they were seeing today was the result of the ambition of Hutcheson and his followers for every individual in Scotland not just for the land owning and industrial aristocracy. Indeed they seemed to be virtually absent from any consideration at all and everything that Gordon was seeking to contribute as today's Baron hereabouts was only achievable on the basis of widespread consent. There was no scope for or interest in any remnant of baronial authority. In fact if Andrew was to be believed, and why should he not since he was clearly a close friend to Gordon, the dignity of Baron today was at its best 'theatre' and at its worst a tasteless joke. And that from the last man to be placed in the stocks in Scotland by his baronial lord, or was it maybe because of that.

* * *

That evening Gordon volunteered to tell the story of how the Arts Festival had eventually become so deeply involved with the commemoration of the Battle of Prestonpans way back in 1745. But Avril insisted they should all actually begin by making a visit to Culloden and urged that they travel up there the following day. Gordon accepted her logic without demur.

"A great place to start." Gordon agreed. "We launched the new

Battle Trust framework here in The Goth with a talk by Alexander Bennett from Culloden who has just last year finished spending some £12 million on a new Visitor Centre there. When he came here in May 2006 he was scathing at our backwardness in Prestonpans at telling the story of September 21st 1745. 'They do better than you each year in Derby' he had chided, with their annual re-enactment and they've got the only statue there to the Prince in the entire United Kingdom."

"We accepted the criticism on behalf of the Pans knowing that apart from the 250th Anniversary when a fine show was put on by the county council, and Peter MacKenzie's Walks since about 2000, we had indeed failed to make anything of it.

"So, we began to take ourselves seriously, some would definitely say too seriously, about it all. As a Fellow of the Royal Society for the Arts I was able to use their annual CoffeeHouse Challenge to get a group at The Goth discussing what might be done. We had the greatest of good fortune that a young architect who was already in the arts classes joined those discussions and agreed to act as conceptual rapporteur for the emerging ideas. We took those initial plans to an RSA Public Meeting at the National Trust for Scotland's Wemyss House in Edinburgh and grabbed media and national attention for them. But I'll say no more now. Let's all get to Culloden tomorrow as Avril's suggested, and you'll see what they've done there. You're going to love the journey. It'll be a long time since you made it any further north than the National Bus Museum where you saw the old Wiles bus."

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They left very early to get around the ring road and across the Forth Bridge before rush hour, which meant no breakfast until they reached Perth, but they were there before 9 am. It was a

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glorious day, the sky as blue as you could wish for, and Gordon took them all for breakfast in the same hotel, The Salutation, where the Prince had lodged early in September 1745. But the balance of the journey to Inverness was still several hours and they resolved not to linger too long. They made excellent progress with just one brief hold up and a light lunch stop and were in Inverness without any difficulty by 3pm. They booked into a small but very pleasant hotel overlooking the waters of the Ness River and spent the evening sightseeing in the town.

William remembered well that the Prince had blown up the castle in 1746 and its replacement, which was closed anyway, had apparently been built early in the 19th century. The town was extremely busy with many fine shops and restaurants to choose between and was obviously the administrative centre of the Highlands. However despite its attractions and opportunities for late night enjoyment after a good supper they resolved to be abed by 10 pm so they could get to Culloden first thing and not need to leave until the early afternoon for the journey back to the Pans.

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“It’s the letterbox in that old car park area that most fascinates me” Gordon began as they drove into the new parking area at Culloden.

“See it over there? It shows where the Visitor Centre used to be before the new developments took place to do much better justice to the field of battle. A leading Scottish battlefield archaeologist, Tony Pollard, carried out extensive field research here and was able to discover a more detailed and specific picture of the battlefield. He’s the same man who’s undertaking our studies at Prestonpans by the way and you might well meet him later.”

They went inside the new centre, an elegant low slung structure

that blended quietly into the heather and the gentle gradients that had been the field of battle. Only two shining chimneys from the kitchen areas destroyed the effect. Immediately inside was a book-cum-gift shop, a café area and public toilets. Apparently this is regarded as appropriate tourism management these days – it was not until one's entrance fee had been paid that one began to learn the history that was on offer. Gordon explained:

“The National Trust which manages the battle site resolved to tell the whole Jacobite tale from the overthrow of Charles I by Cromwell, through the subsequent overthrow of James II and VII by William and Mary and thus to the several uprisings most especially in 1715 and 1745 before it got to the battle at Culloden. And that battle was itself placed in the context of the whole of the fateful 1745/1746 campaign by Bonnie Prince Charlie.

“You'll know more than some of that tale William. As we pass around the interpretation boards let's see how it compares with your own memories and the explanations that Anne gave you.”

They spent a truly absorbing hour and more reading the boards and listening to a dialogue taken from Derby. There was a multiplex-style re-enactment to enjoy before arriving at a museum room. That contained a detailed battle scene on contoured boards and several artefacts such as cohorn mortars, Lochaber axes and muskets from the period. Avril and Griseldine spent most of their time in the museum absorbing the topographical relief map of the moorland just outside the centre where the battle was waged. They both commented that it was perhaps the most helpful aspect of all. It certainly gave them both a very clear focus as they emerged outside to stand on the ramparts of the centre overlooking the battlefield where flags stood across the actual moorland showing the armies' dispositions.

“We must walk out onto the heather” Griseldine insisted. “I want to listen and hear the sound of battle in my mind just as we

heard those cries in the multiplex re-enactment inside. Can we wander around as we wish?”

“Very much so” Gordon replied. “and there are stone markers here and there for clan positions.”

They all walked in silence, each with their own private thoughts. William thought much of Anne but did not say so. She had been close by as Cumberland’s redcoats had secured victory and conducted their merciless pursuit of the Highlanders. They spent another hour before making their way back to the café in time for a snack meal and to share their thoughts. William was the first to speak:

“I tried to connect my memories with this moorland scene and with the history I was told here on all the interpretation boards and so forth, but I couldn’t do it. Whilst I believe the architecture of the centre is beautifully conceived to give no interruption to the experience I find the story of Culloden itself is lost in the sheer volume of other information provided on every aspect of Jacobite history from Charles I.”

“What would you have provided then, to tell the story more powerfully” Avril wanted to know.

“Well my initial impressions, which of course may not hold up later, are that I’d have rather been immersed in the Battle itself first, and then have it explained how it came about. And that explanation would certainly not have gone as far back as the origins of the Jacobite disaffections with Cromwell, William and Mary or the Hanoverian Kings.”

“In fairness surely though” Gordon interjected, “Culloden was the concluding battle for the Jacobite cause. Never again would the Highlanders rise up to seek the restoration of the Stuarts. It was game over, and a game that began way back when Charles I lost his head and Cromwell imposed his will on Scotland after he won at Dunbar in 1650.”

William conceded it was a hard choice to make, but argued:

“Surely the typical visitor is here for an hour or so. We saw several coach parties arriving and few spent more time than that here and half of that was in the café and the bookshop. What does the National Trust expect such a visitor as that to gain in an hour? They're also probably the least well informed before they arrive. Those of us wishing to spend half a day as we have, or longer, are probably far better informed before we come and much of what we hear or see will be repetitious. In my view the battle itself should be the salient aspect of the visit and the interpretation. Perhaps the build up and aftermath information could be housed in a separate hall?”

Griseldine agreed with William. “Surely the design of the centre needs to accept that visitors come with a range of interests and cater appropriately for each. For some it's one more stop on a Highland tour. For others it's a life's ambition to see where their forefathers stood and perhaps fell. For students of the whole Jacobite enterprise after Cromwell, or certainly after James II and VII fled, there's a need for the comprehensive treatment we've seen today.”

Gordon and Avril nodded as the others spoke. They had visited Culloden shortly after the new centre had opened, not to be critical per se but to critically appraise what had been essayed and to seek some understanding of what might be created in Prestonpans. They had come away convinced that it was not the job of any Prestonpans historical interpretation to tell the Jacobite story writ large or even the totality of the 1745/1746 uprising that ended at Culloden. Prestonpans should tell of the campaign of a young man who set sail from St Nazaire to Eriskay, who raised his standard at Glenfinnan, and marched full of ambition to Edinburgh and victory over Cope at Prestonpans. It was a story of youthful ambition, full of hope and crowned with victory. It

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

inspired wiser heads than the young Prince's to leave their lands knowing they could be forfeit their lands and risk their lives for what they saw as a just cause.

“Frankly” Gordon added as they finished, “we reached similar conclusions to yours. We believe we should keep a strictly limited focus at Prestonpans. What we saw as the key message from the campaign to that point was ‘Hope and Ambition leading a young man to Victory’. That message is as relevant today as it was then. As well as telling the Prince's story up to his Victory at Prestonpans we should ask each visitor, especially the youngsters we attract, what are their hopes and ambitions and how can they ensure their victory. To make that work, to be a world class attraction, we needed to create a very powerful magnet indeed at our centre, and that should be how we tell of the Prince's Victory.”

“Sounds Ambitious” William said in jest with Avril just as quick to respond: “Yes, but we're Hopeful!” They laughed, finishing their meal with black coffees all round and shared treacle flapjack which Griseldine insisted on. Said it reminded her of her mother. Gordon said it reminded him of his next door neighbour Mrs Martin during the London Blitz in World War II which Avril readily understood but the other two looked blank. Only the briefest of explanations was offered on that score. So far as William and Griseldine had been aware there were Prussian and indeed Hanoverian states but no Bismark-united ‘German’ nation to wage and eventually lose a worldwide war not once but twice within the first half of the 20th century.

* * *

The journey back to Eastern Lodge was likely to be slow but they made better progress than expected. With a short stop for some tea they were home by 7 pm. It had been a long two day excursion

so they made their own supper and sat watching TV until after the 10 o'clock News and its following weather forecast. As they fell into bed that night William and Griseldine could not help but agree it had been an education to visit Culloden which it was clear Avril and Gordon wanted them to have before they learnt what was being attempted in the Pans. And there was Peter MacKenzie's Walk to come on Saturday. The weather forecast had promised sunshine all week.

* * *

When William and Griseldine awoke next morning they heard the sound of Gordon making off in considerable haste – and Avril shouting 'Gook luck'. When they got to the hallway she had a very long face.

"It's all sounding rather tragic" Avril began. "Gordon just got a call telling him that Nicholson's of Glasgow are on site at the Auld Fowler's HQ with the ominous words Demolition in a smart decal on the side of their van, and a large crane with giant claws has just arrived too. He's gone down to see what on earth is going on."

"Is there anything we can do to help, or you for that matter," Griseldine wanted to know. "Why not get down there to see what you can do to help? We'll be alright here on our own. You simply can't let them demolish the place. It's got so much of the town's history in it and it's a rather fine piece of architecture too."

Avril needed no second bidding and grabbing her coat made a swift exit. She'd have to walk but who cared.

This was precisely what Gordon and the whole group seeking to protect the Auld Fowler's HQ had feared would happen. Lidl and their putative developer for the site had for months been trailing the notion of low cost flats being built on the site. But

they had not yet been debated at the Planning Committee nor had the Community Council been consulted for its views. However, knowing how such matters are all too frequently carried along the Arts Festival had attempted to arrange first refusal on the building and lands by a unique Scottish procedure known as the Community Right to Buy. An application had been lodged by 10% of the town's adults but it had been procedurally thwarted by Lidl giving an Option to Buy if planning consent was achieved. It was all legal legerdemain but within the rules as they say, so everyone involved had their alibi. The fact that appeals were still in process, that the Petitions Committee at Holyrood was still discussing the matter, and that there was universal opposition across the community to demolition, were of no avail. The practical reality was that they could demolish it without further ado.

By the time Avril joined Gordon and the Arts Festival members at the site it was already too late. The crane's claws were tearing the artdeco building apart. The PR Department of Lidl's was issuing disingenuous statements about subsidence from old mining, that drugies and squatters had been using the premises and that they had done the Pans a favour under health and safety provisions by knocking it down.

Tears were flowing but two clear heads managed to rescue the Mercat Cross flooring panel and the wrought iron hops motif gate as the claws swung back and forth, tearing at the iron girders which had braced the building for more than 50 years. Of the art deco furnishings or tile work nothing remained beneath the devastation.

Andrew Crummy was there of course, and artist Tom Ewing who had led the Community Right to Buy and was a Community Councillor. Over and above the outrage and the sadness at Lidl's deliberate provocation was anger at all those from Historic

Scotland and the Minister of Culture responsible, at East Lothian Council officers and the elected Councillors who had let the community down. Not one of whom showed their face as the town's history was destroyed before their eyes.

"They just don't get it, do they?" was the statement on everyone's lips. "We've spent the past 10 years honouring history here through the arts and continuing the rebuilding of our community's morale, hopes and ambitions. It's been a process that no fewer than three successive Ministers of Culture have come to the town to commend, even on occasions to hold up as a role model. And when those self same office holders are actually asked do something themselves, to stick their necks out, to speak up and say "We support you," they are nowhere to be seen. And when you have them quietly to one side they murmur comforting phrases like 'politics is the art of the possible' or 'so sorry to see that you lost the fight'. 'Possible' as all artists know is limited only by ones creativity and imagination.

Amongst all the sadness, however, there was a steely determination. We might have lost Auld Fowler's HQ here in the Pans but the process by which it had come about must be put under the spot light. No other local communities across Scotland should be subjected to such arrogance of the bureaucracy. A Formal Complaint had already been lodged with Scotland's Public Services Ombudsman the previous week on top of the Petition already before the parliament. And if that failed an 'independent' commission of inquiry would be established by the Arts Festival. There were important generalisations about administrative law to be educed.

Community Councillor Tom Ewing was already on the phone ensuring that an emergency meeting of that council was convened. The community was adamant it was going to have its say on what happened next on the site. It was the town's eastern

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

gateway and what came next had better be something the community could be proud of. The rumour that entrance to the town should be announced with Scotland's Cheapest Housing was most unlikely to be the message anyone wished to parade. Least of all to see it appearing next to the proud announcement Twinned with Barga in Tuscany.

* * *

The Community Council met two days later, fittingly at The Goth. There was an example of what might have been if only . . . and it was attended by one politician who had made a consistent point of publicly supporting the Auld Fowler's HQ – the local member of the Scottish Parliament, Iain Gray. He was quite unequivocal. It had been an outrage to demolish and what came next needed to be a worthy gateway.

"Anne would be pleased," reflected William when Gordon told him of Iain Gray's continuing support as they sat quietly in the evening under the eucalyptus.

"And I suppose the local press can be relied upon to cover the community's outrage and determination, and the now familiar apologia from Lidl."

"They certainly can" Gordon replied. "We have no complaint against them at all. They've given us a very fair hearing throughout. No, my concern now is in just how far we all should go in seeking to get matters we see as wrongly done put to right for others who will come along later on. Small communities like ours are all too often overwhelmed by national quangos with their mean gooders and do gooders replete with the arrogance of their bureaucracies. We are already getting whispers that we should now gracefully shut up. Let it go. Move on."

"Well, that's the normal political approach" William

acknowledged. "After all politics is all too often seen as the art of compromise and the possible. But I must confess I thought your very *raison d'être* here in a post feudal world was to stay with local community issues in just the way we did as feudal lords in our heyday."

"Indeed it is," Gordon accepted. "But the siren voices remind me that almost precisely the same cast of politicians, quango and local government officers we are confronting on this matter will be there waiting for us as we advance our case for the Battle of Prestonpans commemoration. They are the same individuals holding the same offices who will sit in judgment yet again on what we aspire to do."

"What advice can you give? Are there some eternal truths that were with you and will work for us today?"

William laughed out loud. "Where should I begin? How about the execution of James Stewart for the Appin Murder, or the proscription of the tartan and pipes, and the removal of most of my own baronial and Clan Chiefs powers in 1746 when I was Lord Advocate? Duncan Forbes counselled that proscribing tartan was ludicrous. It would simply become a badge of honour as it has."

"I did indeed go along at the time with what I saw as the relatively trivial and spiteful because I hoped that would give me credibility and influence of much bigger matters. I was able to see Archibald Stewart acquitted but there was alas no chance of that with the trial of James Stewart as Argyll took his brutal revenge. Stevenson correctly captured my thinking in *Catriona* when I argued with Balfour that it was for Scotland an unavoidable necessity to try and execute someone significant for the Appin murder."

"So your advice," Gordon sought to summarise, "is that 'maybe' a trade off will come by letting matters rest now."

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

“Not so. My experience ultimately led me to the conclusion that the truth lies in seeing each event as unique. Don’t fight them all of course. Choose what you wish to fight for and then be known throughout as a clear headed, objective non-vindictive fighter. Don’t make it personal. Don’t be malicious.

“From what you have told me the demolition of the Auld Fowler’s HQ was done by the rule book all the way through. But those rules gave the wrong result for just about everyone, even Lidl may well come to rue the day. Stay with that. The rules have made fools of just about every player in the cast. It is the rules that need changing. I think you are right to have asked the Ombudsman to take a careful look and if he declines, to establish an ‘independent’ inquiry. If the rules truly are ‘not fit for purpose’ as I believe you say these days, it is in everyone’s interest that they are changed.”

They both sat in silence for several minutes which Gordon eventually broke: “There’s pause for a lot more thought there William. I really am truly grateful for that. But aren’t you getting cold out here. I know I am.”

“Yes, let’s go in” concluded William. “But remember it’s Saturday tomorrow and we’re off walking that battlefield you’re so keen to conserve and interpret along with Councillor Peter MacKenzie. Be sure not to mention Auld Fowler’s HQ to him. Just see how it all unfolds in the weeks ahead. Let the Community Council make the running but don’t whatever you do forget them.”

* * *

Peter met them at the Tranent Jet Petrol station which was actually just a short walk from Eastern Lodge past the railway station and Gardiner’s obelisk at Bankton House then up the road now dubbed Johnnie Cope’s Way – the route his dragoons had

taken away from the battle scene. As William gazed down on the battlefield that Peter described his memories came flooding back – the hundreds of wounded not only cared for at Bankton House but at Dolphinstoun Farm and Prestoun Grange too, and his encounter with Cameron as he rode back from Wintoun.

It was a fine day just as it had been in 1745 although by the time of today's rendezvous with Peter at 11 am the battle was all over, the dragoons had fled and Cope with them. Just the cries of the wounded and redcoat prisoners everywhere to be seen.

Peter explained from the very spot where the Prince first looked down on the marshy ground just how he had arrived from Edinburgh. They could see where the Prince had posted just a few hundred Highlanders between Dolphinstoun Loch and Pinkie Cleugh to prevent Cope marching towards the capital the Highlanders had just vacated. Then they all boarded the small bus in the Wiles bus livery that took them to Tranent churchyard to see where the first skirmish had taken place. As they went they got the story of how a Wiles bus came to be back on the road too. It was of course one more aspect of deploying history by the Arts Festival when a small minibus had been needed and it had given no end of fun to local Panners who recalled its livery.

When they got to Tranent churchyard Peter told the story of that first skirmish when a government cannon had fired on the Camerons who had ill advisedly been posted there (by Sullivan) against Lochiel's wishes. They'd made a very hasty withdrawal .

Peter also took the opportunity to point out the Manse where Gardiner had died, where William had himself visited him after the battle on September 21st. It looked somewhat changed from William's memory but the outbuildings were familiar. And there was informed speculation from Peter as to where Gardiner had been buried since his gravestone had been lost when the church itself had been rebuilt some 50 years after the battle.

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

Neither William nor Griseldine disclosed any hint of their great knowledge neither did they attempt to contradict an odd detail here or there which they felt might not be quite correct. The overall story telling was magnificent and full of excitement and dedication. Peter was living the tale as he told it and not too far from the truth as they knew to be.

Next stop was the Waggonway which runs directly across the old field of battle. There was nothing to be seen of the Waggonway itself but its line still remained across the land as a footpath and Peter was able to indicate just where the Highland clans and redcoat regiments had fought one another at dawn. To the east, the fields across which the Highlanders made their charge after passing along the Riggonhead Defile were still cultivated by a local farmer and to a considerable degree to the west as well. But to the west there were overhead power cables as well and, Peter reported, underground cables in the fields. And a rail track ran through a deep cutting where the Camerons must have charged the government cannons.

Away in the far distance to the west was modern housing on what William and Griseldine remembered as the grounds of Preston House.

The area was peaceful and interrupted only by two walkers coming up the Waggonway from the north holding a small map in their hand. They hadn't known Peter was leading his Walk and were using his small Guide booklet to take themselves around the scene. Peter invited them to join and they were clearly appreciative of that. And when they all moved off to see Gardiner's obelisk back by Bankton House the walkers came too.

"We're family friends of Shona and Julie Robertson" they had explained, "the sisters who helped a year or so ago to restore one of the lion's paws on the Gardiner obelisk. A local stone mason Gardner Molloy had done the work.

A Baron's Tale

“Their father’s clan had of course been there at the battle, and he had always been such a keen Jacobite supporter that they thought it would be a fitting memorial for their father,” they added. Peter hadn’t known that detail and thanked them for the additional tale, explaining that visitors on his walks always loved to hear such stories particularly since it showed the significance the local community still felt today about ‘their’ battle. After all, the local community are surely stewards of its remembrance for the whole Scottish nation.

It was clear when they all finally got to the obelisk that there was considerable scope for more tender loving care by the community in future. It had been erected by public subscription in 1853 which Peter suggested was almost certainly the result of a wave of international interest in the battle after Walter Scott’s great novel *Waverley* was published. There was only a little graffiti on the stone work but the chain railings, their posts and grass surrounds were totally neglected. The inscription, echoing the myths that had grown up around Gardiner over the past centuries, read

COLONEL GARDINER

A Faithful Man and Feared God above Many

*His valour, his high scorn of death
To fames proud need no impulse ow’d
His was a pure unsullied zeal for Britain and for God
He fell, he died, Th’ axalting for
Trode careless o’er his nobel clay
Yet not in vain our champion fought
In that disastrous fray.*

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

*The neighbourhood alike hallowed by his life
And renowned by his death
Gratefully accepts the guardianship of his memory*

“Quite flattering as a tribute” Griseldine whispered to William. “Not quite as we remember him, but he had the good fortune to be slain on his own doorstep I suppose which must have helped the myth develop over the centuries.” Then turning to Peter she asked:

“Whereabouts was the thorn tree that Gardiner was wounded under Peter? I seem to recall a great deal has been made of that.”

“Certainly” he replied. “The tree was finally cut down in the early 1930s and pieces of it were sent to museums in Edinburgh and Inverness. But you’ll be delighted I am sure to know that our own local Battle Trust recently received a most generous gift of a small part of the tree dated 1931 that it regularly places on display at The Goth. The precise original location was carefully plotted with compass bearings in 1931. It’s recorded by the East Lothian Society of Antiquarians whose President, the Earl of Wemyss and March, actually owned the tree itself because it stood on his lands.”

Peter continued without pausing for breath pointing out just how carefully Bankton House had been restored in the late 20th century. The harling and its colouring he claimed were authentic although Griseldine privately begged to differ. But it was certainly a most impressive re-creation. The original house they used to visit they were told had been burnt down not once but twice and greatly abused in the early 20th century by the coal miners.

They had all just agreed what a pleasant and peaceful setting Bankton House had now regained when two high speed trains thundered past only 20 feet from the obelisk, heading Peter said for London to the east and Edinburgh to the west. They were

followed three minutes later by a an endless sequence of coal wagons on the way to Cockenzie Power station across the old battlefield itself. Perhaps not as peaceful as had appeared at first sight.

As they walked back across the paddock to the Wiles bus in the driveway to the house they looked north to a landscape full of memories with Preston Tower and across the Forth to Fife. Peter explained how the dragoons had assembled in this very paddock after they fled the field of battle before climbing the hill to Tranent and away eventually to Berwick.

Before bidding them all farewell Peter concluded by emphasising just how significant the stunning nine minute victory at Prestonpans had been. The Prince's campaign might in the end have failed but at this moment, hope and ambition were very high indeed. The Prince believed the Highlanders to be invincible. A local poet, Adam Skirving, was quick to write a parody of Cope's performance on the day which survives to this day as reveille in the army – *Hey Johnnie Cope are you waukin yet?* In London a month later when the words of a national anthem in praise of the Hanoverian King George II were published they even included an injunction to Field Marshall Wade to 'crush rebellious Scots'.

* * *

William and Griseldine now felt well prepared to hear from Gordon and Avril and their fellow Trustees just exactly what had been done and was still hoped for to make proper commemoration and interpretation of the battle. They'd been to Culloden and walked the walk. As they settled once again into their chairs in the garden at Eastern Lodge it must be said their curiosity had been well aroused.

“So” Gordon began, “we decided to recruit as many Clan Chiefs and Representatives of Hanoverian regimental commanders as possible to a Committee of High Patronage, and we had good success. A dozen joined as did Brian Cox a well known Scottish film actor who had played period pieces. Then the core group of Peter, the former East Lothian Provost Pat O’Brien and I set to work to get a group of Trustees together. The Lord Lieutenant gladly joined, Sir Garth Morrison, Pauline Jaffray the Editor of *East Lothian Life*, the retiring Director of Culture from Edinburgh Herbert Coutts, local architect Gareth Bryn-Jones, the then Chairman of the Residents’ Association at Bankton House, Richard MacKenzie, a local landowner Michael Scott and as Executive Director Kris Cunningham. Kris has had a long career in the arts and PR.

“We’re a motley but a nicely balanced crew with plenty of old wisdom as well as enough get out and go. Together we debated what could be done and we concluded, firstly, that we wanted to build on all that had gone before. We were not going to get involved in criticising what others had done. Most significant of all, however, we wanted to develop what we called a ‘Dream’ of how the old coal bing with its battle interpretation plates at the top could be developed. We believed it could become a major living history interpretation centre for tens of thousands of visitors which would bring new jobs and new prosperity to the Pans. We asked our architectural Trustee Gareth Bryn-Jones to create the vision, an image of what might be, that would capture the public imagination and media interest.

“The next thing we did was to visit the Heritage Lottery officers in Edinburgh to float our big idea, to get from them as one of the potential funders eventually, their frank advice. They gave us hard headed and direct advice.

“The competition for funding is fierce” they said. ‘If you want

national support from ourselves or any other major donor you have to do at least two things very well indeed even to get onto the short list: [i] involve the whole community as much as you can; and [ii] develop and maintain momentum for the campaign. If you achieve those things, all you then need is a quite brilliant proposal for us to consider.”

The advice had not been unexpected but it certainly gave the Trustees focus. Gordon described how that advice had become the driver for the activities undertaken since 2006. But the Trustees also had an overarching notion of their own to explore first.

“We didn’t want to go any further with the big idea of a living history interpretation centre unless it could be commercially viable. By that we meant, assuming we could raise the initial capital expenditure of say £10 to £12 millions, could the centre sustain itself thereafter as a going concern with good visitor numbers and extensive use. We asked around in government circles which tourism assessors had the best reputations and one in particular came high on the list – RGA. So we invited their CEO Max Gaunt to take a long hard look at whether or not a major facility at Prestonpans could attract a large number of visitors and be self sustaining. To their confessed surprise but not to ours they concluded that it was possible. An imaginative facility, taking the themes of Hope Ambition and Victory, could realistically expect to achieve self sustaining levels of commercial activity with 80/100,000 visitors each year.”

“Surely” William asked, “that was not enough of a basis to ask for funding? You’d need a great deal more detail to gain funding let alone meeting the challenges of community involvement and momentum.”

Gordon agreed, and went on to describe how a strategy had gradually emerged that was dubbed the jigsaw strategy. Yes, an imaginative facility was the goal but in order to win support a

range of community involving, high profile activities needed to be undertaken. And above all else the seriousness of the Trust's intent needed to be underlined.

As fortune would have it, as soon as the news that the Trust had been established was out, Tony Pollard, one of Scotland's leading battlefield archeologist from Glasgow University, was in touch offering to help. An application to the Heritage Lottery for a small £30,000 grant was submitted that enabled him to do a comprehensive survey of the battlefield for the Trust. At the same time markers were placed on the Waggonway and a national Symposium on how best to interpret battlefields was conducted. Additional Battlefield Guides, with support from the Scottish Arts Council, were also trained to supplement Peter MacKenzie. Tony Pollard's work in particular involved a range of local youngsters in the fieldwork with metal detectors and visits to schools were arranged. A separate project altogether to interpret the Waggonway as Britain's first gravity railway was initiated with support from Scottish Coal and Power and East Lothian Council.

Another very significant project to ensure and communicate the serious content of the campaign was the creation of the Trust's website which has across four years now gathered a large number of archival records and continuously told supporters of the activities and developments as they occur.

"Perhaps the most obviously spectacular of all the Trust's activities has been the annual re-enactments" Avril added. "They've attracted hundreds of members of the community each September and involved an ever increasing number of local re-enactors – in our Alan Breck Regiment. But they were only really possible because of the generous support of visiting re-enactors – members of the Glenbuckets, the 77th Montgomeries from as far away as the Czech Republic and Lace Wars. They all showed us how and our local regiment was led by Colonel Martin Margulies

and Adam Watters. Martin is a US lawyer with a holiday home on South Uist close by Eriskay who has written the definitive book on the battle of Prestonpans published just as the Trust's work had begun. Adam is a lifelong re-enactor on the Royal Mile in Edinburgh who stays in the Pans and he's been an ardent supporter from the outset."

"How on earth did you get such a massive event organised so quickly" Griseldine wanted to know.

"Pure luck, and a lot of very hard work – much of the planning being done by my longstanding colleague Sylvia Burgess" replied Gordon.

"In our first year as trustees we all climbed and stood at the top of the bing on the 21st September hoping for inspiration. It arrived. A young man about the same age as the Prince had climbed the bing too and introduced himself as from Derby's Charles Edward Stuart Society. You'll remember we'd already been chided for by the National Trust for making less effort to honour the Prince's victory than Derby did. So we asked him about their activities. Casually he informed us that he usually role played the Prince there.

"We recruited him on the spot to be our Prince as well, and he's been just that ever since appearing on countless occasions in the finest uniforms tailored by his mother in Derby.

"Our Prince, Arran Johnston, was able to put us speedily in touch with all the other re-enactor groups who contribute their services gratis, as long as they can camp in a tent or town hall and we then gladly provide their rations. The year before last we took all our visitors to the Palace of Holyroodhouse on a private tour followed by dinner in its Conservatory. It was there indeed that the Prince issued his Warrant to raise the Alan Breck Prestonpans Volunteer Regiment.

"Our regiment clearly needed its own Pipes and Drums and we were delighted when the Royal British Legion Band in the Pans, a

group of nationally recognised musicians, agreed to accept our colours and lead our parades.”

“Did you ever go to Derby to see what they do each year?” William asked.

“We certainly did. We go every year because it’s a great networking opportunity – it’s held on the appropriate anniversary in the first week of December – to review with them all what we hope to do the following September.

“They do a fine re-enactment each year at Swarkeston Bridge on the Trent and in central Derby. And on the first year we took ourselves off to the Exeter Room where the Prince had lost the support of the Clan Chiefs in Council and turned back for the winter. We boldly reconvened his Council and resolutely voted to keep going.”

“What about the BattleBus I’ve seen hither and thither this past week. How does that fit in,” asked Griseldine? “It’s clearly a visible publicity getter but where did it come from?”

“Well that was an idea our Trustee Kristine Cunningham developed. We wanted to have something more than just the plaques at the top of the bing, at least in the summer months. We were fortunate enough that our Trustee Malcolm Scott could lay his hands on a Portakabin which we kitted out with boards and the like and opened it on summer weekends. And we put a big flag pole up on the top of the bing to fly the Prince’s battle flag.

“The flag attracted plenty of attention although it wears apart quickly in the strong winds up there. The Portakabin was very popular too, especially an old relief map of the battlefield made in 1995 for the 250th anniversary. But the truth was it only got visitors on a limited number of occasions and they had to beat a path to our door there. So, when we evaluated the centre after year one, and the Portakabin had gone back, we thought: Why

not a mobile centre? And after just a brief search Kristine found a second hand Mobile Library which we converted very easily and which can of course drive to wherever we wish it to go, as long as we can find a driver for a 7.5 tons vehicle that is.”

Griseldine remembered how they had been attracted to the topographical map at Culloden. “You said the Portakabin had the 1995 topographical map of the battlefield. Have you been able to get that into the mobile centre too?” she asked.

“Alas no” Gordon replied. “There’s not enough space and it takes a good bit of vibration as we drive. But something else quite extraordinary has emerged instead which goes way beyond.” And he went on to describe the work which Gordon Veitch and his team had put into the Prestonpans BattleGame.

“Purely by chance Anne Taylor mentioned one day that tucked away in a youngsters’ Games Shop in Haddington was a twice European Champion Battle Gamer. It seemed too good an opportunity to miss and within months Gordon Veitch was at work creating a 10’ x 8’ topographical board of the battlefield, all to scale with the local buildings including Bankton and Preston Houses and the right numerical strength on each side. The rules of engagement were written and battle could commence.

“Most fascinating to us was that on the roll of the dice Johnnie Cope could win and the Prince could be defeated. But there was no intention it should be just one more game. It was accompanied by a comprehensive manual on the battle itself and with the skill and knowledge of Gordon Veitch an annual competition has been instituted with all the youngsters and older gamers invited to fight the battle. Along with the BattleBus itself, the BattleGame is designed as an educational tool for schools as well as being fun.”

William wanted to know whether this was what the jigsaw strategy had all been about and Gordon agreed it was, whilst

confessing it was also greatly opportunistic. It was absolutely clear that such initiatives and activities were involving the community and at the same time keeping up the momentum – those two precursor elements identified by the officers at the Heritage Lottery earlier. They might not be enough but they certainly felt to be in the right direction. The Trust was arriving at a balanced pattern of enjoyable and educational involvement of the community at large, both young and old.

“Didn’t you get accusations that you were raising your own private army when the Alan Breck Regiment was established?” Griseldine asked mischievously. “I remember all the difficulties Archibald Stewart had as Lord Provost in 1745, or said he had, awaiting permission to raise a militia to defend Edinburgh against the Prince.”

“Funnily enough we did, but I think it was said in jest. But of course we did have the Prince’s Warrant from the Palace of Holyroodhouse. What more did we need? Though I think there was more interest actually in why we called it Alan Breck and how we convinced a US human rights lawyer to become the Colonel-in-Chief.”

“You’ll recall,” Avril added, “that Alan Breck was a major character in Stevenson’s *Kidnapped*. And by the way we have the dvd to show you later tonight of both that book and its sequel *Catriona*. It’s the BBC TV version. Your daughters figure too but I’m afraid you’re not included Griseldine. ‘Twas ever thus eh.” She nodded as Avril continued:

“The point about Breck was that Stevenson had him changing sides at the Battle of Prestonpans so we felt here in the Pans he was an ideal role model. The members of the local Regiment could be either redcoats or Highlanders, or just onlookers – ‘gongoozlers’ Gordon insists on calling them because of our happy days with our sons on the canals in England years ago. It’s the

name given to folk who simply stand by watching the narrow-boats go through the locks.

“But I digress, back to Alan Breck. The Trustees felt he added the right touch of fiction to the whole affair although Stevenson based him on a real life character.

“We know Martin Margulies joined simply for the fun of it. He was a regular visitor to Scotland already to his holiday home at South Uist and so he was easily able to make a side trip to the Pans. And as far as we were concerned he was both highly knowledgeable and had taken the same position as the Trust that our interpretation in the Pans should be about the campaign to its high point in Victory, rather than the whole story of the '45 and eventual disaster at Culloden.”

“But why” William wanted to know, “did you feel you needed a local militia here in the Pans? The soldiers who fought in 1745 came from afar as I recall, although I must say that's not wholly true because Robert Pryde told me that he and some of the others at our pits went out to the battle that day.”

“Well, it was to ensure local community involvement” Gordon responded, “but also from concern that not enough re-enactors, particularly redcoats, would show up to enable us to stage good occasions each September. In the first year we hired some twenty redcoat costumes from a local theatrical agency and got volunteers just for the day, no weapons, just supernumeraries. As it turned out our fears were groundless. Our trip to Derby to tell our story and Arran's network as the Prince brought volunteers from the Glenbuckets and as I said amazingly from the Czech Republic. Together they gave a tremendous performance. And they've come back again year after year. You'll see them all very soon now and can share in the fun yourselves.”

“I'd absolutely love to do that” said William, “but I shall have to don a redcoat uniform. I think you know that I actually missed

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the battle itself. Got back just as it finished and of course heard many a tale. But I'm eager and ready to join in. How about you Griseldine?"

"You're better off with me" said Avril. "I just hang around in some tweed cloth I have looking not too humble but appropriate." Griseldine thought that sounded a great way to go. Gordon promised to organise a hire uniform for William whilst reassuring him:

"No need for you to play Colonel Gardiner and get yourself fatally wounded by the way. From the outset we managed to recruit the Minister, Reverend Robert Simpson – you'll recall you met him in 1997 – for that part. He does it with a eulogy to the Colonel for his great faith, although we have commissioned a second play this year *Colonel Gardiner – Vice and Virtue* that tells more of his earlier life on the continent as a young officer.

"I say second because the same playwright, Andrew Dallmeyer, wrote *Battle of Pots 'n Pans* which toured East Lothian churches earlier this year and went to the Edinburgh Fringe for a week. It's been a very great success with large audiences here in the Pans on both the occasions it's been produced. Theatre is certainly proving an amusing and effective way to tell the story and spread the message of the campaign."

* * *

The afternoon had flown by and there was even a mild chill in the air as they sat on in the garden. Griseldine announced supper would be ready in about an hour and suggested the others should all take a brisk walk to the Forth and back to ensure their appetites were good. They gladly obliged after making none too convincing noises about 'helping' and returned as required with proper anticipation of their supper. It was whiting and chips and

more Semillion from Margaret River. Not a single complaint was to be heard. It was chased down quite simply with Mackie's vanilla ice cream and coffee and then just a wee Glenkinchie.

Discussion over supper had focussed only briefly on uniforms and outfits for their participation in the forthcoming re-enactments but quickly deteriorated to whether there was any way William and Griseldine could avoid walking the Riggonhead Defile at 4 am in the morning – as of course the Highlanders had. William argued he was a redcoat so he'd be out of place.

“Not you two as well” Gordon exploded. “I spend my life urging my fellow Trustees to take the plunge but they are incredibly reluctant, myriad excuses. They simply don't know what they're missing. And the incentive, apart from saying you've done it of course, is that before you start there's a Scotch egg, soup and an apple and on completion a full cooked breakfast back at The Goth. And if you walk the whole distance it's only just 7 miles, that's all.”

Laughing, they agreed that it had better be a 100% turnout since William and Griseldine at least were not likely to get a second chance.

* * *

Re-enactment fever grew throughout the week with fly posters and announcements in the local press. William and Griseldine played their part too pushing leaflets through letter boxes. It wasn't easy either since when the houses were built there seemed to have been a specification that inside each box there should be a hairy draught excluder, which was OK for heavy letters but not good for a small A5 leaflet. Howsoever, the job was done and the first event on the schedule arrived. They had to be formally attired and at the Mercat Cross in Edinburgh before 12 noon.

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William decided that, as with Gordon who normally appeared as a redcoat officer too, their presence at Edinburgh's Mercat Cross was best made wearing a kilt and Jacobite shirt. William was soon resplendent as a Grant and Gordon wore the Prestoungrange tartan registered in 1998 in preference to that of the Park Sept of the MacDonaldis to which his mother had always sworn allegiance. Avril and Griseldine dressed in tweed cloths as they had agreed.

* * *

The Prince arrived on time at the Mercat Cross, resplendent in a fine pale blue velvet and wearing the Order of the Garter flanked by the private Heralds of Prestoungrange and Dolphinstoun in their tabards. Adam Watters, as Colonel Agitant of the Alan Breck's kept the crowds of Highlanders and gongoozlers back as Prestoungrange Herald played by Roy Pugh read the Proclamation of King James VIII as King of Scotland, England and Ireland. Griseldine remembered how it had gone on for a very long while back in 1745 but that her excitement, and that of their daughters, had dwarfed any concern. This time it was a short ceremony, over in 20 minutes, but not before William remembered that Anne had also been there in 1745, her eyes wild with excitement.

Kristine's publicity was going well too. The media were there en masse, TV, radio and press from Scotland and overseas. It was her second major publicity project for the year. In July she had arranged a two week living history exhibition at The Goth on the clans who came out with the Prince at Prestonpans.

On this particular occasion the publicity was intended to capture media attention per se but also to ensure that the re-enactments in the Pans itself on Friday and Saturday, and at

Duddingston, would be well publicised. It seemed to be working.

* * *

There was no prize for guessing where they all headed for lunch at 1pm. The Trattoria just a short step down the Royal Mile was expecting them and the *chianti classico* was already placed on the tables. Griseldine made sure she claimed a seat next to the Prince himself on this occasion although she learnt there were to be no balls at the Palace, just a ceilidh in the Pans Town Hall.

It was to be a relaxing wait now until 5pm when another Exhibition was to be given and presentations at Holyrood Parliament itself, as arranged by the Pans Member of that Parliament, Iain Gray, just recently also elected as Leader of the Scottish Labour Party and of the Official Opposition in Parliament. It was Iain they recalled who had been supporting the Arts Festival and Community Council Campaign in the Pans for the Auld Fowler's HQ. This would be a chance to meet him – although Fowler's was not today's agenda item.

Weapons proved a challenge for the security services when the Highlanders arrived at the Parliament, especially the Montgomeries from the Czech Republic, but the security guards entered into the spirit of the occasion and the Czech's were clearly delighted to be there.

The Exhibition described the now familiar story of the Hope and Ambition of the Trustees to establish a national centre at Prestonpans celebrating those particular aspects of all our lives. But the presentation had moved one step forward because the Trust had commissioned a thematic 'visitor flow' study for its bingside 'Dream' from a leading global design team, haleysarpe. This was the first time it was to be publicly presented.

They'd come to terms with the pattern of feedback from

Culloden's new centre and resolved to adopt an immersion approach to interpreting the battle. They proposed that the entry point of the proposed centre at Prestonpans should be the tents of the two opposing commanders as they debated and determined their strategies and tactics. Then visitors would move along a re-creation of the Riggonhead Defile, squelching mud beneath their feet with the sun rising, before emerging onto the field of battle – taking place in imax format. Only after the battle was over would they have the opportunity to dwell at length or just briefly on the wider history, and the uprising in total.

One of their major concerns, which is vital commercially, was to generate repeat visits to the centre by people living within 50 miles. RGA had identified these visitors as the majority of the target market. To this end the imax facility was designed to flex to other uses, other Scottish battles such as Dunbar or Pinkie Cleugh, or simply as an open space for film or theatre. Educational rooms were included to enable all manner of activities including the regular competitive playing of the BattleGame.

The café area would overlook the battlefield to the north and be available for functions and summertime dining. And atop the bing the opportunity would be taken to show the way in which the story already described within could be overlain by digital imaging onto today's landscape.

Griseldine and William sat speechless throughout the presentation from haleysarp but as the applause died away Griseldine turned to Avril:

“It's absolutely unbelievable what you can achieve in this day and age. We could never have dreamt that technology could have developed in such a way. We knew painters and engravers, but that was it. The electronic imaging you have, the editing of those images, their transmission around the world via TV and the internet and on mobile phones it's just beyond belief.”

“We did dream of improvements to the machines that pumped water” William added in defence, “but not much more, although I suppose there had always been evolution in the technology of warfare.”

“If what has been described here tonight can be achieved out there in the Pans those predictions of potential visitors must surely be too modest. But why was the talk of return visitors from within 50 miles so important” William still wanted to know.

Gordon explained that all contemporary tourism research showed that the great majority of visitors to any attraction were from close by. Yes there would be a steady flow of international visitors adding a visit to the Pans to their visit to Edinburgh, and there would be dedicated Jacobites following in the footsteps of the Prince. But these two latter groups would not be able to make the attraction self-sustaining. The centre had to be designed and managed to bring the local community back time and again, and that required both physical design flexibility and rotation as may be possible of the attractions being offered.

Gordon took as an example the great success of the Scottish Seabird Centre at North Berwick opposite Bass Rock, where the bird life can be observed back on shore through all the seasons via cctv cameras carefully sited on the island. The seasonality brings dedicated bird watchers again and again, but the great majority of visitors are taking the air on the promenade and come into the centre for coffee, a snack meal and to buy gifts or souvenirs with no great thought for the birds that were the catalyst to build the centre and are still of course its ‘proper’ *raison d’être*.

He also reminded them of the early lesson from Chemainus – that the repertory theatre brought visitors back again and again which the murals *per se* could never do.

Discussion continued for an hour or more with several other Members of the Parliament joining the session as well. The Leader

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of East Lothian Council and the Depute Provost were there too. Kristine expressed herself well pleased both with the turnout and what one sensed was the growing acceptance that the campaign being waged from the Pans was beginning to offer a pattern that other battlefield groups might one day follow.

* * *

They all travelled back in the Wiles bus, Avril driving and going on after dropping the Lodge party to drop the others off. Most were sleeping on the floor at the Town Hall, a now familiar venue for them each year. The rest were camped at Bankton House. She was back 30 minutes later.

It had been what might be called an exhausting day, and they knew there was to be no let up until Sunday and even then a Half Marathon Race was on offer in town. But William and Griseldine felt exhilarated. They had learnt so much they could not resist exploring how the centre could work.

“You say ‘could’ William” Avril commented. “You are so very right. There’s an enormous amount of lobbying still to do to stand any chance of getting the sort of funding needed. But you wont be surprised to hear the Trustees all steadfastly refuse publicly to have any Plan B, by which we mean what to do if we fail to get the major capital funding. The overt strategy is frankly all or nothing. RGA said we must have a WOW factor for it to work at all, and we believe that too.”

“Actually we do have a Plan Z,” Gordon offered defensively. “But it’s not a great deal more than the sum of the zigzag strategy we are pursuing. If you think for a moment what the legacy of any ‘failed’ campaign will be it looks like this.

“We’ll have a great website with a mountain of information. We’ll have a greater understanding of the battle through the score

of cameo re-enactments we've targeted and archived. We'll have a professional archaeological study of the battlefield itself. We'll have good markers out and around the battlefield. We'll have a tradition of annual re-enactments. We'll have Gordon Veitch's BattleGame widely available and playable in competitions. We'll have a number of new books including a couple of delightful novels, Arran's anthology of literature arising in *Rebellious Scots to Crush*, and the Prestonpans Tapestry – about which you'll learn a lot tomorrow Griseldine so don't ask now. And we'll have well trained guides to conduct Walks as a part of the overall Prestonpans Experience. Kristine's just received a grant for a 12 month Fellowship for story telling here from the Scottish Arts Council.

“We all know that sounds quite a lot, but the impact will be relatively modest and the ability of such a Plan Z to attract large visitor numbers and create local employment and assist economic regeneration will frankly be minimal. Our initial economic feasibility study was crystal clear that the tourism attractiveness of our centre had to be world class if it was to be commercially sustainable.

“Our reasoning in going uncompromisingly for a major national commitment to the Pans on the basis of the battle in 1745 was and remains that we believe it has perhaps the greatest tourism pulling power of all the potential local attractions. Our Witches stories might have been greater but there was absolutely no wish to address that the way of Salem, and our unique place in Scottish pottery and the industrial revolution was not thought to be sufficiently powerful. These other aspects of the town's amazing 1000 year history have always been part of our approach towards repeat visits by identifying the place where the battle was fought in its widest community context. The Pans is after all one of the very few urban battlefields of early times with the fight raging

across the Waggonway and offers many such opportunities. If you compare it with Culloden for instance the Pans is streets ahead because Culloden has no immediate vicinity to interpret. The wider context requires a return to Inverness.”

“There’s been some very good ‘political’ news, too just lately. The Minister of Culture and Historic Scotland have both formally agreed to join the Trust in the final push to seek to raise the millions needed. And our timing is almost certainly right because there’s a strong focus currently on conserving the nation’s battlefields.

William agreed the overall approach was the one most likely to succeed if anything did, and said so. The battle was unique to Prestonpans and if the themes of Hope Ambition and Victory were held to there was great potential for those cherished repeat visits by the community living within 50 miles. But he also agreed wholeheartedly that with the gravitational pull of Edinburgh itself it meant whatever was provided did indeed have to be world class.

They were all yawning by this stage and definitely ready for bed. Griseldine agreed to turn in for the night too, but not before warning Gordon that she was expecting him to brief them both on the tapestry properly.

“A tapestry sounds like a brilliant idea, but a lot of hard work and organising.”

* * *

They took breakfast early and Griseldine was straight back to the tapestry hinted at under the previous night’s catalogue of Plan Z.

Gordon promised he would tell all but first everyone needed to get their minds around the immediate order of play and for the remainder of the re-enactments. Sylvia had issued the muster instructions and she was to be obeyed.

Lunch was in Duddingston with the Prince at The Sheep Heid,

Scotland's oldest pub and required Highland attire. Then redcoat uniforms had to worn from 5pm that evening in the Pans as the town was to be occupied by Cope's troops.

It sounded like a peaceful and relaxing morning before all went mad, but obviously the morning would really be spent reviewing all the last minute details. And the re-enactors who had slept overnight at the Town Hall or under canvas needed to be briefed further although that was the Colonel Agitant's responsibility rather than Gordon's.

The town's occupation would get formally under way at 6pm at the Prestonpans War Memorial at the northern end of Ayres Wind. The Alan Breck [aka Prestonpans Royal British Legion] Pipes and Drums would then lead a procession along the High Street followed by all the re-enactors to raise awareness yet further amongst one and all in the town under the slogan 'The redcoats occupy the town' – which indeed they did in 1745. More A5 leaflets with the following day's programme would be handed out to all who watched as the procession went past. It would end at The Goth where good food would be served and Andrew Dallmeyer's new play *Colonel Gardiner – Vice and Virtue* was to be presented as the late evening's entertainment.

As early a night as maybe would then be required so that at 4 am the Wiles bus could begin collecting the Highlanders together for the Riggonhead Defile Walk starting at 5am from Tranent. Then the grounds of Bankton House, where the Montgomeries were camped, would see the Colonel in difficulties, the re-enactors would charge across the Waggonway and the baggage train at Cockenzie House would be captured. More skirmishes would occur at Cuthill Park and redcoats would flee to Pittenweem across the Forth.

Veterans had clocked up some 18 miles walking in previous years. The Pans re-enactments were not for the faint hearted.

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Fortunately all these details were written down and had already been published in the local newspapers and on the website. The only serious unknowns for the whole programme were the weather and how many re-enactors would muster. 50 + was more than sufficient with muskets, swords and a cannon or two. The forecasts for both were excellent – sunshine and some 60 re-enactors were expected.

* * *

Breakfast over and tidied away, they took the Wiles bus down to The Goth which Avril had parked overnight close by Eastern Lodge. Gordon honoured his promise to Griseldine as they drove.

“Do you recall that when we were at Culloden I told you we had concluded that we should tell our tale from St Nazaire, where the Prince embarked and travelled via Eriskay eventually to Prestonpans but no further? Which was, as you now know, what Martin Margulies had done quite independently of the Trust in his book.

“Well, as with Chemainus a decade ago, by chance Avril and I happened to be in Bayeux with our family. So of course we went to view the tapestry there – which incidentally we are told is really embroidery. It tells the tale of how William the Bastard was cheated of his heritable right to the English throne by Harold, so he successfully invaded to get it back.

“Bayeux sell do-it-yourself kits so you could go home and make up the panel of your choice – there are 77 in all. We bought just one thinking quite simply: ‘why don’t we do a Prestonpans Tapestry which, as with that in Bayeux, tells the whole story’. And furthermore why not involve all those communities across Scotland that the Prince and his Highlanders and Cope with his redcoats passed through.”

“Why not indeed. A magical idea, but the logistics of it must be daunting” Griseldine offered.

“Absolutely correct” said Gordon, “but we felt it was do-able if we could work with say the Women’s Rural Institutes or with schools or Community Councils. And whilst we very much hoped some communities would actually embroider their own relevant one metre wide panels we realised if that was to be 78 different groups of emroiderers it was most likely to fail on its unfathomable logistics. So we resolved to give the local communities the option to embroider but always to expect them to ‘sign off’ officially their story line.”

Avril had by now parked the Wiles bus carefully close by the BattleBus with a grand view across to Fife. “Stay here and finish the story everyone. I’ll go inside and check with Sylvia what’s happening this morning” and she disappeared. Gordon took the chance and continued:

“We didn’t have much difficulty in deciding the tapestry would be one panel longer than Bayeux. You know, bigger and better so to speak. Nor was it that difficult to decide on the umpteen scenes to be depicted since we had all Martin Margulies existing work and much more to guide us. This included a 1745 Association enthusiast Stephen Lord who’d actually walked where the Prince had walked and written his own account *In the Steps of Bonnie Prince Charlie*. The challenge which our artists had to address was how to create a style of imagery that could be consistent throughout all the panels using just a limited number of subdued Scottish colours.”

“Well, how did you solve that?” Griseldine asked.

“With a great deal of skill and a lot more good luck” Gordon answered. “It turned out that Andrew Crummy had begun his working life as an illustrator and was comfortable with the challenge. And his wife Carmel had always had an interest in

embroidery. Together they created and worked the template using as their design style a famous cartoon from 1745/ 1746 of Sir John Cope confirming his own defeat at Prestonpans to his superiors at Berwick. New Lanark's famous mills agreed to create the special wools and fine linens were tracked down.

All was now set for work to begin. Andrew began to create at least 78 x 1 metre panels and their captions and Sylvia and the rest of us set to work trying to locate likely partners in all the local communities.

“Martin Margulies very quickly recruited the editor of *Am Paipear* in the Outer Hebrides and we rented Borrodale House for a week. That was where the Prince waited three weeks with Angus MacDonald before the Clans finally came to Glenfinnan and he could raise his standard. Using that as the hub and the BattleBus as publicity we spanned out far and wide spreading the word and getting ‘sign off’ across the Highlands. Sign off on Eniskay was fun and so too of course the visit to St Nazaire. In St Nazaire our own publisher – who has agreed to print this novel of ours – John Unwin, with his wife Jenny, joined in too since they stay in France near Angoulême.

“Is it finished? Can we see it all?” Griseldine wanted to know but was not surprised to hear the 78+ metres were still a work in progress. The targeted completion date was September 2010 and already a greatly reassuring flow of volunteer embroiderers had promised to help. Nevertheless there was actually some finished work she could see, but it would have to be just a quick look because the re-enactment sequence was now definitely about to roll.

They made their way across to The Goth where Avril had already guessed where the conversation would had gone and had one of the finished panels for Griseldine to look at. She was

mightily impressed but equally convinced it was a very big project indeed and likely to take many months to bring to fruition. But when done, what a zigzag legacy. Plan Z would definitely have something formidable and enduring to show for itself. How old was the Bayeux tapestry? Approaching 1000 years soon. She'd remembered actually seeing it in the mid 1760s when she'd visited the continent not long after William's death. It was stunning then and, as Avril confirmed, it still was today.

* * *

The redcoats were all assembling at Ayres Wynd from 5pm, William and Gordon and the other family men all appropriately dressed. Kristine and many of the ladies wore red clothes of various descriptions and some had opted simply for wrapping themselves in tweed cloth. They had been joined in the late afternoon by the entirety of Gordon and Avril's feudal family. They came first from Ilkley in Yorkshire – Mathew Younger of Prestoungrange, his wife Lady Kathryn [a MacCallum], their eldest daughter Lorna, Maid of Prestoungrange and their other two daughters Lady Natasha and Francesca. Their second son Julian, Baron of Dolphinstoun was there too from Northamptonshire with Lady Laura and sons Henry Younger of Dolphinstoun and Elliot. Finally, Gordon's son from York, Duncan, would be arriving although too late for redcoat attire, with Eleanor, and her younger sister Florence.

As the Alan Breck Pipes and Drums began to play the doors and windows of all the houses round about began to open and folk came streaming out. Everyone formed up for the procession, excitement gripping them all. And as they marched along everyone blethered to everyone else and the question was always

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

the same. ‘Will you be on the Riggonhead Defile Walk in the morning?’ It might be a redcoat occupation but in the true spirit of Alan Breck everyone was welcome to take themselves along to give support to both sides.

* * *

It took nearly an hour to reach The Goth what with the pipes and the blether. But once there the Fowler’s ales were downed with Glenkinchie chasers. Many a steak and ale pie and fish and chips was enjoyed before the evening’s theatre was announced. Then at last the less than wholesome side of Colonel Gardiner’s life was to be revealed.

Colonel Gardiner – Vice and Virtue was a powerful production. The romanticised stories of the Colonel only ever refer briefly to his earlier life and dwell on his religious conversion and marriage to Lady Frances. Andrew Dallmeyer had deliberately taken the theatrical opportunity to recreate scenes from that less than saintly period. The audience loved its bawdiness and its story telling and the James Fewell Bar later reverberated triumphantly with pipes and old Jacobite songs until far too late into the night.

These were the same re-enactors who would rendezvous at 4 am next morning in Tranent to walk through the early mists along the Riggonhead Defile to surprise Cope and his redcoats in their dawn attack – this time attired as Highlanders.

* * *

The sun had not yet risen as The Goth’s chef, Andrew Laurie, put the finishing touches to 60 soups, 60 Scotch eggs [freshly made at 3 am], and counted out 60 apples. The blackberries he always insisted they must pick as they walk. With his companion Carol

Black they packed them in the Fowler's Ales van and drove to Tranent where the Highlanders were already gathering. Some had brought their cars and parked at the Tranent Co-op. Others had walked from their homes or jumped aboard the Wiles bus as it made helpful circuits around the town. Everyone looked sleepy but up for the challenge. And the sustenance provided was clearly welcome. But most knew what they really looked forward to was a full cooked breakfast back at The Goth. That, however, was still some seven miles away.

They formed up quietly as they were asked, anticipation clearly apparent on their faces even. It was perhaps greatest for those who had made the walk before.

In the darkness they began to make their way forward along the Defile, three abreast. Colonel Agitant Adam Watters was in the fore, loving and living every moment, fulfilling his personal lifelong dream that this should be. The Prince was just behind the third line abreast. All had been warned that silence must be observed so as not to alert the redcoat pickets, but Adam could never resist his occasional 'God Save The King!' Several stumbled in the mud including the Prince but others assisted them up again. In the moonlight they could see the stubble and the stoops in the fields to left and to right. Some softly sang their favourite Jacobite songs. The saltire and Clan flags fluttered in the early morning breeze. It was cool but not chilling and the excitement seemingly kept everyone warm. For everyone was indeed excited, and anxious too.

Then, just as it had that day in 1745, the sun rose gloriously red in the east climbing slowly and majestically upwards. As they approached Seton Collegiate church at the end of the Defile before turning west to face the government troops, the Prince called a halt and addressed them with his time honoured words:

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“Follow me, Gentleman, and by the Blessing of God I will this day make you a free and happy people.”

William and Griseldine were mesmerised. This aspect of the re-enactment, in all its simplicity, must surely live for ever in the memories of any who made that walk. To have made it such a significant feature of the Campaign for the Centre had been inspired. It was not about Victory yet, but it was about Hope and it was about fear in the hearts of all those who knew that within hours even minutes they would be on the field of battle, they could be wounded or soon dead.

Then an early morning train carrying but few passengers towards Edinburgh rattled by and the spell was broken. The walkers soon reached the railway crossing, passed across without need to pause and took their final steps across the main road close by Seton Collegiate. Adam called for three cheers for the Prince and pronounced a final ‘God Save The King!’

* * *

Adam’s final exclamation was barely off his lips when they were all momentarily shocked by a barked command: “Who goes there?” coming from the leading red coat pickets that Cope had placed on his south eastern flank. The Highlanders could see five of Cope’s men just 20 yards away behind trees but they maintained their silence. The redcoats said no more as the size of the Highland force before them became increasingly apparent. They fled hurriedly west raising the alarm as they went.

“That’s it,” declared the Colonel Agitant. “They know we’re here now to the east and Cope will turn his ranks swiftly to face us. Has it not been a memorable morning for us all?”

“Now let’s head back to The Goth and fortify ourselves for the forthcoming engagements.”

A Baron's Tale

Some, always it included the Montgomeries from the Czech Republic, elected to walk the whole way back to The Goth for that promised breakfast which Andrew and Carol now plus Anne Taylor had turned their hands to as soon as the columns had moved off in Tranent. But many more accepted the prearranged Wiles bus rides either back to cars in Tranent or straight to The Goth.

It was certainly a very fine breakfast – not only the cereals, orange juice, bacon, eggs, sausages, mushrooms, tomatoes, tatties, black pudding, fried bread, toast and coffee or tea. There were memories never to be forgotten, emotions felt and shared. No other re-enactment, every single person in the Pans would be told, made such rewarding demands on those who shared in it. It had such simplicity, no arms required, no charges needed, just that vital early morning walk to achieve the tactical repositioning which gave the Prince Victory on the day that had just dawned.

* * *

That hearty Goth breakfast necessarily fortified the re-enactors. There was much more to come. It was not a repast that the Highlanders had enjoyed in 1745. They had picked apples and blackberries as they went but nothing more.

Having made their night-time walk the Highlanders were immediately onto the field of battle. For the re-enactors next muster was Bankton House at 10 am with the Wiles bus again available as needed. William and Griseldine would certainly be there, William proudly dressed as a redcoat, and they suggested they should all walk up there after a short wash up back at Eastern Lodge.

* * *

When they arrived at Bankton House the scene was already set. The Glenbuckets had placed iron pikes and tapes to show the gongoozlers where to stand safely. Peter Mackenzie, clad as an 18th century teacher might have been, was already in full voice explaining how the morning re-enactment here would proceed. He exhorted one and all, and there were several hundred now assembled, to make their way to the Gardiner obelisk close by the railway track to the north of Bankton House.

It was familiar territory for William and Griseldine both from the 18th century and from their recent reconnaissance and walk with Peter MacKenzie. The familiar figure of the Rev. Robert Simpson (dressed as the Colonel himself) gave the traditional oration for Gardiner's bravery on the day of the battle, the Prince magnanimously laid a wreath. Two lengthy trains laden with coal bound for Cockenzie Power Station made stately clanking progress past the scene. The piper played a lament. And then it was finished.

William, who had of course been with Gardiner many a time in life and at his bedside in death, wondered what he would have made of it all. He'd not have appreciated the rail track at the foot of his garden, that's for sure. But his home and its orchard stood fine and well. And he was remembered with his own obelisk.

The crowds made their way back behind the tapes the Glenbuckets had provided and clicked their cameras at all the costumed finery. Two white horses were held nearby, not to participate but to remind one and all that Colonel Gardiner had indeed ridden such a beast which the Prince had taken for his own after his victory. Otherwise there was no sign of any dragoons. Gordon explained that the modern horse was quite unaccustomed to musket fire and in all event difficult to source in large numbers.

The Highlanders gathered towards Bankton House under the

Prince's command. The redcoats had their backs to the obelisk under command of Gardiner.

A volley of Highland musket fire rang out the smoke drifting across the battlefield, followed by an immediate volley in response from the redcoats. Both sides reloaded and came closer together. As they fired again from closer range through the growing smoke haze they could see soldiers fall on each side but Gardiner still urged his redcoats on shouting for all to hear:

“Fire on my lads, and fear nothing.”

They responded magnificently but in vain to his stirring call. They were quite unable to stem the onrush of charging Highlanders. Gardiner who had mounted a four wheeled farm wagon the better to see the field was struck down by a vicious blow to his head. The young Sir John Hay, fighting with him, came to his assistance but it was only the Prince's personal intervention that prevented his immediate death with further blows from the Highlanders.

Using the farm wagon by which he had fallen his servant, dressed as a miller, began pulling his master away from the scene. Without waiting to be told by Peter MacKenzie in his narration William and Griseldine knew for certain he was headed for Tranent Manse to spend his last night. As he left the field his fellow redcoats surrendered one by one to be marched in quick order towards the BattleBing and Waggonway – where the next stage of the re-enactments was to take place.

* * *

There was some consternation as the re-enactors resumed their march up the BattleBing from the west. It rises at 45 degrees by deliberate intent. But there was good reason. The imagery of so many troops atop the bing was a magical experience. Cameras

clicked again and those who were not wholly familiar with the full scope of the battle deployments listened as Peter told the story. Then it was down the bing to the east and heading for the cairn erected in 1953 to those who fell on both sides.

“How extraordinary that nothing apart from Gardiner’s obelisk had been erected till that time” Griseldine observed.

“Even then it was only triggered by the discovery of a large number of bones in the nearby farmland, and they were re-interred just west of the cairn” Gordon responded.

“There was never any enthusiasm from the government after Culloden and since Prestonpans had been a stunning defeat it was best forgotten – until Walter Scott arrived to pen *Waverley* that was.”

A further wreath was laid at the cairn and again the piper played a lament before all crossed the busy Middle Road to reach the Waggonway. The redcoats ranged to the west as they went and the Highlanders to the east. It was a symbolic gesture since it was across this historic gravity Waggonway that the Highlanders had charged at dawn as they emerged from the Riggonhead Defile. Peter MacKenzie identified where Perth’s troops had crossed to the northern end and Murray’s to the southern. The positions of the redcoat artillery which the Camerons had charged so effectively was pinpointed and of the terrified government dragoons with whom Gardiner was associated. And to the north west the positions of Brigadier Foulkes’ men opposite Perth.

It was a calm day, with strong sun shining on the stubble of the cornfields to both sides of the Waggonway. Peter called for a blood curdling shout from the Highlanders which shattered the calm and gave just a small indication of what the scene must have been long long ago. William remembered it as if it was yesterday. Not the charge since he had not been there but the field of battle after it was concluded.

Oh the horrors, the absolute horrors of war. He was in two minds as he stood there on the Waggonway as to whether it was a good idea after all to conduct re-enactments. What purpose did they truly serve? For many it seemed just to be a fun day out. William thought if re-enactments were to be they should act as a dreadful warning of what man can sink to if argument and debate cannot find engaging solutions. War, so often characterised as a last resort, should not even be that. But how would we preserve the peace?

* * *

The Highlanders' cry brought this further re-enactment to a close and William had been left with his thoughts standing quietly in the cornfield. Griseldine came and took his arm. She seemed to realise what he must be feeling. "Horrific wasn't it," she recalled. "I can remember to this day the hundreds of wounded and dying that came to Dolphinstoun Farm and Prestoungrange House that we cared for. And it was just for the briefest time that the Prince was with us all here then away to a wasted and frustrated life on the continent.

"But William, he tried, he did try to achieve his great ambitions in life. Surely it is better to try and fail than never to try at all?"

"I really don't know" William replied. "So many died, so many forfeit their lands and titles. And for what?"

"For Scotland I think," Griseldine answered quietly. "And to this very day we can see that the '45 was in many ways one of our finest hours. And the persecution and virtual destruction of Highland life which followed simply made all Scots more determined than ever to take what we could from the Union we could not overturn but remain true to ourselves and our culture."

Perhaps there was no more to be said. William smiled at

. . . . *from Prestoungrange*

Griseldine and placing his arm firmly around her shoulders led the way back along the Waggonway and the long walk to The Goth once again for lunch. They were first back, only to be informed they had missed the Highlanders successful attack on the Black Watch regiment supposedly guarding Cope's coach and baggage train at Cockenzie House. They had apparently performed no better than they had at Fontenoy under Cumberland, firing just one shot before surrendering. For Griseldine that walk with William, his arm around her shoulder, back to The Goth, had been just perfect. They'd barely spoken but they'd both known one another's thoughts as they walked along together.

* * *

The Prince came to lunch in a fine mood. Cope's baggage train had yielded, as tradition had it, some £5,000 in specie and much ammunition and many more muskets. But it was a light lunch since the concluding re-enactments for the day were getting under way already at Cuthill Park. Many of the re-enactors had been camping there and throughout the day the guards left behind had welcomed local visitors. Many had visited the BattleBus to see its interpretation boards and buy a book or a souvenir. But by 2.30 pm hundreds had gathered at the park for the promised skirmishes and they were not to be disappointed.

Lace Wars gave a well received description of the uniforms worn and the role the various clans and regiments had played at the battle. The Glenbuckets, in redcoat attire and with naval support just as they had been when their cannon had fired on the Camerons in the July commemorations in Tranent churchyard, demonstrated how to load and fire. Everyone watching quickly realised how long that took – explaining why the Camerons were able to overrun the redcoat cannons so easily in the battle. But

just then came a musket volley from behind the trees at the top of the park.

The Montgomeries were determined to capture the cannon and turn it on the redcoats. Taking advantage of such shelter as they could find they advanced, finally coming right out into the open to make their legendary charge. The redcoats fled and the Highlanders indeed turned the cannon on them. More Highlanders came flooding down the hillside overwhelming the redcoat positions and in barely 9 minutes the battle was over. Redcoats fled in all directions some making directly for the seashore.

* * *

William and Griseldine joined them as they made their way to a point just east of Morrison's Haven where a small boat lay anchored. Gordon and Avril went with them. It was not a modern yacht as traditionally came to the re-enactments. It was an 18th century vessel and they knew it surely belonged to the Horsburgh family. History told them it would head for Pittenween, its passengers never to return.

The evening promised one more glorious sunset over Edinburgh and Leith. The sea looked so calm. There were sailors on board the small boat beckoning to William and Griseldine:

"Come aboard. It's time to go," they cried. William and Griseldine turned and looked at one another for just one brief second then taking one another's hand ran as fast as they could to the beach and waded out to the boat. Just as they reached it, soaked to the waist, they turned to Gordon and Avril shouting:

"Come too. You've done what you promised. Let *your* entail write the next chapters ..."

Their voices were carried on the wind that was blowing gently from the north east. Gordon and Avril heard enough to realise it

. . . . from *Prestoungrange*

was indeed an invitation to them to leave as well. It was their turn now to gaze at one another for a moment. Avril spoke first:

“Why not?” she asked.

Gordon couldn't suppress his laughter as they glanced back towards the Pans for what they both knew would be their last time as they waded out to the boat to be hauled aboard, soaked to the waist.

They'd promised a decade and they'd gladly served that time.

As they settled snugly down, all four of them, in the smallest of cabins below deck, huddling together in towels kindly provided, Gordon rashly observed:

“I wish we could just be there for the book launch.”

“And so we might,” replied William. “Signing copies.”

“But we'll miss the ceilidh tonight. I've been enjoying all the re-enactments so much,” Griseldine complained . . .

“Let's have a Glenkinchie,” said Avril. “It's Mathew's challenge now. *Long Live the Baron of Prestoungrange.*”

Dr. Gordon Prestoungrange is the 14th Baron of Prestoungrange and Chairman of the Arts Festival. He spent most of his life as a university management teacher latterly as Principal of the International Management Centres [IMC] providing action learning programmes across the globe. He was also a founding director in 1967 of the world's major academic management publisher, now known as EMERALD, which he led onto the internet along with IMC as soon as that technology emerged. He is currently Publisher of *Burke's Peerage and Gentry*.

He came to stay in Prestonpans in 1997, acquiring the Baronial lands from the Grant-Suttie entail. He wanted to come to the Pans because his grandfather had once worked in Prestoungrange Pit and his mother was born in Musselburgh.

Gordon and his wife Avril have two sons, Mathew, incoming 15th Baron of Prestoungrange and Julian, Baron of Dolphinstoun since 2000. He has a third son, Duncan, by his first wife Barbara. Together there are now seven grandchildren.

He was educated at Reed's School and Mander College Bedford before serving as Flying Officer in the Royal Air Force. He graduated from Reading University in Politics and Economics being Chairman of the Labour Club and Vice President of the Union there. He joined ICI Paints then Foote Cone and Belding as a marketing researcher, continuing with night school studies in management at what is now Thames Valley University, before joining Bradford University as Professor from 1967.

He was subsequently Chairman of Doctoral Studies and Continuing Studies at Cranfield School of Management from 1972–1982.



Unto y^e Honourable y^e Lord Craven at Grestongrange
y^e petition of Robert Frye, James Frye his son, James
Crye, Robert Thompson, and William Jones all Coliers
belonging to his Lordships

Humbly Sheweth

That we all are your Lordships servants, and is willing to serve
your Lordships ye if you have work for us, But since if your
Lordships work is not going at Grestongrange, we at y^e time
is at Sinker under M^r. Robertson, and not far from your
Lordships so if you if you are pleased to set your work in
Grestongrange, we are near, to be gotten ye if your
Lordships pleases

And at y^e time John Pirel, Overseerman to y^e Duke of Hamilton
is hard upon us in stopping us of bread, where we now are be-
lofting us out of y^e work to place us in y^e to bakes work at
Bowerssteeple.

And now if workmen if is there fewer y^e if we go to y^e work
if they shall be over dead

And now we humbly pray if you, out of your Clemency &
y^e goodness will keep us from going to y^e place where our
life will be in so much danger, And we your Lordships
humble petitioners shall ever pray

Robert Price
James P. Frye
James Frye
James Frye
Robert Thompson
William Jones

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