

day I can recall many of their names and remember with gratitude their abundant hospitality which extended even to the young apprentice—Mr. Hope of Fenton, Alexander Henderson of Longniddry, Archibald Scott of Southfield and Craighielaw, William Mylne of Lochill, and old Andrew Pringle of Ballancrieff Mains both the last holders of leases originally granted for "three nineteen years and a life-time," George Reid of Drem, Francis Shirriff of Muirton, and his son David of Aberlady Mains, and their kinsmen Patrick and Francis Sherriff, Cuthbertson of Seton Mains, James Skirving of Luffness Mains, Tweedie of the Coats, Black of the Setonhill, Somerville of Athelstane Ford, Deans of Penston, and John Finlayson of Redhouse, Grand men they were; all of them gone long ago! Mr. Hope lived in princely style, entertained lavishly, kept his stud of hunters and followed the hounds. Henderson was one of the largest and best farmers of the time. I knew him to have 100 acres of wheat to yield an average of 60 bushels to the acre, weighing 63 lbs. to the bushel. Scott was more dashing and less successful, financially. His was the experimental style, indulging in such fancies as cultivating acres of turnips, beetroot seed and that of other vegetables, and millions of larch tree seedlings. He removed shortly after this time to Lancashire where he astonished the natives by introducing the Scottish system of farming, and converted an almost barren wilderness into fruitful fields. Sherriff was a careful and successful farmer. One of his sons attained eminence as a medical practitioner in Huntingdon, Lower Canada; and David became factor to a large landholder in Galloway. Patrick travelled in America, and wrote books that induced many to come to Canada. George Reid was a tall muscular man, not to be trifled with. On one occasion while driving in his gig an obstinate carter refused to give him room to pass him on the road; high words followed; the carter declared with an oath that if he could find anybody to hold his horse he would give Mr. Reid a thrashing; to which the master of Drem coolly replied—"Ye can tie him to the yette," whereupon the carter subsided.

Let the weather be what it may, and it was often bad enough, there was no such thing as a failure of crops in East Lothian, ex-