ANENT
OLD EDINBURGH

AND SOME OF THE WORTHIES WHO WALKED ITS STREETS

WITH OTHER PAPERS

BY

ALISON HAY DUNLOP

Edited by her Brothers

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

PORTRAIT AND ILLUSTRATIONS

EDINBURGH
R. & H. SOMERVILLE: STOCKBRIDGE
AND JOHN MENZIES & CO.
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW
1890

PREFACE.

IT was the intention of Miss Dunlop, had she lived, to collect into book-form the papers constituting the present volume, and the Editors have been encouraged to carry out her purpose by the many letters they have received, both from personal friends and strangers, requesting that the newspaper contributions, 'Anent Old Edinburgh,' should cease to be fugitive literature.

'When the Century was Young' was written for *The New Amphion*, a book composed of articles by various eminent authors, and published in connection with the bazaar held to raise funds for the building and equipment of the Edinburgh University Students' Union.

The Poems have not previously been printed.

The other papers in the volume have appeared in the *Scotsman*, and the Editors thank the proprietors for their permission to reprint them.

The Illustrations are taken from the originals of the articles represented, from oil-paintings, and from rare prints in the possession of Mr. John C. Dunlop.

It is through the courtesy of Mr. Marshall Wane that the excellent photograph of Miss Dunlop has been reproduced in photogravure.

The Editors do not think it becomes them to attempt to give an estimate of their Sister's position as a writer, but, at the request of many correspondents and friends, they have written the accompanying Biographical Notes.

EDINBURGH,
November 1889.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

ALISON HAY DUNLOP was born at Stockbridge Edinburgh, on the 11th November 1835. Her father belonged to the 'hie-lands' of Selkirkshire, and her mother, of Huguenot descent, was born at Coat-green near Melrose, a farm which had been in possession of her family for about 300 years. From both sides of the house she inherited strong Art and Antiquarian tastes.

Belonging to such a stock it is not wonderful that at a very early age she was 'hefted' into a love for Border lore. Her introduction to it was certainly an apt illustration of one of her favourite sayings to desponding friends, 'Ane never kens where a blessing is to licht.'

Her school holidays, for the most part, were spent at Kaeside, on the Abbotsford estate, which an uncle farmed along with his own ground. Spending her summer vacation there when about ten years old, she had the misfortune to hurt her leg. Possibly the injury was trivial at first, but she had many doctors—amateur doctors, need we add, *ergo* enthusiasts? Each had an

infallible recipe, and each averred that nothing was needed to ensure a speedy cure except a fair trial. The varied prescriptions, from the application of brown soap and sugar, which had benefited 'Jessie Allan, the Lame Girl,' of nursery story-book fame, to a mixture of tar and brimstone beneficial to sheep with fly-blown heads in summer, all got a fair trial—fair to all except the patient—with the result that in a short time the leg was a matter for serious alarm.

During this illness, which proved a long one, she had no playmates, and there was little in the way of literature to divert her attention from her pain. During the day she lay upon a sofa, the back of which was placed against a broad shelf, which fitted into one of the two deep windows of the farm parlour. The shelf was within easy reach of the invalid, and contained two flower-pots and—the household library piled up volume upon volume. The pile was not high; the list of books comprised only the Bible, Booth's *Reign of Grace*, Boston's *Fourfold State*, Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*, and the *Belfast Almanac* for the preceding and the current years, carefully stitched together, and duly crossed at the dates when the different cows had calved.

There was little mental nutriment in this collection for a girl of her age, apart from the stories of the Bible. Only one volume made any great impression upon her, viz., Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*. One day she took

it up and read on and on, with what ministers call 'personal application,' with the result, possibly not uncommon, of believing that she had all the symptoms of all the diseases mentioned in the book. Terror-stricken, she at length began to cry bitterly. One of her aunts hearing her, and thinking that the leg had turned suddenly worse, hurried into the room with the query: 'Is your leg very sair the day, hinny?' 'O, Auntie,' she replied, 'it 's waur than my leg; I 'm a haill infirmary! I 've fund it a' oot in that book,' —pointing to the peccant volume, which she had thrown in her dismay to the other end of the room.

To divert her thoughts at the moment, and to keep her cheery in time to come, her aunts—all deep in Border ballads, witch and fairy stories, countryside riddles, 'auld warld' customs, and family traditions, took turns in unfolding to her their stock. What her aunts omitted, her mother was well able to supply, on her return to Edinburgh, from even ampler stores, —for had not she been an 'eident' student, a graduate, at the feet of the famous Peggy Waddie, a humble but eminently successful collector of 'freits,' 'ballants,' and 'Once-upon-a-time' stories so far back as the famous '45.

As time went on Miss Dunlop's liking for Border Antiquarian lore became a veritable passion. Every book upon the subject which she could obtain she eagerly devoured, and, eventually, there were few old

men or women in the Melrose district with the repute of having a story to tell, or a ballad to repeat, that she did not visit. As one result of her enthusiasm, she gleaned through repetition several Border ballads which have never appeared in print, but which to the regret of her friends now, she never committed to writing.

To learn to repeat these ballads might be a labour of love, still it was emphatically a labour. Her memory, which in her riper years was almost phenomenal in its range and accuracy, was originally, according to her own statements, both sluggish and treacherous. She used often to say that any one could acquire a good memory if they had 'dogged perseverance.' That she was fully entitled to claim every benefit in the matter of memory that could accrue from dogged perseverance, the following anecdote makes abundantly evident:—One evening, in the course of a discussion upon Sir William Hamilton's views about mathematics as a factor in education, she was asked to give her opinion. 'Well,' she said, 'mathematics has been a sore subject with me ever since I left school, and I have no right to take either side in the argument; for though I once got a first prize in a mathematical class, I never studied mathematics.' Being asked to explain her paradox, she told how, being too young for the study, she was nevertheless 'put into mathematics'; how the master invariably put the same letters on the diagrams upon the

black board at school that were printed in the text-book; and how, being determined to be first, she had made herself word and letter perfect in the first two books of Euclid. 'Oh, but the revisals were "wearifu' wark,"' she added, with a kind of wistful laugh, 'for then I had to commit the "pictures" to memory as well as the text. All I can say from my experience in mathematics is that my master had a very bad method of teaching, and that if any part of me got benefit from the subject, it was my memory, and not my brain.'

With a fit object in view her fearlessness of work and her power of steadfast application were practically limitless. One of those home stories, which, like home jokes, never stale, throws much light upon her character, both as girl and woman. Once, about the beginning of her *teens*, she was so far in advance of her class at the annual examination that the rector of the school, at the commencement of the following session, resolved to make her 'skip' a year. A friend ventured to call to remonstrate with her father for sanctioning the arrangement, and urged that as her new classfellows were much older, and, perhaps, as clever naturally as herself, the probable result of the experiment would be to break her spirit. Her father looking at her—she was a thin and delicate-looking girl at the time—seemed to waver. Whereupon she pleaded, 'Father, let me stay in the high class. It 'll nane break my spirit. If they are

aulder and cleverer I maun just work the harder; but I *will* be dux.' Dux she was.

Her undoubted natural abilities, combined with her persevering thoroughness, could not fail to tell. At the opening of Moray House as the Free Church Normal School, of which she had some time before become a pupil, she obtained the valuable prize given by the Rev. Dr. Candlish, open to the whole school, for the best examination paper upon Scottish History during Reformation and Covenanting Times.

Her school education and the so-called 'finishing classes' over, Miss Dunlop pursued her studies as vigorously as ever. In the course of years she so mastered most of the languages of Western Europe that she could use them as familiar weapons. She divided English and Scottish History into epochs, and was not satisfied till she had made herself intimately acquainted not only with the political events, the biographies, and the chief literary works of the period with which she was engaged, but also with the dwellings, the style of furniture and decoration, the accessories of dress, and the details of daily life.

It was necessary that she should be able to conjure up the events of history with all their surroundings, and that the characters should once more, 'live, and move, and have their being' in her imagination, before she looked upon any portion of history as properly her own.

So sedulously did she cultivate her imagination in this direction, that latterly in the preparation of her historical papers, she often thought, so to speak, in pictures; and in many cases her pen simply transcribed, in succession, details which years before she had grouped into a semblance of the scene she was depicting. This would have been a dangerous style of historical writing, we admit, had Miss Dunlop not been scrupulously conscientious with regard to every statement she made. Sometimes she busied herself for days, and kept her brothers ransacking libraries, public and private, to verify some clause of a sentence which she believed to be important and true, but which must not be given to the public till she could condescend upon author, and book, and page.

Whatever she did during her years of training, as in later life, was thoroughly done; and each night had its quota of dates, or of extracts in prose or verse, to be committed to memory before she considered herself entitled to rest. Her plan was very comprehensive, but she plodded on, and never swerved from her purpose till it was completed.

Being the only daughter in her home, Miss Dunlop's parents would have preferred that she should occupy herself entirely with household duties and her private studies, but she had formed other plans. She did not despise nor neglect household work, but she had early come to the conclusion that all men and women, rich

as well as poor, should be trained to some occupation or business by which they could support themselves honourably 'if the worst came to the worst.' She thought she could learn to teach; and youth, she held, was a time when no one need be ashamed to begin at the bottom of the ladder. 'After two or three years,' she argued, 'I can stop teaching if that seem the better plan, and I shall leave off with the knowledge that there is something I have been trained to do by which, if need be, I can support myself.' Her parents acquiesced; and for several years she was engaged for some hours each day as a visiting governess. She used often to say afterwards, 'If you wish to learn and never forget—teach.'

When the scheme for the higher education of women was inaugurated, Miss Dunlop attended Professor Masson's class of English Literature, and carried off the first prize. She ever afterwards entertained the deepest admiration and regard for the Professor, and frequently stated that his lectures had lifted her to a higher plane of life, and had opened up for her vistas of thought which had added materially to her subsequent pleasure and usefulness.

We now come to a season of bereavements which changed the tenor of Miss Dunlop's life. In the autumn of 1869 she lost her father; and Thomas Davidson, the genial and gifted 'Scottish Probationer,'

to whom she had been betrothed for some years, died in the spring of 1870. Under this double sorrow, her health began to give way. She soon realised that now she must not only work, but work where she would see many faces, and where head and hand would be constantly occupied.

She entered her elder brother's business, and so long as she was in trade she completely identified herself with it. She would be no mere amateur. She was determined to acquire the right to speak with authority upon every detail of her new avocation. With characteristic energy she proceeded to carry out her plans. The price of screws and gimp and carpets and wood; the tests of excellence in cabinet-work; the relative value of the 'marks' on china and engravings; the merits and demerits of specimens of *bric-à-brac*; and the quality and probable age of antique oak-carvings, —all became henceforth matters of prime moment in her life.

As in the case of her literary pursuits, nothing was passed till thoroughly understood. She permitted no false shame about appearing awkward or ignorant to deter her from asking information. Recognising that she was simply a learner, she diligently and patiently set herself to turn her position to the best account. Not only did she display an insatiable craving for new facts, the facts themselves had very frequently to be

explained again and again. She would never good-naturedly, or rather weak-naturedly, say that she understood a matter when she did not, and for a time it almost became a formula—'I daresay I am very stupid, but I do not understand your explanation, please just go over it again.' As time went on, not only did she master the mysteries of book-keeping, but she likewise came to be recognised as an excellent house factor and an able woman of business.

Her new surroundings suited her, and the years spent in trade she reckoned as, upon the whole, the happiest in her life. Her brother's business as cabinet-maker, house factor, and dealer in antiques brought her into contact with every grade in the social scale. She developed great powers of adaptability, and soon seemed as much at home when having a 'rally' with some 'furthy,' outspoken goodwife, out upon a house-hunting raid, detailing the tribulations and experiences attendant upon the possession of a small house and a big family, as when discussing points of taste and art with some æsthetic successor in the wareroom.

The old life and the new occasionally commingled; not without humour. One day a lady of title, accompanied by a friend, came upon *bric-à-brac* bargains intent. After subjecting one article to special examination and learning its price, she made the remark to her companion in French, 'It is both good and cheap, but

it is never advisable to appear to think so.' Upon which Miss Dunlop said, 'Madam, if you have anything private to say, please do not speak in French, as I understand the language.' Turning to her friend, the lady said in German, 'Isn't this very awkward?' when she was met with the words, 'I understand German too.' For the moment all three felt a little uncomfortable, and then matters were put to rights by a hearty laugh. A long art conversation ensued, and the lady afterwards became a very good friend.

Latterly her seasons of comparative leisure came to be known, and almost every afternoon literary, artistic, and other friends found their way to the 'Glue Pot,' as she had named her office, to enjoy a chat. Many and various were the subjects discussed in that room, and much was the vigorous Scotch that was spoken. In the frank intercourse of home life and intimate friendship—in fact, wherever there was not a 'needs-be' for speaking English — Miss Dunlop's conversation was strongly tinctured with the classic language of her native country. She used loudly, however, to denounce the mongrel slang which generally obtains for Scotch in the present day, and she often said that if she were to endow a University chair, it would be one for the teaching of the Lowland Scottish tongue.

Not only did friends with kindred intellectual tastes resort to the 'Glue-pot,' it also heard many a piteous

story of perplexity and want. Miss Dunlop was frequently employed as the almoner of others, and she was not slow to give herself, but she rarely, if ever, bestowed in charity without inquiry. Any one in the district, however, with a plaint of trouble, which could bear the investigation to which it was sure to be subjected, found in her a ready and energetic helper. A friend had a story which he used 'to keep up' against her. One forenoon he entered the wareroom and found her preoccupied. Asking if anything was wrong, she answered in a dreamy, absent-minded way, 'I'm trying to think where I can fa' in wi' a pair o' breeks.' 'Breeks!' exclaimed her friend. 'Yes, breeks,' she replied, now fully alive to what she was saying. 'You would meet an auld man, fair niddert wi' cauld, as you came in. I've lang kent he was puir; but how ill he has been off I had no idea till I almost howked it oot o' him the day—for he's ane o' the rare folks that never complain. Everything that I had to give away is gone, and when you first spoke to me I was trying to devise some plan to get him a pair of breeks for the winter.' It so happened that her friend was able to give the needed garment, but he seemed neither able nor willing to give up the story for many a long day.

Children also made the discovery that she was a friend worth knowing. Upon condition that they did not come oftener than once a week, and that they left

pleasantly when she told them, she was prepared to tell or to weave for them fairy and giant stories without end. One day a little fellow broke the law of not coming oftener than once a week. It was evidently, however, an exceptional case, for, before he was fairly in at the door, he cried out, 'Please tell me how the prince got down from *that* tree.' 'That tree,' she repeated, manifestly trying to hark back upon the invention of yesterday. 'Yes, Miss Dunlop,' said her little friend; 'don't you remember how the giant tore all the branches off the *very* high tree, except the one that hung over the valley filled with snakes?' 'Oh yes,' she said, picking up the thread of the story; 'I mind now. The giant put the prince upon the branch, and there was a "ramping" lion that never slept watching at the foot of the tree. We had just got that length when somebody came in and you had to go away. Well, it would be a shame to keep the poor prince for a whole week "stride-legs" on such a tree.'

How that prince got off the tree we never learned. It was an unwritten law of the place that when any of her little folks came for their story the older folks should leave. We suppose that a second grown-up person acted upon her imagination as an icy blast does upon the contents of a hot-house. Very likely, as she believed in happy endings to children's stories, there was a potent fairy in the very immediate distance to deliver

the prince from his 'parlous' position, and to effect his wedding with the most beautiful princess in the whole world. We are certain, however, that the story-teller's concluding words would be one of the rhymes to which her grandmother and her great-grandmother on the Borders, as well as herself, had listened many a time at the end of fairy tales:

'They leived happy and they dee'd happy,
And they never drank oot o' a dry cappie;
And if they are no' deid they are leivin' yet.'

or,

'They leived thegither a happy life,
And dee'd but hunger, care, and strife.'[1]

Throughout all these busy years in trade, Miss Dunlop continued to read incessantly; widely in general literature, and deeply in connection with certain subjects,

[1] It may not be without interest to note that in addition to the doings and 'cantrips' of fairies, witches, and wizards, the old Border farm-kitchen tales concerned themselves chiefly about princes, or 'yirls'' and dukes' sons, who killed dragons and giants, slew armies, or performed similar feats of valour. Besides the two story-endings given above, there was a third, which, though known to everybody, was never repeated at the fireside gatherings, as it was supposed to savour of the days when Abbots held court at Melrose:—

'And when it pleasit God of his micht,
They all departed to Heaven's licht;
To which bring us the Trinity.
Amen, amen. So let it be.'

At the conclusion of this rhyme narrator and audience were expected to cross themselves—a proceeding not likely to commend itself where high Calvinism held rigorous sway.

—especially particular periods of Scottish history, and latterly the annals of Old Edinburgh in life and lime.

From some fragmentary sentences which we have found in a note-book, we learn that the introduction to her Old Edinburgh studies must have taken place shortly after her initiation into the pleasures of Border lore. She writes:—'My elder brother and myself were children of a house on whom were early conferred the honour and the happiness of being helpful; and small deputy factors that we were, we went away gaily—always on Saturdays, and always in couples—to the Castlehill and other factorships to get the rents; it is a pleasure now to recall how cheerily we were received. The Castlehill had charms for old pensioners of both forces —in fact there was an "Ancient Mariner" of either service wherever we turned. Their little treasures, the flotsam and jetsam of the stormy life behind, exhibited to us, and lovingly and reverently handled, were a perpetual fascination; while the faded glories of the old-world decorations and contrivances of the houses they occupied were made our own by a species of silent absorption. In especial we recall one veteran ever ready to tell stories of the Peninsular Wars and Waterloo, who detailed the events with such graphic verve that my brother was well through his apprentice-ship before his great ambition in life ceased to be marching through an enemy's country with the now

despised and well-nigh traditional "Brown Bess" aslope his shoulder. And then there was the "auld rudas gudewife," who gave us such screeds of her experiences, that I thought to ride in an army baggage-wagon was the height of felicity.'

If her interest in her native city was not deepened, certainly her knowledge of its buildings was extended through her traversing the Canongate twice daily while she was a pupil at Moray House. She used to tell how she and her companions frequently entered all the closes in the district—though they never ventured very far in through fear of the indwellers—and so became familiar with the external configuration of each.

It was during the demolition of the old houses under Lord Provost Chambers's Improvement Scheme, however, that she became an enthusiastic worker in this seam of investigation. Many a Saturday afternoon, for business purposes as well as for antiquarian information, she and her elder brother—who had possessed a strong interest in such matters from his boyhood—used to visit, and minutely examine, the buildings given over to destruction. Both became experts in detecting carved oak—and once and again carved marble—underneath abounding coats of oil-paint and whitewash; and both during these expeditions were fired with a devotion for all that concerned the city of their birth, which could only be extinguished with life itself.

From this time Miss Dunlop gave herself to Old Edinburgh researches with all the ardour of her nature. Books, plans, pictures, manuscripts, all engaged her closest attention by turns. Aged natives were hunted up to impart their reminiscences; and we are within the mark when we say that up to her last illness she had 'interviewed' many scores of people upon this subject. The result of these conversations was faithfully recorded in a commonplace book, of which we regret to say that she alone had the clew. Her memory had become so reliable that a word, a name, a place was enough to keep a series of facts or an anecdote from being overlooked. There are many pages in that manuscript volume filled with such entries; and, now that there is so much interest taken in the past history of the city, it is a matter for serious regret that so much material, collected with so much persevering care, should be lost.

Her Old Edinburgh lore, held so long in solution of ever growing potency, began to crystallize after her elder brother's appointment to be Joint-Convener of the Old Edinburgh Section of the International Exhibition of 1886. As convener, he undertook to provide a guide-book for the portion of the building with which he had more immediately to do. On talking over matters with his sister, however, they resolved to produce a volume of more enduring interest than the usual descriptive catalogue. *The Book of Old Edinburgh* was

the result. Brother and sister were equally responsible for the information in the production, but it was an open secret from the first that the form and diction of the work were essentially due to Miss Dunlop. As a consequence, she had repeated offers from publishers and editors for further writings from her pen, but her desire was not so much to make the greatest possible profit, as to secure the widest possible interest in the history of the old city, and its bygone life and customs. Accordingly, she obtained the admission of her subsequent historical papers into the columns of the *Scotsman* as the best available means for carrying out her wish.

When *The Book of Old Edinburgh* was published her business life had come to an end. After years of constant and laborious toil, she and her brother withdrew from trade while yet they had health and strength, that they might interest themselves with other and congenial employments. Between them they had mapped out an extensive scheme of travel in Europe, Africa, and Asia. Miss Dunlop had no desire for what she would have termed 'idleset,' she only sought to vary her occupations. She had repeatedly paid short visits to the continent of Europe, but there and elsewhere there were still many places that she had longed to see since girlhood, and many peoples to observe with whose history she was intimately acquainted. Gleefully she used to enlarge upon the facts that she would not now be

hurried home by calls of business, and that at last nothing need influence her haltings or her progress except her own feelings and desires.

After this interval of travel she purposed to settle down once more in Stockbridge, and to resume that literary career which she had felt constrained to lay aside so many years ago. She had even made choice of several of her subjects. Lying frequently beside her, till near the time of her death, was a book in which she had noted down her mother's reminiscences of Abbotsford and Sir Walter Scott. To extend and edit these she proposed to herself, as her first literary undertaking after her return from abroad. Her brother had purchased at the Gibson-Craig sale a considerable number of unpublished drawings by Walter Geikie, and she had commenced to outline an Edinburgh story, for which these drawings were to be etched as illustrations. She had made extensive research among unedited documents, as well as among printed books, and she had patiently sifted much oral tradition bearing upon the Canongate, with a view to an exhaustive history of that notable district. For several years she had also been assiduously collating old, and collecting new, material for a work directed against what she esteemed the modern idolatry of John Graham of Claverhouse.

But none of all these purposes was to be carried out. Shortly after retiring from business she fell into a state

of weak health, and, in addition, she was weighed down by a painful impression that serious disease was not far off. In the early winter of 1887 she became considerably stronger; there was now reason to hope that her fears were not to be realised, and her medical adviser thought she might with benefit start upon her travels. On the very eve of departure, however, she was attacked with acute pains, which led the doctor to revoke his permission to leave home, and to suggest an immediate consultation with an eminent surgeon. Upon examination it was found that she was suffering from a terrible disease, and that she must forthwith undergo a critical operation.

At first she was, naturally, much cast down by this sudden annihilation of her hopes and plans; but she speedily rallied, and braced herself for the impending trial. So great was her nerve and strength of will, that she engaged in an animated conversation with a friend who called upon her the evening before her operation, and allowed him to depart without even hinting that there was pain for her in the immediate future. Later on in the same night, to keep her thoughts from wandering to the morrow, she busied herself for some hours in completing the papers upon Wester Portsburgh, which form part of the present volume.

With her robust constitution she rallied wonderfully from the effects of the operation, and her friends began

to hope that she might be spared to them for some years, but after the lapse of some months graver symptoms again appeared. For many weeks she endured almost unbroken agony, till at length she found peace in death on the 3d December 1888.

Throughout her long depressing illness she was upborne by an unfaltering belief in the cardinal teachings of the Christian faith. From her very nature hers could be no mere conventional religion. She had to plough the field of doctrine with her own heifers. To most of her acquaintances she was probably an embodiment of the practical, but her intimate friends knew that beneath the surface there was a strong metaphysical subsoil. Like most thinkers she had her season of perplexity and unrest. Doubt to her was misery, but 'she closed in upon her sorrow in silence.' She told no human being of her struggle till long after she was once more walking calmly in the sunshine of confirmed faith. But while she was thus deeply imbued with the old-fashioned Scottish reticence about her feelings in spiritual matters, she did not hesitate, upon occasion, to tell some friend 'in the depths' how she in her time had encamped before a doctrine, as an invading army does before a beleaguered city; how the siege was often bitter and protracted; and how it had sometimes to be broken up once and again before victory was given to her.

Long before her last illness she was in the habit of saying, 'Doctrines give me little trouble now—but O these Christian graces! If ever I am to come up to the Bible standard, there must be a hantle o' het days, and a big hairst mune in store for me.' We know now that there were both.

Within a week of her death she contrived to write with pencil half a page of loving farewell to her brothers which she could not utter with her lips. Two clauses from these sentences sum up her testimony: 'Mind every morsel o' salvation is true;' 'Working prayer and praying work are the two strongest factors out of heaven.'

ANENT OLD EDINBURGH

THE HOPE HOUSE.

ANENT SIR THOMAS HOPE'S HOUSE,

AND THE SITE OF THE EDINBURGH FREE LIBRARY.

SITUATED only a stone-throw from the Heart of Mid-Lothian and the Parliament House, and another from the Greyfriars' Churchyard and the Grassmarket, the site of the Edinburgh Free Library is almost of necessity historical, and the building when finished will, in itself, be a bond of union in stone and lime between the old city and the new. The foundations, as well as the working and storage room, will be in the old Cowgate, while the superstructure, containing the great reading-room and the lending and reference libraries, will enter from George IV. Bridge, a thoroughfare which, though its jubilee is just passed, is, comparatively speaking, an erection of yesterday. The Hope House, built in 1616, which now occupies the site, and which is to be taken down, has a history—we almost had said a pedigree—very comfortable to the antiquary. With it one stands on solid ground; the long wading-stilts

and the far stepping-stones of the Theoretic Possible are unneeded. There is very little of Peradventure or Perhaps about its erection, as little as there was in the decided character and definite life influence of its builder, Thomas Hope, the strong-minded, strong-willed, stout-hearted, far-seeing King's Advocate in the reign of Charles I.

Sir Thomas Hope was born in Edinburgh, of good merchant-burgher stock. Doubtless there were Hopes in the land from early times, but his great-grandfather, John de Hope, came to Scotland in 1537. He was a servitor in the train of Magdalen of France, the fair young Queen of James V.—she who in landing knelt and kissed Scottish earth for the love she bore to the land of her husband, but who in a few summer weeks, and amidst all the splendours preparing for her coronation, faded away into her grave, as is mournfully sung by the Scottish poet Dunbar. John de Hope did not return to France. He settled in Edinburgh, became a merchant, married Elizabeth or Bessie Cumming, deleted the aristocratic 'de' from his name—he belonged to the family of Des Houblons in Picardy—and built for himself a house between Chalmers' and Barringers' Closes, over the doorway of which, along with a coat of arms, there was sculptured the name JOHNNE HOPE, in vigorous Old English letters. This house was only taken down

under the last Edinburgh Improvement Act, and its large chimney-piece in carved stone—the finest of its kind which we have ever seen in Old Edinburgh, is now in the vestry hall of Trinity College Church. It owes its perfectness to its having been walled up into a staircase in some previous transition time. There is evidence that Hope and his son Edward, and his grandson Henry, were foreign merchants on an extensive scale, and in the *Coltness Collections* we are told that 'they visited the Continent from time to time and imported French velvets, silks, gold and silver laces, and the like valuable foreign merchandise.'

Edward Hope's House, which continued to be in the possession of his descendants till nearly the close of the seventeenth century, was on the Castlehill, entering from Tod's Close, which long bore the name of Edward Hope's Close. It was part of the Palace of Mary of Guise—that house with the far sea-view where all the merchant's household (the merchant himself being at the quay) could see his ships slip cable and go down the Firth with a wet sheet and a flowing sail, and a wind that followed fast; or they could note the returning venture vessel sailing up from the German Ocean with the sunrise, taking the near or far side of the Bass, coming gallantly into port, merchant and mariners glad as they steer into the desired haven. There is little doubt that that wide horizon from the distant mountains

to the far ocean was a powerful education to the children of the house. The Hope merchants were an able race and a godly. They lived in a time of great events—of religious rather than of social upheaval—and they took their full share in public affairs. Indeed, whether it is a survival of the memory of the fittest or not cannot now be said, but there appears to have been a pleasing substantiality about the character and dealings of the old Edinburgh merchants in those left-behind centuries. In the odd accidents of research an antique ledger came into our possession. The fashion of ledgers outside or inside has not changed. Possibly the owner, who, amongst other generalities, traded in 'paltrie, lether, hornes, and hides,' may have supplied the skin that bound the book; it was solidly heavy, with pages all written over by one hand. But in the top corner of the inside board were inscribed these words, 'God blis this Buik and keip me and (h)it honist.' With a firm belief that the balance is weighted far to the good side in our commercial world, one could not help wishing the spirit of this prayer into many modern ledgers, and its answer into many modern lives. Amongst old German and old Dutch mercantile firms such book-keeping inscriptions still linger.

John de Hope lived prior to the Reformation, and belonged to the old faith; but his conscientiousness is evidenced by the private chapel which he built in his

house, the carved piscina of which is now at Darnick Tower, near Melrose. His son Edward was an ardent promoter of the Reformed religion, and was chosen one of the Commissioners to sit for Edinburgh in the first General Assembly of 1560. For rigour in enforcing 'the statuts of the toun' against 'priests and masse-mongers, who corrupted the people,' he, along with the Provost—Douglas of Kilspindie, and Adam Fullerton—was caused by Queen Mary 'to be chairged to waird in the Castell.' She further 'commanded a new electioun to be made of Proveist and baillifes,' which command failed in finding effect.

With the family of his son Henry, the mind force of the race separates into two distinct currents: One son, Thomas, founded the forensic or law family of the Scottish Hopes, by the female side, also he was progenitor of the law Erskines, while the descendants of another son clung to the foreign mercantile, carried it to larger issues, settled in Holland, and founded the banking-house of the Hopes of Amsterdam—merchants who were princes in their time. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was quite customary in Scotland, as well as in Germany and the Low Countries, for wholesale merchants doing even a considerable exchange and banking business to have a retail shop. This the Hope family appear always to have had, and latterly the whole Scottish

business fell into the hands—and able hands they were—of Anna Hope, who is mentioned, with no friendly spirit, in *The Memorie of the Somervilles* 'as one Anna Hope that keiped the principall, if not the only worsit chope in Edinburgh.' This last of the Hope traders in the old city is further described by one of her later descendants in the *Coltness Collections* already mentioned. She was married at the age of twenty-one to James Stewart, afterwards Sir James Stewart, Provost of Edinburgh, and progenitor of the Stewart baronets of Coltness. 'Both were in the merchant way; he in the merchant factor or exchange business, and she following a branch of her father's traffic in the retealing shop trade, which she prosecute thereafter to good account, and had her distinct branch of business in accurate account and method, for she purchased these shops in Luckenbooths (that) had been in her father's, grandfather's, and great-grandfather's possession as tenants.' These shops were four in number, 'two high and two laigh, east from the Old Church Style.' He further adds 'that she left at death to her husband and family 36,000 merks thus accrued by her industry enduring the sixteen or eighteen years the marriage existed,' notwithstanding that her business had borne the weight of household expenses. He ends off with a Scripture quotation, for the misquoting as well as the misplacing of which his Presbyterian

'forebear' would certainly have had chiding dealings with her foreign-reared descendant. 'Many daughters, he writes, have done virtuously, as in the Hebrews (*sic*), and gott riches (*sic*), but thou excellest all.' It was an error of the pen, surely, or possibly of the printer; for was not the 'Buik o' PROVERBS' the earliest of class-books in Scottish education; and the last chapter of Proverbs, in which the verse really occurs, was it not the antique *Sortes Biblicæ* of our Scottish maidens, with their bright eyes fixed on their birthday verses and the beautiful possibilities of prospective matronhood?

Notice of Anna Hope, however, is slightly anticipatory, for it is with the life of her uncle, Sir Thomas Hope, that we have duty.

It is not difficult to picture the boyhood of the future statesman in the house on the Castlehill, going, in accordance with the burgh law of the fatherly council, to the 'Tounis Hie Scule,' then recently built, with its small turret steeple, on the lands of the Blackfriars—looking in at the booth east the Kirk Style as a half-way resting-place on the road home, enjoying the snows of Edinburgh winters, and the sunshine of Edinburgh summers, with the potentiality, moreover, of going down to see his father's ships come in, as in the old ballad of Binnorie—a holiday comrade or two along with him to assist in the wonderment of ear and eye—a pleasant life for any lad to this day. That he became afterwards

a student of the then youthful University of Edinburgh is strengthened by the fact that he bequeathed to it in his will a legacy of £1000 Scots, 'the yearly rent whereof, with the yearly maill of the two chalmers he built there, was allotted for entertaining of two bursars.' On the 7th February 1605, Thomas Hope was called to the Scottish Bar, and the young advocate achieved success in this wise.

James VI. was then maturing his plans to crush the Scottish Church, which plans, along with his creed as to the Divine Right of Kings, he bequeathed in entail to his successors in male line. He had just left the comparative poverty of Scotland, and the very plain speaking of Presbyterianism—(it was very trying for such a king with such a creed to be called, even in his 'chalmber,' 'God's silly vassal.') The wealth of the throne of England for which he had wearied and waited was now his, along with the courtly and subservient hierarchy of its Church. At last it had come—the Archimedean lever and fulcrum that would do his work, and the Kirk of Scotland would now feel the power that lay in the hand of the Man at Whitehall. The General Assembly of 1605 met at Aberdeen in July, and was barely constituted when a letter was read from the Privy Council dissolving the Court, and ordering it not to meet again without the King's authority. The Assembly adjourned till September; but the King's

right to interfere with the independence of the Church as regards the holding of its Supreme Court was denied. Six of the ministers, including the Moderator, were arrested, imprisoned in Blackness Castle, and were tried for high treason at Linlithgow, January 10, 1606. On the eve of the trial their senior counsel—Sir Thomas Craig, Procurator for the Church, and Sir William Oliphant—refused to plead for them, in deference to the wish of King and Council. It was Hope's tide in the affairs of time, and the junior counsel took it at the flood. The work suited. The subject was his own by inheritance, training, study, and firm conviction; and so ably did he manage the defence that the jury wavered. The Justice-Clerk against all law was sent to assist in their deliberations; but though alternately cajoled and threatened with the pains of high treason, the verdict in favour of the King was only given by nine votes to six. Sentence was left in the King's own hand, and the six ministers were banished from Scotland for ever. Though he thus lost his case, that Linlithgow day laid the foundation of Hope's success. The man had brains and a tongue, and he could use both simultaneously. (O rare fair gift!) The country was Presbyterian though the King was not. Work flowed in, and wealth followed.

He invested largely in land. Scotsmen generally, and members of the Scottish bar in particular, have

hitherto had a strong affinity to heritable estate in soil. 'Buy land, buy land,' was the dying counsel of one of these old Parliament House sages to his son. 'Dinna pit guid siller into a bit paper, or into onything that ye canna stand on the tap o'. Buy land. Hirsel yont cannily ahint the toun. When folk's ready to buy ye can wait to sell; but aboon a' things,' he added solemnly, 'chairge the bairns to ware "the Wig!"' This last is not eighteenth century spelling, which is invariably and pleasingly—*vawrious*. Nor yet was it a wholesale devotion of his descendants to the legal profession. That wig had a history. The old lawyer's father, while in attendance on Lord Stair's Embassy at Paris, had risked and lost his patrimony in the French 'Mississippi System' of Law of Lauriston and died. The son, with grim irony, sewed up the worthless scrip in that father's wig, in the place, he remarked, 'where the brains *ought* to ha'e been,' and hung it up as a remembrance, a warning, and a scare, against the evils of visionary investments!

Sir Thomas Hope bought land. He became owner of the estates of Craighall, Kinninmonth, Ceres, and Hiltarvet, in Fife; Kerse, in Stirlingshire; Granton, Edmonstoun, Cauldcotts, and Preston Grange, in the Lothians; and Mertoun, in the Merse.

In 1616 he built the Cowgate house. The doubts that some antiquarian authors express as to the erection

and ownership of this house are removed by reading its voluminous title-deeds. The earliest document is in Latin, but in the vernacular tongue it is thus described as 'All and Haill that great Lodging or Tenement of Land, high and laigh, back and fore, under and above, with the privileges and pertinents of old pertaining to Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall, His Majesty's Advocate, and which Tenement was built by him . . . and lyes in the said burgh of Edinburgh, upon the north side of the King's high street, there called the Cowgate, towards Magdalen Chappel.' From the lower street level the outward appearance of the building is massive. It has two doorways from the street, from which a short flight of turnpike steps opens into what was once a central oak staircase, retaining even yet traces of the grandeur of former days. The house is one of large interior capabilities, but it is only by tracing the ceiling cornices that the size of the original rooms can be determined, so greatly have these been altered by passages, partitions, and divisions to suit the requirements of later occupants. Originally the beams of one of the floors were displayed, and an effective floral design in distemper is painted between each, forming the ceiling decoration of the room below. From its comparative ease of ingait and outgait, it is more than possible that this room was the statesman's business chamber, its outlook then being a quiet, pleasant garden to the

north. The decoration for some untoward reason has never been used. A stucco ceiling, as old apparently as any of the ceilings in the house, is stretched below, for the under surface of the flooring which forms the ground-work of the decoration—red (eastland buirds), 12 inches broad and 1½ inches thick—looks fresh from the hands of the wrychts of St. Mary's Chapel. In all probability the second ceiling was added to ensure noiselessness. Several of the rooms have panelled walls.

On the lintel of the eastern doorway is inscribed TECVM. HABITA.—words taken from the 4th satire of Persius—the satirist of the white life, who dared to satirise Nero's verses and live.

Tecum habita; noris, quam sit tibi curta supellex.

Literally, 'Live with thyself and thou wilt know how scanty is thy household stuff.' By themselves the two words have been variously paraphrased, 'Be self-contained,' 'Stay at home,' and even 'Hold your tongue.' All wholesome words, and with somewhat of prescience about them; for in 1626 Thomas Hope was appointed King's or Lord Advocate, and there were troublous times ahead. Above the twin doorway to the west, but now almost entirely defaced, are these words from the 119th Psalm, AT HOSPES HVMO—'But (I am) a stranger on the earth.' With the old Fife pronunciation of the word Hope as Houpe, or its Border pronuncia-

tion as Huope, the letters form an anagram of Thomas Hope's name; but above and beyond this dainty device, the choice of these words reveals much of the depth of tone to which the builder's inner life was strung, touching, as they do, on the great primary problems of Human Destiny—Life, Death, and Immortality. A wide arched gateway gives entrance now to a narrow enclosed court, but formerly it opened on the garden and offices. Though persistently named 'the Great Entrance' in the title-deeds, it would not admit a seventeenth century carriage, for Sir Thomas writes, 'Coft for my son, Sir Alexander, his great coatche, for 40 lb. sterling, quhill is 720 merks sterling; and the great coche is putt in the hall of the Castell of Edinburgh to be keipit!' In those days, and long after those days, the carriages in the city were few, and, according to Dr. Wood (Lang Sandy), were of comparatively little use, 'unless ane could be inventit to gang doon a close and up a turnpike stair!'

The garden ground by the titles was a separate purchase. It was acquired 'ane half from umquhile William Little of Libberton, and the other half from Mr. Gilbert Dick.' The town-house of the Littles of Libberton, one of whom was Provost of Edinburgh in 1591, stood north from the Cowgate house, on the slope ascending to the Lawnmarket. The Little family mansion, another of the old Edinburgh historic houses,

quaint in stone and queer in story, was entailed, and remained in the family possession (now Little Gilmour of Inch) till the changes on the West Bow in 1835. It was the garden belonging to this house that Sir Thomas purchased in part, and thereafter built 'ane stane and lime dyke' round it all. In 1580 Clement Littil, Advocate, a zealous reformer, and one of the real founders of the Edinburgh University, gave his library of 300 books 'to the city and Kirk of God.' In the town records this collection is expressly styled 'The Toun's Library,' and it is notified that it was transpŏrted to the College September 18th, 1584, and was the early nucleus of the now vast University collection. History sometimes walks in her own footprints, and it is not unpleasing that the Edinburgh Free Library—also a gift to the city—is to stand on the ground where Clement Littil lived and died.

Sir Thomas held the office of Lord Advocate for twenty years, and his public life forms part of the history of Scotland during one of its most critical periods. Light has been thrown on this period, and not a little on Scottish home life, by the publication of an old manuscript in his own handwriting from the Pinkie House Library, entitled 'Nott of the Pacquettis and Letteris sent and ressavit from Court.' It was published by the Bannatyne Club, 1842, under the title of 'Diary of the Public Correspondence of Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall,

Bart.—1633-1645.' When Hope entered on office, Charles was fully aware of his Advocate's religious principles, yet from a world point of view—that is, business as separate from religion—it is evident that he had the King's full confidence, which his perplexed and angered colleagues of the Prelatic party managed to shake only once. In 1640 he was desired to retire to Craighall, but in four months he was brought back from his country retirement. Strong Presbyterian though he was, his strong arm was needed at the helm of State. He was a man of forceful character indeed, and able to rule—tactful as well, and skilful to guide, and from his diary, not made for publication, as is the wont of modern diaries, for in it he does not spare himself, we see that he was a man of large sympathies and humble at heart. His capacity for work was great, his grasp of it in magnitude and minutiæ powerful, and its performance thorough. Moreover, there was this difference about official life in those days, it was individuals who worked and not departments. In a certain sense, indeed, Hope was an exponent in the seventeenth century of the Moltke mind of the nineteenth, enunciating that perfection is the comprehensive grasp of detail. Such men exist. They are comfortable to work alongside—as Ministers of State, doubtless, and in many minor relations of life. When they are worn out and die, we miss them sorely.

The charm of Sir Thomas Hope's diary lies, however, in the short notes of personal, home, and social life, strangely interspersed as they are amongst memoranda of business letters and money disbursements. It discovers the life lived in the old Cowgate house, and tells us of its owner's joys and sorrows, his belief in 'eerie freits' and strange dreams, his strivings with himself, his strength of prayer, and the answers vouchsafed him. Subject by his own confession to paroxysms of anger, he vows against it in the Scottish tongue, in Greek, and in Latin. His family life is pleasant, drifting into the patriarchal as the years pass on. His wife appears shadowy beside her massive husband, but what is seen, however, is able and careful. It is evident that the wheels of domestic life ran smoothly, and she writes letters once and again to her son Alexander, 'chyding' him for spending. His two elder sons, John, Lord Craighall, and Thomas, Lord Kerse—married, and in houses of their own, were seated on the Bench in their father's lifetime—hence a tradition in deference to the fifth commandment, that he, as Lord Advocate, was allowed to wear his hat when pleading before them. His third son—Sir Alexander Hope, afterwards of Granton—is in London, cup-bearer or carver at Court, where money and more money is wanted and sent, and, as above, his mother sends him good advice, and also large provender, to wit:—'12 chesis, a half barrel

salmond, 2 half barrells hering, 9 boll aittis, and 3½ boll pease.' There is a fourth son, James, afterwards of Hopetoun; one daughter, Elizabeth, who died unmarried, another, Anne, who became Lady Cardross, and a third daughter, Mary, who married Sir Charles Erskine of Alva. This Mary evidently occupied a warm corner of her father's heart, and the love was extended afterwards to her husband and children. In the earlier years of the diary she is in London, and when money is sent to 'My sone, Mr. Alexander,' the father sends again and again a distinct disbursement for 'gownis and jewellis' to Mary.

The old diary and the old house harmonise pleasantly. He looks out of its windows across to the Magdalen Chapel the greater part of the year, but when the Court rises he goes himself, or sends 'my wyff and the bairnis,' to his country seat at Craighall, crossing the Firth by 'Bruntisland,' or at other times going round by the Ferry. A 'thack' house takes fire in the neighbourhood, and his ideas of thatch for roofing purposes are those of modern fire insurance. He goes regularly to church, to Greyfriars' or to Cramond, where he is a heritor, and to the 'brod' he gives 'ane angell and a dollor'—perhaps a larger offering than is habitually given now. The world goes on in the old city very much the same as it does now. In the diary there are notices of deaths many, marriages frequent, and births oft. The latter noted are chiefly

those of his many grandchildren, and it is evident that 'Jean Cuningham, mydwyff'—doubtless in her day an autocrat even amongst rulers—had a good business connection—his grandfatherly gratuity being golden—to wit, 'ane tuelf-pund piece or ane doubill angell,' noted down on the old pages, with a prayer and a blessing for the child, more golden still. As to marriages, we note that of his fourth son, James, to Anna Foulis. 'It was celebrat in the Grey Freir Kirk be Mr. Andro Ramsay on Sounday immediatlie eftir the preaching'—which would be considered a strange time for such a ceremony in Edinburgh now. Anna Foulis was grandchild and heiress to Thomas Foulis, goldsmith in Edinburgh, to whose ledger King James was sorely in debt. Measures for the repayment of this debt, amounting to 180,000 pounds Scots, was the work of a Parliamentary Commission of its day. Part of the profit accruing from this state of matters to the old goldsmith was a grant of the lead-mines at Wanlockhead, in Lanarkshire. We learn that the young husband, James Hope, subsequently studied the 'art of mineralogy, and brought the art of mining to a degree of perfection unknown hitherto in Scotland,' and profited greatly thereby. As a specialist, he was subsequently—and sensibly—appointed Governor of the Mint, and was raised to the bench, 1649, as Lord Hopetoun. Returning from Holland, whither he had

gone for commercial purposes in connection with lead, he died of the Flanders sickness at his brother's house at Granton two days after landing, and is buried at Cramond. He was the immediate predecessor of the Earls of Hopetoun. In this investigation into the origin of species (we had almost added specie) it is to be noted that the gold-beaten work of the Parliament Close, the merchant bales of the Luckenbooths, and the law-books of the old Cowgate house, representing as these do Art, Enterprise, and Legislation, have given to the Hopetoun family an able and an enviable ancestry.

Doubtless there is difference of taste in this matter. Old traditions which are true (less or more), and old ballads which are beautiful, idealise the fighting ancestries of our Border families. But all the girding of swords and hacking of helmets and cleaving of morions, all the armorial allusions to moonlight, all the hints given by the traditional Dish of Spurs, all the hard riding and hard fighting and very hard dying—

> 'Is there no a bird in a' this wood
> Will sain this grace to me,
> As dip its wing in the wan water
> And straik my cauld e'ebree?'

What does it all resolve into—this force, and dash, and beauty, and waste—but into a mere chronic confusion as to the ownership of cattle? It matters not. Tradition and poetry, mediæval cattle-lifting, and human nature

are very powerful, and for all ancestries and difference of opinion thereanent there is room.

It is further evident from the old diary that Sir Thomas had a wide relationship, in whose belongings he took large and substantial interest when living, and at death notes the departure sorrowfully, adding 'The Lord prepare mee.' Sorely he mourns for his little grandchildren, 'his deir bairne Thomas Erskine, wha was buried besides his sister suiet Mary in the Grey Friers.' Infant mortality ruled high in old Edinburgh. Seven of his own children died in infancy, nine in the family of his son, Lord Hopetoun, and one wonders, —What of the children in houses where wealth was not? Other deaths are noted—Peers of the realm, the Provost of the city, Sir William Gray's daughter, of the plague; the Countess of Mar, mother of his favourite son-in-law, Sir Charles Erskine, who died of a 'deidly brasche,' while sojourning as visitor in the Cowgate House; and also 'good David Gourlay,' evidently an old friend dating back to boyhood and early Castlehill days, whose historic house, moreover, Sir Thomas had purchased for the use of his second son, Lord Kerse. This son, we note, was commander of the bodyguard of the Earl of Leven—General in command of the Army of the Covenant. His regiment—'the College of Justice Troop,' numbered 500 men 'weil apparelled'—musketeers and pikemen, who were members of the Scottish bench

and bar—sufficient evidence of the ecclesiastical bent of the legal mind of the day. With much heart-break Sir Thomas loses this able son also, and we are told how the sore stroke was preceded by dreams and tokens. The dreams are fully detailed, and he is sure that they portend 'some calamitie to me or mine, but I have resolved,' he writes, 'to submit myself, and the Lord give me His grace to bear it patientlie.' Of an eclipse of the sun which happened on the King's birthday, November 19, 1644, he writes—'This portendis strange and fearful events, the Lord mak us readie.' In a *Paradise Lost* his contemporary Milton touches with similar dread on (possibly) the same eclipse, which

> 'disastrous twilight sheds
> On half the nations, and with fear of change
> Perplexes monarchs.'

It is easy to write that Hope lived in a superstitious age. He did. But all ages are superstitious less or more, only the 19th century does not write itself so in its diaries. With Thomas Hope the 'At Hospes Humo,' graven over his door threshold, had deeper graving on his own consciousness, and the words 'I am a stranger on the earth,' spoken in those times and in that house, had many echoes powerful to awaken that feeling of insecurity which comes to man even in the hours of highest happiness.

For the days were evil, and had become worse for

Scotland and her Church. Charles I. followed in the footsteps of his father. With his introduction of the Ritual Service-Book into the High Kirk of St. Giles, July 23, 1637, the strain came. The reception of that book is historical. Then came its suspension till the king's pleasure was known, which was displeasure. Ten days thereafter active resistance set in, and the National Covenant was signed in Greyfriars' Churchyard and through Scotland under the leadership of the peers and the enthusiasm of the people. The appeal to arms followed; the assembling of the first army of the Covenant in 1639, the invasion of England by its second army in 1640, and the defeat of the Royal army at Newcastle, with a mocking history between and subsequent to these events of promises broken, concessions unconceded, and Parliaments prone to prorogue but not to perform.

To Hope, with his twofold and now diverging calls to obedience, the contest must have been sore—a very rending asunder of soul and spirit—of joints and marrow. With all his success and power of world work, religion was the larger part of the man —with his whole soul he believed in his country's Church, in its spiritual independence, in that headship of Christ with which no earthly power has right to meddle or mar. Hope stood by his Church and his higher duty, and this earlier history of the National

Covenant was thought out and every move worked out within the walls of the old Cowgate House. It says much for his stern uprightness of character that his principles were recognised and respected both by the king and the Scottish Church party, and it says as much for Charles that he recognised the integrity and the extent of Hope's civil obedience. In 1643 he was appointed Lord High Commissioner of the General Assembly, the only commoner who ever held that office, and possibly the only man left in Scotland in whom the chief contending parties had trust; but the time for conciliation and reconciliation had passed. The Solemn League and Covenant was signed, and the next year saw its army take the field. In the southern kingdom the Parliament of England was in arms fighting for constitutional government and civil liberty, and Charles was face to face and at issue with both, and all because of that evil inheritance—that frail, mocking, human invention of the Divine Right of Kings to reign. The end came, but before it came and before the sore fight was fought out, Thomas Hope had ceased to be a stranger on the earth, and was gone to his rest.

After his death, October 1, 1646, and his burial (he desired that his grave should be deep, 'that he should be so inhumate as not to be exhumate'), the history of the old house is not difficult to trace. By his will, as indicated in his diary, it was left to his son James of

Hopetoun—indeed, with that proneness of old Edinburgh houses and closes to adopt the names of their existing indwellers, it is styled in the title-deeds of the eighteenth century as—the Hopetoun Land. . It passed subsequently through the hands of several owners. In 1758 it became the property of the Corporation of Baxters of Edinburgh, and barns and malthouse buildings were erected on the ground which had been a garden to Clement Littil and to Thomas Hope.

The house has long been divided and broken up into many dwelling-places for several families, and interest has been confined to the legends on its door-lintels. We were once told gravely by one of its tenants that *Tecum Habita* was the name of the man that had built the house. We looked up at the words of classic wisdom, and it flashed on us that the kindly volunteered information was true at least in the matter of the initial letters, which are those of Thomas Hope's name—a conceit, doubtless, but a pleasant one to discover, and not wanting in corroboration. For some years the greater part of the building has been a lodging-house—an inn, with its own standard of cleanliness and comfort—but an inn withal of the humblest kind, and the other, the Scripture legend—'At Hospes Humo'—takes even a deeper significance from the fact that the last tenant in the old statesman's house should literally have been the wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night.

When the old house, now battered and worn, is removed, many will wish that these 'sermons in stone' should be retained and incorporated into the new building, placed also within easy eye-view and beyond the reach of hands troubled with iconoclastic fingers. The Town Council and the citizens of Edinburgh are to be congratulated on the completion of this initiatory stage towards the erection of the City Free Library. For practical purposes the site is good. Historically identified as it is with the life and work of Clement Littil and Thomas Hope, the foundation soil is worthy; for these were the men—they and their fellow-workers—the Men of the Reformation and of the Covenant, whose dynamic mind and hand blocked out and rough-hewed the religious, the intellectual, and the moral future of Scotland, and whose motive force, passing down through the centuries, is energising the far-spread Scottish people to this day.

The Free Library is a gift to Edinburgh, and our Scottish capital is proudly grateful. We would give our thanks in words retrospective of the life of the giver, and anticipative of the far-reaching future and power of the gift. The Cowgate House was the birth soil of great men and great families; and every stone of the Carnegie Free Library that is to rise new upon the old foundation is a witness that *it lies in the power of every Scotsman still to be the first man of his race.*

ANENT STOCKBRIDGE, THE DEAN, AND WATER OF LEITH,

AND THE OLD BOOKS OF THE ANCIENT INCORPORATION OF THE BAXTERS OF EDINBURGH.[1]

AFTER reading this book one lays it down with the conviction that antiquarians, like poets, are born, and not made. The author tells the tale of Stockbridge and its relation to the once adjacent City of Edinburgh in words of pleasant old-fashioned Scottish plainness; but the description is clear, vivid, and graphic withal. The present, moreover, is the second edition of the work, the first having become 'rare,' and selling at five times its original publishing price. This second edition contains much new matter which is old concerning Stockbridge, and thereto is added the history and also

[1] *Memorials and Reminiscences of Stockbridge, the Dean, and Water of Leith.* By Cumberland Hill, Chaplain to the Combination Workhouse of St. Cuthbert's and Canongate. Edinburgh: R. Somerville.

personal reminiscences of the more ancient villages of the Dean and Water of Leith. With these the antiquarian author delves his spade into virgin soil—we forego the usual figure of the plough-share, and use that of the more homely spade-hind. With the more than steep acclivities and declivities appertaining to the Dean and Water of Leith, even a metaphor with ploughing in it would be outside the question.

With Scottish *yaefauldness* our Stockbridge chronicler has been painting pictures all his life as well as taking notes. It is now nearing fifty years since he discovered the hidden concave ceiling in the 'Laus Deo House' in the Lawnmarket, and painted the replica of its beautiful allegories. In this book he gives, amongst other sketches, one of that strange building called Ross's Folly, which, not unlike a Border tower, stood on the rising ground north-west of Stockbridge, and another of St. Bernard's Cave, which was situated in the rocks behind the Greenland Mill; both these landmarks, of which we have never seen any other representation, fell victims to the Edinburgh building operations of the days when George IV. was king. With the exception of the history of St. Bernard's Well, whose surroundings, eagle-like, are more than renewing their youth in these days, we admire the notes on the villages further up the river. Mr. Hill has been able to give extracts from the early eighteenth century books of the Edinburgh

Baxters' Incorporation, who owned the mills in the Water of Leith. Their perusal strengthens us in a long-held theory, that much of the social history of our country is shut up in similar incorporation and guildry records, and that a competent search would throw many broad lights on old home and national life, and would reveal the action of the unknown, unnumbered workers of the population in the far perspective of the Past, and would let us know what the people's share was in the nation's growth—a primary historical question to us all.

In the year 1707—that most notable year of the Union—there came a petition from 'the ministers of the Episcopal *perswasion*' to 'the Deacon and remanent Members of the ancient and Worthy Incorporation of Baxters' begging an alms. Their church had fallen on the days evil for them that followed on the glorious Revolution of 1688, and they were poor—'they and their families,' the petition tells, 'are at present in great wants and necessities that instantly crave the *boweles* and compassion of all good Christians,' and feeling, doubtless, that adversity was more easily borne than prosperity forgotten. True, it was not torture nor persecution to the death, nor even flight over the shaking *shuggling* peat-hags of the moors, through the cold 'haar' of a winter morning to a hiding-place on the hills—the Revolution rulers were magnanimous or

at least politic, and the Church of Scotland made no inquisition for blood. It was only poverty—pathetic only—and neglect, and the shady side of public favour, and, on the broad grounds of true Christianity as pleaded, we read, not without relief, how the worthy Baxters ministered once and again to their necessities —this time the benefaction given was £24 Scots.

The next petition—it bears date September 5, 1716, 'the hairst *ahint* the Shirra-muir'—is even stranger still. It is inscribed 'Unto the Honourable the Deacon and Incorporation of Baxters in Edinburgh,' and 'Sheweth, —That whereof the *Eightie nyne* Gentlemen Prisoners that are *goeing* up from Scotland to *Carlyle* to be *tryed*, there are near sixty of them that have neither money nor necessaries for their journey and subsistence.' It craves help, and that speedily, as the Gentlemen Prisoners were to leave on Tuesday next. Though the Lowlands and the capital had remained staunch to King George and the House of Hanover, as representing the Protestant Succession, there was a ready answer to this appeal. Nationality and humanity spoke to the hearts of those whose judgment held different principles, though for that matter, in the extreme youth of the eighteenth century—at least in the reign of Queen Anne, which had just terminated—it was sometimes very difficult in Scotland, and even more so in England, to say, 'What was what, or wha was wha.' The

political Pilgrim's Progress has known many a Mr. Facing-both-ways, but we question if that worthy, or his classical prototype, the ancient Oracle at Delphi, ever furnished anything as singularly double as the following Janus-faced epigram :—

> 'God bless the King—I mean our faith's Defender !
> God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender !
> But who Pretender is, or who is King—
> God bless us all !—that 's quite another thing.'

Revolutions, or attempted revolutions, however, never transact themselves on velvet, and these were the victims of the ill-judged and precipitated Rebellion of 1715, under the Earl of Mar. There are strange touch-points in all charity lists, and amongst the names of the subscribers is to be found that of 'the Guidman o' the Tolbuith.' Well, who knew the Gentlemen Prisoners better? And what noble house was there then in Scotland whose family name was not written somewhere on the stones of the old prison? Our chronicles show that a kindly and a feeling heart beat strongly in the incorporated Baxter body, and their box-master gives £5 sterling, and receives a receipt for the same. Indeed, we may note here that these books reveal a capable money administration, and that grasp of minutely and duly receipted outlay which is dear to a business mind. And the Tuesday came, and there were sore hearts and weeping eyes in the city, and the sad train

of the Gentlemen Prisoners passed down the steep declivity of the Old Bow and out into the yellow cornfields of the Lothians. How beautiful the smiling land to their prison-dimmed eyes, if it were not for the journey's end! Going up to *Carlyle*—to be tried for their lives—sustained by a begged-for 'bountith' on the way—oh! the pity of it!—and as the lessening band fades away into the distance of the years, the thought suddenly strikes us, how what is called 'treason' and what are called 'traitors' have deteriorated in these modern days, and how to ignoble use and actions vile, even the grand words 'patriot' and 'patriotism' have been debased!

These chronicles of the villages on the Water of Leith show that the river was once a living thing of beauty from its source to the sea; their youth played in it, bathed in it, fished in it, fell into it—indeed, there are few 'free-born villagers' of the now (alas!) elderly and old generation who have not their special tale of disaster and rescue from its waters somewhere between the Cau'dron and the old stepping-stones at the Whins. But what pariah of the slums would now think of slipping his foot into its blackened slime with any idea of purification or pleasure? This year, however, has seen passed in London a Water of Leith Purification Act, and as the beauty of the valley still remains, though changed somewhat by the hand of Art from its old, tangled, wild, verdant

naturalness, we now look forward to a general regeneration with faith and hope.

But the Baxters' Chronicles of the Water of Leith are not always on the dark and shady side of life; the very reverse is the case. The good men had their gala days, or what were then called *gaudé-days*. Pre-eminent amongst these was their annual outing to the village mills at the 'Feeing of the Millers.' These feeing engagements appear to have been for a year, as similar agreements are made at the hiring fairs with hinds or married farm-servants to this day.

In the fair spring weather of the same year of grace (1716) the Deacon and remanent members of their special trade-council left the town behind. We almost think we see them — douce, staid, vigorous old and elderly men in wigs, square-cut coats, long vests, knee-breeches, and three-cornered hats.

> 'They gang by twa, they gang by thrie,
> Oot ower the bent sae broon,
> And the neibours look doon frae ilk stair-head
> As they step wast the toun.'

Yes, 'step' is the word, not 'walk'; neither do they talk at this early stage of the day's proceedings—they orate, just a little; but their speech will grow more natural, not to say flowing, as the hours of that day roll on. On every face there is that indescribable look of grave wisdom and 'wecht' which is inseparable, even

when on pleasure bent, from the earliest stage of official life, deepened as it is in the present instance by conscious incorporation prosperity. There is also that difference of height and figure in sharp contrast and in close arm-and-arm conjunction, which appears to be another standing feature of incorporated existence. It is Baxterdom of 'the auncient royalty'—of Edinburgh within its walls, that is represented, the Canongate being 'thirled' to its own Canon-mills. They pass through the Grassmarket out by the West Port into Portsburgh, which in its own place and degree has also its tale of craft Incorporations. With them it is not a gaudé-day; but they also come to their outside stair-heads, and lean over their half shop-doors, and gaze after the rearview of the brethren from the very adjacent city. Arrived at the mills, and having transacted their business, and settled generally and specially as to what moiety of wages should be in money and what in meal—and we have the authority of an ancient miller that these engagements were better than under a single master, 'the Incorporawtion being furthy and rowthy and no at a' scrimpit'—the Deacon and the Council adjourned to the hostelry of William Gordon to dine. The dinner is marked alike by simplicity and substantiality. The account is detailed in full—'Beef and veall, and broth and breid,' followed in due course by 'pypes and tobacko.' The liquors are—not whisky,

but 'brandie and *eal.*' A course of Free Trade, of which tales might be told, existed between the kingdom of France and sundry villages on the Water of Leith, in the matter of brandy and claret, long before the time of Cobden and the Commercial Treaty, and a strong heavy ale, that is described as gluing the lips together while drinking, was in favour by both *gristers* and millers, only there is good reason to suspect that the cohesion would be of but a temporary nature. Though Robert Burns was not born for fully forty years after this date, the first line drawn below the account gives evidence that the box-master had asked the 'guidwife to count the lawin', and bring a coggie mair,' but this last order resolves itself into a postscript for *more eal* for the millers, which in its turn is followed by an additional postscript for *more brandie and more eal.* There is evidence here that while the great were feasting 'they did not forget the small,' only be it noted that the smallness refers to station and not to stature, for the big millers of the Water of Leith were massive men—famed as such at Calder Fair, even amongst the tall men of the Lothians. Our early remembrance of them is as of a series of human hillsides powdered white—and their hands,—were there ever such comfortably large hands! A *gowpenfull* of groats from the good-natured giant who kept the oat-kiln, and whose doorstep and barn-door were ever covered by a perennial yet con-

stantly shifting population of *eident* sparrows, was largesse in magnitude! 'Fat as a miller's horse' is a proverb satirically said to be co-existent, not to say co-extensive, with multure when paid in kind, but 'plump as a miller's sparrow' is a dainty simile born within the water-plashing sound of the Cau'dron Fall. But to our Baxters, as to other people, feast-day and fast-day fare to an end. With their three-cornered hats just a thought awry, and their Sunday kirk-wigs just a trifle agee—'a sma' thing to speak o' in thae days at that time o' the nicht,' as Dame Jean Bethune[1] would have said—they climb up the steep Bell's Brae, now spanned by the Dean Bridge; they turn in the still clear evening light, not to view the far Firth with its softened shores and its sleeping islands, but each and all pause and look down for a parting glance on their property and

[1] Dame Jean Bethune lived towards 1770 in Edinburgh at the 'Cruick' or Bend of the 'Boo.' She was as noted for cleanliness as for gossip, and passed into a proverb:—

> 'Dame Jean Bethune at the Cruick o' the Boo
> Caumed her steps as white 's a doo;
> She had a nose as lang 's a flail,
> Sair gien to steer her neibors' kail.'

Her house was in an excellent position to watch all the comings and goings between the High and the Low Town. Her cleanliness was the specially remembered characteristic however, and when the fireside was extra white with 'camstane'—when in fact it was as a tired man likes to see it when he comes home at night to his wife and bairns—it used to be said, 'That camstaning would please Dame Jean Bethune.'

their prosperity, their great granary, with its legend—'GOD . BLISS . THE . BAXTERS . O . EDINBRUGH . VHO . BULT . THIS . HOUSE.'—their people, with the certainty of work and the sureness of bread before them—then turning their faces comfortably citywards, past Meldrumsheugh, past the West Kirk, past the now darkening Castle rock—to quote the *owerword* of one of their own old songs—they gang toddlin' hame—

> 'As round as a neep,
> Or as lang as a leek,
> They gang toddlin' hame.'

Still, in connection with the Water of Leith, these records give interesting information concerning workmen's wages, skilled and unskilled, and a queer custom of the period as to recognised allowances for their 'Morning drynk and Four-hours.' The extracts we have quoted being all within the limit of ten years are sufficient to demonstrate the historical value of these old Incorporation letter-books, and also to show that the far-back members of the Edinburgh Baxter Craft were capable, cautious, kindly, *couthie* men—at once humane and *very* human, and we are glad, this beautiful springtime, after the lapse of one hundred and seventy years, that their memory should again bourgeon and become green.

The time is also realised vividly when the West Kirk, surrounded by its churchyard, was a lonely spot in its

landward parish—when, with the exception of one farmsteading east from the Kirk Loan Road, 'there was neither hoose nor ha' nor fire nor candle-licht,' between it and the three villages of the river. This was notably the case during the pastorate of the pious and very powerful-armed Neil M'Vicar. The story of the 'resurrectionists' of that century, and subsequently, we leave to the reader, who will possibly be disposed to agree with the quoted opinion of the West Kirk gravedigger, concerning his own special field of labour, 'that there will be a hantle folk fund missin' *there* on the resurrection mornin'!' Mr. M'Vicar preached through and during the two Rebellions of '15 and '45. Dispeace in the country, as evidenced by the cannonading of the Castle, told sorely on the edifice of St. Cuthbert. From one of its elders mentioned by Mr. Hill, and through an older recorder of the parish to whom the minister of his youth was a hero of heroes, we have inherited information that this was specially the case after the last Rebellion. Neil M'Vicar invariably wore a 'black semmet cowl cap' while preaching, always doffing it reverently during prayer. This fashion of cowl or skull cap was not uncommon amongst ecclesiastics and scholarly men from the time of George Buchanan, and even earlier, down to the eighteenth century, but latterly it must have become somewhat of a necessity in the West Kirk pulpit, for long before the

sermon was finished, so insufficient were the walls and roof that the minister's head-gear was covered with a '*thin glaister o' sifted snaw!*' This story was told to throw into contrast the luxurious comfort and warmth of the present church, then in its comparative youth, and doubtless at the same time to expose that ever-increasing and contemptible effeminacy which, in the eyes of all Spartan seniors, is the undying attribute of every younger generation, albeit that any means of heating churches, except by that of a crowded congregation, were still unknown. Semmet was an old-fashioned stuff, silken or partly silken, at once glossy and durable. The word, although it has an ancient classical derivation, is evidently a modification of the Dutch and German *Sammet*—velvet—all materials possibly akin to that dignified sartorial texture—Samite—which the Poet-Laureate more than once and again accredits to the raiment of the Arthurian legends. In *Morte D'Arthur* the arm which rose from the bosom of the lake, and received the sword Excalibur, hand-hurled into its waters by Sir Bedivere, was

'Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.'

Mr. Hill tells a characteristic story, handed down by some old parishioners, as to Neil M'Vicar's personal prowess, to which we ask leave to add what may be called a permitted adjuration by way of postscript, derived from a similar authority as already indicated.

It may be safely asserted that delinquents under kirk-session discipline are, as a rule, discontented with its decisions. One of these wronged individuals, in good social position, and said to be a Laird of Inverleith, met Mr. M'Vicar subsequently on a country road, and told him that if it were not for the coat the minister wore he would there and then inflict on him summary chastisement. This was too much for the good man's Celtic blood. The sword had lain very near the Bible in the days of his youth; and even his early ministerial life had been that of an army chaplain in the Highlands in troublous times. He immediately stripped off his coat and threw it on the ground. 'There lies the minister of the West Kirk,' he cried, 'and here stands Neil M'Vicar, and BY YEA and by NAY, sir, come on,' striking out at the same time straight from the shoulder with a strong, sinewy arm; but the wrong-doer, touched with a sense of guilt, or, more possibly, with the consciousness of a non-corresponding amount of muscle and courage, fled. The adjuration—at first blush so like an oath—is queerly distinctive, but is withal so loyally and literally obedient in the strong-hearted soldier of the Church militant, who is traditionally reported never to have known fear—bearding both Presbytery and General Assembly, battling stoutly to preserve the people's rights against the Patronage Act of Queen Anne, and in his old age, when past three

score years and ten, praying publicly from his pulpit for King George by name in the very presence of Prince Charles' officers, and when the city was in possession of the rebel Highland army. The incident narrated is said to have taken place on the low road to the Ferry, now called Comely Bank, near Tod-ma-lane.

Mr. Hill has discovered from the reading of an old feu-charter that the Permissive Bill is not an American institution hailing from Maine after all, but belongs to Stockbridge; he might add that the school of muscular Christianity so popular in England had early disciples in the same northern locality. Tod-ma-lane, not far from the ancient Bow Butts, which now form part of the Edinburgh Academy cricket-ground, was formerly a narrow pathway overshadowed by ancient elms—an artist's quiet nook, and beautiful as any of the green lanes in the pleasant land of Kent. It is changed now into one of the broad but somewhat bare roads that lead to Fettes College.

In this neighbourhood is noted the home of Thomas Carlyle's early married life. The immediate surroundings are little changed since 1826. On the upper Queensferry Road the city has gained largely on the country—on what in Carlyle's time were the fields and the steading of the old Dean farm; but on the lower road his house, built of white hard Craigleith stone, ungrimed by city smoke, still remains what it was then,

the third last house in the town, and the garden—'our little flower-garden,' he terms it—lies pleasantly to the south without as yet any opposite side of the street. One feels grateful for this Stockbridge picture of Carlyle and his wife. It contrasts well with Chelsea. There is really sunshine in it. As a rule, microscopes should not be applied to the early married lives of other people, indeed the ordinary powers of human vision are often more than enough, but in Carlyle's Stockbridge home there appears a sufficiency of reasonable but perhaps restless happiness—the latter quality derived, or at least greatly aggravated in his case, from a lack of definite daily duty—of anything in the shape of a tangible bone to keep his thought-hunger from gnawing into his own heart. Possibly the thought has flashed across many a mind as to how much might have been changed in both these lives if it had pleased God to have given a little child to lead them. There might even have been less of foreboding prophecy as to the shooting of Social and National Niagaras if there had been one of his own blood destined to wrestle in the waters of the gulf below the rapids. When a man's stake in the future is covered by his own hat, the heart grows hard—sometimes.

Perhaps it may interest our readers to learn that the house in Comely Bank was not the first house that Carlyle had taken in Stockbridge in prospect of his marriage.

He had previously rented the first flat of the corner tenement of Carlton Street and St. Bernard's Crescent. The late Mr. Irving, of the Advocates' Library, acted for the proprietor, then abroad, but who still lives to tell the story. Carlyle entered into possession, but having conceived—not without reason—some umbrage as to the character of a neighbouring tenant, he overwhelmed Mr. Irving with a whirlwind of speech, not usual then or desirable at any time in an incoming tenant, and the bargain was cancelled.

The story and history of Stockbridge proper we leave to the reader. Its annalist gives pleasant reminiscences of its great artists, native-born—Raeburn and Roberts,—touches gently on the young life of the rare Oxford scholar, George Rankine Luke, and gives in evidence a very host of distinguished residents and indwellers. Amongst these we note Sir James Young Simpson, not on account of his great discoveries or their application to modern science—these and their continuous and unending development by others belong to the world; not that he was for the district specially, what he was for the sick-poor of humanity generally—a brother born for adversity—*that* has ever been the attribute of the noble profession to which he belonged and of its members less or more; but we single him out for his loyal love and keen interest in everything that belonged to the history of the Past—tangible or intangible—stone

or story—the remains of a kitchen-midden or the ruins of a cathedral minster—all had special charms for him. He was very tender to the theories of the merest tyro in old-world matters, and at the same time he would hobnob with the humblest navvy in archæology, equally ready to listen or to labour, to handle a pickaxe or to hold a lantern. And his happiness at such times!—gladness covered him about as with a garment!—and his laughter, especially at a good story!—it was a sight to see as well as a sound to hear, for from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he seemed to laugh all over; but reading now of his life and overwork, it seems to us that his leisure and his laughter had only been condensed and taken strong. To his last day Sir James had a leal love for Stockbridge—that queer fealty or clanship to the place that seems strangely, if not especially, indigenous to Stockbridge natives and old residenters, and no one ever saw him drive through 'the village' without seeing his face looking brightly out of the carriage windows. He held it to be the most beautiful and the healthiest suburb of Edinburgh, even in spite of the 'sad detrimental' of the ill-used Water of Leith. He used to count up its distinguished artists and men of letters, and show how there was an 'infection of genius—a continuity of fame' in the clear north light of the place. He used to point out from the height on the Fettes estate, above where

the College now stands, that for the greater part of the year Stockbridge stood clear of smoke. 'I noticed it first,' he said, 'when I was driving out the shearers' bread to Pilton, and I have watched it ever since.' 'There are at least eight months of west wind in the year, the very shoulders of the hedgerow trees show it,' he continued; 'the smoke never begins to thicken till on the far side of St. Stephen's Church; the wind from Corstorphine Hill that blows away the smoke from Stockbridge blows away the smells—ERGO'—the intensity of his conviction and the loudness of the shout are only to be faintly understood by the capitals in which that word *ergo* is printed. On the other hand, or rather on the other *airt*, so high an opinion did he hold of St. Bernard's Row, Malta Terrace, and the lower district of Stockbridge generally being sheltered from the *east* wind by the bluff on which Saxe-Coburg Place is now built, that he recommended two consumptive patients to winter there, instead of going south to Devonshire or Italy—'Bits o' orphan lassies,' he added, 'with not overly much siller in their purse.' There was a wonderful cadence of pity in the Professor's voice when he fell back unwittingly into the village vernacular, much the same as there used to be in that of Dr. John Brown when he harked back on the home-born speech of Biggar. 'And it was successful, too,' he continued, 'for that winter at least. Yes, Stock-

bridge and Success both begin with 'S''—with which compliment to an admiring indweller and early friend he hurried into his carriage and was whirled away. That was shortly before what Mr. Hill calls the *slight* of his being refused the Principalship of the Edinburgh University. When the Slight and the Refusal fell upon him, the shroud was far up on his breast, and he was soon to pass into that Land of the inhabitant of which it is written—'He shall not say that I am sick,'—and they buried him—all the city mourning, and we of the old village, who knew him and loved him, were pleased that this should not be amid the fame and the far-off solitariness of Westminster Abbey as was offered, but near at hand at Warriston, beside the graves of his children, and below the gowans on the little brae that faces the city and the sun.

Finally, for we end here, for such books as this—the slow acquirement of years, and which age only can write—with text material, consolidated and reliable, for very many antique discoursings, there is no criticism but thanks and a disposition to echo the demand of the persistent and persevering daughters of the proverbial horse-leech who cry, 'Give, give.'

ANENT WESTER PORTSBURGH; OR THE WEST PORT.

I.

ITS BURGH COURT-HOUSE AND ITS TRADE INCORPORATIONS.

For everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven; and the removal of the ancient houses of Old Edinburgh year by year and month by month bears emphatic testimony to the truth of the teaching of the wise but weary-hearted preacher. There is a time to break down and a time to build up, a time to cast away stones and a time to gather stones together.

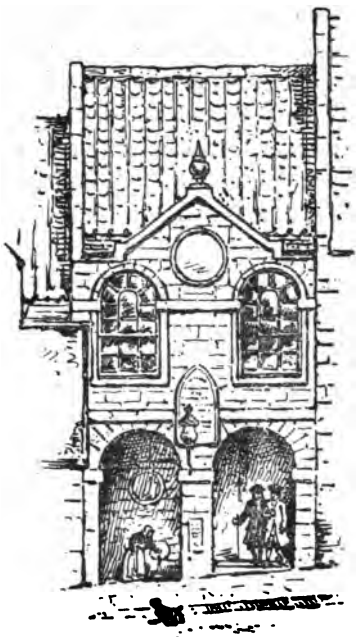
For new, and let us add and be comforted, for noble uses, Milton House, and the Hope House, and the Gordon House have passed away within the year, each with its wealth of historical associations, the last named evidencing a strange perfectness of detail in the many handicrafts of house-building. To the constant watcher of its gradual and very difficult demolition, it embodied

strange lectures on the widely different subjects of technical education and trade depression—from the hand-made nails, smoothly hammered and taper-pointed, to the delicately pierced and carved plane-tree mouldings, which, with other mouldings overlaid in frosted gold, were planted in beautiful contrast against its dark bases and oak panellings. Truly the men that gathered the stones of the Gordon House together, and reared up and beautified its walls and its woodwork, had little to learn at the hands of us, their successors, in the nineteenth century. At the nails—those of the Hope House were even finer—we looked with a queer feeling almost akin to envy; it must have been a solid pleasure to have hammered them in, each to its destined place—and already there is in the land a generation of workers drifting into middle life who have done all their hammering on machine-made nails; they know little or nothing of the old luxury. Forty years ago there was calculated to be 400 nail-makers in Edinburgh and Leith. Again, when these hand-run astragals of the Gordon House windows were made, and down to within thirty years ago, that workman was chief among his compeers who could make an ordinary-sized window, with its sashes, soffits, and shutters complete, in a trade week, then consisting of sixty hours. Very lately we stood where there were miles of such house-finishings, as they are now termed—what might formerly have

been the manual labour of weeks and months condensed into the ease of machine hours, and ready to be framed together in a fractional space of time. And one begins to ask—Can there be a dark side to the triumphs of steam, whose praises we have been hymning ceaselessly, and which we must continue to praise? Commercial prosperity and trade depression, are they synonyms for the fulness of bread to our people and the gripings of want? Will philanthropists and political economists set themselves to assimilate, and will statesmen in the near future be required to legislate between the multiplying products—the labour-annihilating power of the Iron Man and the multiplying masses of the people born to a world decreasing in human labour? Time cannot go back fifteen degrees on the dial of human invention, and what mind or hand can forge shackles for mind? But then there is the other side, and our hearts are held captive for the little children of our own people. The subject is sore; it is bitter. Is this problem near? If so, who will be found sufficient for these things?

These trade thoughts by a short route bring us to the subject of this paper—'Portsburgh; or the Burgh of the West Port: its Burgh Court-House and its Old Trade Incorporations.' The subject is a trade subject, Portsburgh having been pre-eminently the trade suburb of Old Edinburgh, as the Royal Burgh of the Canon-

gate outside the Nether Bow Port was its court suburb. Its Court-House, latterly also used as its Trades' Hall,



COURT-HOUSE OF WESTER PORTSBURGH IN THE WEST PORT.

the centre of its burgh life, influence, power, and history, has just been removed. The reason was the feebleness and frailties of age. There are not many of

the old city buildings that have perished for lack of strength.

When Edinburgh abode within its walls, the only port for 'ingait or outgait' to and from the west, and from the north by way of Queensferry, or even by land route from Stirling, was, as the name indicates, by the West Port. That gate and that wall—the extended or second city wall—like the second wall of Jerusalem, were built in troublous times. The words of the annalists of the age are few, and we do not know if the builders builded with their swords belted by their sides—a strangely-armed trade union—or if, while they laboured at the work, half of the people held spears from the rising of the morning till the stars appeared, as is written by Nehemiah concerning the second wall of Jerusalem. But the September of 1513 had seen the decision of Bannockburn reversed and the glory of Scotland fall at Flodden—a well-stricken, a well-fought field, where

> 'The stubborn spearmen still made good
> Their dark impenetrable wood;
> Each stepping where his comrade stood
> The instant that he fell.
> No thought was there of dastard flight;
> Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
> Groom fought like noble, squire like knight—
> As fearlessly and well.'

But that honour accorded, and we hold cowardice to be

a crime, there remains no other honour—for the king. Had Bannockburn been a Scottish defeat, and not a Scottish victory, much of the glory would have remained with the vanquished, and not with the victor. But for no principle of national independence, for no righteous cause of weal or worth, but for a mere punctilio—a very naught and naughtiness of a pseudo and decadent chivalry was Flodden fought. In the very wantonness of power and folly James threw away his holiest charge —the honour and the lives of his people. For a woman's whim, vaguely named of knight-errantry, but quivering with the eager, ill-concealed self-interest of Valois state policy, he, the flattered dupe of France, sacrificed kingdom and love, and name and fame. The three steps, or three miles, taken on English ground for the French Queen's sake left

> 'Mony a sweet babe fatherless,
> And mony a widow mourning,'

from the royal cradle in Linlithgow Palace to the shepherd's lonely hearth on the far Border Hills, where husband and father would return no more, and where the latest echoes still linger of the great land mourning,

> 'When the Flowers o' the Forest were a' wede away.'

But Scotland has ever magnified herself in misfortune. At no time did she ever pose for pity or put forth a

prayer for help. She closed in upon her sorrow in silence. It behoved what remained of the leaders to labour. The time was short. It was now late autumn, and spring would see the 'auncient innemys' of England cross the Tweed to follow up their victory. All through that winter of chilled sorrow—only think of it—the very women, childless mothers and bereaved widows, were forbidden to weep in the street: what was left of the wisdom and worth of the land worked at its best, and the West Port, with the bars and beams thereof, was set up when the country and its capital were straining every nerve against national annihilation.

The English did not come. The era of blood and of crime had not as yet dawned in the character and government of Henry VIII. Even afterwards, though that King severed the marriage bond by the headsman's axe, or by the slower death and disgrace of divorce at will, yet we note in Henry, with himself as a centre, a certain respect for the near ties of kindred relationship. The widowed Queen Margaret was his sister, and her infant son, James V., now King of Scotland, was at that time heir-presumptive to Henry and the throne of England.

Outside the West Port and the other three gates of the Edinburgh Flodden Wall suburbs arose. Two of these districts were afterwards comprehended in the ancient Burgh of the Barony of Portsburgh—namely,

Easter Portsburgh, lying beyond the Potter Row or Kirk-o'-Field Gate, and Wester Portsburgh lying outside the West Port, which was situated at the lower end of the Grassmarket. The two districts, however, did not lie beside each other. They were separated by the suburb of Bristo, which lay outside Bristo Port, otherwise known by the names of Society Port and Greyfriars' Port:—To quote from the published 'Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State of the Municipal Corporations in Scotland (1835),' the two districts of Easter and Wester Portsburgh were 'discontiguous.' The whole contiguity of the districts named, however, formed portion of the Barony of Inverleith, which in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries belonged to the ancient family of Touris. This barony was of wide area, dating as it did from Wardie Muir and its fortalice on the sea. With its extent on the north side of Edinburgh we have at present nothing to do. On the west and south of the city it included the lordship of Dalry, the lands of Hieriggs, Drumdryan, Tollcross, Elvansyde, or Polcatslieve, and the Easter and Wester Crofts of Bristo. Good citizens and faithful magistrates of Edinburgh were these Touris in their day—notably so at the juncture of which we write. We read that the Provost and the Bailies of Edinburgh passed into the army with their King; that Sir Alexander Lauder, the Provost, fell at

Flodden; that George Touris of Inverleith had been left chief of the 'Presidents' in care of the city, and that it was his calm and strong-willed patriotism that quelled panic and organised defence on the first tidings of defeat.

There were buildings outside the gate on the lands of Wester Portsburgh prior to this time. The King's Stables and the Castle Barns date from the earlier period, when Edinburgh Castle was a royal residence, and these were its 'grange' offices. Both names exist as names in the city to this day. But though situated in direct eye-view, yet so circuitous and lengthy was the road from the Castle gate that royal commands, which are understood to imply swift obedience, must surely have had some equivalent for the semaphore or telegraph signals of modern times. Also the Tournament Ground—where James IV. entertained and encountered the errant chivalry of Europe, to the entire dissipation of the treasures of his father's famous 'black kist'—lay at the foot of the Castle Rock—a natural amphitheatre, powerful to accommodate a countryside of spectators, and which tilting-ground, or Barasse, was a pleasant green in Maitland the historian's time. Not far from it, and also without the gate, was a Pre-Reformation chapel of the Virgin Mary of the Rock, the *vestigia* of which were in existence in Kincaid's time—a century ago—and a memory of which still lingers in the name at least of the

Lady Wynd. All these erections had been deemed of only out-wall value, at which we wonder, unless they had fallen into a state of disrepair, for a respect for heritable property in stone and lime, as well as in land, has ever been an inherent feature of Scottish character.

The settlement of the suburbs of the Port was prosperous. The policy of the Touris was protective, and the population increased rapidly. Before the close of the century John Touris had granted charters to its eight Incorporated Trades—two of Easter and six of Wester Portsburgh, notwithstanding that the latter district must have suffered severely in the sanguinary civil war between Kingsmen and Queensmen, when the Castle of Edinburgh was held by Kirkcaldy of Grange against Regent Morton and his English auxiliaries under Sir William Drury (1573). The picture of Edinburgh in Ralph Holinshed's History of England, published 1577, was taken by an eye-witness of this siege. It is wonderfully true as regards the district and the distances round the Castle. It gives Wester Portsburgh in the foreground, with very few houses left standing; and for this reason we quote the words of the writer of the *Diurnal of Occurrents*—a Scottish eye-witness:—'In this mene tyme wes greit distruction of all bigingis neirest the Castell, in all pairtis, and mair skaith done to the bigingis thairabout than wes done the tyme of the troublis.' Holinshed represents the West Port itself

as an arched gateway, with a dwelling-house above, having a dormer window to the Grassmarket. This house would be the warder's house in time of peace, passing into armed occupancy in the event of war. The West Kirk is seen in wonderful entirety, but the whole district south, west, and north of the Castle, and hottest on the Esplanade to the east, is a concentred circle of battle fury, where, between raised basket gabions and on the ramparts, the cannon of besiegers and besieged are 'shuiting vehementlie.' It is to be noted that the western gate of the city had not the severe discipline in warfare experienced by the three successive Nether Bow Ports. Its approaches lay under the protection of the Castle guns, with this disadvantage, however, that a cannon ball has no discrimination. Every siege of Edinburgh Castle which followed, whether the guns were fired by friend or foe to the citizens, has always left the city and its suburbs the sorest sufferers.

In the next century the superiority of Easter and Wester Portsburgh was sold by John Touris to Hepburn of Humbie, and they were separated from the barony of Inverleith, but the fact that they once formed a part of the northern Barony is invariably mentioned in old feu-charters and title-deeds. Already, in 1618, John Touris had sold to the magistrates of Edinburgh ten acres of the High Riggs, on a portion of which Heriot's Hospital was afterwards built. This purchase was a fortunate

transaction for the two suburbs of the Port, as their traders, holding the right to work and sell over the whole barony of Inverleith, now claimed and exercised the liberty of sale within the Grassmarket. The Touris family was going down. It was a troubled time. Revolution and disturbance in the land are equally against the chances of attaining old age and the continuous holding of property. In 1673 we find Inverleith twice sold, and in the possession of James Roguehead or Rocheid, town-clerk of Edinburgh, whose descendants have ever since owned it.

In the matter of placing the bloody heads of the law's victims as a trophy on the city gates—a practice in which the Christianity of Great Britain stands on a footing with the ferocity of Tamerlane and the savagedom of Dahomey—the West Port had historically its full share from its very earliest days. The weather-beaten skulls of martyrs, religious and political, as well as those of malefactors who deserved their doom, looked down on the busy toilers of Wester Portsburgh, and doubtless the busy toilers got used to the sight. We have noted elsewhere that there were degrees of eminence in this degradation. A lower social status and a lesser criminal importance belonged to the spikes of the West Port in comparison with those of the Nether Bow, while the spikes of the Nether Bow had to own precedence to those of the Tolbooth, and one wonders

if it was possible for the prestige of rank or the notoriety of crime to go further.

On the 26th of June 1685, in the fourth month of the reign of King James VII., the head of the 'brave and sincere, but not blameless, Rumbold,' as Lord Macaulay styles him, was placed above the West Port. A sharer in the Earl of Argyll's rebellion, he was taken, wounded to death, only by the hamstringing of his horse, and that after having defended himself against a host of enemies. The Government fain would have hanged him in England, but 'phisitians' gave in their learned verdict—'Speed,' they said, 'was necessary that he might not *preveen* the public execution by his death.' The Court sat on the 25th. Colonel Rumbold was charged with participation in the Rye-House Plot—he was owner of the house from which the plot takes its name. He was also charged with the design to assassinate the late King, Charles II., but this he stoutly denied, and the charge was departed from. He acknowledged, however, full participation with Argyll. He was asked if he was one of the masked executioners of Charles I. He said no; but he had been one of the guards on horseback at the scaffold at Whitehall, and he had fought at Dunbar, and Worcester, and Dundee, as lieutenant in Cromwell's army. Wounded, and unable to stand without support, he met his doom—and such a doom—as became a man trained for life and

death—ay, and the Life beyond Death—in the stern war school of the Great Protector. Amongst other old papers, the original writing containing his doom and sentence has been placed in our hands. It is folded up like a tradesman's account, and, like an account, it is docketed on the back, but the words are, 'Doom and sentance of Ritchard Rumbold, 1685.' This paper is in all points a reflection of the minutely kept diary of Lord Fountainhall. To the sentence are appended the official signatures of the Judges, and we transcribe a verbatim copy :—

'EDNR 26 June 1685.

Forsameikle as Ritchard Rumbold designed Collonell Rumbold malster at Rye in the Countie of Hartford being found guilty by ane Inqueist of the cryme of high treason ment in his Indytment The Lords justice Generall Justice Clerk and Commissioners of Justiciary therefor be the mouth of John Leslie dempster of court decerne and adjudge the saide Ritchard Rumbold to be caryed from the bare to the laigh councill house of Edinburgh and from thence in a hurdle or sledge to be led by the hangman to the marcat croce of Edinburgh and ther to be hanged up on a gibbet and Immediately Lett down alive and the rope being about his neck his heart to be cutt out by the hangman and showen to the people upon the point of ane bygonott or dager round about the scaffold at the foot of the Gibbet errected for that purpose And the hangman is to expresse these words here is the heart of a bloodie traitor and murderer and which therefter the hangman is to cast unto a fyre prepared on purpose on the scaffold And ordaines the saide Ritchard Rumbolds head to be cutt off and showen to the people in maner forsd and expressing the forsd Words and then his body to be quartered and on part therof to be affixt on the tolbuith of Glasgowe another at Jedburgh the third at the burghe

of Dumfreis and the fourth at the Newtoun of Galloway and ordaines his head to be affixt at the West port of Edinburgh on a high pick or pole erected for that purpose And ordaines this sentance to be putt to execution this present twentie sext day of June betwixt two and fyve aclock in the efternoon preceislie And Ordaines his name fame memory and honours to be extinct his blood to be tainted and his armes to armes [*sic*] to be riven furth and delete out of the bookes of armes suae that his posterity may never have place nor be able therefter to bruik or joyse any honours offices titles or dignities within this realme in tyme comeing And to have forfault ammitted and tint all and sundrie his Lands heretages tacks steadings roumes possessions goods and gear whatsomever pertaining to him to [be?] our Soveraigne Lords to remaine perpetuallie with his Majestie in propertie which is pronunced for doom.

ROGER HOG LINLITHGOW
JA FOULIS
AL. SETON JOHN LOCKHART
DAUID BALFOUR'

On the 3d August following, after being sufficiently exposed in Scotland, the whole was ordered by the King to be sent to London to be a spectacle there. Comment on this sentence, and on the undignified language used to the prisoner, is needless. The Courts of Justice in Scotland under the Restoration Stuarts reek and smell like a charnel-house, and as we write, standing within the threshold of the two-hundredth anniversary year of the great Revolution, our wonder is, not that the strange change, of which sceptre-shifting was merely the visible type, should have been so swift and bloodless, so

thorough and so rest-giving, but that the deliverer and the deliverance should have tarried so long—only

'The mills of God grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding small.'

II.

The Hepburn holding of the lands of Portsburgh was of short duration. In 1648 Sir Adam Hepburn sold the superiority to the Magistrates of Edinburgh for 27,500 merks, and by a Crown charter in 1649 the two port suburbs were erected into one whole and free burgh of Barony of Portsburgh. The Town Council, as feudal superiors, appointed one of its own number as Baron bailie, and also two resident bailies, one for Easter and one for Wester Portsburgh; but in the latter days of the burghs the resident bailies were elected by popular vote. These burghs had each its separate courts, clerks, procurator-fiscal, treasurer, and other officers. Each burgh had its own Trainbands, liable to be called out when danger was near, and to these old-fashioned citizen warriors was superadded the protective defence of Citizen Constables; and both forces existed in either Portsburgh side by side, with all the dignities appertaining thereto, until the end came. In truth, these Portsburghs were a species of burgh

Siamese Twins, with perfectly separate functions, but still possessing a certain bond of union; and we note in passing that the neighbouring burghs of Canongate and

COURT-HOUSE OF EASTER PORTSBURGH IN THE POTTERROW.

Calton had, with certain well-preserved differences, a somewhat similar constitution, and radiance of governing powers. Down to sixty years ago Edinburgh and

her surroundings had a very large amount of active official life. Each district had its own dignity and dignitaries, the city rulers and institutions being for all 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form.' Add to this that the city and all her separate satellite burghs had each a tale, larger or smaller, of trade incorporations, all with powers more or less extensive and exclusive, but now all ceded, and we can easily understand a state of affairs in which there would be a fine reading and a firm holding of rights and privileges, a large and loud-spoken jealousy on the matter of boundary lines, and riding of the marches, and a necessary clashing and antagonism of independent and rival jurisdictions. Certain changes and ameliorations were introduced by the Reform Bill of 1832 and the Municipal Reform Act of 1833, and at length in 1856 the whole fabric of abnormal multiplicity and chaos of rule came to an end, the city was divided into thirteen wards, the Parliamentary boundary line became the municipal march fence, and the whole government was vested in the Town Council.

It is with Wester Portsburgh that we have more particular duty, and during the two hundred years that it enjoyed a separate jurisdiction—an old-fashioned kind of Home Rule, doubtless—its area as known to us in modern streets is certified by the Parliamentary Commission already referred to as having lain wholly

'west of Wharton Lane and the Vennel, and to have comprised the main street of Wester Portsburgh on both sides, the whole of Lauriston on both sides from Wharton Lane to Lochrin, including Portland Place and Cowfeeder Row on the west, to Bruntsfield Links on the east, including Home and Leven Streets.' Down to within living memory the greater part of this area was open ground, and unbuilt. Distinctive and characteristic Portsburgh, or the West Port *pur sang*, began at the foot of the Vennel and ended at the Main Point, with the side closes and wynds thereto attached. Graham Street within existing lives was the Cuddy Park, and the fortunate builders when digging out the first foundation discovered an excellent stone quarry 'aneath the cuddies' gerse.' Home Street had Haig's Lochrin Distillery and Lochrin House on the one side, and a long rope-walk on the other. All the ground between it and the Meadows belonged to Mr. Hume Rigg, of Morton, who generally lived at Drumdryan House in the summer, and had his town residence half a mile distant—at the foot of Gosford's Close in the Lawnmarket—in the winter. The latter house internally was one of the finest in Edinburgh. Walls and stairs were of different-coloured marbles. This nearness of dwellings, which reminds one a little of the Vicar of Wakefield's migrations from the blue bed to the brown, was by no means singular in Edinburgh last century.

Lord Alva had a country house at Drumsheugh—commemorated still in the modern Alva Street—and his town house in Milne Square. Advantages were not wanting. Lady Alva got a regular supply of fresh vegetables brought in by passing milk-carts, journeying in from the Ferry to the well-known rendezvous near the Tron Kirk. The gratuity was 2d., quite enough then to make some small rivalry among the 'cairter lads' for the honour and profit of bringing in 'her leddyship's greens.'

The Ferry Road then was also the Portsburgh kirk-road to St. Cuthbert's. It kept close to the Castle Rock, and joined the Kirkbrae Road near the church. Long after Princes Street was built there was no Lothian Road. 'Waygait' south in that direction was stopped by the minister's glebe and 'Grin'lay's Grun'.' Successive waves of change have, even within recent years, passed over this district. Part of the Caledonian Railway Station and the feus of the lower Lothian Road and Castle Terrace are the excellent crop now borne by the glebe acres. Grin'lay's Grun', or the lands of Orchardfield, belonged to John Grindlay, a tanner at the foot of the West Bow, famed to be far beyond even the 'Boo' average as to sureness and nearness in money matters. Note here, meanwhile, that this class of people do not enter the Gazette by the bankruptcy list; and John Grindlay's money and bene-

factions are to be found in the books of the Edinburgh Merchant Company to this day. One day he astounded his neighbourhood by subscribing £100 towards the making of the New City Approach. 'Astonished!' said another member of the leather-making fraternity; 'the Port and the Boo, let alane the Gerse-mercat, werena only astonished, they were *perfeckly puitrifeed!*' until it was discovered that he had caused a feuing plan of his ground to be prepared. He had long expected promotion for this ground from the New Town, but he was equally willing to welcome it from the Old. We have seen this plan. One feature of it was a terrace facing the Castle, to be called View Castle Terrace, and another a large square at the head of the Lothian Road, destined to leave the other New Town squares in a state of permanent eclipse. But his own generation and another had to pass away before his ground was fairly utilised, and his connection with it finds a memory still in the name of the modern Grindlay Street.

The Main Point, a 'gusset' house now little heeded, was rightly named in its time. Thence diverged the three great arterial roads from the capital to the extremities of the kingdom—to the north by Stirling, then accounted the key of the Highlands, to the west by Glasgow, and to the south by Linton and Moffat. With one or two exceptions—notably that of Queen Mary, and also that of her equally unfortunate grandson

Charles I., who entered Edinburgh by the New Town approach of the Lang Gait and the Ferry road,—all that was royal in the matter of pageants at State entries into the city by our Scottish Sovereigns passed in by the Main Point. By the three great roads indicated, all that was noble or the reverse; all that was warlike; all that pertained to victory or defeat; all that belonged to commerce, to trade, to manufactures; all that had interest with agriculture, and with such as have cattle, and the hired labourers connected with both; all the prosperity, the industry, and the godliness; all the beggary, the want, and the crime took the Main Point on the right or the left shoulder, passed down the main street of Portsburgh, and entered the city by the West Port. The Queensferry Road, or what was called one of the two 'boated' roads to the north, joined just before the entrance of the gate. Thoroughfare and traffic make trade, and Portsburgh grew wealthy. In old times, possibly not so very old, people grew rich by two ways—first, by what they worked for, and, secondly, by what they did not spend. Is it not the want of the non-spending element that causes the persistent impecuniosity of this age? There is no doubt, however, that the West Port was the chief trade entrance to the city. In 1690 the tolls or dues on its imports were within £300 Scots from being equal to those of all the other Edinburgh gates put together. The cattle interest,

located there in 1477 by James III., and the corn interest have been faithful to the neighbourhood, but others, including the pageantry and pomp of royalty and of war have departed.

When Charles I. entered his northern capital for his Scottish coronation, on the afternoon of the 15th June 1633, there was no lack, at the western gate of the city, of the pageantry, the parade, and the preparation which are attendant upon a Royal welcome. Mr. Thomas Crauford, at that time Professor of Mathematics, graphically depicts the scene in his 'History of the University of Edinburgh.' The Professor was an appreciative eye-witness; possibly he was one of the 'committee of the gravest and most understanding citizens and clerks' who devised the display of the day. His whole account of this civic and academic outburst of loyalty—pre-Raphaelite in the extreme—is simply delightful; and its reproduction here will prove acceptable, not less for the rich, grotesque, unconscious humour exuding from every sentence, than for its antiquarian and historic interest. He writes thus:—

'His Majesty, comeing from Dalkeith, by Lastalrig [Restalrig], and the Long Gate, about half-six at night, came to the West Port. Upon the south side of the port, upon a pretty pageant, the draught of the City of Edinburgh, and suburbs belonging thereto, being exceedingly well powrtrayed; was objected to his Majesty's eye; and a *vale* being removed, the Nymphe *Edina*,

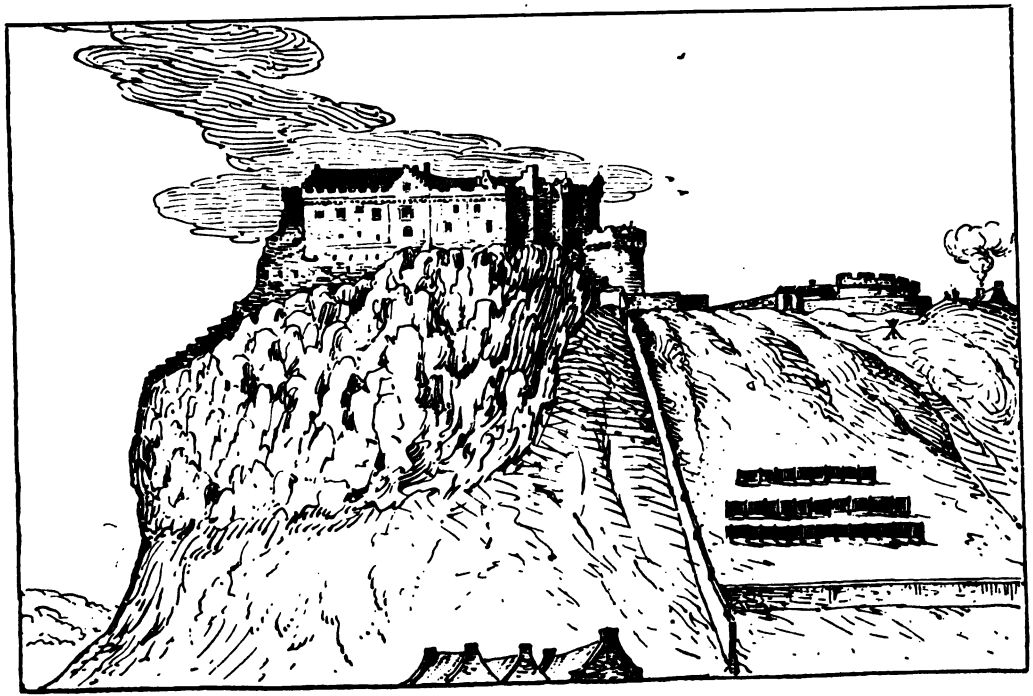
(accompanied with two other nymphes,) after a short speech of congratulation to his Highness, delivered the keys of the Citie, to be disposed of at his pleasure. After this his Majesty entering the port of the Grassmarket, the Magistrates of the Citie, being richly habited, did give his Majesty the welcome off an little stage made for the purpose. In the strait of the West Bow was erected a stately pageant (arched beneath for passage), having the country of Caledonia or Scotland, according to the old topographie, with excellent artifice, represented: Off the pageant the Lady Caledonia, in ancient, but rich habit, delivered an congratulatorie speech to his Majesty, full of pathetical expressions. Upon the west wall of the tolbooth, (where now the Goldsmiths' shops do stand,) there stood an vast pageant, arched above, having on an large map the pourtraites of 109 Kings of Scotland. In the cavities of the arch, Mercury was represented bringing up Fergus the First, King of Scotland, in an convenient habite; who delivered to his Majesty a very grave speech, containing many precious advices to his Royal successor.

'At the Tron, from the middle of the way southward, the Mount Parnassus was reared up in a vast frame of timber, the superfice representing all the varieties of rocks and vegetables, which are to be seen on mountains; upon the middle betwixt the two tops was erected an pyramide of great height, with an globe of glass on the top thereof: out of the cavity hereof did spring out a source of clear water, representing Hippocrene. In the belly of this mountain sat a considerable number of quiristers of choise singing voices, an organist also, with some other musicians; who at the King's approaching in a sweet harmony, emodulated an pleasant air, composed for the purpose, called Caledonia. On the foreside of the mountain looking to the north sat Apollo and the Nine Muses, habited conveniently. The song being ended, Apollo uttered a panegyrick to the King's Majesty, and at the

closeing thereof delivered to him an book of panegyricks, and other poems, composed by the University. Thence he removed to the streight of the Netherbow, where there was erected a stately arch, representing so much of the heavenly constellations and planetary influences, as could conveniently be applied to the purpose; and from off this pageant the seven planets, (one after another,) delivered acclamatory and congratulatory speeches, with pithy sentences, agreeing as well to the purpose as to the persons.

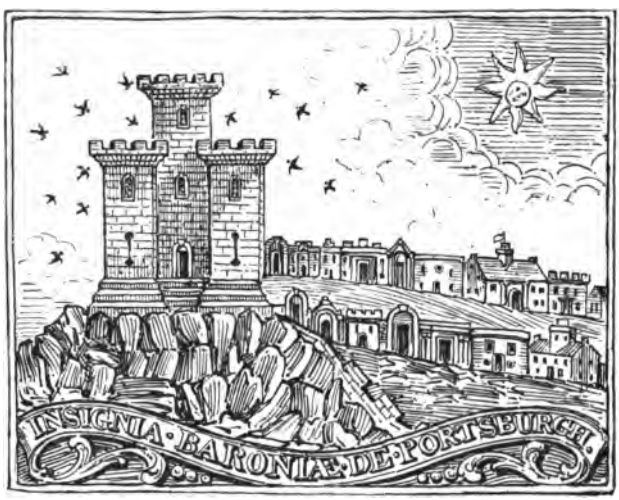
'All these pageants, with the speeches, were devised and composed by Mr. John Adamson, Primar, Mr. William Drummond of Hauthorndean, and the Maister of the High School, joyned to an committee of the gravest and most understanding citizens and clerks.'

The first blow to the primary importance of the West Port was the building of the New Town, and the consequent rearrangement of the approaches from the west. The glory and dash of the four-in-hand stage coaches from Stirling and Glasgow, and Lanark and Linlithgow, that rolled down its narrow street and rounded into the Grassmarket to the White Hart or the White Swan, to Crawford's or to Geordie Cuddie's—the reins held with a majesty and calmness that would have inspired faith on the edge of a precipice, gradually forsook it for the modern *termini* at the Black Bull in Leith Street and the east end of Princes Street. Then followed, in 1818-22, the construction and the opening of the Union Canal, which almost annihilated the carrier-cart traffic on the Glasgow and Falkirk roads, whose Edinburgh



CASTLE ROCK AS SEEN FROM PORTSBURGH PRIOR TO 1829.

headquarters hailed from the Grassmarket and the Cowgatehead. Then followed in 1829 the construction of the New City Approach by the King's Bridge, when the High Street got a new entrance from the West by the road cut into the vitals of the Castle Rock, and



BURGH SIGILLUM.

Wester Portsburgh lost her birthright and the pristine beauty of her towering precipice at a stroke. The Castle Rock was the pride of the busy burgh as well as its protection and *bield* from danger and the north wind; and the burgh *sigillum*—its coat of arms—represents the castle with unbroken precipice joined to a goodly

moiety of the *ootler* city wall and houses, round which a flight of crows is flying, and on all which a brilliant sun is shining, fashioned after the old similitude of a smiling human face. Surely it was some burgher of optimistic views of life that idealised forth that ensign so entirely strong and invigorating, giving cheering assurance to our later age that in his day 'the sun blinked blythe on yon toun.'

All that was not lost prior to 1856 of the records of Portsburgh has been intrusted to our reading. There is one book, dating from 1744 to 1784, bound in vellum, that has attained a fine sepia brown colour, through age and frequent handling. Its leaves have the same tint, only in a fainter degree. On that book we seized eagerly, and turned to the year 1745, but we were faced with a *cul-de-sac* of disappointment. 'There were no bailies in Portsburgh from October 1745 to January 6th, 1747, on account of the Rebellion,' says the book, and consequently no history.

The courts of Portsburgh had not the power of pit and gallows. Their jurisdiction was that of a small-debt and police court of the present day. But the old writings show a small record of crime and a smaller of debt, that speaks highly to the credit, monetary and otherwise, of the inhabitants. The greater part of the history consists of the perpetual creation of new bailies, baron and resident, the fencing of courts, whatever that time-

honoured solemnity may mean, fair play being strictly meted to the twin burghs. They are visited and fenced in rigid alternation. Then follows the nomination of all grades of officers for the Trainbands, and for the rival defensive forces of honorary Constables, and other dignities, so that one is fain to remember that Polish army which consisted of generals without common soldiers, or fall back on the gently, titillating satire of Thackeray amongst the great court officials, all *hoch und wohl geborne* of the more minute and the most serene Principalities of Germany.

Compared with the Draconian justice which dwelt contemporaneously in the higher levels of the Parliament House, the administration of the law for a similar class of crimes was singularly merciful—a little mercenary at times, perhaps, but then we read that the fines formed part of the wages of the Bailie's man or officer; therefore doubtless fines were taken into consideration. There must have been a large circulation of very doubtful human coinage in the country, if all burgh courts were like that of Portsburgh; for very frequently we read 'that to avoid being prosecute judicially the culprit bound himself to depart furth of the burgh of Portsburgh, on pain of being apprehended, committed to prison, and set in the Jougs.' This sentence of expulsion evidences somehow, and not unpleasantly, that in the estimation of its own indwellers Portsburgh had

some of the elements of Paradise. There were 'Jougs,' however, and a jail, and very evidently whipping stations. There was a disposition in the country in earlier times to punish sin on the person of the sinner. Portsburgh grudged sending delinquents to the House of Correction, and had fixed principles as to the inutility of using honest people's money to feed rogues.

The name of the jail was 'the Toppal.' It stood at the very entrance of the gate. The lower storey was the prison; the upper was the house of the collector of the West Port custom duties. This building was removed for the erection of the second Corn Market, which on the 5th December 1849 ceased to be a corn market and became business premises. The first Corn Market was a farmshed-looking erection at the east end of the Grassmarket, not far from the foot of the West Bow, and it ceased to be a corn market in 1814. Even 'the Toppal' deteriorated, like other prisons, in its old days. Larger prison premises were required and assimilated to the duty at the corner of Lauriston Street, and it became the cellar of the fuilzie scavenger of the Port. On this unsavoury subject—Sanitary Science was not then born, even yet it is barely out of its first swaddling clothes—we note that when every man did what was right in his own eyes in the way of keeping 'middens,' and selling them to fill the farmer's return market-carts, there was even then a place of noted superlative evil odour called

'Couley Marr's middens.' Couley was a smith, and took his strange prenomen from a ceaseless wear of his night head-gear. His proximity to the city shambles led him to become a scientific inventor, and perhaps he was the first manufacturer of artificial manure on record, but so noxious were the gases evoked that they generated spontaneous combustion, and sometimes burned for days.

The last keeper of the West Port was David Macpherson. The city accounts show that, as Keeper of the West Port and Bristo Port, he received in name of salary and for certain annual allowances a sum of twelve pounds sterling; and Patrick Tod, Keeper of the Potterrow and the Cowgate Ports, received a similar salary. There must have been deputy-keepers at the alternate gates. The Potterrow Port and the West Port were removed in 1786, and the greater part of the southern walls taken down in 1787. There is no special story of the removal of the West Port except that the iron crooks on which its massive band hinges swung are said to have remained latted into the walls of 'the Toppal' till its removal, and the name of the gate was thereafter continued as the name of the main street of Portsburgh, which it retains to this day.

Memories of the Eastern Burgh gate have come down to us so late as 1860. In that year, at the age of ninety-one, died Miss Margaret Begbie, an old lady keen of

memory, clear of judgment, rare in unwritten reminiscences, and truly loveworthy. She was born in the Potterrow, in the house near to the gate, in 1769—the birth year of Wellington and Napoleon. She long outlived her illustrious contemporaries. She remembered the shutting of the great gate in the summer evenings at nine o'clock, and the people paying pence to get through a little wicket in the same—there are always some people who tarry by the way. The Potterrow had covetable amenities in her young days. The back windows of her father's house looked out on Lady Nicholson's garden —a garden of great beauty, and on the place afterwards the site of the York Hotel of Edinburgh coaching days, and in our own time the *locale* of theatres with a fatal predisposition to take fire. Change was coming, however, for a little to the east Sir John Nicholson's Bowling Green had recently built upon it the first Relief meeting-house in Edinburgh. But the principal feature of the outlook was the long eastern stretch of the city wall, with its weather-beaten old stones, grey-lichened, green-mossed, and surmounted with long waving grass, gay with yellow 'fizgigs' and dandelions, and at one place with wallflowers, which had seeded up from the garden into the crevices, and shed soft fragrance over decay. Just inside that wall were the little country-town-looking one-storey-and-a-half-high houses of the College Professors, with Principal Robertson's house at

the corner beside the south entrance gate. Some of these houses had stout outside shutters, oaken and iron-bound, to their back windows, suggestive of sieges and the possibilities of fighting in the past, but latterly only of pleasant cosiness when the winter storms of last century blew loud. Miss Begbie was governess to Miss Christian Brown, the heiress of Coalstoun. Her pupil became Countess of Dalhousie, and mother of the late Marquis who was Governor-General of India. While in East Lothian she saw the first steamboat that sailed on the Firth of Forth. The sight spread consternation along the Haddington coast; the inhabitants, small wonder, thought it was a ship on fire.

When Heriot's Hospital, the near neighbour of Wester Portsburgh, was founded in 1628, there was nothing beyond it but the Borough Loch—and nature generally. The front elevation is towards the city, as is becoming and due to the birthplace of its founder. With the extension of Edinburgh and the alteration on the Hospital's approaches from Lauriston, this fact is now not so obvious, and there is some force in the 'Heriot's Wark' observation that the 'Hospital's *hint* side is now its *fore* side, and the real auld front is roond aboot at the back!' By the end of the seventeenth century we learn from an old and rare Covenanting duodecimo that the lands beyond the Hospital had

become market gardens—that usual cincture to great cities—and were known by the name of 'Lauriston Yairds.' The book bears a strange title. It is named :—'*Some remarkable passages of the Life and Death of these three famous Worthies, signal for piety and zeal, whom the Lord helped and honoured to be faithful unto death—viz., Mr. John Semple, Mr. John Wellwood, and Mr. Richard Cameron, Ministers of the Gospel, etc. Collected and printed for Patrick Walker, and to be sold at his house within Bristo Port*, 1727.' It is a brave story of pity and of truth, telling how, in the winter of 1681, a rescue party, under risk of 'present death,' bound themselves to recover the martyrs' heads from the city gates; how they failed at the Nether Bow Port, and how they succeeded at the outer gates; how the morning light came too soon; how the heads were hurriedly buried in the Lauriston 'Yairds,' and the place marked with a white rose-tree; and how when found, forty-five years afterwards, honourable and public burial was given them in Greyfriars' Kirkyard close beside the Martyrs' grave.

In the valuable plates of the *Theatrum Scotiæ*, published 1693, in the reign of William and Mary, by Captain John Slezer, there is a south view of the Castle of Edinburgh, which includes a south view of the houses in the West Port. The burgh is still limited to its High Street, as its title-deeds persistently name the main street.

Heriot's Hospital, guarded by the city wall, is in the far east distance. There is no building in West Lauriston. The foreground is the summit, the very ridge of the High Riggs, that point where the ground slopes sharply to the north and more gently to the west and south. The artist had used his pencil in late autumn, and the High Riggs illustrate their special name, for with Dutch fidelity the fields are seen lying in long lines of tillage, evidencing the use of the 'couiter and the sock' of the primitive ploughs of the time.

III.

Long before the close of the eighteenth century Lauriston had become the first *rus in urbe* to citizens of Edinburgh—the beginning of these garden-endowed houses of which there appears to this day to be no likelihood of cessation in demand; and surely if there is one heredity that has a far-off trace of Eden in it, it is the desire of a man to see his own grass growing and his own roses blowing, albeit the green lawn be but the size of a table-cloth, or even of a tea-tray, and the rose-tree in full 'bearing' be the treasured tenant of a solitary flower-pot high up in an attic window. This love of flower culture—this villa-gardening and window-gardening which has multiplied itself a thousandfold in

our day, is surely not wanting in the qualities of mercy as spoken by Shakespeare's Portia :—

> 'It is twice blessed:
> It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;

or, in other words, it blesseth him that possesseth them and him that passeth by. These eighteenth-century villa-gardens were not as the modern statutory fractions of an acre. The feus were beautifully small, the lands in proportion were lavishly large, and the habitations—those that remain—are pleasant dwellings even to this day; but in the main thoroughfare of Lauriston, and also in its southern side lanes, they are sorely troubled, in the eyes of the outside world, with garden-walls of almost conventual height. About the beginning of the present century the Lauriston Yairds were continued in Archibald's Nurseries, now the site of Archibald Place; while further westward were the town-houses of Borthwick of Crookston, Hog of Newliston, and the Earl of Wemyss, the latter being surrounded by trees of great height, which contained a noisy rookery. Sundry tall trees and a suburb of the rookery were also on the north side of Lauriston, and adorned the east side of Lady Lawson's Wynd. This wynd derives its name from an ancient Portsburgh family. Sir Richard Lawson of High Riggs was Provost of Edinburgh in 1504. High Riggs House, a queer, cornered, many-gabled,

and sorely battered building of the past, was taken down recently. The feu-charter, dated 1564, was possibly the oldest in the city.

The site of the present Cattle Market appears to have been a public park, belonging, for the greater part of the eighteenth century, to the Incorporation of Cordiners of Portsburgh. On its area, amongst other houses, was built Ramsay Lodge, long the residence of the late David Laing, 'the prince of literary antiquarians,' and also of his father before him. David Laing was not a 'Port bairn' like his neighbours and contemporaries Bonar the artist, and James Ballantine, who laughingly bore the honour of being the poet-laureate of the West Port. The antiquarian was Canongate born. When his father, Mr. William Laing, removed his famed antique book-shop from the head of Chessels Court to the South Bridge in 1804, the home was transferred to Ramsay Lodge, and, as the kindly antiquarian expressed it, he was 'a Port callant' till the necessity of a new cattle market sent him to Portobello. Let us relieve our pen here by saying how ably he would have written this paper, and failing his doing it himself, what a full measure, pressed down and running over, of authentic and carefully authenticated information would have fallen to our lot instead of these gleanings of the vintage, or rather we should say, 'an after-hairst single of Scottis bere or aits,' gleaned

slowly, ear by ear, on what were once the harvest-fields of the High Riggs—or in the sun-flecked and sheltered corn-crofts of Easter and Wester Bristo. In this connection, amongst a quantity of old papers anent the Portsburgh *drawing* to serve upon the militia—for which the pay was 6d. a day and a coarse roll, called 'a tammie'—we find the names of Mr. Borthwick of Crookston, and Mr. William Bonar, father of the artist (1807), of Mr. William Laing (1808), also (in 1802-3) the names of Mr. William Cruickshank and Mr. William Howieson, members of the Quaker persuasion, who, upon this fighting matter, took the despoiling of their goods silently, for conscience' sake. From the delays and the notes on the papers, it is evident that the good bailies of Portsburgh were against all harsh measures, and to their further honour be it said, the balloting in the interests of the rich and poor appears to have been righteously done. A substitute cost £20, and all militia and billeting business for both burghs was transacted at the Potterrow Court-house.

When the Edinburgh Cattle Market was the Portsburgh Cordiners' Park, it was the scene of the preaching of the first Gaelic sermons in Edinburgh by the Rev. Neil M'Vicar. Highland-born himself, the good minister of the West Kirk took a keen interest in the Highlanders who had settled in Edinburgh, and also in the bands of his Celtic countrymen who came south every

year to cut the Lowland corn. There has only been one life full of years between an eye-witness of the scene and our own. It was a great company, and it must have been a goodly sight. The whole of the Gaelic-speaking population of Edinburgh are said to have come, and they, as well as the Highland shearers, sat down on the grassy slope facing the Castle. There was a thick outside fringe of West Kirk parishioners, including the kirk-session, to support their minister, and many others who had turned aside to see the strange sight. Very strange and very shrill was the Celtic singing to Lowland ears, and very earnest and eloquent was the preacher. In Scriptural diction we were told that 'his eye brint like a live coal from off the altar,' and further, that the good man at his own 'chairges' gave to those departing northwards 'a substantious row o' guid rye bread,' and to all—his blessing. This beginning of Edinburgh Home Missions—only it was not called a mission then—was carried on, and in 1767, twenty years after Neil M'Vicar's death, and chiefly by the exertions of William Dickson, a member of the Incorporation of Edinburgh Dyers, the first Gaelic chapel was built on the slope of the Castle Wynd, behind the north houses of the Grassmarket. So low were the walls of this building, and so abrupt was the declivity of its site, that old citizens have told us that they used, when boys, to give a hop, step, and jump down the hill,

and end with a spring on to its roof—which treatment is a certificate as to the excellence of the oak-pegged slates and the slater-work of last century. The Grassmarket was the feeing ground for the hire of these Highland shearers. As a rule, men and women of them were substantially clad in homespun, and within our memory their general appearance and education were in sharp contrast to those of the Irish Celts who eventually evicted them from the Lowland harvest-fields. They got the repute of being keen at a bargain for their 'Shear-dairgs,' but as it takes two pair of eyes to make a stare, so there must have been equal keenness on the other side. They were held in eminent disfavour by the boys of the district, to whom in the old days, and since, some sort of skirmishing seems natural. A favourite amusement in the Grassmarket was to pin the Highlanders' coat-tails together, twin atrocity to the practice of fixing a pin to the end of a stick, and therewith jagging the legs of the Highland chairmen when carrying a sedan chair—which in its day was another of the unregenerate street-doings of youthful Old Edinburgh.

Bailie Dunlop, or rather Bailie Willie Du'lap o' the Gersemercat—we give the local familiar designation—was, in office and out of office, for the best part of fifty years looked upon as the judicial head and voice of the Grassmarket. He was a man of great kindliness, a

habitual peacemaker, and had much of the wit and the humour that made his brother Walter, the dissenting divine of Dumfries, the terror and the fearful pleasure of two generations of Parliament House wits when riders on the Southern Circuit. The Bailie had always to come to the rescue as peacemaker. The Town Guard sent for, either by natural instinct or by habitual use and wont, piled up their Lochaber axes at his door. The worthy Magistrate, we may note, was a spirit merchant, and he had a most unmagisterial dislike to the 'ancient force' interfering with his Grassmarket, or 'giein' paiks' to decent folks' bairns, all of whom he knew by head-mark. He had an idea that he was implicitly obeyed within his own bounds, and possibly this was true. He held, however, that the West Port lads were a deteriorating influence on his district; only he had tact to blame the Portsburgh bailies, ever absent, even the building of the Tower of Babel, for the confusion of the tongues, anything, in short, but the boys themselves. 'Gang awa' hame to your ain bailies and gie them some wark,' he would say. 'You will maybe be a' strangers in a strange land yersel's yet,' he continued, utterly unconscious that the Flibbertigibbet of the Port—the most daring 'daur-the-deil' of the Killiebrae—had pinned the magisterial coat-tail to that pertaining to the garment of the nearest civic guard. The pencil of Geikie only could have depicted

the terror on that Scottish 'Toon Guaird's' face, when he discovered that he had become a temporary *annexe* to magistracy. One contrite, upward thumb movement tore asunder the well-worn button-holes, and the offending garment was at his master's feet. But the Bailie's laugh was the cheeriest among the crowd. 'Hoot, freend,' he said, 'dinna hurry; the Too'er o' Bawbel hasna the wyte o' that preen at least.' An understood signal brought out one of his assistants with a handful of coppers, which his master threw far into the broad square, almost across to his own cellars. Good-humour was restored; but whether the Pinned One or the Originally Aggrieved came in for shop compensation also is not known—only the probabilities thereof are strong.

But such disturbances were a mere catspaw of wind, summer breezes in fact, in comparison with the great storm of the Saturnalia in the keeping of the old King's Birthday on the 4th of June. Grave seniors have told us, with a chorus of agreement, that the present generation does not understand what an old Edinburgh King's Birthday was. We believe them implicitly, and have perfect faith in their statement without sight, or any wish for it. The honours and the pageantry, as well as the humours and the horseplay of the earlier part of the day, were centred in the High Street and round the Parliament Close. Inside, in the Great Hall, the

magistrates and judges, the county magnates and representative citizens, drank to His Majesty's health. Every loyal toast as it was given was announced to the outside citizen world by a volley from the guns of the long-suffering, vituperating, enraged, and swearing Town Guard, who on that day made full expiation for a year's official offences, in the treatment which they received at the hands of the mob. But the evening evidences of loyalty, evinced by rampant and rival fireworks, were a matter of separate district observance. There were marked lines between the city and her suburbs, and the rivalries and jealousies of the fathers, with their separate jurisdictions and interests, were intensified in the actions of the children. Though these reasons have departed, such feelings are slow to die out, and in the city even at the present day there is, in the unwritten code of street honour, a law of *noli me tangere* round every bonfire that blazes on Her Majesty's birthday, guarding it for the lads of its own street or district. The West Port and the Grassmarket were frontier districts, and in the earlier years of the century, about Trafalgar year, the rivalry was keen. Then it was that the old wives of the Port, with their thatched roofs above their heads—there were many thatched roofs then—used to hope and pray for a *wat hinder end* to the month of May for the 'theek's' sake, and their own safety. And careful householders saw that every stoup

and barrel was kept water-filled for fear of fire contingencies, when, in fact, by tacit sufferance, the barrier between law and lawlessness snapped, and Unreason, without any Abbot, held sway.

In those days of the infancy of modern pyrotechnic science there were a good deal of home-made fireworks. The boys of Heriot's Hospital excelled in the manufacture of a famed species of three-cornered cocked-hat cracker —as they did in the more legitimate manufacture of a special 'pirl' of excellent trout-fishing line, for which the tail of many a Grassmarket horse paid 'kain.' The principal event, the crowning *feu-de-joie* of the evening, was the rival turpentine balls. These balls were larger than a modern football. They were constructed of wire filled with tow and rags which had been fed, and gorged, and steeped with oil and turpentine for days beforehand. In fact, the morality of a turpentine ball was the very antipodes of modern teetotalism; its excellence was determined by its powers of suction. The balls had long wire strings, and were the work and care of all the apprentices of their respective districts. The Grassmarket ball came out of the 'Roperie' of Samuel Gilmore, after whom Gilmore Place is named; and the West Port ball from 'Yeben Gairdner's,' the yarn-boiler, in the Vennel. Set on fire, the balls were whirled round, sling fashion, and swung off high and far into the air. They simply fell where they listed.

Then ensued a game with no rules—Rugby, Association, or otherwise—at fiery football. The danger was minimised in the broad *platz* of the Grassmarket, but in crowded Portsburgh the wonder is that there was not an annual conflagration. The hottest of the fray was on the site of the old city gate. The Vennel was created for a surprise party, and the Ferry Road, now the Low Castle Road, for an ambush. The aim on the one side was to capture the Edinburgh ball, on the other to kick the Portsburgh ball up the Grassmarket, and, in spite of burns and bruises and broken heads, these balls were as keenly fought for, taken, and gallantly regained as were ever regimental colours upon the battlefield. The last spark of the latest bonfire at length died out, the sorely distraught rulers of city and burgh, once more through their annual torture, could lay their weary heads on a well-earned pillow, and peace and order returned with the morning.

With the exception of this old loyal day of unlicence, Wester Portsburgh was a quiet, orderly district, and, from a large concurrence of testimony, we learn that its indwellers were a quiet, God-fearing, Sabbath and self-respecting people—held, indeed, to be more Presbyterian, and consequently more sternly strict, than the city itself, weighted, as it necessarily was with rank and fashion and idleness. This state of matters is partly evidenced by the fact that order was maintained by the Bailie's

man, single-handed, and latterly with only one assistant, although his oversight, in addition to Portsburgh proper, extended out to Wright's Houses, Fountain Bridge, and, generally speaking, to all the western outlying districts. This important official appears also to have done some ecclesiastical duty, possibly connected with church discipline, as by the session accounts he receives an allowance of two Scotch pints of wine. There was a close connection between the West Kirk and Easter and Wester Portsburgh. Officially and parochially it was the church of the district, and the bailies in their gowns and chains of office occupied in state the place of honour—the front seat in the first gallery, marshalled and attended thereto by their respective officers. In passing we note the dress of the western Bailies' man; it was a blue coat with white facings, white knee-breeches, and a cocked hat. It is said that in earlier times the West Kirk ministers prayed for their local burgh and its magistrates, before they mentioned the neighbouring capital and its rulers, after the fashion of the precedence given by the minister of the Cumbraes to his own island over "the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland."

Within the old royalty—that is, within Edinburgh walls—there was no Dissenting Church, if we except the Episcopalian and the Roman Catholic Churches, and these in the eighteenth century were mainly rele-

gated to rooms in private 'lands,' or to modest, unnoticeable chapels in out-of-the-way closes, where by legal fiction they were held to be invisible. In both Portsburghs, and in the intervening district of Bristo, Dissent found settlement, welcome, and large membership. Prior to the building of the Martyrs' Church in George IV. Bridge, the Cameronians had two successive churches in Lady Lawson's Wynd—long under the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Goold, who still survives, and of his father, still lovingly remembered in the district as a devout man and an honourable. What was long the Portsburgh Meeting-house in the Vennel, now represented by Lauriston Place United Presbyterian Church, owed its origin to a split from the Anti-Burghers upon 'the Lifters and non-Lifters' controversy. The Smytonians, as this party was named, held that the lifting of the elements and laying them down again before the prayer, or giving of thanks, in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, should be made imperative on all ministers. But the 'straiter sect' of the two, into which the Church of the Erskines had then resolved itself, decreed that on the point in question there should be liberty of conscience and action. Thereafter the Vennel Meeting-house became a Burgher church, and the building itself, from its steep site, was a fit pendant on the southern declivity of the Grassmarket to what the Gaelic Meeting-house was on the north.

Towards the end of last century, and on to 1831, the minister of this church was the Rev. Andrew Lothian—guid An'ra Louden, as he was named by his co-presbyters and contemporaries, a man of strong powers of mind and real worth. Henry Erskine, the genial humorist, and he were fast friends, dating from some early connection. A kindly and lenient view of human nature, Liberal, or what were then held to be over-advanced, opinions as to politics, and a liking for the mineral waters of St. Bernard's Well, united the bonds of friendship, though their special circles in society were so different. From the morning sojourn on stated days they invariably returned in company to the Kirk Brae Road, and Mr. Lothian thence took his way home by the Ferry Road and Lady Wynd to Lauriston. Once Henry Erskine elected to go and hear his friend preach. It chanced to be one of those days of supreme frost, when the Vennel would still provide toboggan race-ground to our American cousins without the slightest assistance but that of nature. The next time the friends forgathered the advocate told Mr. Lothian that he had kept two of his church members from backsliding—'two worthy *douce*-looking matrons they were,' he continued. 'I caught them just as they were falling, and Patie Simpson, o' the Kirkbraehead, and Saunders Boak helped them up the Vennel, where an elder reached out his hand and

fairly "claught" them in at the kirk-door.' 'The next thing I did,' he continued, 'was to fall myself; and perpendicular ice must make a man distrust the guidance of his feet, for I saw Patie creep in at the kirk door on his hands and his knees.' 'Worthy man,' ejaculated the minister, 'and what did you do?' 'Do!' returned the advocate, 'what could I do? I neither looked right nor left, but followed his example and got in on my knees also.' 'Stick to your knees, Mr. Erskine, stick to your knees,' returned his friend. 'There is little danger,' he continued, 'of the backsliding being sair, or the fa' far, if we will only keep to our knees. But, oh! man,' he added, laughing, 'what a sicht for sair e'en the Parliament Hoose missed that morning!' There is yet another story anent the Vennel, which may further illustrate its steepness to those who do not know the old *venue* to the Grassmarket; and we fear that many of the rising and the risen generation of Edinburgh know it not, nor yet the traditional terrors of its 'Ghostie Lamp,' nor yet the fragment of the City Wall still standing there—a remnant of the latest addition to the Flodden Wall of our story,—and have never seen the broad, vigorous views of street market life which still belong to 'Big Wednesday' after Hallow Fair, notwithstanding its fading in numbers and renown. Mr. Lothian had a son John, who, as was and still is the custom in good and beautifully ordered

households, had a Sabbath evening Psalm or Paraphrase to learn, the quantity being commensurate to age and capacity. It was Addison's hymn, the first of the five at the end of the Scottish Paraphrases, that John Lothian said to his father one Sabbath evening. He came in sequence to the lines—

> 'When in the slippery paths of youth
> With heedless steps I ran.'

'John,' said his father, 'what are the slippery paths of youth?' But John had made what old Scottish Divines would have called a practical and personal application of the words after his own lights, for he promptly answered, 'It's the Vennel, father, in grand sklyin' trim when the kirk is comin' oot, and mother says, "Oh, John, dinna slide!"' 'True, my man, very true,' said the startled parent, 'only when you grow older you will find that there are many Vennels in the world, and that folk can slide on them in hetter days than a Scottish simmer ever saw.' Possibly we should note here that although the English tongue had become the language of the pulpit, and the bar, and society generally, yet, down to a later date than even that of the above story, the Scottish language held its own in familiar conversation, and still remained the vernacular of the home circle.

IV.

The extension of Edinburgh brought change to the West Port, as it did to the old city. The exodus from it of its wealthier inhabitants was at first like that from the High Street and Canongate. They left it for the modern houses erected in Lauriston and the New Town. Dr. Guthrie used to say that within a certain ten years of his city pastorate the nationality of the Cowgate changed. From a business standpoint, the statement could be corroborated concerning certain 'lands' there and off the Grassmarket. We could tell that one tenement came to our predecessors without an Irish name in it, and it was sold without a Scottish one. This change in nationality was equally swift in the West Port. The making of the Union Canal left an Irish nucleus in the burgh, kept in strict subordination, strange to say, principally by the journeyman bakers, now one of the quietest and most *douce* of the Edinburgh working trades, but in those days, when they did not live in homes of their own, but dwelt in the bakehouse barracks of their employers, they were a historical and known power in the streets. The 'shibboleth' words, as at Musselburgh Bridge, were 'peas' and 'guinea'; and it is significant to record that the Baxter lads, especially upon a Saturday evening, prided themselves in being as national as the Scottish Thistle itself. The

decade of railway construction near Edinburgh from 1840 to 1850, which demanded so much unskilled or navvy labour, changed matters, and crowded the West Port and the Cowgate with the Irish race. From an owner's point of view, the change was wearifully to the worse, both in the matter of 'upkeep' and in the regular payment of 'tack' duty. 'They are fine folk these Irish, and wonderfu' fair spoken,' said an old Scottish factor, 'when they're no fechtin', which is jist about aye; but wi' a great want o' solidarity in the maitter o' siller. They are utterly ignorant o' the beautifully perfeck principles o' the multiplication-table. It is only a few miles o' saut water that is atween us and them, but there are some cruiks left oot o' their back-bane, and as to their paying *oot* a rent—finishing it, that is to say —I am no sure but that I would jist write them doon as *non vertibrawtæ* at yince, and be dune wi't.' There was one ray of light, however, one perfectly punctual payer; but this he discovered to be owing to the vigorous action and the enforced injunctions of an able Aberdonian grandmother. 'Pay your rent,' was her maxim; 'it is the one hinge on which the whole peace of this world wags; and—she kept a stick—a worthy woman in spite of that stick.' The grit of the Granite Grandmother had conquered the generations of Milesian tangle-backitness. We used to laugh with the old humorist, and at him; but it is wearing on to forty

years ago, and we begin to think now that we have had speech with an advance pioneer as to the fundamental principles of a nation.

There followed from this date a rapid change of indwellers and ownership in Old Town property. It was largely bought by purchasers willing to work it themselves on new conditions. What had hitherto been good family houses, with from three to eight rooms, were submitted to the severest sub-division, and saw a family with the inevitable lodger element superadded in each apartment; the 'lands,' in their population at least, became congregational. The old Scottish system of half-yearly rents, which implies a certain measure of thrift, prevision, and self-denial, was said to be simplified by monthly, afterwards lowered even to weekly, payments. This simplification, however, in the absence of arithmetical grasp on the part of the tenant, made rentals from 50 to 150 per cent. higher than were ever known before. Well-to-do indwellers could go, and did go, where they pleased; but the native working-class population were crowded out, and were often bought and sold out of their native home districts. Disease and other evils, consequent on this overcrowding, which yearly grew more dense from continued immigration and the natural increase of the population, followed. Remedial measures were imperative, and these, somewhat after the colossal fashion of Hausmann with Paris, under the Second Empire, were

undertaken by the city under the Improvement Act of 1867, inaugurated by Lord Provost Chambers. The scheme was vast. It meant the purchase for destruction of a large portion of the Old Town, the annihilation of the *cul-de-sacs* and congeries of masonry, the constructing of air-shafting streets through dense districts where the breath of the population was blocked, and where even the breezes in breezy Edinburgh had ceased to blow. These measures brought, and, as the details and dropped loops are being gathered up and wrought in, are still bringing, relief. In the more sorely congested districts of the West Port and the city, the work has not wanted in the characteristics of reconquest; for it has taxed and is still taxing the wisdom and the beneficence, the skill and the patience, the exchequer and the energies of our municipal, our church, and our charitable institutions to legislate for, and to elevate, to humanise, and to Christianise what were once good and godly Scottish homes, and, let us add, what may become so again, be the original nationality what it may.

The West Port Territorial Mission was begun by the Rev. Dr. Chalmers in 1844—a century after Neil M'Vicar's time. But the green parks and the grassy sward were gone from Portsburgh, and the first meeting-place of the new mission, which has since gone on from strength to strength, was in one of the 'lofts' belonging to Mr. Boak's tanyard.

In this paper we do not tell the story of the Burke and Hare murders (1827-29), though we must needs make mention of them. Like the ill-favoured kine of Pharaoh's dream, that series of crimes seems to have swallowed up all the good that ever went before it in the place which had the misfortune to be its scene. Its history, its horrors, its details, and the dread possibility of its continuance hung like a weight of lead on the youth of the succeeding generation. The miscreants were not native-born, yet their self-invented sin, like a loathly cancer, a foul fungus of foreign and separate growth, has overspread and eaten away the good name and the fair fame of the worthy and working old burgh.

The two places round which Portsburgh life most did congregate—the Burgh Court-house and the Public Well—stood together, and the old neighbours were destined to fall together. Some wells there were in the district, but these were hard water, and were chiefly in the private gardens belonging to the more sponsible indwellers on the south side of the main street; and the one public well, its waters of excellent repute, had to satisfy the necessities of all the inhabitants of the district. The early morning never failed to see a long line of water-stoups stretching from it in either direction like the *queue* at a French theatre door—not so quiet, however, for tongues, mostly feminine, wagged freely, and the 'Waal' news and gossip were then the equiva-

lent for a racy morning newspaper. All crowding in

RODERICK M'DONALD, THE LAST OF THE WATER CADDIES.
Aged 66 when painted by Alexander Forbes in 1835.

was fiercely resented; gentle and simple had to stand

their turn; only the water caddies had the abiding right of precedence, and satisfied their customers at the moderate rate of two stoupful for a penny. We have already mentioned these ancient aquarian vessels peculiar to Scotland. In the event of a marriage taking place,—in which case the bride was responsible for an amount of house plenishing not considered incumbent or even fashionable now-a-days,—the 'stoups' were invariably purchased by the intending husband. Indeed, the *Weetin' o' the Stoups* was the synonym for the last bachelor supper prior to matrimony. Such festivities are understood to be hilarious, happy, hopeful; and the weetin' o' the stoups in Old Portsburgh, as in Old Edinburgh, was sometimes very wet indeed.

From the well, a narrow close and an outside stair gave entrance to the Court-house. On the left hand of the door was the 'Black Hole' for delinquents. This small apartment, though destitute of light and ventilation, would have heat in cold weather, as it was situated at the back of the Court-room fireplace. Attached to this fireplace by a chain, strongly batted into the jambs, was a stalwart pair of tongs, which would have presented obstacles to the 'lifting' propensities even of the proverbial 'Hielantman.' Opposite to this fireplace, at the far end of the room, upon a low platform, was the Bailie's seat —above it a representation of the baronial arms of Portsburgh. The room, though not large, was finely

proportioned, and lit by two circular topped windows and by a shapely oval roof-light, upon which were painted sundry coats of arms. No title-deeds for the Court-house proper exist, but, from the sepia-coloured records, its erection must have taken place prior to 1744. There is a tradition that the Court-room was presented to the burgh by a wealthy burgher named Bonnar, an artist and heraldic painter, and that he designed and carried out all the decorations with his own hand. He is said, moreover, to have been an ancestor of William Bonnar, the artist. The name is of old existence in Portsburgh, and has long been honourably known in connection with Decorative Art in the city. Art corroboration comes from the sure pen of David Laing, who shows from the minutes of the Incorporated Trades of St. Mary's Chapel that there was during the beginning of the eighteenth century in Edinburgh 'a number of heraldic painters, and painters in distemper on ceilings, famous as artists,' and, also, that in 1729 there was founded the Art Academy of St. Luke, of which Allan Ramsay and his son, afterwards the famous painter, were members. The armorial bearings on the oval cupola, facing the presiding magistrate's seat, were those of the city of Edinburgh, the feudal superior of the burgh; and fronting these were the Royal Arms of Great Britain as guaranteed to Scotland at the Union, but bearing on an inshield the arms of

the House of Hanover. The central position of the arms of Hanover had a large significance when the artist's brush was wet. It was the reign of George II., whose affection for his native country was certainly centripetal. It has not been one of the least of the blessings of Queen Victoria's reign, as it certainly was the very earliest, when, by virtue of the Salique law, that pale horse of the House of Hanover rode away out from the Royal Arms of Great Britain, and from its exceeding nearness to the British Exchequer. To have got rid of Hanover and Ernest of Cumberland at a breath, and all because our Queen was simply herself—a Queen—verily there are virtues in the Salique law after all!

On the two sections of the oval cupola there were painted, in compartments, the armorial bearings of the six Associated Incorporations of Wester Portsburgh. These armorial bearings are the same as those borne by the Edinburgh Trade Incorporations as given by the historian Maitland, and which later historians of the constitution of the city acknowledge to have copied from him. But the heraldic painter of the ceiling of the Portsburgh Court-house has given what Maitland did not give, namely, the legends or mottoes which belonged to the respective emblazonries of the several Incorporations. Maitland's omission and the absence of authority have given rise to doubtful and different

readings; only it is possible there may have been doubtful readings in Maitland's time. In their incorporate capacity the Trades of Edinburgh were patrons of the same trades in both burghs of the Port.

The armorial bearings and legends of the Trades of Edinburgh date far back into Pre-Reformation times when each craft had its special patron saint, altar, and chaplain — the latter supported by rates distinctly detailed, and equitably levied on masters, journeymen— then and long after styled 'Servandis,'—and apprentices. The 'Deacon,' or the elected head of each trade, derived his very special Scottish title of well-known, well-worn, though now somewhat faded importance, from the ecclesiastical and not from the worldly side of his functions. Nay, it is asserted that the elected head of the higher Faculty of Scottish Law derives his title of Dean from similar diaconic duties, albeit there is a dark and, we are sure, invidious tradition as to the special patron saint in his case. The Portsburgh incorporations, however, came into existence after the Reformation— the earliest seal of cause is 1582—consequently they only knew the Protestant form of church-government. In the old West Kirk, taken down in 1772, each of the Portsburgh trades had its special seat or 'loft,' as was then the use and wont with all corporate and incorporative existence. This church connection continued till all the special and protective privileges were ceded, and

the West Port Incorporations severally realised their funds and properties, divided the proceeds equally among their respective members, and ceased to exist. Many of the Edinburgh Incorporated Trades have continued their ancient life as self-contained benefit societies, their funds being applied to the relief of the widows, the orphan children, and the decayed brethren of each special community—a duty which in the days of their strength and prosperity, to the honour of all the Incorporations both of city and burgh, they were always forward to do.

THE INCORPORATION OF HAMMERMEN.—On the cupola of the Burgh Court-house, to the right of the Royal Arms, was the compartment containing the coat-armorial of the Hammermen of Portsburgh—*Azure a Hammer in pale proper, ensigned with an Imperial Crown, or*; which, being translated into plain old Edinburgh language, was 'The Hammer aneath the Croon.' The motto written below was *Maleo et manu stant artes omnes*—'By hammer and hand all arts do stand.' Under the general name of Hammermen there were included various 'trades, arts, mysteries, and crafts,' held in high esteem in all ages and in all countries. It included the swordmakers of Damascus, Toledo, Bilbao, and Ferrara; the artificers of the priceless armour of Milan and Cordova; and, nearer home, the cunning

workmen who fashioned the habergeons and quhinzers of Edinburgh and St. Johnstone, down to the 'girdle' makers of Culross, and the nailmakers of the once prosperous St. Ninian's. The practice of Corporations having armorial bearings, either for municipal or trading purposes, is so old that in the case of the Hammermen it is an open question whether the makers or the wearers of armour wore them first. On this point it is safest to say that swords must have been made before they were used.

There exists a very strong family resemblance in the armorial bearings of the trades in the different cities and towns of Scotland. The Glasgow escutcheon of the Hammermen differs only in having the hammer held by a hand, and the motto also is thus varied—'By hammer *in* hand all arts do stand.' Perth is the same as Glasgow. Dundee, from the old seal of its Hammermen, has a shield bearing a hammer in pale, below a crown of three points in chief. The hammer below the crown is on an ancient shield of the trades of Paris, and in Antwerp ten years ago we saw an armourer's old chair carved with the hammer below a mural crown, which indicates somewhere a kindred touchpoint between the Scottish trade and the beautiful wrought iron-work of Quentin Matsys and his Flemish collaborateurs. From the time of the smoking forge of Tubal-Cain downwards the smith has ever been a mighty man, and there is no sight stronger or more impressive in

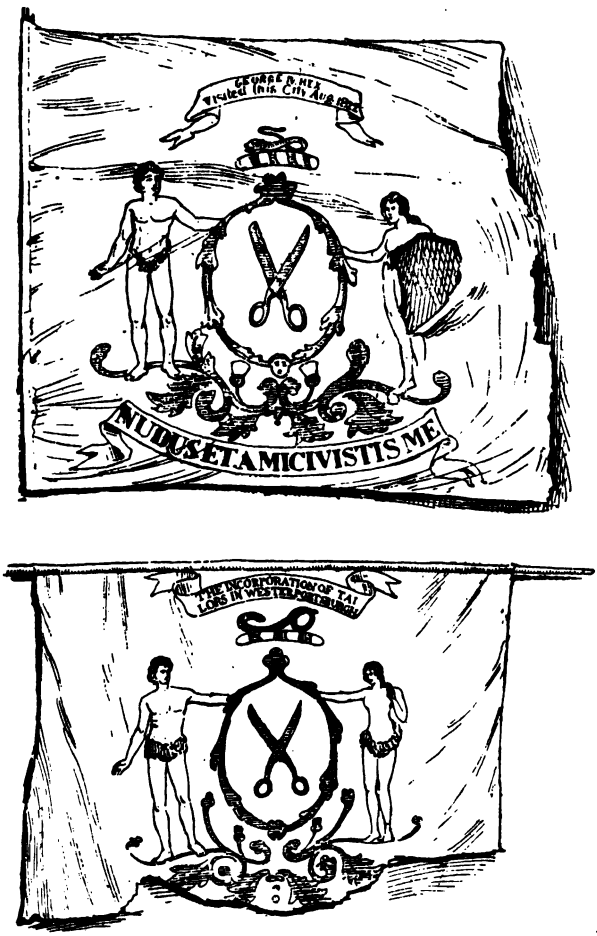
human dynamics than the swing, and the thud, and the clang of the great forehammer on the anvil, stroke for stroke, wielded and struck in Cyclopean unison and alternation—painted by Wright of Derby, but better known from the rare mezzotints of old Earlom—word-pictured by Dickens—thrown into tuneful and harmonious numbers by Handel, on all of whom sight and sound seem to have wrought as with a fascination and a charm.

Coming back to our home subject—when the New Town of Edinburgh was first planned, it was expected to be purely residential—the business, the trade, and the merchandise were to abide within the old Royalty, and certainly at first Princes Street and George Street were shopless from end to end. The Incorporations of the suburban burghs had their own ideas, however, and from the building of the New Town onwards claimed to be placed upon an equal footing. In the struggle one George Alexander, or Geordie Elshender, of the Canongate Hammermen, got the contract for making iron railings for the front of several of the houses in Princes Street. The terms he offered were to be one quarter less than the lowest estimate shown to him. They were accepted, and Geordie was content. 'There never was an Elshender,' he said, 'who could not work round two men, and if once they got in their hand no one could ever make them lift their foot.' There is only one

remnant of this—the original malleable hand-rail left in Princes Street—viz., on the tenement at the west corner of South Castle Street. So exactly similar was the outward appearance of all the houses, that Lady Elibank had her railings painted white for fear of some of her livelier neighbours mistaking her house for their own.

THE INCORPORATION OF TAILORS.—To the right of the Hammermen's compartment was that containing the arms of the Tailors' Incorporation—*Azure, a pair of scissors expanded in saltire, points upwards, or,* and the legend on the ribbon below was *Nudus et Amicivistis Me*—Naked and ye clothed me. The charter of the Tailors of Wester Portsburgh dates from May 1582.

The Incorporation entry-money was sixteen pounds sterling, but for sons and sons-in-law of previous members half of that sum was taken. We have seen in safe keeping the Incorporation flags of Easter and Wester Portsburgh, and the trade arms on these have supporters—to wit, Adam and Eve. These flags are not the ancient banners of the burghs, which have all decayed or been lost, but date from 1822, when George IV. visited Edinburgh. The Court-house of Easter Portsburgh was also its Tailors' Hall, and it is a strange coincidence that both Court-houses, so long the contemporaneous centres of burgh life and history, should have been simultaneously under doom of demolition,



THE INCORPORATION FLAGS OF THE TAILORS OF EASTER AND WESTER PORTSBURGH.

though latterly under different ownership. The Easter Portsburgh Court-house is situated in the Potterrow—the top flat of a tenement over whose street entrance is carved the first verse of the 133d Psalm—

> 'Behold, how good a thing it is,
> And how becoming well,
> Together such as brethren are
> In unity to dwell.'

The same verse adorned the entrance to the Cordiners' Land in Wester Portsburgh, and also the Shoemakers' Land in the Canongate. On the last mentioned it is represented on a carved Bible, and the tenement is familiarly known in the locality as the 'Bible Land.' In further connection with this special Psalm a strange custom formerly existed in Easter Portsburgh. Last century, when a new member was admitted into the Tailors' fraternity, he was asked, immediately after his initiation, whether it was Aaron's beard or the oil that went down the skirts of Aaron's garments. There is a possibility of different readings of the passage in question, and a strict register was kept of the answers on either side. The controversy was terminated by one brother postulant who, with a dash of *esprit de corps*, declared that he was not ashamed of his trade, and would stick to 'claith and gairments—the cordiners yont the gait micht ha'e four-foot-lang beards if they likit.' These old incorporations, and indeed the age in which these

old incorporations lived, had special affinities with the Old Testament. This was not the only text in the

BAILIE'S AND DEACON'S CHAIR OF WESTER PORTSBURGH.

Potterrow edifice that had reference to the first High Priest of the Mosaic dispensation. Above the Deacon's

chair there hung a picture of the Tailors' arms, under a draped canopy of state, which bore the date 1736, and below it was printed in quaint lettering—'Thou shalt make Holy Garments for Aaron thy Brother, for Glory and for Beauty.—Ex. chap. xxviii. v. 2.' The Potter-

INSIGNIA, EASTER PORTSBURGH.

row chair itself, at once the seat of the Baron Bailie of the district, and of the Deacon of the craft, bore the same arms on a shield supported by cherubs, who, besides the usual attribute of wings, had been furnished with wigs, and with a modicum of wearing apparel![1]

[1] Both in Easter and Wester Portsburgh the Court-house chair had a joint ownership. During the day it was used by the presiding Bailie when dispensing justice, and at night by the Deacon when engaged upon Trades' Incorporation business.

BAILIE'S AND DEACON'S CHAIR OF EASTER PORTSBURGH.

When business firms and trade grew up in the New Town beyond the Nor' Loch, the Incorporations of the old royalty and the outburghs were wroth, but powerless; but if any tradesman who chanced to be an 'unfreeman' passed within the old march boundaries to do work, and could be reached, he was summarily treated. The tailor craft was comparatively beyond touch, but the outdoor trades—such as masons and wrights—were not unfrequently interdicted, summoned, and fined, and if no attention was paid to the angry Deacon's Court, as was often the case, the workmen's tools were seized till the fine was paid. Latterly, however, there was always some decayed brother who was willing to take daily wages, or who, for a consideration, consented to give the work protection and a nominal paternity. Certain commutations had long been allowed by several of the Trades in the matter of what was called 'Stallenger' money, and in Wester Portsburgh a tailor who was an unfreeman was allowed to put up a sign, and to work within the burgh bounds on payment of one guinea per annum.

We must note that these ancient Scottish tailors not only held a firm grip over the making of men's wearing apparel, but they fashioned women's raiment likewise, and, moreover, would allow no one else to do it. It was a matter of notable advance when, in the year 1735, the Glasgow Tailors, now the wealthiest

Trade Incorporation of the West, in consideration of certain yearly sums to be settled by the deacon and masters of the craft, did, by a statute made in the Glasgow Tron Kirk, allow 'severall women to make women gouns and other cloathing for women, which is a part of the Taylor Trade.' But the Perth tailors and mantua-makers, failing in such courteous and 'couthie adaptability,' fought out the dispute boldly in the Court of Session in the middle of the last century. The tailors founded their right to make universal raiment upon a seal of cause given by William the Lion. Alexander Boswell, afterwards Lord Auchinleck, was counsel for the mantua-makers, and the tailors were beaten. So much, then, for our Scottish Schneider and Damen Schneider—and it follows that the tailor-made gowns of the present day which our pretty maidens wear, and in which they look so neat—or, as Burns expresses it, 'mair braw than when they're fine,'—are nothing but a return, more ways than one, to the habits of their great-great-grandmothers.

THE INCORPORATION OF CORDINERS.—To the right of the Tailors' Arms was the compartment containing the coat-armorial of the Cordiners' Incorporation—*Azure, a cutting knife, in pale proper, ensigned with an Imperial crown*—(or, in Edinburgh vernacular, 'the Croon aboon the cutting knife'); the motto, *Da nobis*

coronam gloriæ ('Give to us a crown of glory'). The last time the Cordiners' flag was used was in 1842, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's first visit to Scotland, and more particularly the day—it was a Saturday—when she visited the city and the castle. From the description given, it appears to have been an old flag. It was then 'very frail,' not fit to be carried in procession, but was hung out at a window in Deacon David Morison's house in the West Port Cordiners' Land. Its border was of the 'thrissle and the rose,' and its colours were blue and gold.

The staple of the West Port in all its history has ever been leather. It remains so still. Its fame for quality, and for certain especialties in the manufacture of the finer leathers and hog skins is high—the highest in the kingdom. That the West Port had not a Skinners' Incorporation of its own is said to be accounted for by many owners of its tanneries having had shops or houses in the city, and being members of the City Incorporation; but this reason is insufficient. There are old names in the leather trade that are purely of Portsburgh. Indeed, it is one of the pleasures of this recent research, to mark the continuity of certain names in what really may be called hereditary trades. The other leather trade—the cordiner's—was long the most flourishing Incorporation of Portsburgh. As one of the 'ootler treddis' the Cordiners

accepted the situation, and made themselves more 'ootler still'—that is, in addition to working for home consumpt and carriers' orders, they manufactured largely for sale at the fairs and markets then so common all over Scotland. To all the chief fairs in the three Lothians, to Fife, to the Merse, to Lammas Fair, St. James's Fair, and St. Boswell's Fair in Roxburghshire, they carried their goods in regular circuit, and sold more or less successfully. The different members of the trade had each their special markets, and these boundary lines were not unneighbourly overstepped. The same cart, well laden—there were no other trade vehicles then—frequently carried two or three ventures, and a 'guid Du'ferm fair' was said to turn the hands of the cutting knife for the season. The weekly Wednesday stalls in the Grassmarket were invariably in the hands of the Cordiners' wives. The trade expected much of their helpmates. These, as a rule, were matrons of substance and substantiality, capable women, at once authoritative in action and persuasive in manner and speech, able at a glance to diagnose the special wants of a customer and the exact depth of his purse. There was a soothing significance in the Trade toast, 'A fou purse—the guidwife to the booth, and the guidman to the cutting knife.'

In 1770 William Aedie was Deacon of the Cordiners, and his official rank was coveted. Possibly he may

have tarried too long in the chair. There was a law of limitation then, but laws of limitation are let alone occasionally, according to the old distich—

Bailie aince, Bailie aye,
Deacon aince, Deacon die.

Anyhow the temper of the trade was restive, and another deacon was elected. Deacon Aedie while in office had a stamp made with the letters D.A. upon it, and as Deacon of the cordiners had sold shoes so marked at Stow Fair. Stow was then regarded as the first meeting-place between the capital and the borders. The size and importance of its market is evidenced by the fact that the head tailor in Selkirk, at the beginning of the present century, held it to be his duty in his patrons' interests to go to Stow fair annually to get the fashions. The past Deacon continued to use the stamp. His successor carried the matter before the Incorporation, and finally before the Convenery. The old Deacon declared upon conscience that he used this stamp in memory of the honour once conferred upon him—not as Deacon Aedie, but as Deacon *aince!* and offered, if his successor would pledge himself to use no 'barkit' leather, to lend him the stamp when his term of office also should be ended.

The Portsburgh Convenery consisted of four delegates from each trade, namely, the Deacon, the

treasurer, the assistant, and the box-keeper, thus forming a species of elective Upper House, whose duty it was to watch over the common interests of all the Incorporations. The Deacon Convener, originally, in Edinburgh, named the Deacon *Wairner*, was elected by a majority of votes at Beltane (first of May, Old Style.) Beltane, the festival of the ancient sun-god Baal—a strange survival—was the Portsburgh gala-day, marked by trade processions and dining festivities, all centring in the Port Court-house as the Trade Hall.

In the old West Kirk, on the Cordiners' seat, or 'loft,' were carved the words, 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be.' There was a large amount of wood-carving in the old West Kirk; but with the memory of this exception, and that of the old pulpit—small, but beautifully carved in oak, painted over in its later days when it was used as the chaplain's reading-desk in the old Charity Workhouse, and possibly for this reason sold within the last twenty years through ignorance—utterly culpable—of its history—there is not a vestige left to tell the story. Our informant was told by an old member of the trade that the text was 'mair consolin' to a Christian than comfortin' to a cordiner, for the less iron and brass about the shoon the better.' But he thought it might have had a sort of prophetic reference to the fashion of high

Trafalgar heels, which were worn by ladies in the winter of 1805-6 in honour of the copper-bottomed ships of the victorious British navy. It took four of the heavy rimmed copper pennies of the day to make a pair of heels, and he had fitted on many. The fashion went out when Miss Mally Gray, a city belle and toast, fell and broke her ankle through their use on coming down the Bow on a frosty day. So much for Trafalgar copper heels. But, in quaintness, the inscription of the Portsburgh Cordiners in the West Kirk was surpassed by the emblematic device of their brethren and rivals in trade, the 'Souters' of Selkirk. On the Souters' loft in the old Parish Church there was represented the maker of 'the single-soled shoon' kneeling before a female figure after the trade fashion, half-worshipful and wholly odd—with the inscription, 'How beautiful are thy feet with shoes O Prince's daughter!'

The Cordiners' Land in Portsburgh we have already noted. Their special Trade Hall in it was latterly converted into a dwelling-house, and the carved trade cutting-knife which formed the adornment of the ceiling centre, is still in possession of a member of the hereditary craft. There is a tradition that the Cordiners' Hall was used at one time as the Burgh Court-house. The building was removed this year, and a modern tenement has been erected on the site by a Company desirous of providing good working-class houses in working-class

localities. The special Bible-verse stone has been incorporated with the building.

THE INCORPORATION OF BAXTERS.—To the right of the escutcheon bearing the Arms of the City of Edinburgh was the coat-armorial of the Baxters of Wester Portsburgh—*Azure three garbs, or; from the chief waved a hand issuing from the clouds, holding a pair of balances extending to the base.* The motto is *Hac nos viximus*—By this we have lived. The English version of the motto was carried by the Bakers' company in the Reform Bill procession of 1832, and their Arms, the same as those of the Edinburgh Incorporation of Baxters, are of not unfrequent representation in the city and suburbs. The three garbs, *i.e.* the three sheaves of corn and the scales are in the Glasgow Baxters' Arms, but to the hand there is superadded the eye—of Justice; and the western motto is 'Praise God for all.' The Baxters of the West Port obtained a new seal of cause from the Edinburgh Town Council in 1777, which included Easter Portsburgh and Bristo within their sale bounds, 'excepting always, however, that part of Bristo which belonged to the Merchant Maiden Hospital.' That hospital was then in its ancient habitat—facing the old City wall on the west, and forenent the old Lothian farmhouse and farm-steading on the south—at the north-west corner of what is now Lothian Street and Bristo

Place; and it was in the existing order of the official proprieties of the age that the Edinburgh Merchant Maidens should eat Edinburgh-baked bread. We like the name of the Merchant Maidens, and prefer it to any modern synonym or substitute possible to the Foundation. There is a ring as if of Strength protecting Purity in the old-fashioned sound of the words.

The Baxters' craft has been under notice in a recent article in connection with the mills at the Dean and Water of Leith; and to save possible repetition, we note a forgotten chapter in Edinburgh and Portsburgh history, where their appearance is merely incidental. In 1835, William IV., by an Order in Council, authorised the raising of 10,000 men in this country to assist the Queen of Spain against the Carlists. This corps was named the Spanish Legion, and was under the command of Sir de Lacy Evans. Spain had not then fallen into the chronic state of crisis which has since characterised her career amongst the states of Europe. She had been our ancient ally. We had fought her battles as well as our own all through the Peninsular War. Besides, there was a child Queen five years old, and her cause was at that time honestly believed by this country to be the cause of Constitutional Freedom. Moreover, it was the first foreign fighting since Waterloo, and there was a large aggregate of suppressed valour in the land. The movement was very popular in Edinburgh. Among

others who volunteered and got his first commission, leaving for it a high-desk stool in a writer's office, was General Alexander Robertson, afterwards of Indian fame. The head rendezvous for the enlisting of the rank-and-file was the Black Ram public-house in West Portsburgh, and the Black Ram was held to be one of the best recruiting stations of the regular British army in those days. The recruits were despatched at once by the Canal Swift Service-boats to Glasgow, whence they were shipped to Spain. 'Orra men' and chance drovers ceased from the Grassmarket; the West Port was cleared from end to end,—it is in faithful tradition that not one '*Brigger*' was left to mount guard over the stone 'Peeoÿs' of Stockbridge 'Brig,' nor a Greenside lounger left on the Calton Hill; the unrecognised labour market that lingers round the Tron Church—and which always looks at us with the eyes of the man in the parable who said, 'No man hath hired us,' was for once void; and city poachers, in their baggy coats, ceased to trouble the gamekeepers of Dalmahoy and Barnton. Edinburgh awoke without her 'proletariat,' and Edinburgh missed her underworkers. In fact, the conditions of the unskilled labour market were for a time reversed. The Whitsunday term came on without the Whitsunday supernumeraries that come yearly with the spring swallows. Portsburgh fared well on the flitting day, for the tanners had a habit of giving an off

week at that time, and the journeymen bakers were pressed into the service. But these last were found to be bad carriers with their arms. Their strength, like that of Samson, appeared to lie in their heads, if not in their hair. An old friend used to 'bring down the house' with laughter when she rehearsed her feelings at seeing her eight-day clock carried up three flights of stairs upon a baker's board! Her first thought was for the man's safety, 'but the baxter lad,' she said, 'was a stoot-neckit chiel and a cheery'; the venerated family regulator was eased down into a corner with perfect safety, and he declared that he was the first man that had ever carried Time up a stair on *a baker's buird and a wassock*. She always ended her story with a rhymed proverb, which in its entirety we never heard elsewhere—'It's an ugly lass that's never kissed, and a silly body that's never missed,' and I can tell you, she added, we did miss 'oor puir Port lads.'

As to the Spanish Legion, it saw service and captured the Carlist positions at Ayetta and Fontarabia. There was no doubt either about its fighting or its bravery, but the breaking down of conditions and commissariat brought disagreement, and collapse, and dismemberment; and the legionaries, those of them that did return, came back in evil case, and with pitiful tale to their accustomed habits, and their wonted localities. The expedition was a blunder, and

the sequel reminds one of the satirical verselet written on a similar expedition to the same land of Don Quixote:—

'There was a fleet,
It went to Spain;
When it came back,
It came again.'

THE CORPORATION OF WEAVERS OR WEBSTERS.—To the right of the Baxters' Arms was the compartment containing the coat-armorial of the Weavers or Websters of Wester Portsburgh—*Azure, on a chevron, between three leopards' heads argent, each holding in its mouth a shuttle, or, as many roses gules.* The motto was *Sine me nudus*—without me naked—an indisputable truth paraphrased in the websters' trade song, sung most courageously when the fear of coming change began to cloud round the future of the once prosperous handloom trade—

'While babes come naked to the world,
They maun ha'e claes to wear:
Cheer up your hearts, my weaver lads,
And banish every fear.'

Both arms and legend formerly adorned the Edinburgh Weavers' 'Lands' in the Cowgate. The *Sine me nudus*, without the armorial bearings, but with the addition of a carved figure, popularly credited to be a representation of Adam before the Fall, used to adorn an old-fashioned house, with an outside stair, in Fountainbridge thirty years ago. Again a shield with the Weaver Arms, bearing

the date 1735, formerly decorated the Weavers' 'Land' in the West Port; and this carving is now incorporated into a new tenement which occupies the old site. The special motto, however, is wanting, and in its place, exquisitely cut and lettered, are the words, 'My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle (Job vii. 6.)' The Edinburgh Incorporation of Weavers and also that of Glasgow bore the same arms, but the motto of the latter is 'Weave Trust with Truth.' With the failure of the handloom-weaving the membership of the Portsburgh Weavers' Incorporation dwindled in numbers. Besides linen, and especially table damasks of a very fine description, there were woven in the West Port 'filled-in shawls' and Edinburgh plaids—a manufacture which has since been transferred to Paisley, and now bears the name of that town.

At Leven Lodge, within the bounds of Portsburgh, and just where these march with Bruntsfield Links, there was born, on the 24th May 1765, Elizabeth, second daughter of William, the eighteenth Earl of Sutherland, and Mary Maxwell, co-heiress of Preston, his wife. Sorrow soon sought this small home circle. At Dunrobin, while the Earl was playing with his elder daughter, Catherine, and tossing her up in the air in glee, the child overbalanced herself and fell, and her death followed. The young father never forgave himself. Sent to Bath for change of scene, he fell into a

low fever. The Countess, nursing him twenty-one days without rest, sickened with the infection and died. In a few days her husband followed her. They were carried back to their own land, and were buried, amid great lamentation, in the same grave in Holyrood Abbey Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstoun claimed the Sutherland peerage as heir-male, and the guardians of the infant peeress born in Portsburgh had to face a contest for her title. The principal pleading in her behalf was written by Lord Hailes, who was one of her guardians. It has been greatly extolled for its antiquarian and historical research into the peerages of Scotland, though Lord Camden, an English law lord, thought a great part of it irrelevant, and styled it rubbish, to the scandal of all modern antiquarians. But the test of time is the trial of truth, and Lord Hailes' 'Additional Case for Elizabeth, claiming the title and dignity of Countess of Sutherland,' remains an exhaustless quarry for the pick-axes and digging-spades of all succeeding Scottish title claimants.

The contest was one of the *causes célèbres* of the last century, but it evoked no noise or temper in comparison with the famous Douglas case, and that for the best of reasons—there was no party spirit. 'All Scotland,' it was said, 'was on the one side, and only Robin Gordon on the other.' Hard Scottish heads and warm Scottish hearts were in agreement for once—the men were well pleased to see in the little orphan at

once the greatest heiress in Scotland and the holder of the oldest title in Great Britain; and soft womanly eyes, old and young, would look at her on our old streets as she passed by, and kindly Scottish voices would say, in sharp contrast to ancient title and vast inheritance, 'Puir bit bairn, she wants her mother.' Ah, that word 'mother.' Let those of us to whom its sound is now only a memory recall it—the most beautiful word out of Heaven, and the most beautiful love. Think of it—her breast our first pillow, her smile our first sunshine, her knee our first altar, her prayers our life's blessing. Think of it—in its utter unselfishness, its unwearied watchings, and its unmeasured intensity—following us in all our wanderings, forgiving us in all our waywardness, till at length it leaves us to return to that Higher Love above, who alone could have created it, and of which it is the most perfect earthly emanation. It is not from the heights, but from a low, dead, cheerless level, that the motherless and the orphan start upon the race of life. But the little maiden grew, and doubtless would soon grow conscious of her great dignity. The House of Lords decided the case in her favour on March 21, 1771, and there were great rejoicings in Scotland.

After this we find her again at Leven Lodge, her birthplace. The reason may have been that the neighbourhood of Bruntsfield Links owed its earliest repu-

tation for salubrity of climate to the fact that it was then the seat of the most popular Goat Whey Quarters—a health-resort for the rank and fashion of Edinburgh for the few weeks that the whey season lasted. In old newspapers houses are advertised to be let for the special purpose, and we note in passing that there were not wanting healthy concomitants to the old-world hygiene—to wit—cheerful conversation, simple fare, also to climb a mountain, and if possible a new one every day! The members of our Alpine Clubs could scarcely exceed this. The young Countess had a very conclave of guardians, and possibly some inherent delicacy of constitution was feared. It was considered that her education, afterwards deemed so thorough in its day, should wait upon bodily strength gained by outdoor exercise, and she was placed under the care of her maternal grandmother, Lady Alva.

One day when running races with some other children on Bruntsfield Links, she met the family weaver, Yeben Gairdner, coming in from Tipperlin to Edinburgh, and carrying home some finished work. Tipperlin was a village of singular beauty—a very Scottish Auburn—whose deserted site was included in the grounds of the Morningside Lunatic Asylum rather more than forty years ago. The weaver's bundle that day contained two dozen *tea towels* woven with initials and crest, on which, as soon as she saw it, the little Countess recognised the swan—

the crest of the house of Wemyss, to which house she was nearly related. Damask tea-towels, possessing the fineness and gloss of old satin, were then the most aristocratic *chef-d'œuvre* of women's work, and artistic weaving. At the fashionable Edinburgh tea entertainments of last century these dainty morsels of linen were handed to lady guests on a silver salver—on which there was also a lace pin-cushion—by John, the serving-man, or by Jean, 'My Leddy's waiting woman'; and in those days of treasured tea-cups, when handles were not, and of elegant but doubtless studied grace in holding the same, the tea-towel did duty in preserving satin gown or flowered silk petticoat, lace stomacher or lawn kerchief, from the dire possibility of a stain. Their own excellence of texture was meanwhile appraised and appreciated by the quiet touch of many a dowager's thumb and forefinger, and by the drooping side glance of many a fair spinster's eye. For, be it noted, it was the maiden initials, woven or sewed, of the mistress of the house that were expected to be seen upon her state napery. Learning that her companion had business with her grandmother, the two friends proceeded hand in hand to Leven Lodge, where the Countess announced her intention to learn to spin, so that she might have her own special tea-towels, with her crest of the Great Cat upon them. 'The Great Cat' was at once the crest of the Sutherland family and the High-

land title of the chief of the clan. The request was much the same as if she had asked for her earliest finger exercises on the harpsichord in order to play a sonata. To Lady Alva, and all the womankind in the house, this speech was as the voice of wisdom and awakened female duty; but it did not so commend itself to her acting guardian. 'Spinning!' he said, 'the ceaseless wetting of the thread would take the substance—the very *keest*—out of his ward's body, and there might be nothing of her left after all their fighting.' 'Hoots, my Lord,' was the answer made by Lady Alva, who was affronted to hear her favourite occupation thus lightlied, 'Keest or no keest, ye will never manage to make a thinking human bairn into a hedge sparrow a'thegether. Gie her as much work as will let her feel that she has a richt to be in the world, and her health and her happiness will look after yin anither.' Lady Alva, as might have been expected, carried the day. The family weaver was commissioned to procure a little wheel in ebony with silver mountings, and the duty of giving her grand-daughter instruction in the art of spinning was put by the Dowager into the hands of Mistress Jean Duncan, who was held to be the best spinner of her day. By both sides of the house the young Countess had spinning proclivities. Her aunt, her father's only sister, also Lady Elizabeth Sutherland, but commonly styled Lady Betty, was married to Wemyss of Wemyss;

and in the recent revival of hand-spinning as an elegant pastime, her wheel came to be purchased a few years ago to form one of the marriage presents of a Scottish bride as high born as its original owner.

V.

Mistress Jean Duncan kept a school of good citizen repute in Lady Lawson's Wynd, off Portsburgh, below the rookery in the tall elm-trees; and the teaching of the young Countess was the crowning story of her scholastic life. Perhaps Mrs. Jean might have sat, in her degree, for the original portrait of Lady Margaret Bellendean, of Tillietudlem Castle—even in the matter of the 'Wearyfu' Disjune of His Most Sacred Majesty'—so persistently, in season and out of season, was her own special honour recalled. But it was all done, hedge-sparrow incident and all, in the interest of cheering young toilers up the Hill Difficulty of duty, and the training of young hands and young lives in what were then thought to be, and which really were, the paths of industry and virtue. The story came to us from the lips of one of her pupils, already quoted. The Countess is said to have achieved the spinning of her tea-towels, and when she was married to Lord Trentham in 1785, the copy was borrowed from the weaver to be a pattern

for the marking of crest, and coronet, and initial letters on a part of what was then styled in Edinburgh the 'wedding providing.'

Mistress Jean Duncan's school was a good type of the Scottish schools of last century—then fading out. English-speaking schools, where the use of a Scottish phrase implied a fine, were foremost in fashion, having received a great impetus from the visit of Dr. Samuel Johnson to Edinburgh in 1773; but had Mistress Jean been constrained to come under the new laws, she must perforce either have become bankrupt or dumb. Though of a higher grade than what were known as 'white-seam' schools, yet in Mistress Jean's estimation and establishment, 'white-seam' conjoined with spinning, was the proper foundation, as well as the chief part in the superstructure, of true feminine education. Her standard of perfection was of the highest. Four spinning-wheels, taking the place that pianos would now do in a school of the same standing, were in constant use. Mistress Jean might give initiatory lessons in spinning to a Countess, but to ordinary pupils finishing lessons only were accorded. These pupils, ageing from fourteen to eighteen, occupied the wheels one day each in regular rotation. Their work was subsequently reeled by Mistress Jean's own hands, under severe criticism; if rejected, it was relegated to form part of an ordinary web; if satis-

factory, it was 'hanked' and hung up, marked with the spinner's name, and was used in the manufacture of sewing-thread, which was carried on by her widowed sister, Mrs. Keir. Down to the close of the eighteenth century the manufacture of sewing-thread was a frequent and profitable adjunct to the office of schoolmistress, particularly so in country districts, and the spinning requisite was necessarily of a high order. Linen thread continued to be sold by the hank or skein, and cotton thread—greatly despised—in little balls or 'clews,' down to the third decade of the present century, when the use of reels or pirns came into fashion.

Though practice and perseverance might do much, still Mistress Jean held the opinion that the true spinner, like the true poet, was born, and not made. She herself must have been an instance in point. She is described as having spun with the touch, the speed, and the grace of the good princess in a German *mährchen*, and her thread to have had somewhat of the fineness of the filaments of the fabled Lydian Arachne. This thread was sent to kindred hands in the Low Countries, and was made into a kind of Flanders lace desiderated greatly for wrist ruffles and laced cravats, because, in addition to its beauty, it was accredited with possessing a world of washing and of wear. She had passed several years of her life in Holland—at Campvere and Utrecht. Before the French Revolu-

tion there was a close connection and many private relationships between Edinburgh families and the Scottish Colony there. Campvere for 400 years was the staple port or sea-gate of Scotland in Holland. On it were conferred many special privileges ; it was governed by Scottish procurators, and it possessed a ruling Scottish population. One solitary remembrance of this connection remains—Campvere Presbyterian Church finds itself still a name, but only a name, on the roll of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

The standard of fundamentals being passed, Mistress Jean's pupils were instructed in the higher needlecraft of the day—not then in the decadent state into which it sank during the first half of this century, but in certain points fairly abreast with the art-needlework revival of the present day—to wit, drawn linen and lawn thread work—resolvable to Campvere training—samplers on fine linen, and samplers on fine silk canvas, which included some good point and some archaic tapestry stitches, also those pictures sewed on satin, with soft silk shadings, which are now so eagerly bought by art connoisseurs. Edinburgh satin pictures of this date have a special value, as the faces and arms of the figure subjects were painted by David Allan, the Scottish Hogarth ; his charge for so doing was one guinea.

The old Scottish theories of women's education, as evidenced by Mrs. Jean's course of instruction, cer-

tainly leant more to the industrial than to the intellectual, but a lot of vigorous Scottish thinking and of racy Scottish speaking, more especially the proverbial wisdom of both Solomon and Scotland, went along with it. Nor were book intellectualities entirely absent; only our information on this point, not being backed by woven and sewed tangibilities, is more limited. Religious instruction was under Mrs. Jean's special care; a master came in from a neighbouring boys' school and taught arithmetic three times a week, and there was much reading aloud from good authors during the school sewing hours. Mrs. Jean highly favoured the papers of the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and the *Guardian* —Sir Richard Steele's beautiful 'Sparkler' in the *Guardian* being especially held up as a perfect model of youthful womanhood, on account of her sprightly conversation, her dutiful obedience, and her perfect propriety in wearing high tuckers. Also, Allan Ramsay's 'Gentle Shepherd' was committed to memory in parts, and at an examination or exhibition of the school the pupils won praise from the presiding and parochial minister, 'Sir Harry' (Sir Henry Moncreiff), for 'their elegant carriage and elocution.'

Even the English-speaking Edinburgh schools could not forego the 'Gentle Shepherd.' It appears to have been a show elocution piece both in town and country. An English translation of it was published in 1786, and

was used as a school-book in Edinburgh in the present century. The book is rare, but worthless, and we owe our knowledge of it to the fact that a copy was put summarily out of existence by a worthy Border laird, who stopped the course of his daughter's Edinburgh gentilities by throwing the volume into the blazing 'elden' on the great kitchen fire, swearing that no one within reach of his arm and anger should ever turn the 'Gentle Shepherd' into a second-hand Englishman again. The style of the work that was thus vigorously dealt with may be judged from the following quotations from the first verse. The original reads:—

'My Peggy is a young thing,
And I 'm no very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The wauken of the fauld.'

The translation is as follows:—

'My Peggy is a young girl,
And I 'm not very old,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The rousing of the fold.'

Our readers can settle with themselves whether they prefer the 'Gentle Shepherd' according to Allan Ramsay, or the English version with the poetry left out.

The next year (1787) Robert Burns came to Edinburgh. He thrilled the old speech of the people and of the land with new life; he gathered from it his strength, his beauty, his humour, his pathos, his ten-

derness, his inspiration, and laid upon it for ever the consecration of his genius and his fame. It was time.

And now, to tie up the broken threads in our weavers' chapter, we note that the husband of the Countess of Sutherland was created Duke of Sutherland in 1833, and thereafter she bore the title of the Countess-Duchess till her death in 1839, having held the estates for seventy-two years. Her grandmother, Lady Alva, died in the early years of the present century at an advanced age. Her first husband was William Maxwell of Preston, and her younger daughter was Wilhelmina, Lady Glenorchy, so well known in the world of religious life of a past age, and the foundress of the church which bore her name. Lady Alva wore her title only by what was then the custom of old-fashioned Scottish courtesy. She was, by her second marriage, the wife of Lord Justice-Clerk Alva, and if she had lived in our time she would have been styled Mrs. Erskine. This modern fashion is not wanting in a savour of derogatoriness and unequal yoking, at least we may remark that such old-fashioned Scottish courtesy was very courteous indeed.

Of Yeben Gairdner, the family weaver, we rejoice to write that he prospered greatly. He designed and wove a tablecloth of special size and fineness, representing the Triumphs of Britannia. By the good offices of his early friend of Bruntsfield Links, this, with the

table napkins effeiring thereto, was submitted to the inspection of Queen Charlotte. He was rewarded with the title of Damask Manufacturer to Her Majesty, and one post letter alone from London brought an order for 230 of the patriotic tablecloths. Table damask sometimes displays wonderful longevity, and in some ancient napery-room it is possible that a specimen may still linger. The warehouse of the firm of Ebenezer Gairdner and Son was in the then new and fashionable South Bridge, but the yarn-boiling premises were located in the Vennel, and from the amount of the hands employed—in-workers as well as out-workers—were long a prominent feature in the trade prosperity of Wester Portsburgh.

THE UNITED COMPANIES OF WRIGHTS AND MASONS OF WESTER PORTSBURGH.—To the left of the Royal Escutcheon and to the right of the Weavers' Arms, thus completing the ellipse of the cupola, was the armorial coat of the United Companies of Wrights and Masons of Wester Portsburgh—*Azure, a square and compass conjoined in pale, or*, for the wrights; to which was added, *one of the three towers embattled sable*, for the masons. The same arms are borne by the United Incorporation of St. Mary's Chapel, which, in addition to the wrights and masons of Edinburgh, includes bowyers, glaziers, plumbers, upholsterers,

slaters, sievewrights, and coopers. Below the arms was written the motto of the wrights: *Noster Redemptor vivat in sæcula sæculorum*—Our Redeemer liveth for ever and ever. This motto is also borne by the Wrights' Incorporation of Aberdeen. Only twice in all our time have we met with these words as the Wrights' trade legend—beautiful words when written in any language under heaven—once on an old membership-card, dated 1769, and belonging to one of our predecessors, and once in conversation as thus. In the room in which the compilers of these articles sit and consult and write, there is, amongst an irreconcilable anachronism and medley of ancient matters and *Keimelia*, a miniature set of drawers or bureau. The bureau is not antique; it is only old enough to be old-fashioned; but it is notable in its way. It is marked now with a brass shield on which are engraved the 'Vrichts'' arms, surmounted by their legend, and beneath are written the words, August 10th, 1832. It dates from the Edinburgh Reform Bill procession,[1]

[1] The flag carried by the Joiners in the Reform Bill procession was for many years in the custody of Mr. John Watherston, founder of the well-known firm of Messrs. John Watherston and Sons, whose son William recently gifted the munificent sum of £30,000 for the relief of the indigent aged members of the building trades in Edinburgh. After patient inquiry we can learn of only one survivor, an old joiner now residing in Stockbridge, who helped to carry the flag on the above memorable occasion. As an apprentice he saved up ten shillings, which he paid for the privilege of holding one of the guy ropes.—[ED.]

and it formed part of it. The poet tells us that ours is

> 'A land of settled government,
> A land of just and old renown,
> Where Freedom broadens slowly down
> From precedent to precedent.'

But precedent for that procession there was none. What had gone before of public reform history in Edinburgh had gone to prison and to banishment, and even to death, but this was the day of triumph and high-heartedness. It was to be, and it certainly was, the greatest procession that Edinburgh ever has seen. We willingly and cheerfully accord it all. *Ad Seniores priores*—for the veterans fought in the van. With admirable publicity as to general orders, there seems to have been much pleasant speculation and secret rivalry as to detail. A *sough* went round the trades as to model-making, and the bureau was the work of a not very secret sixteenfold co-partnership. The eventual ownership was settled the evening before the great day by lot—eight to eight, then four to four, then two to two, then one to one, and from the last it came to us by natural inheritance. It is a far cry now through the historical and the political years to 1832, and, so far as we know, these special workers are all dead—a fine group of grave, thoughtful men, who rose in their own way in the world's ranks—as such men naturally rise—some of them founding business firms, second now, in

the next generation, to none in the country. Time passed on, and every drawer of the little bureau held its own epitome of biography. About forty years after, listening one day to one of the stories, how the ablest, the best, the leader of them all, had died of consumption, and had been buried at sea, Dr. John Brown asked the narrator how it was that so many of the wood trade, both in town and country, were Liberals. Neither he nor we ever forgot the answer—it was the words of the Wrights' legend, adopted, surely, not without meaning, centuries ago—*Noster Redemptor vivat in sæcula sæculorum.* Was not He—the Carpenter of Nazareth—the first, the one Great Free Man? We remember the hush, the reverence, the almost fierceness of appropriation in the old veteran's voice: 'Therefore,' he continued, 'in all things, either for earth or for heaven, it behoves the "auld tredd" to follow Him first, and full and far.' We should note here in passing—they are both dead now—that the friends were old friends, and congenial—not life-long, as the saying is, but dating from the time when the carts brought in the Biggar manse furniture to that other manse in Rose Street, on the east side of the old-fashioned, low-roofed meeting-house, which was taken down long since; and we never wearied of hearing how 'the Doctor' was then at once the brightest and the most innerly of *callants*, happy, thoughtful, yet with a certain wistful regretfulness,

thinking more of what he had left behind him in the country than of the great city to which he had come, and of which he was destined to become one of the most beautiful memories. Perhaps it is owing to the comparative silence of Scripture, and the equal silence of early Art, and perhaps to the insufficiency of human speech and thought, that the lesson—the comfort of the working years of our Saviour's early manhood is so silent in a world that is so full of labour; that in the perfect human life of the Son of God—that life of which it is written, His Life is the Light of men—there is wrapped up as part of God's plan of salvation for a lost world, the skill, the draughtsmanship, the toil, the perfect—it must have been perfect—workmanship of the Carpenter of Nazareth.

This is our reading—the last—for our story ends here —of the old legend of the Wrights, as we found it on the smoke-grimed roof of the old Court-house of Portsburgh—the ancient tongue and the old teaching—the beautiful insight and application of some finely-tuned spirit in the far Scottish past, all looked down on the room's latest tenants—the teachers and the taught of the Mission Sabbath-school—and as it seemed to us, it blessed them *unawares*.

FROM YARROW TO EDINBURGH COLLEGE

WHEN THE CENTURY WAS YOUNG.

'*Hoc est*
Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.'

I, JOHN SCOTT, am Master of the Olde Cartwright Dule (Dole), familiarly named the Olde Dule, an ancient Puritan Foundation. It was endowed in honour of Thomas Cartwright—Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who, for the bold setting forth of his principles, suffered hardship and imprisonment. He found refuge on the Continent, where he became the friend of grave scholars and divines; and of him Beza, the all-tactful, the erudite, the witty, wrote: 'I think the sun doth not see a more learned man.' To the Olde Dule, other bequests have fallen in, notably that of 'The Pleasaunce Field, and the two fair orchards bordering on the king's highway, which goeth to Chelsea.' This ground is now all covered with streets and houses. It was bequeathed

by a contemporary and compatriot of George Heriot, the founder of the Hospital in Edinburgh, on condition that, other matters being equal, the Master or Warden of the Dule should be a Scotsman. By this bequest, in these later days, the revenue of the Dule has benefited greatly. It is not unwealthy: it gives modest pensions, with or without residence, to 'six olde Scholars to whom the World hath been sadde;' and it possesses a school not unfamed in the varied history of Nonconformity, and especially favoured by pupils of Scottish parentage in London. I have grown very old at my work within its walls, and every day it becomes more plain to me that, though I live with the present generation, I am not of it. My assistant and successor has relieved me of the heavier duties, and I sit now more than ever in my own library—the inmost recess of the series of book-rooms which belong to the Foundation. This room is warm-hearthed, low-roofed, black-beamed, deep-windowed, heavy-doored, and oak-panelled in the places where books are not; these spaces are few. My books are all shelved within hand-reach. Of a surety it was a Philistine—an enemy to thought and to learning—who invented high book-ranges. Every man should be measured for his own book-height, as he is for his own clothes. Some thoughts have come to me as to writing an autobiography, but it will never be completed. There is no call of duty to urge to it, and the fear—per-

haps the morbid fear—of the over-use of the word 'I' hinders me. This is an age of committees and commissions, of editorials, and of partnerships, presumably even in ideas, and consequently there is a decay of individuality of character, and of thought.

Though not in the sense that Tennyson meant it, it is true of the times that 'The individual withers and the world is more and more.' There is something both of cowardice and presumption in the everlasting WE. Literary self-consciousness has engendered a disease of moral autophobia, for 'I' is the one word that humanity has, in common with Godhead revealed—the 'I Am that I Am' of the burning bush in Horeb.

* * * * *

I was interrupted here by one of our boys, who came up to bid me good-bye. He leaves on what is now practically a travelling scholarship, but was originally styled 'a sufficiency for one year's residence at Geneva, Leyden, or such other University beyond the sea, where, in the honest opinion of the Trusters, the science of sound divinity is taught in the Latin tongue.' It is needless to say that selection on either point has narrowed itself in these days into a grim impossibility. Under the difficulty, the Trusters remitted to the Warden to give a sound word of caution at leave-taking—which word I hasted to say thus:—'Keep your eyes open, my lad, on the book of the world, as well as on the world of books.

Keep your life pure. Keep the thought of Heaven in your heart, and a bit of home beside it. God bless you —good-bye.' We parted at the lower staircase, and as I came back to my room, it seemed to me, somehow, as if I had parted from myself in my far-off youth, for with one of these touches of unaccountable resemblance, the eyes seemed those of one whom I had 'loved long since and lost a while.'

* * * * *

Go to, it is very hard work to be idle. Let me do something. I *will* write somewhat of my far-off youth and the old times. Let me not hurt the feelings of the living by being untender to the memory of the dead. I can keep the Ego in shadow, and my nephew and executor, the new Master, shall be charged not to publish unless he see good cause.

Yarrow.

'For I was reared among the hills,
Within a Border home.'

There are memory pictures on the canvas of every man's life that Time's 'effacing fingers' cannot touch. The dark Shadows of the years that have no record in them—we have all such years—throw certain days into marked relief—give, in fact, powerful Rembrandt effects of light in darkness, soft with wistful pleasure, or lurid with pained remorse. Every detail is etched in. Like

the night-workers, busy before the vast furnaces in our black, brave Iron Land, not a hand under the glare can be moved or an eye upturned unnoted or unseen.

The years of the century were few when I left home to become a student in the Edinburgh Old College. The day that had looked so far off—and so pleasant when afar off—when I was a boy at school was to dawn to-morrow. My box was away (we called it a 'kist' in Yarrow); it was made by the wright down at Philiphaugh, and it possessed a secret 'shottle' to hold my money, warranted to defy the coin-seeking instincts of the keenest thief in Edinburgh. The Borders thought lightly of the morality of large towns—once upon a time the case was entirely reversed. I had seen this kist, packed by my mother's hand, sent off in a cart to Selkirk, to be in time for the weekly ingoing of the Edinburgh carrier.

Unless when face to face with the exigencies of snow-storms—in which emergency all the fire of their hard-fighting and hard-riding ancestors comes to the front,—life on the pastoral farms of Yarrow falls on the most placid and the most pleasant of lines. But that day, to all at Shielhope, wore on to evening in every phase of unrest—the very dogs did not lie down, but sat on their haunches wondering, waiting—eagerly waiting—for the usual summons to sympathise and help. The 'Reading' came; the paraphrase, 'O God of Bethel,' was sung (there were still the thin brown separate books for the

paraphrases in use with us in Yarrow), my father giving out the line in the reverend stately Scottish chant. I hear yet the sound of tears, in his usually firm voice, as he prays in the old words of the patriarch—'The Angel that delivered me from all evil, bless the lad: from the utmost bound of the everlasting hills let blessings be on his head, and on the crown of the head of him that is separate from his brethren!' I awaken as if from a dream. I look over the large household kneeling, in the warm light of the great kitchen peat fire: the thought that *this* will be here to-morrow night, and the next night, and on and on, and that I shall be absent, drifts into my heart with a pang; but I note, too, that Luathie, the old collie, has, at last, risen from his place, and is licking my father's hand.

The morning came—a beautiful morning in late autumn. The simple farewells are spoken; there was little of effusiveness in old Border manners. 'I am glad ye are ridin', laddie,' said my mother; and, as she spoke, she passed her hand over my hair. What true son does not know that touch of a mother's hand? 'Ay, mother, and hoo mony will be settin' oot on foot the day!' was all the answer that speech ventured upon. My father was to accompany me to Selkirk to give instructions concerning the bringing back of my horse, and, as he said, to settle me into the journey. We rode away. There was a slight frost on the ground. It had been a

late harvest, and a sore one to the arable farmer, but that morning it seemed as if the repentant sun was bent on flooding a double radiance of light on hill and stream; and every bush, tree, and meadow swathed in network of silver gossamer, looked quietly up as if rejoicing in his beams. We met no man, and we heard no sound save the click-click of our horse's feet, till we

> 'Passed where Newark's stately tower
> Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower,'

when a robin broke the stillness of the morning, and poured forth his soul in song. It seemed as if the silence was pleased, and the solitary place made glad.

Involuntarily we both paused, and I turned and looked back. It was not as the 'Dowie Dens' that I was leaving the familiar fields, but as the 'bonny howms o' Yarrow,' and Robin's song was the voice of hopefulness and cheer. I would note,—and if I stray at times from the highway of my life-story, the gentle reader must pardon the wanderings of an old man, who has ever had a longing for byeways and shaded paths,—I would like to note here that old ballad and recent song, ancient minstrel and modern poet, dwell on this peculiarity of song richness in the birds of Yarrow. To this day, when returning a comparative stranger, this feature has ever been one of pleasurable and contented surprise. To me the notes of the southern nightingale do not equal those of the lark in the upper valleys near St. Mary's Loch. It

is this sky-lark's song 'far up in the downy cloud,' above Blackhouse, on the Douglas Burn—the home-land of the old Black Douglases—that was ringing in the ears of Hogg when he penned that finest of lyrics :—

'Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place;
O to abide in the desert with thee!'

For the ten happiest years of his life he herded there with the father of Willie Laidlaw—the author of *Lucy's Flittin'*,—each and all our good kindly neighbours farther up Yarrow.

In passing Newark we passed Foulshiels, where 'the Auld Mistress'—the mother of Mungo Park,—also his wife and her bairnies three—were passing the weary days in anxious waiting for tidings from our own African explorer; but long years had to pass before the sore hunger of suspense was to be changed into the certainty of sorrow. 'Ride quickly by, John,' said my father; 'I'll look in as I gang back. I hope the Auld Mistress winna see us passing, for folk's thochts aye rin back to their ain, and it just looks like yesterday when Mungo went away in to the College like yersel' the day. It was in echty-nine, if I mind richt, and a sair dour winter it turned oot.' Down we rode past the woods of Bowhill, glowing in

the sunlight, but telling in their russet bareness that the year was growing old, and soon we reached Selkirk.

The carrier's carts had left the afternoon before, but the carrier's guidwife—Tibbie Elliot—came to the door to say a kindly word of good speed. 'The orders about the horse—I see ye are riding Captain,' said she—'hae been wi' us mony a day, but last Sabbath, after the skailin' o' the meetin'-house, the Mistress gied me a' the instructions ower again while the cairt was yokin'. And,' continued she, addressing me, 'ye are to gang straight to the Candlemaker Raw, to oor quarters, and Wat himsel' has promised to take ye safe to Jiddin (Gideon) Johnstone's. The Sinton cairts are away in to the Loudons this morning for the winter coals, and they are giein' a cast to a bit fine student lad frae Ashkirk—black-a-vised, no very strong-looking. And John, lad,' added she, looking pawkily at me, 'ye'll hae to speak me fair; your mother is to leave your letters wi' me on the Sabbath mornin's, and I *will* see that they are sent safe. The Post-office folk are gey gleg, and the Biggar carrier, that pits up alangside o' Wat, was sair fined last Candlemas. But I have stitched oor Wat's under-waistcoat back a' oot into parks, ilka ane wi' a buttoned flap. I pit twae three letters into each, and Wat says, what wi' mothers' letters and sweethearts' letters he's aye weel happit ahint. And mind ye, Maister John,' she added firmly—I had never

been named 'Maister' before, but I regarded the change as a natural recognition of my new dignity as student,—'mind ye, no that I think ye the ane to dae it—mind ye, never to send a compleenin' or a wheengin' message hame. The minister says that the eagle shakes up her nest to gar her young anes gang oot to fend for themsel's, and dootless it is a' necessary, and the way o' the world; but, losh me! the first bird that leaves the hame nest is a sair heart baith to them that bides and them that bouns, and far waur when it is the youngest that has to gang first and far. Guid-bye.' We left. At Stow my father parted from me. He returned home, and I set my face to the outer world and my own future.

Up Gala Water.

My journey was eventless. I met the Carlisle Royal Mail, sole public conveyance between Edinburgh and that town by way of Selkirk, Hawick, and Langholm. I also met the Kelso Fly, which in winter ran twice a week, and started from the White Horse Inn in the Canongate. There were three passengers in the first coach, and only one in the second. I met and also passed long *trings* of carriers' carts, to which, on the Gala Water roads, both old and new, was then relegated the transport of the infant manufactures of the

Border districts—consisting of linen fully as much as of woollen goods. They also carried the overplus of farmyard produce, which naturally gravitated to the capital.

Very varied indeed, I may notice, was the return load of these douce, honest vehicles—sagacity itself as regards man, horse, and stowage. To all Scotland not on seaboard, the carrier's cart then was the sole inland importer. I quote the following from a very homely way-bill—or rather a way-book:—'3 chests tea (consignees various), a crate of glass, another of pans and kettles, a bride's silver tea-spoons, a cask of sherry wine, another of train-oil, a bale of Edinburgh shawls, a hogshead of sugar, 2 wigs, a grate, 2 Leghorn bonnets,' destined doubtless to extinguish all country-constructed head-gear; and last, but not least important, three parcels of books, with a few weekly newspapers, then, as regards size, and certainly as regarded independent thought also, in their infancy.

The career of a newspaper going up Yarrow in those days, after being read in Selkirk, was a history in itself, from the time that the Mistress of Foulshiels, sitting in the 'kirk cairt,' deposited it in her ample side-pocket,—in order, she avowed, 'to keep folk oot o' temptation till the morn's morning,'—till it came back at the close of the week to Yeben Currie at the smithy, who, with the view to eventual proprietorship, elected to be the

latest reader. As to books, I remember as if it were yesterday the arrival of Sir Walter Scott's first poem, and how it—the Shirra's new book, that glorified our Yarrow—was read aloud, and only finished at midnight. It was in the spring of 1805, the year after the False Alarm, when the Borders were in the full after-glow of patriotism and high-heartedness evoked by that rekindling of the old bale-fires. Even in my journey to College this latter event had its share. I did not stop at any of the inns on Gala Water, but waited till I got to Dalkeith. That town had been, and still continued to be, the appointed rendezvous of the Selkirkshire Yeomanry—'The Duke's Benty-neckit Troop;' and at the Cross Keys Inn I thought it right that Captain should get his corn, because there he had got his name for having spanned foremost in that swift-swinging far morning ride, of which, as a Selkirkshire man, I am proud even to this day.

My first sight of Edinburgh was by lamp-light—oil lamps, it is true—but the sight was wonderful to me. I dismounted, led Captain by the bridle, and, by civil answers to persistent asking, at length arrived at the comfortable inn of Mrs. Paterson, in the Candlemaker Row. That worthy dame was also owner of the Jedburgh Coach, and, as I came to the door, was engaged in booking an inside passage for Dr. Somerville, the well-known minister and social historian of

that parish, who, moved by courtesy—not perhaps untinctured with the sense of expediency—was standing bare-headed, hat in hand, before her. Of a certainty no Salique law obtained in that inn. I found her afterwards to be an autocrat of the very best kind, ruling house and stables, man-servants and woman-servants—ay, and the stranger within her gates—by virtue of an adaptable manner, a kindly heart, snell sayings, and a very firm hand. With Charlie Elliot—Wat's son and chief assistant—I went and saw Captain put up in the long, warm inn stable. I will not say that my eyes were exactly dry as I gave a 'hiddlins' clap to his bonny grey mane. After a fell feint at eating some food, I set out with Wat himself for my own new quarters.

Barringer's Close.

My destination in Edinburgh was a house at the foot of Barringer's Close—one of the many closes or lanes on the north side of the High Street, between the North Bridge and Leith Wynd. The neighbourhood of Paterson's Inn in Candlemaker Row has been transformed in the changes caused by the erection of George IV. Bridge in 1836; and our road that evening was along the Cowgate, and up Blackfriars Wynd to the High Street. Wat carried a small lantern, and talked

busily but quietly all the way, mixing warning as to the dangers attending youth in city life with information concerning the antecedents of Jiddin and Janet Johnstone.

'Jiddin and Janet, he told me, were elderly folk, and mair than comfortable as to world's gear. Jiddin originally came from the Hawick airt. As a boy he had shown an early genius for mechanics and drawing, and his father—a farm grieve—'a very *foresichty* man,' remarked Wat, 'had bound him prentice to the *wrycht* trade at Selkirk.' This was an easy matter, as in those days apprentices and unmarried journeymen were boarded and lodged by their employers. He had then gone to Edinburgh, and worked with Janet's father—the Deacon of the Wrights—'landlord of his ain house, and others forbye, and a pompous body;—but, losh me, the man *was* a Deacon!' Jiddin and Janet had drawn up, and, queried Wat, stoutly—'What for no?' The old man, however, was obdurate, and would listen to neither sense nor reason. They had waited fourteen years—'as lang,' said Wat, 'as Jacob waited for Rachel; but fourteen years is a lang time oot o' a body's pilgrimage when you havena a patriarch's lang life to fa' back on.'

They were married at last, and to the middle-aged people was born one daughter. They named her Marion, the 'bonniest bairn and the gentiest' that Wat had ever seen. 'She had sic truthfu' een—quiet-like,

ower thochtfu' for a bairn, and as deep and as blue as a loch far away among the hills.' One day he had asked her what he would fetch her from Selkirk, and she answered, 'Some red-cheekit gowans.' Wat had fetched her the gowans, and had found her ill, but able to smile up at him, and clap his big brown hand with her 'wee white *feel* fingers.' The illness deepened into scarlet fever; the disease seized on the throat, and she died. Many weeks later, Janet had come with a little pitcher. She wanted some gowan-roots from the same place, 'and,' said Wat, 'weel I kent what they were for. Ay, ay,' he added, 'that's a' by ten years syne, and the world has gane weel wi' Jiddin Johnstone. He does naething noo but draw, and look after other folk workin'.'

'He cam' oot last simmer wi' the Duke's Chamberlain to Bowhill about some wark, and he stayed wi' us. Charlie and he bussed some hooks and went off to the fishin' thegither. He came back at nicht jist uncommon bricht, that his hand hadna forgot its cunning—and, speakin' o' flee-hooks, it *is* an everlastin' meeracle to me hoo fishin' does hearten up a fisher. Janet, he said, was very weel, but unco quiet. He is brother's bairn to Tibbie, sae she minded that I was to seek an up-pittin' for you ower against November; and then she point-blank asked if it wouldna be as guid for Janet as it would be for you that ye suld bide wi' them. He

said little at the time, but the next week, when I got back to the town, Janet came ower yince-errand to say, that she would like ye to come, as it would be company for Jiddin, and that ye could see at least how things forgathered, to the end o' the year; and I think Tibbie has done a guid turn on the quiet baith to you and to them. I bargained that ye were aye to hae your ain room. Jiddin is a wee thing peremptor; but Janet is bias canny, deft-handed, and grand at auld-warld stories, if ye want to crack,—not to say, for yae moment,' added Wat loyally, 'that she could stand in oor Tibbie's shoon, to serve and pleasure the public; but ye ken—at least ye'll ken by and by—that there are diversities o' gifts among women, as weel as among apostles. I would say, however, that Janet is jist the kind o' woman to be aboot a hoose, when a man wants to read buiks, and has to make his livin' by it.'

Here we crossed the High Street, and entered Barringer's Close. When half-way down, the noise of a window opening attracted the attention of my guide, who instantly shouted, 'Haud yer hand!' and held up his lantern. 'Folk hae nae richt,' he explained, 'to fling onything oot afore the beat o' the High Street drum at ten o'clock. If onybody is wilfu' thereoot after that, he maun jist take what's flung at him, so mind and keep elders' hours; for if cleanliness is next to godliness, I am perfectly sure that dirt is next to the

deevil. I saw ye wonderin' at my bit bowat as we cam' away,' he continued. 'It is true aneuch that the main streets o' the toun are brawly lichtit—nae place in the warld better—but catch Wat Elliot ganging doon yin o' thir closes after dark without a lantern, though I got into the way o' usin' it for readin' the addresses on parcels.

'Here's the stair-fit,' continued he, 'it is a newel stair—let me gang first wi' the licht, or ye micht as weel try to climb Minchmoor at midnicht. The hoose is on the fifth storey—a fine hoose when ye are yince up intil 't. It has the grandest view frae the far end windows. Ye see the Calton Craigs comin' wi' yae sweep doon to the Nor' Back—and then there's the College Kirk, and Leddy Glenorchy's Kirk, and the Orphan Hospital, and the Trinity Hospital wi' the auld wifies baskin' oot in the sun in the simmer time, wi' their white toy mutches on. And there's Canal Street, where canal never cam', let alane the auld Pheesic Gairdens. They flitted a' the flowers and trees away to Leith Walk, ayont Gayfield, afore my day—and the place is jist a howlin' wilderness —but there's bonny gairdens at the fit o' the close, wi' apple and pear trees in them. Sergeant Gould gies the awkward squad o' the Volunteers a bit lesson there on the quiet, at the back o' his ain hoose—though deil a bit o' quiet there's aboot it. I heard him, and a' the Nether Bow could hear him, roarin' like a bull o'

Bashan. I looket oot o' Janet's kitchen window, and there was the Sergeant, wi' his famous bonfire nose, drillin'—weel, we 'll no *say* provosts and professors—nor even mint at the goons they wear—"Speak not evil o' dignities," says the apostle,—only they didna seem to ken their richt hand frae their left, nor even what end they were stannin' on. Short men, John, a yaird across the back, wi' corporations conform, should never take to sodgerin'—but, oh man, that het day they were willin', willin'. Guid as the view oot o' the windows is yet, it 's naething to what it was yince,' added Wat; 'the Deacon—Janet's faither—was aye wild at the buildin' o' the North Brig—let alane the Mound—for shuttin' him in frae the west. In his young days he used to see the sun set a' the way up the Nor' Loch.

'It is a clean stair,' continued Wat, as we progressed in our ascent, 'and they are a' mair than sponsible folk that bide in it. Bailie Smith leeves below, but he enters frae Chalmers' Close on the other side. Auld "Kinky," the writer, leeves on the tap flat. Folk say he is the best teller o' a story in a' the Parliament Close, and *that* is no sayin' little, mair ways than yin. Twa auld leddies —real leddies—Lady Betty Pringle and Miss Mally Murray—stay but and ben, on the same stair-head wi' Jiddin, and are his tenants. My faither used to tell that he rode, as servin'-man, ahint Miss Mally when she cam' in to Edinburgh the year afore the '45. I whiles

bring them in compliments o' muirfool sent frae the Haining, and even frae Arniston itsel'.'

At the top of the fifth flight of this turnpike stair—similar in construction to the stairs in the peel towers on the Border—Wat at length paused, and tirled at the risp. The door was opened, and we were pleasantly and quietly welcomed by the master and mistress of the house. To this day I can recall every detail of the apartment into which we entered. I use the word apartment advisedly, for I never could settle whether it was a kitchen that was a room, or a room that was a kitchen; it suggested the ease and the comforts of both. It was fairly-sized, warm, very light in contrast with the darkness which we had left, faultlessly clean, and gave one the impression, from its quaint furniture, and its wealth of ship-cabin-like conveniences, that it had been long in the intelligent occupation of ingenious and artistic handicraftsmen. Some other time I may write about its details, but that night I only watched Janet's face from the light given by the carrier's story. It was a fine face, firm, and not without dignity in the look of the steady, quiet eye—a face which told of sorrow and endurance which had ended not in fretfulness, but in a large sympathy with the sorrows and, rarer still, with the joys of all around.

The conversation was principally carried on by Jiddin and Wat. The latter, however, soon rose, for he

had business, he said, with Bailie Smith, round in the next close. A pair of wrought-iron gates were to be taken out to the South country,—would Jiddin come with him, and give his suggestions as to carriage? After they left, Janet showed me the room that was to be mine, saying, 'We kent you were to be here the nicht, and your mother will be missing you sair at hame. I put on a fire; it feels like a friend in a strange place.—And this is where you sleep,' she added, opening a door; 'the closet only holds a bed—it is what we town's-folk call an "ootshot," but it has a wee hinged window placed high up. You can look up at the stars above the Calton Hill wi' your head upon the pillow; but you had better "rest ye"—ye'll be tired, and the morn's before ye. Guid-nicht.'

Perhaps I should note here that the old Deacon had given to Janet—his only child—all the English education that Edinburgh in the eighteenth century could give to a woman. Sometimes she spoke the Nether Bow vernacular of her childhood; at others she used the English of her girlhood, softened, however, by a Scottish accent daintily sweet, and the use of expressive Scottish words—a language which, though mixed, falls softly on the ear from old lips. I left all varieties of this mixed tongue in educated Edinburgh; doubtless they may abide there unto this day.

The College.

The next day I matriculated as an Arts student in the University, and joined the class of Professor (Alexander) Christison in Latin, and in Greek that of Professor Dunbar. At that time the College, as a building, was neither the College of the past, nor yet that of the present day. It was in a state of transition. Part of the quadrangle had been built after the original design by Adam;[1] but on the south side was a row of old houses, one storey and half high, with storm-windows, which in all probability had seen the day of Principal Rollock. At the very entrance to the quadrangle was the old library, which, beside its stately surroundings, looked like an old country house that had strayed and lost its way. A flock of starlings built their nests among the unfinished pediments, and both professors and students fed them with bits of bread. I used to get corn for them from Charlie Elliot every week when I went to the Candlemaker Row. The birds had grown wise, and knew their feeding-time, and came down then with a swift rush,—much the same as the pigeons do at the

[1] There is in the East Book Room of the Olde Dule a presentation copy of 'The Works in Architecture of R. and J. Adam, London 1773,' inscribed with the names of both Robert and James Adam. Also a framed drawing of the Adelphi Buildings in the Strand, which, being the design of both brothers, was named Adelphi in their honour.

Guildhall, and in the great square of St. Mark at Venice to this day.

As to my own feelings, it is usual (in books especially) for a young student, as he enters the University gates, to have lofty aspirations, high resolve, and glowing thoughts as to work and fame in the far-off future. To me these came in certain fashion after a season, and I pity the old age—withered, dust-dried, fossilized—of a man whose youth has never known the light of that vernal land on which no shadow falls,

> 'Where younger heart nursed larger hopes
> Of bounties that the years should bring,—
> Nor dreamed of all the care and all the warfaring.'

But the first weeks of my life in Edinburgh College chill me yet with a memory of utter loneliness. I did not know a living being within its walls. The massive stone-work numbed my very soul. The silence of the hills I had left was full of voices to me, but the roar of the city, with its crowded life, gazing at me with eyes that always looked past mine, was wordless and dumb. Work remained, and I did work, for I belonged to a race that had worked on the square,—the square! rather on the cube. And yet, many might say (I said it soundly to myself) that my lot was favoured. A thrifty sufficiency, as regards money at least, was mine —not the narrow means of others. How narrow—how

very, very narrow I have known those means to be! It would have been better if that firm bargain as to a separate room had been left unspoken, for that room's silence in that quiet house grew almost tangible. In my opinion and remembrance, this possible isolation is the one weak point—the Achilles' heel—in the otherwise bracing system of Scottish College life. Its endurance has made me tender all my days with the lonesome. I remember, even as Moses did when he named his first-born Gershom, that I also have been a stranger in a strange land.

But the weather changed, and brought changes. A snowstorm set in towards the end of December. The shepherd meteorologists of the Borders recognised four kinds of snowflakes—Harefoot, Birdwing, Poppler, and Sparevvil. If the first snowstorm of the year was Harefoot, it betokened the storms of an old-fashioned winter. Harefoot flakes had fallen on Edinburgh College all night and all morning, and, though the sun had blinked out, it was evident that more snowflakes were coming.

I stood that day on the pavement, and was in the act of placing my class-books and Sir John Mandeville's *Lands* in the 'neuk' of my shepherd's maud, when I saw a stage-coach come in sight, driving heavily. It passed the College entrance, when, as if by concerted signal, while the guard blew a long, loud, defiant blast on his horn, the outside passengers delivered a volley of snow-

balls into the crowd of students who were thronging out of the gate. It was a short-sighted action, for snowball ammunition on the top of a stage-coach is necessarily limited. Another moment, and the street was darkened by the return charge,—snowballs from behind, and snowballs in front, snowballs to the right, and snowballs to the left. The guard's hat went far over the horses' heads, and the head-gear of the coachman and of the passengers followed in various pursuit; the glass windows were broken; a vociferating visage, purple of hue, was seen for one moment, to disappear the next, —and ball after ball went into the holes of the broken glass with a precision, a swiftness, and a glee, thrilling to the heart of a marksman.

The coachman held to his reins, and it was fortunate the horses had much of the spirit taken out of them with the heavy roads. In a wild way he tried to lash out with his whip: but it was no use. The enemy was everywhere in full pursuit, and the coach of the defiant blast, with its foolish freight, passed the Tron Church bruised, broken, battered, and beaten. Joyously we turned back to find that matters had wondrously developed in our absence, and, as we reached the College, the air seemed almost thick with snowballs.

A battle royal was raging, and this time against mettle —let me say it now—to the full as good as our own. It was the trades' dinner-hour; and we saw them—

apprentices and young journeymen—pouring up from the Grassmarket and the Cowgate, gathering the snowballs and kneading them as they ran. Hitherto I had been fighting like David in Saul's armour; but to run with my plaid and Sir John Mandeville into Miss Swinton's—a mantua-maker on the South Bridge, who long rejoiced in a good south-country connection—was but the thought and the action of a moment, and then I was back in the thick of it, blood on fire, and every nerve tingling with a new, strange joy.

The battle consisted of charges and counter charges as regards each main body. Once we were driven halfway up the quadrangle, and again we drove the enemy as far back as Hill Place, then in course of erection—every man fighting with his whole heart and soul, and strength and hands. How could it be otherwise? Great Britain at that time was not only challenging all the history of modern nations, she was paling and dwarfing even the deeds of ancient Greece and Rome. Nelson was dead—his Edinburgh monument had been finished that year on the Calton Hill—but the glories of the Nile, and Copenhagen, and Trafalgar were a national inheritance. Wellington had but gone to the Peninsula, and already Vimiera and Talavera were the earnest of the British army's glory and its leader's future.

How immovably firm was our belief in both! Did not all the churches pray for the success of the British

arms, and were not the prayers answered, and did we not return and give God thanks! True, there was no other Samaritan among the nations particularly thankful at that time; but we were honestly grateful, and, in the best way we could, tried to dry the orphan's tear and soothe the widow's woe. The country lived at high war-level, militant and exultant. All this was superadded to the normal instincts for fighting born in man, hence—these snowballs.

In the meantime, as I afterwards learned, grave searchings of thought as to my non-appearance had arisen at Barringer's Close. Jiddin had come home behind time, and out of sorts; some of his *people* had not come in, owing to a 'college snaw-ba' bicker.' 'Maister John will no be in it, surely,' said Janet tentatively; 'he is ower quiet.' 'What, Janet!' rejoined Jiddin, 'it's ill to say whae is quiet. When was he in?' 'Aboot eleven o'clock,' answered Janet; 'but he's come o' ower guid folk——' 'Guid folk!' interjected Jiddin. 'Whae says that the guid and the godly canna fecht? Scottish bluid is het, and Scottish Border bluid, if onything, is hetter; but wi' a waught o' the Covenant added!—ay, *that* fechtin' mixture should be strong, and stour, and dour. It makes a' the difference, Janet, my woman, when a man thinks he has got principle in his sword-arm, or even in his neives. Onyhow the lad wouldna be the waur o' a bit shakin'. What time was

he to be back?' 'He comes in regular after one o'clock,' answered Janet. 'And it is past three noo,' rejoined Jiddin; 'gie me my hat. Surely, hinny,' he added, 'ye dinna think that I 'm gaun to fecht at my time o' life, or take to snaw-ba'in'—get your ain four-hours ready, and I 'll sune send him hame. "If ye take other folks' bairns into your bosom, they are sure to creep oot at your elbow,"—*That* proverb is true,' said Jiddin, as he hastened down the roundabout stairs.

At the College, meanwhile, the fight was waging fast and furious. The merchants and shopkeepers in the district had all put on their shutters, and were peering out at the fight from the little windows above their doors—a curiosity not without danger, for glass was crashing and jingling in all directions. Again and again did our leader, Archie Biggar, silently elected but intuitively acknowledged—make heavy onset against Portsburgh Tam; and as often did Portsburgh Tam, loin-girt with farrier leather apron, followed by his motley squadrons—a phalanx of eager-set faces at white heat—repel the assault and return the charge. It was a very Shirra-Muir of bickers—a drawn battle; and doubtless would have ended as did that memorable field, by each side claiming the victory—

'Some say that we wan;
Some say that they wan;
And some say that nane wan at a', man,'

when, just as darkness was setting in, the Town Guard appeared on the scene.

The city regiment, headed by Captain Burnet—the greatest captain of the age (he weighed nineteen stone)—was received with a howl of execration from both sides, and swift was the alliance that was made in presence of the common foe. Archie and Portsburgh Tam faced each right-about to the north, and stood side by side. Their followers promptly followed; but, just as the first storm of confederate snowballs fell, I was seized by a firm hand. It was Jiddin. 'Maister John,' said he, 'you 'll jist come hame. The play is a' played oot that has a shadow o' self-respeck in it. I have stood near ye for the last ten meenutes. I wadna affront ye afore your neebours as lang as it was a fair stand-up fecht, but it 's no for your faither's son and a future minister to mell wi' a Toun's Rat. They never fecht strecht. They dae naething but gie great clam-hewits wi' their pole-axes, as if a human being was a fed ox. They think o' naething but o' takin' prisoners, and wi' them the weakest aye gangs first to the wa'. Look at *that*,' he added. I looked, and certainly saw two able-bodied soldiers carrying away a very small apprentice lad, whose black, tousy, terrier-eyed face had that day been ubiquitous, and who, game to the last, had raised his hand—with a snowball in it—against the majesty of the Chief Captain.

I was resentful, and looked it; for Jiddin's words grew stern. 'I am a law-abidin' citizen, Maister John,' he said, 'and while you are under my roof and randle-tree, you maun be the same. Law is the glory of free men; fules and slaves only are lawless. Janet sent me for you, so come away. There's Professor Hamilton's chair comin' oot o' the infirmary gate,' he added more pleasantly; 'the chairmen are hurrying. We'll slip doon the High Schule Wynd ahint them, and get the licht o' their link, for the roads are like gless.' I followed—not quickly. We found the wynd guarded, and entry barred by one of the town soldiers, who ordered us to turn back, and go by the main street. 'You must let me pass,' said the Professor; 'I have to go to Clockmill House—it is an urgent case—an express messenger has followed me here from my house, the South Bridge is crowded—there's no time to lose. Mr. Johnstone,' he continued, 'can you help me here?—I really must get past.' 'Ye had better let the Doctor by; somebody's fireside is in peril,' said Jiddin to the soldier; 'and ye ken ye're breakin' an auld Scottish law in stopping *him*. We will gang back if ye like, though I dinna see what for.'

Meanwhile, the chairmen edged round the sedan, and prepared to take the situation with a rush. The guard raised the Lochaber axe to hinder;—it fell—fortunately on its flat side—not on the professor, or on any of his

procession, but—on the broad shoulders of Jiddin Johnstone! In one moment the obnoxious weapon was clattering down the frost-bitten causeway;—in another, the law-abiding citizen had grasped the guardian of the public peace, and thrown him heavily in true Bewcastle style.

The professor expressed the most rapid thanks. 'You are not hurt? no—that is well—but not the less you have done this for me. Before I sleep to-night this wretched state of matters shall be laid before the Magistrates—and they speak to me of *my* students! Good-bye,' he added; 'meet me in the Exchange Square to-morrow, a little before ten o'clock. Now, Donalds, do your best.' He hurried into his chair, and away went the men, half running, half sliding down the slippy wynd. We followed quickly.

'Jiddin,' I asked, as we rounded the corner of Blackfriars Wynd,—'Jiddin, where did ye learn that grand fa'?' 'Lang syne, when I was young,' was the answer. 'I feucht Rob Rivven (Ruthven) o' Yetholm three different years at the Hawick Common Riding till I fand it oot; but I never thocht the auld Adam in me would ever make me fecht again or need it more.' 'The auld Adam,' I echoed; 'the *yauld* Adam, ye mean, Jiddin!' for nothing delights young manhood more than unexpected power in a trial of physical strength, and there are few elderly men who

are not proud to retain the consciousness of the prowess of their youth. He left me at the head of the close. 'Tell nothing, good or ill, to Janet,' said he; 'I 'm gaun round to see Bailie Smith about this business, and I may be late.'

Fortunately, I found Janet occupied with household troubles; some of the chimney-stalk gearing had been blown down in the storm. 'Can you study ben in the kitchen, Mr. John?' she asked; 'for naebody can have the heart to send either tron-man or sclaiter to the roof till after the break o' the storm. Will the spinning-wheel no disturb ye? I never speak when Jiddin's thinking.' 'I will like it far better than ben the hoose the now,' I answered. 'My mother spins—they all spin at home. And as to speaking, I will work hard, and then we will have a rest; you will tell me about Mary King's Close, or some o' the Deacon's stories about the Magdalen Chapel—how the body of Argyll was sweeled in linen at the "deid o' nicht," and no one knew till the morning; or how your father saw Prince Charlie ride through the Nether Bow Port.' 'That will I,' said Janet, perfectly satisfied. 'And wae 's me,' she added, 'there 's puir auld Miss Mally ben the hoose—she danced wi' *him* that nicht at Holyrood, and has worn a lock of his bonnie yellow hair round her neck, in a garland brooch, a' the weary years sin syne.'

I sat down on the Deacon's armed resting-seat, by

the side of the wide fireplace, with the conviction that I would stay. This father of Janet's had been a keen antiquarian—an authority as to stories and traditions; a gatherer of quaint sayings and queer proverbs, old ballads, and folklore. This literature takes a strange hold on some natures; and to his bequeathed wisdom and chronicles, given in Janet's words, I listened on and on, all through my student years, and went and looked again and again—and often, at the ancient houses, till the story of the old city became my own.

Back to Yarrow.

That snowy evening, 'while a wild nor'-easter blew,' many a worthy citizen was brought out from the bosom of his family to bail the delinquents. Next morning Professor Hamilton kept his appointment with Jiddin, and with him came Principal Baird. The obstruction and the assault with the Lochaber axe were described to the authorities in grave colours. The result was that a severe reprimand was given (in private) to Captain Burnet and the Town Guard. 'The Watch should offend no man' was gracefully quoted from Shakespeare by the Professor; but sorely weighty—and, as the later years showed, not unprophetic—were the words of magisterial rebuke: 'If you and your men, Captain Burnet, dinna mend your ways, it is plain to me in these days o' new-

fangled Police Bills that the Auld Toun Guard o' Edinburgh will sune be deid and buried—drinkin' its ain dirgie—and—you will only have yourselves to blame!'

This disgrace of the Town Guard helped the cause of the students and the trades' lads. It weakened the opposing evidence, and it has ever been my suspicion that both the Professor and Jiddin aimed at this. It was proved incontestably that the stage-coach was the first transgressor; and the original complainer—the inside passenger of the purple face—did not appear. Under the circumstances all parties were dismissed with an admonition. The public admonition was dignified—it was as the voice of Johnson the Dictator, in its allusions to the eye of authority, the well-being of society, the paths of virtue, and the outraged dignity of the law. It was a speech kept in memory as good stock, and frequently heard (with slight but suitable alterations) in court and elsewhere in those days.

The after words spoken off the bench were more noteworthy. '*If*,' said the worthy Bailie,—'IF a' you lads, when you feel the fechtin' fit comin' on, would only gang doon to the auld bed o' the Nor' Loch—the place yin would think had been ordained and drained for the very purpose,—and no stop the trade and traffic o' the toun wi' breakin' the peace, it is lang ere ony o' us would ever find faut. The Auld Toun and the New

Toun callants hae fand it oot—they paik yin another wi' sticks, and they peeble yin another wi' stanes, and take their hearts' content o' pleesure there, and naebody but themsel's is either the wiser or the waur. But,' he continued, turning from the late combatants, 'it is a vouchsafed mercy that things are as weel as they are. Had that wild M'Craw o' a Toun Guard cloured Dr. Hamilton, we could never hae held up oor face afore the world again.' Archie Campbell, the sagacious and famed town officer, gravely shook his head by way of general civic assent to what admitted of no reply.

So it all ended. And now it happened, after that snowstorm, that the Edinburgh days passed pleasantly to me; they bear no special record. The spring came, and the College session ended. I had no place in the regular class honours, but for an essay on 'Cincinnatus' I was awarded a prize; Professor Christison adding some words of special commendation to a description of pastoral hill scenery, which the writer held was the fit home surrounding of 'men who would not suffer their native soil to be sullied with the footprints of a foe.' The Professor himself had once been a herd-boy on the Lammermuir Hills. How very large did this prize, and the special words of praise, bulk in the estimation of all the home folks at Shielhope! In Barringer's Close, Janet was pleased, and Jiddin satisfied.

I walked home, as did three-fourths of the students

at that time. With me went the student from Ashkirk, of whom Tibbie Elliot had spoken that morning when I left Selkirk. He and I had soon met when seeking our respective home letters at the carrier's. It was his first year at College as it was mine, and he became my friend, and I was his till College years were left behind. What *that* means in student life let the aged remember, and let the young rejoice in with the joy of youth.

But he left me soon—he fell on the very threshold of a life of usefulness, widening into success, and deepening into true fame. It was my first death-grief. Long years after, when Tennyson's *In Memoriam* came, I leant my brow upon its pages, and gave thanks that a kindred sorrow had found words to express itself in song to those whose thoughts and yearnings and questionings were dumb. But the problem itself remains; it will only find solution in God's own land, where I shall know even as also I am known.

It was the strange semblance of *his* eyes, seeming again to look into mine, as I parted from the lad at the foot of the staircase, that has led me to write of these old days. But there was no thought of death or sorrow that glad spring-time, when he and I tramped together joyously down Gala Water. We reached Selkirk in the evening; the next day he went to Ashkirk, and I went home to Shielhope, and heard again the sound of Yarrow.

* * * * *

The sound of Yarrow has never left me in all my wanderings, but it comes now—not with its story of Spring, but with the rustle of Autumn leaves, when these are few—saying that the Summer is past, and the Harvest is ended. I sometimes wonder if the dead hear its voice as they lie in the restful churchyard beneath the shadow of the quiet hills. My people sleep there, and there will I be buried.

ALISON HAY DUNLOP.

THE GREAT SNUFF CURE.[1]

I.

THE Rajah's great war elephant
  Has sore bronchitis taken,
A hard cough racks his brawny chest,
  And he is spent and shaken.

The Rajah frowns, that stolid man,
  His brow grown black with care;
The Ranee weeps and bids her maids
  Make haste to rend their hair.

The Court Physician feels the pulse,
  Pokes with a stethoscope,
Then shakes his head and orders pills,
  But speaks few words of hope.

The Court talk of a marble slab,
  To tell in letters plain
How 'long he bore affliction sore
  And doctors were in vain.'

But Sandy Watt, that canny Scot,
  Jeered at the awful tale:
'Gie me a week, I 'll cure the beast,
  My lugs t' ye gin I fail.'

[1] The great 'Snuff Cure' was written and profusely illustrated, a verse each day, to amuse a little invalid friend, who said, 'Above all things he loved stories and pictures of "li—hons" and "elphs."'

He put a 'pirnie' on its head,
A striped Kilmarnock 'coul';
'Twas his Granny's cure—she lived in Ayr—
He went by rote and rule.

He *creeshed* its nose with candle-ends
Till it shone a coat of mail;
He 'stood' its four feet for a bath
In the Ranee's best foot-pail.

He pinned three stockings round its throat,
And rubbed with all his might,
Then pree'd his 'sneeshin' mull' for luck,
And nodded, 'That 's all right.'

It 's little recked that gallant Elph,
Twisting his trunk in pain,
That snuff is dry 'neath Indian sky;
He sniffed it might and main.

'Stop, stop, ye beast, twa ounce at least
Ye 've in your ell-lang nose.
Quick, tak my napkin,' Sandy cries,
'Be wi' us, what a dose!'

Then shook the Elph, and blew and gasped
In throes of anguish there,
And tears poured from his eyes like rain
That instant of despair.

And then he sneezed,—and such a sneeze!
'Twas like a cannon's roar;
It blew the Court Physician off
A good Scotch mile and more.

Again he sneezed,—and such a sneeze!
Oh, it was loud and free;
It blew the band, drums, shalms, and all
High up upon a tree.

Again he sneezed,—and such a sneeze!
Oh, it was wild and shrill,
As from a bow the courtiers go
Swift o'er the highest hill.

And yet again,—and such a sneeze!
Oh, it growled low in tone,
The Rajah shook beneath his crown
And tottered on his throne.

But canny Sandy, safe the while,
Albeit his heart did quail,
Just made his rear position good,
And grasped the patient's tail.

'Puir man, it 's owre noo,' Sandy cries;
'As lang as ye 're in heat
Gang to your bed, and I will bring
A bottle to your feet.'

Th' obedient beast did this behest,
For he knew Sandy well;
And while he sleeps, I 'll take a breath
To tell how this befell.

II.

A gardener lad was Sandy bred,
A skeely, clever loon;
To push his fortune he had left
Auld Ayr, his native toun.

But how he chanced so far from home
May none but Scotchmen tell.
He's now head-gardener to the Court,
And lines his pockets well.

It chanced the Elph's new bungalow
In Sandy's garden lay,
And Sandy came and stroked its nose,
And brought nuts every day.

And long sly cracks the twosome had,
And ofttimes Sandy swore
His friend had far the longest head
He 'd met on Indian shore.

'Guid kens he has nae gift o' tongues
To answer "Yea" or "Nay,"
But he 's a perfeck polyglot
In kennin' what ye say.

'I speak high English,—and his nose
And tail begin to twitch;
I skirl up Gaelic,—then he claws
As gin he had the itch.

'I try broad Scotch,—then—see, he stands
As douce as ony doo,
Syne wi' his nose he 'll ripe my pouch
To fill his gaucy mou'.

'And as for thae puir black folk's tongue,
I wot it 's little worth;
He hears their say, but to obey
The meekest beast on earth.'

III.

The Elph slept on, and on, and on,
His breathing soft and free.
'Hurrah! Our Granny's won the day
Backed by that strong rappee.'

The Elph slept on, and on, and on,
Until the dark hours came.
(*N.B.* The famous 'Sulphur Cure'
Was still unknown to fame.[1])

The Elph slept on, and on, and on,
Amid the deepening gloom,
And Sandy laughed a cunning laugh
And 'tip-toed' from the room.

And straight returned with—whisht! speak low,
This secret must not spill—
A greybeard of the real 'peat-reek'
From 'Cheat-the-Gauger's' still.

'Bring some het water,' Sandy cries,
'Lassie, as fast 's ye can!
We 're no' a toddy-kettle rich,
So bring it in a pan.'

Therewith began the mystery
Of that pure Scottish brew;
He cocks his eye, he smacks his lips,
Tastes after tastes ensue.

And the Elph arose and shook his limbs,—
Another Elph felt he,—
He sniffs the air, a connoisseur,
And eyes the 'barley-bree.'

Then scarcely waited 'by your leave,'
But tossed the cheerer up.
'Your health,' cries Sandy,—and the pair
Had each an empty cup.

[1] This was written during the year that the 'Sulphur Cure' came prominently before the public.

Syne Sandy fills to Granny's health:
'May she see ninety-nine,
She 's keept the lugs upon my head
She often cuffed lang syne.'

Cosy and couthie grew the crack,
And blyther grew the glee,
Till Sandy roared a good Scots sang
While th' Elph blinked jollilie:

'We arena fou, we 're no' that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
But aye we 'll taste the barley-bree.'

'I 'll no' affront ye,' Sandy cries,
'I ken ye canna sing;
We 'll fill our glass, then do our best
To dance the Hieland fling.'

But O that dance! It 's past the power
Of mortal tongue and pen!
They double-shuffled, heel-and-toed,
Twirled, cut, and twirled again.

And on they leapt till Sandy fell
Exhausted on the floor,
But th' Elph went on in bounding mirth
Three houlachans, and more.

The *doch-an-dorach* last of all
They drank with softened glee.
Both Sentiment and Whisky claimed
'The drappie' in their e'e.

Then 'Auld Lang Syne' was chaunted through
In rather weeping guise;
At the awful fibs that Sandy sang
His friend glared with surprise.

Yet he no contradiction made,
—Mischances might befall;
But 'paidlet burns' and 'gowans pu'd,'
Sandy believed in all.

'Sae gie 's your hand,' so Sandy sang,
The Elph thrust out his nose;
And each wrung each right fervently,
Which makes my story close.

L'ENVOI.

Sandy grew Minister of State
All by that dry rappee,
And Cheat the-Gauger's 'peat-reek' fetched
By ship across the sea.

He served the Rajah, swayed the Court,
And smiled, and toiled, and planned;
Then slipped away one canny night
Home to his own Scotland.

Broad lands he bought in Kinekame,
A castle on Carrick shore,—
An Eleph's head, snuff-mull in pale,
Are carved above the door.

A PROTEST AND APOLOGY.

Written in a friend's Confession Album.

LIKE Canning's 'Knife-Grinder,' in all these Confessions
'I've no story to tell,' but give faint impressions
Of possible truths, for, know, my likings are wide
And to no single *Author* or *Work* may be tied.
My liking or loving very greatly depends
On the mood I am in, or on that of my friends.
Wordsworth's 'Yarrow' is fair mid its lone silent hills,
Yet the roar at the Broomielaw gladdens and thrills;
With Nature at rest and with Nature in motion,
Eyes given, there is beauty in peace and commotion.
So with *Books*, which are Nature's exponents—the same:—
How can I ever reply with one single name?—
From missal and manuscript, ode, 'gesta,' and tale,
To the badly typed bill of the last auction sale;
From Hooker and Hobbes down to old Mother Hubbard,
With her erudite dog, and poor empty cupboard,—
My books are all dear, and so I will not offend,
I must not grieve all by naming one only friend.
As to *Pictures*, I dare 'fess to nothing at all,
For I've lived where the maxim is 'Cover the wall';
All sizes, all values, queerest neighbours and foils,—
Old etchings, new chromos, water-colours, and oils.
Guido's 'Magdalen' weeps in the softest of flow,
And a quaint old-world sampler is hanging below;
Below *it* is a vision of quiet blue seas
As they break on the lone rocks of the Hebrides.
As I write all my silent home teachers look down,
Some smile at my puzzlement, and some I think frown
Penates and Lares, say, how can I decide?
O ye long miles of galleries! Vainly I've tried.

This much I 'll confess, though, and to it be confined,
I 've no pleasure in Art that lacks feeling and mind.
As to *Music*, the answer is still much the same,
For I cannot be narrowed to one single name.
With the oil of selection I may not anoint
Any *one* of the great Masters of counterpoint.
Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, old Bach, and Mozart,
Test the strength of the judgment, the depth of the heart.
This respectable part of one's musical creed
Dismissed, I 've sadly vagabond likings indeed;
Old airs and 'auncient ballants,' Volkslieder and glees,
Ay, street songs, the great bagpipe, good whistling, all please,—
Martial music, too, and hymns in an infant school;
My likings are wide, wide of conventional rule.
As one looks up to the stars in a wintry sky,
And is awed by the power of Immensity,
Then turning back from the cold to the old home door,
Sees the firelight dance, and glint from the kitchen floor
To the bright polished lids on the new whitened wall,
And owns beauty in great things, and beauty in small,—
So there 's plenty of room in the Musical Art
For its 'Stars' and its 'Pot-lids' to shine far apart.
Further, this modern Book of the Inquisition
Seems wishful to pry into one's *Disposition*.
But a *Protest*ant woman, and a douce U.P.
Vows 'Confession' on *that* point ne'er honoured shall be.
My 'Favourite Virtue' is Truth; yet all the same
This said favourite virtue must bear the whole blame
That I send a protest in widest digression,
And not the coveted *en règle* 'Confession.'
The truth is, I wrote one, but then it was not true,
So, true to myself, and likewise trusting in you
To take this compromise, I just tore up the whole,
And send to you instead this rhymèd rigmarole,—
Which I end with an epitaph,—not to be rude,
And to please you,

'A. H. D. hath done what she could.'

THE OAK-TREE.[1]

THERE grew an oak at our house door,
The hame my auld een fain would see,
But miles o' gait, and years o' life
Lie 'twixt my native land and me.
Our oak, it was the country's pride,
Ne'er grew there sic a gallant tree:
Wi' Memory's een I see it yet;
It saddens me, it gladdens me!

Beneath its shade I dreamed, I played,
Through bairn-time's lang, bricht summer day.
Oh bairn-time's years! oh bairn-time's frien's!
They 're wede away, they 're wede away.
In dreams I hear the toddlin' feet,
The blythesome laugh, the flichterin' glee,
As hand in hand we danced around
Our auld oak-tree, our ain oak-tree.

[1] For no one had Miss Dunlop a more loving reverence than for her friend Dr. John Brown (*Rab*). They had many tastes, and even more sympathies, in common. Not simply as a record of Dr. Brown's appreciation of these verses, but also as affording a characteristic glimpse of the man himself, we transcribe two sentences from a letter found among the Author's papers. The doctor writes:—'I don't know when I have had such a sweet greet into my een as when I read and re-read the fourth double verse beginning "Ae nicht." "For she was mine, and she is mine," and "But at the Pearly Gates I ken she 's waitin' me, she 's waitin' me," might have been written by Burns in his more solemn moods.' Naturally, Miss Dunlop was greatly pleased with the criticism, but she was very chary about accepting all the praise. We remember well her comment upon the letter, given in the home Doric, after a few minutes' thought:—'That sentence about "Burns in his more solemn moods" is—weel, friendship. But at the same time, the verses maunna be waur than some ither sangs that are published, or Dr. John wadna insist sae strongly on my printing them. The "friendship" would keep him from letting me make a fule o' mysel'.' Years elapsed after Dr. Brown's advice before the author ventured to 'prent.'—[ED.]

When winds soughed through our theekit roof
  At dead o' nicht, I woke in fear,
Our oak-tree crooned me calm again,—
  I felt my father's God was near.
When winter's storms blew loud amain,
  It tossed its michty airms abroad,
Like some auld patriarch strong in faith,
  Prayerful wrestlin' with his God.

Ae nicht the sun was sweer to set,
  Switherin' he kissed ilk leafy spray,
Beneath whose shade I socht and found
  A love that will be love for aye;
For she was mine, and she is mine,—
  Alone I closed her soft black e'e,
But at the Pearly Gates I ken
  She 's waitin' me, she 's waitin' me.

Sunlicht and shower, and blink and blast,
  Have found us baith, my ain auld tree;
But strength is given by might of Heaven
  To bear and wear richt gallantlie.
I feel thy sunshine and thy shade,
  Though miles across the saut, saut sea,
Methinks I hear thy branches roar,
  It heartens me, it heartens me!

Printed by T. and A. Constable, Printers to Her Majesty,
at the Edinburgh University Press.