

VIEW OF PART OF OLD STOKE BRIDGE (LOOKING WEST).

C. HILL.

HISTORIC MEMORIALS & REMINISCENCES OF STOCKBRIDGE

THE DEAN, AND WATER OF LEITH

WITH NOTICES

ANECDOTAL, DESCRIPTIVE, AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

BY

CUMBERLAND HILL,

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AND CANONGATE, EDINBURGH.

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.



THE substance of the following pages was delivered first as a lecture at the opening of the Working Men's Institute, Stockbridge, in March 1866. It was afterwards re-delivered, with additional notes, as two lectures, in Dean Street United Presbyterian Church, on the evenings of the 24th and 26th January 1871.

At the close of the last lecture, I was requested to publish what I had delivered. Circumstances have prevented me from complying with this request until now. In the interval I have been enabled to add a good deal of curious matter connected with the locality that did not appear in any of the lectures.

It will be remembered that I speak of the Stockbridge of the past more than of the present. In the course of the narrative I have mentioned the sources from whence the most material parts of my information have been derived. I may add that the subject is by no means exhausted.

In most cases the source of my information has been acknowledged, but I have specially to mention the following works:—Ballantine's *Life of David Roberts*; Cunningham's *Lives of the British Painters*.

I would also acknowledge with gratitude the obligation I have been laid under to the Rev. THOMAS BROWN, Dean Free Church, for Mercier's View of Stockbridge; and to Mr JAMES LUKE, jun., for much of the information regarding his talented brother.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.



THE first edition of my "Reminiscences of Stockbridge and Neighbourhood," published in 1874, being long out of print, and being still frequently asked for, I have been induced to prepare the present volume for publication.

This edition is greatly enlarged, and contains much new and curious information regarding the locality, which, I believe, will be read with interest by all who have any connection with our neighbourhood, and by that, now, large general public who take an interest in popular local antiquities.

In addition to the books of biographical reference noted in the Preface to the First Edition, I have been indebted to Dr Duns' *Life of Sir James Y. Simpson*, and to Froude's *Life of Carlyle*, for notes of the home life at Comely Bank.

I heartily acknowledge my obligations to the many friends who have aided me by information and research; and I desire to record my special thanks to the Rev. J.

MERCER DUNLOP, F.S.A. SCOT., Pollokshaws, for his counsel, and for his kindness in correcting the sheets as they passed through the press.

In writing this small volume I have been luxuriating in the sweetest joy of the aged,—living in the past. In publishing these Recollections and Observations, I have simply sought to put on record some interesting facts and phases of life, well worthy of remembrance, which, on my passing away, might have been forgotten.

CUMBERLAND HILL.

2 HERMITAGE PLACE, STOCKBRIDGE,
May 21, 1887.

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REMINISCENCES OF STOCKBRIDGE.

Part I.

THE LOCALITY DESCRIBED, WITH NOTICES OF RESIDENTS, ETC.

MUCH curious and interesting information is to be found regarding the bygone state of Edinburgh in various works that have been written on the subject. Maitland and Arnot, Chambers, Wilson, and others, have written fully and well,—giving us vivid and graphic pictures of the state of matters in Old Edinburgh. But, for the most part, they have said little regarding the suburbs: those parts that were at one time villages, and some distance from the city, but which now, owing to its extension, have been incorporated with it. This, to some extent, has been remedied by the interesting local histories that have been published descriptive of Old Broughton on the north, and of St Leonard's on the south. It has been somewhat of this feeling that has induced us to note some particulars regarding Stockbridge and neighbourhood, where we have lived since our boyhood.

Stockbridge is in the parish of St Cuthbert's or West Kirk. Anciently it was under the jurisdiction of the

Baron-Bailies of Broughton, who possessed considerable power within their own bounds. Some of them had the power of life and death, or, as it was termed, of "*pit and gallows*," so called from the manner in which the criminals were put to death—hanging the men upon a gibbet or gallows, and drowning the women in a pit, or burning them, as in the olden time it was not thought "decent" to hang them. Before the extension of the city over the fields now occupied by the New Town, the village of Stockbridge was a considerable distance from Edinburgh. The road leading to the city, immediately after leaving the village, was very steep, and bounded by hawthorn hedges. It was called "Stockbridge Brae"; and on the hawthorn hedges the good wives of the village were wont to dry their clothes.

It is not easy to determine how the little hamlet derived the name of Stockbridge. Some have thought that "Stock" arose from the little foot-bridge that spanned the stream being made of wood. Whether this be the case or not, we cannot positively say, but it is perfectly correct that the bridge was at one time of wood. Having had an opportunity of inspecting a series of views on the Water of Leith, from drawings by Philip Mercier,—a German artist who resided for some time in Edinburgh during the last century, but who died in London in 1760,—in the view of Stockbridge (which by the bye is spelt *Stoke*), we observed that the bridge was made of wood. From what follows it appears that it had been erected at the expense of a few individuals residing in the neighbourhood. Regarding the building of a stone bridge at Stockbridge, we find that the following petition was presented on the 12th November 1784:—

"Unto the Honourable the Trustees appointed for executing the Acts of Parliament relative to the Bridges and Highways in the County of Edinburgh in General Meeting assembled,

"THE PETITION OF

"James Haig and Co., Adam Smith, Proprietor of the Mills of Stockbridge, John Newlands, Nicol Somerville, James Cargill, William Reaburn, Henry Reaburn and Walter Ross for themselves, and in behalf of the other Heritors and inhabitants of Stockbridge, Silvermills, Deanhaugh, and Places adjacent,—
"Sheweth,—"

After showing some of the grounds upon which their petition was founded, the petition proceeds as follows:—

"Your petitioners therefore pray the Honourable Meeting to order the sum of £400 sterling at least to be applied out of the first and readiest of the tolls collected at Kirk braehead, to the making the road, and erecting a bridge at the ford of Stockbridge. As also, that the said work may be completed, and the road and bridge supported, to order the toll of Stockbridge to be exposed to roup by itself, and the exact produce thereof applied in time coming as the law directs; or otherwise, to allow your petitioners to prove the amount of the monies already collected, and to pay up or apply the same, and to remove the said toll altogether, and release your petitioners from the composition of statute-money, so as they may make and support the said road and bridge, independent of the County or its funds in time coming.

"According to Justice and to the Acts of Parliament."

The cause of the contention was that, about 1760, the Road Trustees had erected a toll-bar upon the road from Stockbridge to Edinburgh. This toll-bar stood very near to the gate that leads into Stockbridge Mills. The Trustees had retained all the money drawn, while the petitioners and others had to pay toll dues, as well as road money, and were receiving no benefit; hence the justness of their demands.

The toll is spoken of as being built upon a height; the road to the ford must have inclined rapidly toward the water, as it is spoken of as being very steep,—so much so that Mr Adam Smith, the proprietor of the mills, had to employ a trace horse in order to draw up his carts from the water. The bank seems to have been equally steep on the north side. When the water was high, passage by carts or other vehicles was at once stopped. The petitioners state that when coals were brought for those living on the north side of the stream, and the water high, the carts had to stop at the water side, and the coals had to be carried over by a wooden foot-bridge which had been erected some years before. This in all probability was the bridge from which Stockbridge took its name, and had at that time been repaired at the cost of £25, the expense being defrayed by a few individuals. The inconvenience to which the inhabitants had been subjected was very great, there having been no proper access to the city, to those going south or to those coming north. Under these circumstances a proper stone bridge was a dire necessity. We have not been able to ascertain whether the prayer of the petition was at that time granted, but there can be but little doubt that through the strong statements contained in the petition, and the influence of the petitioners, arrangements must have been made whereby the much needed bridge was built; this must have been about 1785-6. The bridge then built was very narrow, rose high in the middle, and sloped quickly down on both sides. About sixty years ago it was greatly widened, and the ground on both sides levelled up so as to remove the steep declivity. On the whole, the bridge as it now appears is rather a handsome one.

The bridge further up was built for the convenience of the feuars of St Bernard's grounds between the two stone

bridges. A wooden foot-bridge at one time existed for the accommodation of the inhabitants of Ann Street previous to the feuing of St Bernard's grounds.

From a careful return made in 1743, at the request of the Rev. Neil M'Vicar and the Rev. Thomas Pitcairn, ministers of the parish of St Cuthbert's, we learn the population of the village at that date. Families 120; men 156, women 188, boys 105, girls 75; males 261, females 263. Total population 524.

This gives us the exact number of persons residing in the village one hundred and forty-five years ago.

Stockbridge, like most villages, had its "Naturals"—imbecile, but perfectly innocent, unless provoked by cruel and unthinking boys. Between fifty and sixty years ago there were two of this character. The first was named Barclay Reddie, nicknamed by the boys "Shelly." He was very irritable and furious when provoked, and always carried a large stick, which he used freely on the shoulders of his tormentors when they came within his reach. He was an old man, and in general very dirty and greasy looking. Sir Henry Raeburn was very kind to him. He went every day to St Bernard's for his dinner. On one occasion when Barclay had been ill used, Sir Henry wrote out a hand-bill and had it posted upon one of the conical shaped stones at the bridge, offering a reward of ten shillings to any one who would give information as to the guilty party. He was dressed in Sir Henry's old clothes, and generally put on a coat just as he got it: Sir Henry being tall and Barclay rather short, the tails of the coat nearly touched the ground. Barclay died of cholera at its first visit in 1832. The other "natural" was James Kerr, better known as "Daft Jamie." His "beat" was from the south end of the bridge to the top of Spring Gardens, but Spring Gardens was a poor place then to

what it is now. He never went across the bridge but once a year, when he made a visit to his friends on the north side, about New Year time. For years he went bare-headed and bare-footed, but latterly he was induced to wear shoes, though he never wore any covering for his head. He walked with his hands behind his back, and his body swaying backwards and forwards. He had a happy pleasant looking face, was perfectly innocent and gentle, always smiling to those that passed him, and, if he knew them, seldom failed to make some humorous remark about their person or their dress. He was a favourite with every body. He was not a beggar; and when any one gave him a copper or two, he generally carried them in his hand. Jamie was never seen out of doors on the Sabbath day. He lived with his mother, to whom he was greatly attached, in Duncan's Land, Church Street. After her death he was taken into St Cuthbert's Poorhouse, where he shortly afterwards died, upwards of sixty years of age.

Above fifty-four years ago we had in Stockbridge a character by no means deficient in intellect, but rather striking by his general picturesque appearance: this was Robert Wilson, well known to all the old inhabitants by the name of "Perch Rob." Rob, in his earlier days, had been employed in the Edinburgh Police. He and his two sons lived by themselves in Gavin's Land, in the old back part of Haugh Street. In his latter days he was known as a keen fisher, well acquainted with all the waters and lures in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, but particularly with those to the westward. When about to start on a fishing expedition, the worthy presented a strikingly picturesque appearance. Tall but rather stooping, he generally wore a large coat like a gamekeeper's, with most capacious pockets; his basket slung, his rod all tight, well protected

about the feet and legs, having secured all his artillery and baggage, duly victualled for the day, and it might be for the night,—for when all things were favourable he fished by night as well as by day,—in this trim Robert weighed anchor, accompanied, it might be, by some amateur in the piscatorial art anxious to get some insight into the style of procedure carried out by the old veteran. “Perch Rob” seldom or never came home “clean.” His death was sudden. He was taken ill while fishing in the Almond, was brought home, and died of cholera in 1832.

The schoolmaster who then kept school in the village, and is well remembered by some of the old inhabitants, was Mr Alexander Turner. He was a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, but never obtained an appointment to any church or parish. He was occasionally employed as tutor to the members of Sir Henry Raeburn’s family. He resided in that old three-storeyed, red-tiled land at the head of Haugh Street,—Fairnington Place being named after his wife. He had a little bit of garden ground in front which he cultivated with great care, and a larger piece in the rear, containing amongst other things an apple tree, which in the fruit season he tended and watched with the most untiring vigilance. The front of his house is now concealed from view by the shops built upon his front garden. He kept his school in the attic of his house, but latterly in the kitchen on the first flat. His scholars were not troubled with anything very profound. The interior of his school, including himself and his pupils, presented a scene singularly homely in its character. His costume was thoroughly that of a dominie of the old school—a well-worn, snuffy-looking old coat, black vest, knee breeches, and strong worsted stockings. There was nothing harsh or unfeeling about him; he was kind and gentle, and his scholars were much attached to him. Alter-

ing Goldsmith a little, it might truly be said of him and his pupils—

“ Full well they laughed with honest hearty glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.”

He died about 1840. His only son was the Rev. Alexander Turner, D.D., minister of the parish of Port-of-Monteith.

The only playground or public park that the boys of the village had in our early days was a piece of waste ground on the banks of the Water of Leith, called “The Whins,” from being much covered with whin bushes. It was of limited extent. The ground is now occupied by Reid Terrace, Hugh Miller Place, &c.

The mimic warfare, so common with Edinburgh lads in bygone times, called “bickers,” had not passed away in our young days. We sometimes had skirmishes with the boys of Canonmills, but the “foemen worthy of our steel” were the boys of the Water of Leith and Dean, against whom we waged long and bloody wars. The “Waterside” and the “Orchard Brae” have witnessed many daring deeds of boyish prowess and valour.

From the gate that led to St Bernard’s, which was situated at the north end of the bridge, a high wall bounded the way on to the foot of Dean Street. About the middle of this wall was a small doorway that led to a little cottage. This was the famous “Hole i’ the Wa,” the well-known resort, sixty years ago, of Stockbridge school-boys who had a halfpenny or a penny to invest in the purchase of apples, pears, or gooseberries. Old Mrs Hazelwood, who kept this little shop, lived to be upwards of ninety years of age. The little cottage was beautifully overshadowed by some fine old beech trees of great size.

Some of the localities in Stockbridge have changed their

earlier names. India Place when first built was called Athole Street, Upper Dean Terrace was Mineral Street, Veitch's Square was Virgin Square, Legget's Land was Braid's Row, and by recent changes both Legget's Land and Fairnington Place now form part of Deanhaugh Street.

The Water of Leith passes Stockbridge with considerable force, more especially when in flood, and during winter and spring spates it sometimes rises to a great height. According to tradition handed down by some old residents, it rose to a great height about 1794-5; access to some of the houses in Haugh Street was cut off, and some difficulty was experienced in getting a marriage party out of one of the houses. It has been said that it was the marriage of the father and mother of David Roberts. The water again rose very high in the autumn of 1832. Upon that occasion it rose many feet above its average greatest height, and flooding the low-lying lands did considerable damage to the crops remaining on the ground. When the river has been in flood sad accidents have sometimes occurred. In 1821 a hackney coachman, returning from the country, went into the water to wash his horse's feet. The water was high, and venturing too far into the current he was swept away. Both driver and horses were drowned. Several years after, two men, with three horses and carts belonging to Mr Wilson, coal merchant, Stockbridge, attempting in the dark to cross at the ford while the water was high, were carried away, and both men and horses perished. The water rose very high in June 1879; for some time it flowed over the roadway at the newly-erected Falshaw Bridge, but the damage done was not serious.

But the greatest flood in the river of which we have any account is the following, narrated by the quaint historian Nicoll:—

On 1st September 1659 the town of Edinburgh obtained an additional impost upon the ale sold in its bounds; it was now a full penny sterling a pint, so the liquor rose to the unheard of price of 32d. Scots for that quantity. "Yet this imposition," says Nicoll, "seemed not to thrive, for at same instant God *frae* the heavens declared His anger by sending thunder and unheard of tempests, and storms, and inundations of water *whilk* destroyed their common mills, dams, and warks, to the towns great chairges and expenses. Eleven mills belonging to Edinburgh, and five belonging to Heriot's Hospital, all upon the Water of Leith, were destroyed on this occasion, with their dams, water-gangs, timber-graith, and haill other warks."

There is some probability that much of the water has been diverted from its course, and turned into other channels, and that the flow was at one time much greater, for of old we find it spoken of as the "Great river of the Water of Leith."

Stockbridge cannot boast of being a place of any great antiquity. In a Latin description of the Province of Edinburgh, preserved in manuscript in the Advocates' Library, supposed to have been written by David Buchanan between 1642 and 1651, an account is given of the various houses, castles, and villages that then stood on the banks of the Water of Leith. We do not find Stockbridge mentioned in the list.

Although in former times it may have been comparatively a place of little note, yet its surroundings have ever been beautiful and picturesque. But what must ever render Stockbridge famous, is its being the birth-place of men whose names are celebrated in the history, not only of Scottish, but of British art, and of others who in the early part of their career lived in the locality, and who afterwards rose to occupy a high position in the

world of science, literature, and art. Of these we shall speak more fully afterwards.

The old Kirk Road leading from the village to the parish church—the West Kirk—is now called Church Lane. At the top of the brae stood the smithy of John M'Nab, the fine, old, portly blacksmith of Stockbridge. The foot-path on the west was bounded by the Earl of Moray's grounds, and on the east by a deep ditch.

Owing to the increase of the population, it became necessary that church accommodation should be provided in the locality. For those connected with the Establishment, Claremont Street Chapel, now St Bernard's Church, was built at the cost of £4000. It was opened in November 1823. The first minister was the Rev. James Henderson of Berwick, afterwards Dr Henderson of Free St Enoch's, Glasgow. Amongst the ministers who have occupied the pulpit of St Bernard's since that time, the most distinguished as a man of letters is "A. K. H. B.," now the Rev. Dr Boyd of St Andrews, who, to his earlier writings, generally appended the above initials of his name. About 1826 a few individuals connected with the Relief Church originated a preaching station in Stockbridge, and built Dean Street Church, at that time called St Bernard's Chapel. It was opened before it was thoroughly finished; Mr Lawrie, a probationer, officiated for some time. It was afterwards sold to the United Secession denomination. The first minister was the Rev. Robert Renwick of West Linton, who was succeeded by the Rev. Peter Davidson, D.D. The present ministers are the Rev. Andrew Gardner, D.D., and the Rev. J. Kerr Craig. At the Disruption in 1843, the Rev. Alex. W. Brown, minister of St Bernard's Church, with a portion of his congregation, withdrew from the Establishment and formed the congregation of Free St Bernard's Church.

And recently increased church accommodation has been provided by the erection of Stockbridge Free Church, first under the pastorate of the Rev. Alexander Rogers, late of Coldstream, now of Dalry Free Church, and now under the pastorate of the Rev. Andrew Keay.

During the last quarter of the 18th century, the principal house in Stockbridge was St Bernard's House, the property of Mr Walter Ross, Writer to the Signet; this house stood exactly upon the ground now occupied by the south part of the east side of Carlton Street. It was a large, irregular pile—the centre, a plain three-storeyed dwelling-house. Two square castellated projections came out upon each side in front, so that the entrance was from three sides of a square. Some curious old stones were built into the house—these were chiefly from houses that had been taken down in the Old Town. Into the front of one of the castellated projections was built a very fine Gothic window, and on the front of the other castellated projection was also to appearance a Gothic window, but it was really a painted imitation. Under the former was a beautifully executed "Triumph of Bacchus," cut in white marble. One of the stones built into the opposite projection was broad and circular-topped: it had evidently been used as the lintel of a door, having this inscription upon it—

"The Lord is my Protector
Alexandrus Clark."

We read in Moyses's Memoirs, as quoted by Wilson in his *Memorials of Edinburgh*, that in January 1591, when the King and Queen's Majesties (James VI. and his Queen) lodged in Nicol Edwards' house in Niddry's Wynd, that the Chancellor withdrew to Alexander Clark's house at the same wynd head—the above mentioned stone, in all probability, belonged to this Alexander Clark's house. Having described so far the house, we shall give a few

particulars regarding its eccentric possessor, Walter Ross. The notices of his death are as follows, from the *Scots Magazine* for March 1789 :—

“11th March, at Edinburgh, suddenly, Mr Walter Ross, Writer to the Signet, Registrar of Distillery Licences in Scotland. He was eminently distinguished for his wit and humour and for his taste in Fine Arts, as well as for his skill in his own profession. At his particular desire he was kept eight full days, and interred in his garden in the under part of the tower which he had built, with the top of his coffin kept open.”

In the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* for March 14, 1789, we find the following notice :—

“Mr Walter Ross, who died on Wednesday last, was eminently distinguished for his wit and humour. His judgment and taste in the Fine Arts are well known, and his knowledge was so general, that it was difficult to say in what particular branch of the Belles-lettres he excelled. The collecting of antiquities and fine paintings, and ornamental agriculture and gardening were his favourite pursuits, of all which he has left many elegant and some perhaps whimsical specimens. He possessed in a very high degree the talent of ridicule, and his colloquial powers will be long remembered by those who had the pleasure of his company. His knowledge in his own profession of the law was solid and extensive. His death was sudden and unexpected. He had spent the afternoon with some friends, and without any previous illness dropt down and expired soon after.”

The tradition current in Stockbridge amongst the old inhabitants regarding the manner of his death, was that he was choked in a fit of laughter. There is some mystery about Mr Ross's death. Chambers, in his *Traditions*, says that he died in an unaccountable fit of several days' continuance.

A curious stone set up by Mr Ross in his grounds had a strange history. It is as follows :—

So acceptable had the sway of the Lord Protector

(Cromwell) become with the civic rulers of the city of Edinburgh, notwithstanding the heavy taxes with which they were burdened for the maintenance of his army, and the general expenses of his government, that they commissioned a large block of stone, for the purpose of erecting a colossal statue of his Highness in the Parliament Close. The block had just been landed on the shore of Leith when the news arrived of Cromwell's death. Monk altered his policy, and the magistrates not only found it convenient to forget their first intention, but with politic pliability some years after they erected the equestrian statue of Charles II. The rejected block lay neglected on the sands at Leith, though all along known by the title of Oliver Cromwell, till in November 1788, Mr Ross had it removed, with no little difficulty, to the rising ground where Ann Street is now built, nearly opposite St Bernard's Well. The block was about 8 feet high, intended apparently for the upper half of the figure. The workmen of the quarry had prepared it for the chisel of the sculptor by giving it with the hammer the shape of a monstrous mummy—and there stood the Protector, like a giant in his shroud, frowning upon the city. After the death of Mr Ross it was cast down, and lay neglected for many years. About 1825 the great stone was again erected upon a pedestal, near the place where it formerly stood, but it was shortly after cast down and broken up for ordinary building purposes.¹

Chambers, in his *Traditions of Edinburgh*, gives the following anecdote of Mr Ross:—After he had finished and enclosed his pleasure grounds, he was much annoyed by nightly depredators, who constantly eluded his vigilance. He advertised spring guns and man-traps within these

¹ See Wilson's *Memorials*; also *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, Nov. 1788.



C. HILL.

STONE INTENDED FOR A PORTION OF A STATUE
OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

enclosures, but without effect, for nobody would believe him. At last he fell upon a most ingenious expedient, which completely put an end to the system of robbery which was nightly practised. Procuring an old human leg from the Royal Infirmary, he had it dressed up in a stocking, shoe, and buckle, and sent it through the town by the town-crier, who exhibited it aloft to public view, proclaiming that it had been found last night in Mr Walter Ross’s policy at Stockbridge, and offering to restore it to the disconsolate owner. After this no one attempted to break into his grounds.

Mr Ross built a very curious tower, known amongst the old inhabitants by the name of “Ross’s Folly.” It stood on an eminence at the north end of the ground now occupied by the east side of Ann Street; its exact position would be in the back-green of the house No. 10. Its height was about 40 feet by about 18 or 20 feet. It was nearly square in form, and had the appearance of a Border peel. It consisted of two apartments, one above and one below. The entrance to the upper storey was attained by passing through a Gothic-shaped doorway to a hanging stair that swept round three sides of the building. The upper part was handsomely finished and decorated. On the roof, surrounded by some ornamentation, was a well-executed painting of some incident in heathen mythology. In the walls were niches, which had at one time been filled with figures. It was lighted by a window to the north, another to the south, and a double window to the east. It had evidently been used as a sort of summer house. The lower part of the building had nothing but the bare walls. The entrance was by a large doorway or gate opening from the east. It was here that Mr Ross was buried. About 1818 his remains were removed and re-interred in St Cuthbert’s Churchyard. For some time

before the demolition of the tower it was used as a stable. Into the tower and around it were built a number of curious carved stones that Mr Ross had collected from Edinburgh and elsewhere, the most interesting of which were the four sculptured heads that formerly adorned the Old Cross of Edinburgh. How Mr Ross obtained these heads is well known. He had bargained with the magistrates for the old stones when the cross was removed. He sent carts early in the morning and took away the heads, which were not included in the bargain. They were claimed by the authorities, but they were never returned. These heads were taken out of the tower in 1824, and sent to Abbotsford as a present to Sir Walter Scott (the writer of this was present when these heads were removed). There was also built into the walls the font of the Chapel of St Ninian, which formerly stood in the neighbourhood of Leith Street. A curious carved stone in alto-relievo of an eagle holding lightning in its talons, which was dug up at Cramond, and supposed to be of Roman execution, is mentioned in Wood's *Ancient and Modern State of the Parish of Cramond*, as having been built into the curious tower erected by Mr Walter Ross at St Bernard's, Edinburgh, but we do not remember ever having seen it. There was a small detached building on the west side of the tower, but it had been greatly broken down. In the remaining part of its masonry there were fragments of a large empty niche. Three sides of the tower were covered with ivy, which afforded comfortable refuge for countless numbers of sparrows. The upper part of the building was latterly occupied as a dwelling-house by William Hutchison, an honest, steady, Morayshire man, who cleaned the part of Ann Street then built, and also acted as its night watchman. We knew the tower and its tenant well. Often in

boyish days have we climbed its stair and explored all its nooks and crannies, its outs and its ins. Our courage was sometimes put to a severe test when we went to help William Craik to supper his father's horses, which were stabled in the under part of the tower. This business to us was no joke on a dark wintry night,—the tower standing solitary and alone, the wind rustling among the ivy, or whistling mournfully through its open doorway, or shrieking among its outworks, rendered the whole scene eerie and weird-like. With stable lantern in hand, we two thorough cowards mounted the steep brae to the tower, and opened the big door. We kept our eyes as firmly closed as possible. Whistling loudly and bravely, "to keep our courage up," the work was got through more by groping than by seeing. If a rat had given a squeak we believe we would have fainted. The cause of our terror was the dread of encountering Mr Ross's ghost. He had been buried, by his own special order, in what was now the stable, and although his remains had been removed, we knew well the belief entertained by some of the old inhabitants in the locality, that Mr Ross's sudden and peculiar death was a judgment from heaven on account of the infidel opinions he was known to have held; for Mr Ross belonged to a school which at that time rendered infidelity fashionable alike by its practice and its writings.

The feuing of St Bernard's required the removal of this curious building, which, when viewed from the low ground, had a peculiarly striking and picturesque effect. Ross's Folly was demolished in 1825. With the exception of the four heads already mentioned,¹ few or none of the

¹ These curious heads were very carefully taken out of the walls of the tower. A quantity of soft stable dung was placed beneath where the stone was in the wall which when loosened fell on this soft bed, sustaining no injury.

old stones were preserved. The tower, being so far undermined, fell in a mass, so that any of the carved stones that remained in the building were either broken by the fall or carted away amongst the rubbish.

The grounds of Deanhaugh House, as part of the old estate of Dean, were, along with those of St Bernard's, purchased in feu-farm, on the 25th November 1726, from Sir John Nisbet of Dean, by James M'Dowell of Canonmills, merchant in Edinburgh. Deanhaugh was sold by James M'Dowell, son of the above, on the 17th September 1777, to James Leslie. He is afterwards spoken of as James Leslie, "Count" of Deanhaugh.¹ Mr Leslie was descended from an ancient Aberdeenshire family, tracing his descent from Sir George Leslie, first Baron of Balquhain, 1351. He married Ann Edgar, daughter of Peter Edgar of Bridgelands, Peeblesshire, by whom he had one son and two daughters: the son was accidentally drowned. One of the daughters, Jacobina, married Daniel Vere, Sheriff-Substitute of Lanarkshire; the other daughter, Ann, married James Phillip Inglis, merchant in Leith, and afterwards of Calcutta, where he died 28th April 1817. By this marriage there were born two sons, Henry Raeburn Inglis, and Charles James Leslie Inglis.

James Philip Inglis was the son of Charles Inglis, Writer to the Signet, by his second marriage with Sophia Sivright, eldest daughter of John Sivright of South House. Mr Inglis was descended from Sir William Inglis, who lived and fought in the fourteenth century. In Douglas's *Baronetage*, Sir William is described as a knight of singular valour and intrepidity, one instance of which may be given. In the above work it is stated that he particularly distinguished himself at Ruelhaugh, on the Borders. When

¹ "Count" was a title borne by an ancestor of the family, but Mr Leslie's right to assume it is doubtful.

Sir Thomas Struthers, an English champion, a bold and valiant knight, had given the *brag*, and bidden defiance to any Scotsman who dared to encounter him, Sir William accepted the challenge, and killed the English knight on the spot.

After the death of James Leslie of Deanhaugh, his widow, as is well known, became the wife of Sir Henry Raeburn, who proved a kind stepfather to the daughters of Mr Leslie. He painted, as his diploma picture, a portrait of his much-cared-for step-grandson, Henry Raeburn Inglis, holding a rabbit. This picture is now in the private diploma-room of the Royal Academy, London.

After the death of Mrs Ross, when Raeburn changed his residence to St Bernard's, Mrs Ann Leslie or Inglis, with her two sons, continued to occupy Deanhaugh House. Though not at all ancient, as we have seen, Deanhaugh House and St Bernard's, in the second decade of this century, were the chief mansions in Stockbridge. The former was a plain unpretentious building of three storeys, with its out-offices, in no way distinguished for its architectural beauty or dimensions; but its situation was both pleasant and picturesque, standing back a little from the sloping banks of the Water of Leith, sheltered on the east by the fine old beeches on its own grounds, and on the west by the lofty elms of the western avenue to St Bernard's. The entrance to the house was by a gateway supported by two massive stone pillars. A short avenue led up to the front entrance.

After the death of Mrs Inglis, the ground on all sides being feued for building, Deanhaugh House, after standing empty for some time, was let out mostly in single rooms to working-people. In this way it was inhabited for many years, standing solitary and alone, as something

that now had no right to be there. In 1880 it was finally swept away.

Apart from Deanhaugh House and St Bernard's, there are one or two houses in Stockbridge that may be noted, not on account of their size or imposing appearance, but on account of those who for a time were their occupants. Raeburn Cottage, Raeburn Place, was for many years occupied by the late Archibald Wishart, W.S., Deputy Registrar of Sasines, Register House. Late in life he married a daughter of the Rev. Dr Simmie, minister of Rothiemay, Aberdeenshire. Mr Wishart could trace back his family pedigree to George Wishart the martyr. He had in his possession a portrait of the martyr painted by Holbein, which he engraved for private distribution among his friends. After Mr Wishart's death, his widow married and went to England. She became a widow a second time, and returned to Edinburgh, having the portrait still in her possession. It was lent to the "Exhibition of the Works of Old Masters and Scottish National Portraits" at Edinburgh in 1883, and was seemingly in excellent preservation.

Malta House was a quiet retired residence, occupying the ground lying in front of Malta Terrace. It was a two-storeyed house with attics and outhouses. The Water of Leith flowed behind it, and the house was pleasantly situated in the middle of a grass plot. In front there was a stone pedestal bearing the bust of a female figure. On all sides Malta House was surrounded by a young plantation of evergreens and shrubbery. The old house has now been cleared away, and another and more elegant one occupies its site. Between sixty and seventy years ago the house was occupied by Mrs Gillan, widow of the Rev. Robert Gillan, minister of Hawick, and her family. One of her sons, after studying medicine, went abroad as a ship surgeon, but returned to Stockbridge, and began

business in 10 Deanhaugh Street as a druggist, practising also as a surgeon. He was very popular among his patients, who were chiefly of the middle and working classes. Between his shop and his practice he was able to keep rather a handsome horse and gig. In the midst of his increasing practice he made the acquaintance of a lady, whom he married under the idea that she was owner of a considerable amount of property. He soon found this to be a mistake: instead of being possessed of property, he found that he had involved himself in heavy pecuniary responsibilities. The disappointment had a serious effect upon his health and spirits. He died suddenly, greatly regretted by his numerous patients, and by the inhabitants generally. Another of Mrs Gillan's sons studied for the ministry. He was afterwards the well known Rev. Dr Gillan, minister of Inchinnan, and in 1873 was chosen Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Old Malta House was occupied for a time by the late Mr George Home, a wine merchant in South St David Street. He was engaged in some law pleas, one of which ending disastrously, reduced him to great straits; but what made him well known in Stockbridge and elsewhere was that he claimed to be Earl of Marchmont. His claim seemed to find favour in the eyes of those who were best fitted to judge of its merits. Things were going on so favourably in this way that he issued debentures to the tradesmen with whom he dealt, particularly to his baker and butcher, promising, of course, in the event of his succeeding to the Earldom, that they would be amply repaid for all their outlay. The sudden death of Sir Robert Peel, and the change that then took place in the Government, blasted his hopes. And no doubt the want of means to prosecute his claim prevented him from

further prosecuting his case. Mr Home was a remarkably fine-looking man, fully six feet in height; well-formed and with handsome features, his gait, carriage, and conversation were all thoroughly aristocratic. After his death the claim to the Earldom was still maintained by his son, the late Mr Alexander F. Home, accountant, Edinburgh.

In old times, when Virgin Square or Veitch's Square was entire, it was one of the most interesting and picturesque localities in Stockbridge. It was a complete square, each side being composed of the same number of one-storeyed houses. They were generally all thatched, and the fronts covered with honeysuckle and other climbing plants. Roses, daisies, southernwood, and other nice old-fashioned flowers grew on the little plots of ground between the doors and windows. The houses were chiefly of two apartments. The centre of the Square was used as a bleaching-green, surrounded on all sides by a low stone wall, leaving space for the needed roadway between the houses. Everything was kept scrupulously clean and tidy.

Thomas Veitch, the proprietor, would accept of no tenant unless the individual could give satisfactory evidence of being sober, honest, and of orderly behaviour. There were few days in which the Square was not inspected by himself, and all beggars and prowlers found loitering about were speedily cleared off the ground. The Square maintained a high character for respectability, and was occupied mainly by widows and spinsters who took in washing. It was remarkably convenient for such a purpose, with its bleaching-green in the centre, and with water at hand,—for in those days Edinburgh had often a short supply of water. The Water of Leith, then a pure, limpid, and beautiful stream, flowed close to the eastern side of the Square. How it was called Virgin

Square was never fully explained. The probability is that it was so called from the widowed occupants being so much aided in their work by their daughters. Latterly it took its name from one of its last proprietors, but the property has passed away from the family who named it. Lofty tenements have been built on the street frontage, and in 1886 Veitch's or Virgin Square became a thing of the past.

The lands of the Dean estate seem to have comprehended all the ground eastward from the Dean down to Stockbridge. This is clear from the restrictions placed upon the feuars of ground in Stockbridge by Sir John Nisbet of Dean. Some of these are curious. The following, connected with the sale of ale or beer, may be taken as a sample:—

“As also that in case any ale or beer shall be sold, vended, and retailed, within the subjects above disposed, the said James Gairdner and his foresaids *are bound* to take the said ale or beer from any brewer *within the Barony of Dean*, or in and about Edinburgh, *that Sir John Nisbet of Dean, and his heirs and successors shall nominate and appoint*, such brewer or brewers always furnishing as good ale and beer, and at as easy rates and giving the same advantages, as other brewers in the neighbourhood are in use to give.”

Again, we find that if an individual rented a piece of ground under Sir John Nisbet, and happened to grow oats upon it, he was bound to have the oats ground at Sir John Nisbet of Dean's Mill, called Bell's Mill, and to pay for the grinding thereof “*out town multures allenary or such multures as strangers or they who are not thirled to any mill are in use to pay.*” In the title-deeds of the feuing of Spring Gardens and the east side of Church Street, including the house where David Roberts, R.A., was born, we find a former owner and his successors bound down as follows:—

“Lastly, it is provided that the said James Duncan and Isabella Spring, and their foresaids, or their servants, shall be and are hereby restricted from vending ale, spirits, or other liquors on the said ground which may be prejudicial to the *sutlery* at Stockbridge Mills.”

From these cases we find that great care had been taken regarding the sobriety of the people of Stockbridge. In the former case, if ale and beer were to be sold, the quality of the article was to be good. In the latter case, we find the sale of ale, beer, and spirits was strictly prohibited. The Maine Law is not an American Institution after all, but hails from Stockbridge!

The authority of Sir John Nisbet of Dean was still further exercised with regard to the Stockbridge part of his property. For that nothing might be done that might be injurious to the comfort or health of the people, no one was to be at liberty to erect, set up, or carry on any of the following trades or manufactures, which might be prejudicial or offensive to the neighbourhood, viz:—“The trade, business, or manufacture of skinning, tanning or currying skins or leather; tallow chandling or melting of tallow; soap boiling or making of blues or other dyes; brewing or distilling; and it shall be in the power of any three or more tenants and feuars and their foresaids of the Field of St Bernard’s or neighbourhood to quarrel, prevent, stop, or remove all such works.”

The only property of any extent that lay contiguous to Stockbridge was Inverleith, or Innerleith as it was anciently called, lying immediately to the north-east. It was formerly an estate of great magnitude. The largest heritor of the parish of St Cuthbert in the sixteenth century was Touris of Inverleith. At that time the barony of Inverleith included the lands directly south-west from North Leith,—the lands of Coates, Dalry,

Pocket-sleeve, High Riggs (or all the hill on the south side of Portsburgh from Cowfeeder Row to Bristo), easter and wester crofts of Bristo, and even down to the Abbey. In October 1487 William Touris of Inverleith granted an annuity of fourteen merks for supporting a chaplain to officiate at St Anne's Altar in St Cuthbert's Church.

The old manor-house stood a little to the south-west of the present mansion, but the remains, with the ancient dovecot, were cleared away many years ago. The gardens were of considerable extent, gently sloping to the southward, down to the Water of Leith. A range of large hothouses stood at the back. On the height facing the water, on the top of a finely built and ornamented erection, stood an ancient sundial. What remains of the gardens has been long occupied by a market gardener.

The beautiful and sequestered footpath, bordered by hawthorn hedges, known by the name of Gabriel's Road, which we have already noticed, is said to have been constructed for the convenience of the ancient lairds of Inverleith, to enable them to attend worship in the cathedral of St Giles. The estate of Inverleith was latterly possessed by the family of Rothead—having been purchased from John Touris by James Rothead, merchant burgess of Edinburgh, in 1648-9. He had previously, in 1646, bought Craigleith from Sir John Nisbet of Dean. James Rothead married Janet, daughter of John Trotter of Mortonhall.

Henry Cockburn, in his *Memorials of his Time*, speaks thus of one of the old ladies of Inverleith:—

“Lady Don and Mrs Rothead of Inverleith were two dames of high aristocratic breed. They had both shone, first as hooped beauties in the minuet, and then as ladies of ceremonies at our stately assemblies; and each carried her peculiar qualities and air to the very edge of the grave—Lady Don's

dignity softened by gentle sweetness, Mrs Rothead's made more formidable by cold and rather severe solemnity.

“Except Mrs Siddons in some of her displays of magnificent royalty, nobody could sit down like the lady of Inverleith. She would sail like a ship from Tarshish, gorgeous in velvet or rustling in silk, and done up in all the accompaniments of fan, ear-rings and finger-rings, falling sleeves, scent bottle, embroidered bag, hoop and train—all superb, yet all in purest taste; and managing all this seemingly heavy rigging with as much ease as a full-blown swan does its plumage, she would take possession of the centre of a large sofa, and at the same moment, without the slightest visible exertion, would cover the whole of it with her bravery, the graceful folds seeming to lay themselves over it like summer waves. The descent from her carriage too, where she sat like a nautilus in its shell, was a display which no one in these days could accomplish or even fancy. The mulberry coloured coach, spacious but apparently not too large for what it carried—though she alone was in it; the handsome jolly coachman and his splendid hammer-cloth loaded with lace; the two respectful liveried footmen, one on each side of the richly carpeted step; these were lost sight of amidst the slow majesty with which the lady came down, and touched the earth. She presided, in this imperial style, over her son's excellent dinners, with great sense and spirit, to the very last day almost of a prolonged life.”

This lady was the daughter of John Watson of Muirhouse, in the parish of Cramond, by the Hon. Ann Mackay, daughter of the third Lord Reay. She was married to Alexander Rothead of Inverleith. His original patronymic was Kinloch, he being the fourth son of Sir Francis Kinloch, third Baronet of Gilmerton, by his cousin-german Mary Rothead, one of the co-heiresses of her brother, Sir James Rothead of Inverleith. The said Alexander succeeded to his mother's property, and also to that of his aunt, Miss Elizabeth Rothead, and thereupon took the name and arms of Rothead.

The last laird who lived and died in Inverleith House attained a good old age. It was a sight in the comparative quietness of Stockbridge to see the old family carriage, containing the portly laird, driving in grand style through the village on its way to Edinburgh. The coachman, good old William Forrest, was nearly as stout as the Laird himself.

An anecdote is told of this proprietor, who, it must be confessed, was both proud and pompous. Being out one day in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, he for his own convenience, or, perhaps, because the main road was not very good, rode upon the footpath. While so doing he met a gentleman, quietly-dressed, who did not seem inclined to make way for him. The Laird ordered him to stand aside, which the gentleman refused to do, telling him at the same time that he had no right to ride upon the footpath. The Laird, rather nettled, demanded of the stranger if he knew to whom he was speaking, adding, "I am James Rothead, Esquire of Inverleith, one of the trustees of this road." The plainly-dressed gentleman replied, "And I am the Duke of Montagu!" The Laird of Inverleith, after a very awkward apology, turned off into the main road. His son, the late James Rothead of Inverleith, died when comparatively young at Mannheim in Germany, where he is buried; he was succeeded by his son Charles Rocheid, who married a German lady, and also died abroad. The present representative of the family, Charles Rocheid of Inverleith, is resident in Germany. He married the Baroness Marie von Grote, and has a family. A portion of the unentailed part of the property, including the Mansion House, was sold for the purpose of laying out the Botanical Gardens and providing a residence for the curator. The farms of North and South Inverleith still belong to the family, as well as

property in Berwickshire, the latter held by them since about 1590.

The family of Rocheid of Inverleith seem to have been (with the exception of Watson of Muirhouse) the only family that retained a right to bury within the church of St Cuthbert. In the west lobby of that church is a tablet bearing the following inscription:—

“Here Lyes the Corpse
of the Honble
Sir James Rocheid of
Inverleith
Who died the 1st day of May
1737
in the 71st year of his age.”

The latest burial in the old family vault in St Cuthbert's Church was that of Miss Ann Rocheid, the youngest daughter and last surviving child of the late James Rocheid of Inverleith. She died in 1874.

In the fields on the Inverleith estate, lying to the north of the road leading from Stockbridge to Comely Bank, there used to be two elevated mounds of earth. The one in the east field has been levelled, but the other in the west field, now the Edinburgh Academy cricket ground, still remains. These are supposed to have been butts, erected for the practice of archery in those far-off days when the bow was an important weapon in warfare.

Seventy years ago the belles or beauties of Stockbridge were indisputably the two Misses Williamson, daughters of Captain David Williamson, of 23 Raeburn Place. Both were about the middle height, and dressed exactly alike. We cannot say whether they were twins or not. They were remarkable for their elegant carriage, and for their great personal beauty. They were greatly admired at the many fashionable gatherings that took

place during the visit of George IV. to Scotland in 1822. Their father, a tall, fine-looking military officer, was well known to the older inhabitants.

At one time a china manufactory existed in the neighbourhood of Stockbridge, although we believe on a small scale. It was situated at the corner of Gabriel's Road and Saxe-Coburg Place. The site is now built upon by the houses of the upper portion of West Claremont Street. In the Industrial Museum we find specimens of the work produced. These consist of a teapot, and two cups and saucers of handsome design, fluted, gilt, and burnished. They were presented by John Veitch, a native of Stockbridge, one of the last proprietors of Veitch's or Virgin Square.

The pottery-field was afterwards long occupied as the sawpit and woodyard of Mr Charles Dunlop, who, when young, was one of the earliest pioneers in the work of Sabbath School teaching in Stockbridge. These Sabbath Schools were called *Local Sabbath Schools*, and were held in private houses, rented for the purpose. The rent of the room occupied by Mr Dunlop's class for young lads was 30s. a year. The school furniture consisted of three forms made by himself, shifted into the room on Saturday night, and taken out on Monday morning, and stowed away in a by-place during the week. Three times he handed over his class as willing workers came forward—once to Mr Bonar, a son of the Cramond Manse; and once to Mr James Stewart, the celebrated line engraver. Mr John Heiton, builder, the earliest elder of St Bernard's Church, elected himself Sabbath School banker. The good old man used to remark that the people of Stockbridge had the hardest heads, that were not exactly Aberdeen granite, for making a bargain, but in all matters concerning the welfare of the young their

hearts were very near their purse. As the various Churches in the neighbourhood awoke to the importance of each instructing its own young people, the Local Sabbath Schools gradually merged into those carried on by the different congregations.

Before Stockbridge was included within the extended Royalty, the guardians of the peace were a few of the inhabitants, who banded together and acted as Special Constables. They were seldom called upon to act, for the inhabitants were in general an orderly, well-behaved class. On the King's Birthday the youngsters might have a little squibbing and cannon-firing, but not to such an extent as to call for interference. When required to act at all, the appearance of a well known Special Constable, baton in hand, was usually sufficient to restore order. This was Mr Alexander Drysdale, watchmaker, North West Circus Place, a strong, powerful man, and of a most commanding appearance.

Next door to the shop of Mr Drysdale was the shop (No. 17) of Mr David Anderson, grocer. Mr Anderson had formerly carried on business in the West Bow, but had removed to the shop we have now indicated, his dwelling-house being above it, entering by the common stair. Mr Anderson's son James acted as shopman. In poring over some old law papers that had been purchased as waste paper, he had acquired a desire to study for the law, which desire was strongly opposed by his father. In this matter, Mr Drysdale acted as a helpful friend. At a time when he knew young Anderson was studying some of his law papers, and hearing old Mr Anderson coming down stairs, he knocked through the wall, so as to give James due time to hide his papers or books. Mr Anderson's opposition to his son's tastes and desires proved ineffectual, and young Anderson was afterwards known as James

Anderson, the famous London Barrister-at-Law and Queen's Counsel.

About 1826 we had in Stockbridge a club of athletes called "The Six Foot Club." The requisite qualification for admission, all other things being equal, was that every member should not be less than six feet in height. Their training-ground was a small park at the back of Malta Terrace, now occupied by the Episcopal School and other buildings. Their practising time was generally in the morning. They occasionally breakfasted together in George Henderson's Hotel. The principal members belonged to the locality, and were chiefly employed in banks or public offices. On a favourable morning it was a goodly sight to see such a fine body of young men at their exercise. Professor Wilson used to honour them with his presence.

The first omnibus communication between Stockbridge and Newington, directly crossing through the city, was started about 1839 by Thomas Thorburn, a draper in Stockbridge, and maintained by him for some time. The coach started from each end every half hour, the fare being 3d.

About 1823-24, a Savings Bank, one of the earliest in the city, was opened in Stockbridge. It was kept in the house of James Robertson, cartwright and joiner, whose house and workshop was at the Logs, a piece of ground on the north side of Raeburn Place. The bank was open on Monday evenings. Its affairs were chiefly managed by Henry George Watson, accountant, brother of Sir John Watson Gordon, who resided with his father in Ann Street.

One of the most marked improvements for the benefit of the citizens of Edinburgh, as well as for those resident in the district, that has taken place for some time, has

been effected upon the road leading to the Arboretum from St Bernard's Row, formerly the avenue to Inverleith House. The roadway has been put in good order. A broad footpath bounds the west side, with seats at different points, as a "Rest and be Thankful" for those enjoying the walk. The ground bordering the Water of Leith has been railed off, levelled down, and sown with grass. The whole now affords a most pleasant retired walk, being shaded by the old trees on both sides. A very beautiful view is obtained at the bend of the road where the Water of Leith turns to the eastward. The river, meandering through the haugh, bounded on the north by the grassy bank and overhanging foliage of the fine woods of Inverleith grounds, presents to the eye a very pleasing and picturesque scene. The improvements here have been executed under the auspices of the Town Council, through the exertions of the councillors for the district, particularly of Councillor John C. Dunlop.

We may mention that the carved griffins surmounting the pillars of the avenue gateway originally belonged to an ancient gate that led to Inverleith House, from the road on the north leading from Leith to Queensferry. We may also note that this part of the Arboretum Road is a portion of the Old Kirk Road, leading from the extremity of the West Kirk parish at Wardie, passing through Stockbridge, and onwards to St Cuthbert's or the West Kirk. Church Street and Church Lane are also remnants of this Old Kirk Road.

Farther along the Arboretum Road to the northward, leading to Inverleith House, there formerly existed a range of magnificent plane trees of great size. When they were cut down, a number of coins in copper, chiefly of the reign of Charles the Second, were found at the root of one of them.

As Stockbridge is in the parish of St Cuthbert or the West Kirk, the villagers in the olden time would attend worship there, as being their parish kirk.

We venture to give a brief sketch of the first Protestant minister of the West Kirk,—the Rev. William Harlaw,—and of two of his successors, who severally filled its pulpit at the close of the 17th, and during the first half of the 18th century,—the Rev. David Williamson, A.M., and the Rev. Neil M'Vicar. The ministry of each of them extended over many years. In troublous times they were faithful to the trust committed to them. They discharged their duty with exemplary diligence, and were greatly beloved in the parish.

The first Protestant minister of St Cuthbert's after the Reformation, was William Harlaw. He was born at Edinburgh about 1500, and was originally bred a tailor in the Canongate. Imbibing the doctrines of the Reformation, he took refuge in England, where he was ordained a deacon, became one of the king's chaplains, and remained some years. On the death of Edward VI. and the accession to the throne of the bigoted and cruel Mary, he was compelled, with many others, to abandon England and seek refuge in his native land. He returned to Edinburgh in 1554, and engaged in preaching the Gospel in private houses in 1555, and afterwards he did so publicly. He was arrested for preaching at Dumfries in 1558; summoned to appear before the Lord Justice at Stirling, 10th May 1559; and was denounced as a rebel for not "entering to underlye the law, for usurping the authority of the Church in taking at his own hand the ministry thereof, within the burgh of Perth and places adjoining." When the Reformation was fully established in 1560, Mr Harlaw was appointed to be minister of St Cuthbert's Church, and was a member of the first General Assembly,

which was held in Edinburgh on the 20th December the same year. In June 1566, Lord Robert Stewart, a natural brother of Queen Mary, and afterwards Earl of Orkney, having, as commendator of Holyrood House, the patronage right of St Cuthbert's, petitioned the Assembly to remove Mr Harlaw from that parish, and to put in his place Mr Peter Blackwood. The elders of St Cuthbert's opposed Lord Robert's request, and Mr Harlaw was continued with them by the Assembly. In 1567 his stipend was 200 merks, paid by the Abbey of Holyrood. Mr Harlaw died in 1587. "Though not *verie* learned, *yitt* his doctrine was *plaine*, sound, and *worthie* of commendation."

David Williamson, the son of a respectable glover in St Andrews, was presented to the West Kirk by Charles II., 18th September, and ordained 30th November 1661. He was deposed by the Act of Parliament 11th June, and by the Privy Council 1st October 1662, for not conforming to Episcopacy, but continued in his charge till 13th April 1665. He was denounced as a rebel 6th July 1674, and intercommuned 6th August 1676, for holding conventicles. At the close of his farewell sermon, which was from the text, "Many are called but few are chosen," he made the following statement, "*I still own my relation to this Kirk, and am forced from it, but I will return again, and will die minister of this Kirk.*" His narrow escapes were numerous. Several of these are narrated by Wodrow, who had them from his son, John Williamson, minister of Inveresk. On one occasion, he tells us, getting word that his retreat had been discovered, "he takes his horse, which was a very good one, and free from all *pratts* (tricks), very early in the morning, and after he had ridden some miles, his horse takes a stand and will not go forward. He lighted to see if anything scared him, but observed nothing; he offered to lead him, but he

would go no further ; whip and spur would not prevail. After he had commended himself to God in prayer, he mounted and laid the bridle upon its neck, and left himself to Providence. The horse turned about and went pleasantly back to the house whence he came ; and when he came thither, he found that his persecutors had been there and were gone again, so that he could be nowhere so safe."

After the proclamation of liberty to the Presbyterians, he returned in July 1687, when a meeting house was erected for him. This meeting house seems to have been somewhere about the Dean. Yet even after this he was a good deal troubled and persecuted. In the beginning of 1688 he was apprehended by a verbal warrant from the Chancellor, and kept a fortnight in Edinburgh Tolbooth without any cause being given why he was imprisoned. A great sum was offered to bail him, but the Earl of Perth, the Chancellor, would hear of no bail, saying he had information against him which might amount to high treason. Yet nothing censurable was ever libelled against him. For another eight days he was vexed with their interrogations, and at length permitted to return to his work. In July the same year, Mr John Mushet, reader in the West Kirk, a person of very indifferent character, accused Mr Williamson, before the Council, of preaching offensive doctrine, but as Mushet could adduce no proof, nothing could be made of it.

Sir Patrick Nisbet of Dean seems to have been a warm friend of Mr Williamson's, and suffered a good deal on his account. A traditionary story is told by some of the old inhabitants of the Water of Leith, to the following effect :—During the time he was persecuted, Mr Williamson, being hotly and closely pursued, took refuge in the Dean House. Sir Patrick concealed him in the bed-

chamber where his daughters were in bed. After searching the house, Sir Patrick opened the bedroom door; but Mr Williamson's pursuers, when they perceived the ladies in bed, gallantly drew back, declining to search the room, believing he could not be concealed there. In 1689 he was restored to his charge in the West Kirk, to the great joy of the parishioners. He was one of the commissioners sent by the Church to congratulate King William on his accession to the throne, and while at court attracted the notice of the ladies on account of his matrimonial alliances,—for it is worthy of particular note that Mr Williamson was seven times married. He was a member of the Assembly of 1692, and was elected moderator of that of 1702. He died without painful sickness, greatly esteemed, 6th August 1706, aged seventy-two, in the forty-fifth year of his ministry. His library and MSS. were valued at $vj^c xcvj \text{ l. xij s.}$; his watch, the earliest that any minister seems to have possessed, $xxxvj \text{ l.}$; inventory and debts, $v^m iij^c vlij \text{ s. ij d.}$ He gifted a dwelling-house, 18th January 1700, to his colleague and his successors on discharging the feu-duty, $iii \text{ l.}$ yearly, during the service of the cure. His son Joseph was an advocate, and also one of the principal city clerks, and clerk to the Commission of Teinds. He died 29th July 1795, in his ninetieth year. It is a remarkable circumstance that a minister in public life in 1652 (as Mr David Williamson then was) should have a son who lived till 1795.

We now give a few particulars regarding Neil M'Vicar. He was chaplain to the garrison at Fort William, and was called 13th December 1706, and admitted minister of the West Kirk 1st May 1707. Being the only minister in Edinburgh who understood the Gaelic language, he was recommended by the Assembly to take particular charge of "the Highlanders in and about the city who do not

understand English," and was thus singularly conducive to their improvement and welfare. Efforts to change the Crown were twice attempted during his incumbency, but on both occasions he strenuously supported the constituted authority. Even after Prince Charles Edward had obtained the victory at Prestonpans, and had entered Edinburgh in triumph, he ventured to discharge his official duty. Dr Daniel Wilson, in his *Memorials of Edinburgh*, speaking of Mr M'Vicar, says "he had too much of the old covenanting metal" in him to desert his charge at that time, although almost if not all the ministers of Edinburgh forsook their flocks while the city was in possession of the Highland army. The castle, under the command of General Guest, still held out in the Hanoverian interest. On the morning of the 22nd September 1745, the first day the churches were shut, Mr M'Vicar being obliged to leave the manse, retired to Mr Young's house, Water of Leith, one of the elders, whom he sent to the governor of the Castle, intimating that he was exceedingly desirous to preach, and soliciting his protection in case of disturbance. With an anxiety bordering on impatience, he sat at the window of the house, waiting the return of the messenger. He no sooner saw him approaching than he proceeded to meet him, and on being told that he might convene the people with all safety, he clapped his hands with the Christian enthusiasm which uniformly characterised him, and exclaimed, "Happy man to-day, Neil M'Vicar!" He accordingly mounted the pulpit and preached in the forenoon to a crowded audience, amongst whom were not a few of the officers as well as the men of the Highland army. He prayed for King George by name. At the same time he did not forget Charles, but characteristically prayed, that "as for this young man who has

come hither in search of an earthly crown, grant, O Lord, that he may speedily receive a crown of glory." When Charles was informed of Mr M'Vicar's prayer, he is said to have laughed heartily, and to have expressed himself as perfectly satisfied.

Mr M'Vicar was most zealous and indefatigable in discharging the duties of his ministerial office. Few excelled him in warmth of devotion, simplicity of manners, or sanctity of life. He died on the 29th of January 1747, aged seventy-five years, having been nearly forty years minister of the West Kirk.

The following characteristic anecdote of Mr M'Vicar has been handed down by some old parishioners. A gentleman had been brought before the kirk-session, charged with some delinquency, who, thinking that he had been rather hardly dealt with, and meeting Mr M'Vicar shortly afterwards, asserted that if it were not for the coat he wore, he would there and then inflict upon him summary chastisement. Mr M'Vicar instantly stripped off his coat, exclaiming as he cast it upon the ground,—“There lies the minister of the West Kirk, and here stands Neil M'Vicar,” throwing himself into an attitude of defence. It is said that the gentleman, abashed and confounded by the courage of the worthy divine, beat a precipitate retreat.

A well-painted portrait of Mr M'Vicar at one time hung in the session-house of the West Kirk.

Since the days of these eminent men the pulpit of St Cuthbert's has continued to be occupied by a succession of able and devoted ministers.

The old pulpit of St Cuthbert's Church, from which these worthies preached, although small in size, was very handsome in its design. It was made of oak, and beautifully carved,—the carving being remarkably bold and

sharp. On the demolition of the old church in 1773, it was removed to the hall of St Cuthbert's Workhouse, where it continued to be used in the daily worship by the respective chaplains, until the removal of the workhouse in 1869, when it was sold along with the old fixtures.

The valley between Stockbridge and the village of Water of Leith is still very beautiful and picturesque, but it was far more so in former times. On one side were the fine plantations (some of which still remain) of Drumsheugh, the seat of the Earl of Moray. On the other side, the banks of the river were bounded by tangled brakes of bramble and hawthorn. The water was then pure, and abounded with different species of minnow, and in some parts with fine trout. Some old inhabitants of the locality and of other parts of Edinburgh have pleasant recollections of delightful summer Saturday afternoons spent here bathing in the Herioter's Pool, or catching minnows in the stream. The mill lade at "the Trows" was conveyed in wooden troughs generally very leaky. These were raised upon posts, and being patched, mended up and covered with green moss and tangled creeping water plants, had a most picturesque appearance. Farther down, a large willow, or saugh tree, lay over the lade and footpath, and formed a striking object in the landscape. This tree appears in one of Ewbank's views of this part of the river. In this romantic and picturesque valley is situated St Bernard's Well. The first public notice of the well we find in the *Scots Magazine* for September 1760:—

“A mineral well has lately been discovered between the village and the Water of Leith and Stockbridge, about half a mile north of Edinburgh, which is said to be equal in quality to any of the most famous in Britain. To preserve the well from the injury of the weather, and prevent its being overflowed

by the Water of Leith, on the banks of which it is situated, a stone covering is to be erected over it. The foundation-stone of this building was laid September 15th (by a deputation from the Earl of Leven, the present Grand Master of Scotland), by Alexander Drummond, brother of Provost Drummond, lately British Consul at Aleppo, and Provincial Grand Master of all the Lodges in Asia and in Europe, out of Britain, holding of the Grand Lodge of Scotland. He was attended by many of the brethren, in their proper clothing and insignia, preceded by a band of music, and the ceremony was performed in the presence of a great number of spectators. It is called St Bernard's Well."

In Claudero's Poems, Edinburgh, 1771, there is one entitled "On laying the Foundation Stone of St Bernard's Mineral Well, 15th September 1760," lately found out near Edinburgh. We give only a few lines of this poem: it refers to other matters beside the well, and is withal so gross that we could not give it as a whole. The reference is to Provost Drummond at the close of the lines.

"When heaven propitious to grant his desire
To the utmost extent his heart could require,
For the health of the poor sent this sanative well,
A blessing to all that around it do dwell;
This water so healthful near Edinburgh doth rise
Which not only Bath but Moffat outvies.
Most diseases of nature it quickly doth cure."

"It cleans the intestines and appetite gives
While morbid matter it quite away drives.
Its amazing effects can not be denied,
And drugs are quite useless where it is applied,
So what doctors can't cure is done by this spring
Preserved till this year of great Drummond's reign."

We have no idea of the appearance of the structure erected at this time, as we have never seen any view or design of it. In all probability it was a very plain erection. It was built by James M'Dowal, merchant in Edinburgh, and William Smith in Stockbridge. Soon after the building of the well it was greatly frequented. In the

Edinburgh Advertiser for April 27, 1764, it is stated—
 “As many people had got benefit from using of the water of St Bernard’s Well in the neighbourhood of the city, there has been such demand for lodgings this season, that there is not so much as one room to be had either at the Water of Leith or its neighbourhood.” Dr James Gregory sent his children regularly to drink its waters, and deplored the fact that Edinburgh people did not take advantage of the precious treasure contained in the waters of St Bernard’s Well.

Lord Gardenstone acquired the well as it stood, with some ground pertaining to it, in August 1788, from the trustees representing the original proprietors.

These trustees were Mr Archibald M’Dowall, merchant in Edinburgh, and the Rev. John M’Farlane, one of the ministers of the Gospel in the Canongate. Walter Ross appeared for his own interest, he being proprietor of the ground in the immediate neighbourhood, part of which Lord Gardenstone desired to take in addition to what belonged to the well. The feu contract was signed by Adam Smith, and Walter Ross, at Stockbridge near Edinburgh, the 18th day of August 1788; John Aitchison, distiller at St Clement’s Well, and David Thomson, being witnesses. Also by the said Archibald M’Dowall at Edinburgh, the 24th of August, year last named; witnesses, William Raeburn, manufacturer at Stockbridge, and Henry Raeburn, portrait painter in Edinburgh. Lord Gardenstone was bound, if asked, to entertain yearly the superiors of the ground *with four magnum bottles, Scotch measure, of the most excellent claret.*

The founding of the present well by Lord Gardenstone is thus noted in the Appendix to the *Scots Magazine* for 1786:—

“On the 1st of May, the foundation-stone of the mineral well

of St Bernard's, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, was laid in the presence of several gentlemen of the neighbourhood. A plate of metal was sunk into the stone, with the following inscription

Erected
For the benefit of the public
at the sole expense
of
Francis Garden, Esq.
of Troop
A.D.
1789
Alexander Nasmith, Architect,
John Wilson, Builder.

This building is erected in the most picturesque spot in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and when finished, from the elegance of the plan, and the excellent quality of the materials, will long be an ornament to the city, and prove a lasting monument of the refined taste, liberality, and public spirit of the honourable founder."

The design was taken from a temple at Tivoli, in Italy, and a statue of Hygeia, the goddess of health, by Coade of London, was placed in it. For more than thirty years after its erection no injury was done to this statue, but wanton mischief has now rendered it a total wreck. Lord Gardenstone seems to have derived great benefit by drinking the water. The first keeper he appointed was George Murdoch, Stockbridge, for whose guidance he drew up a code of regulations. The rules, though a little tinged with quaintness and eccentricity, are yet characterised by much sound sense.

"George,—From long experience I entertain a very favourable opinion of your honesty and decent manners. I, therefore, am resolved to make a trial of your capacity to perform properly the duties of a trust which is of a public nature, and requires good temper, patience, and discretion.

"I hereby authorise and appoint you to be Keeper of St

Bernard's Well during pleasure, and you are to observe punctually the following directions and rules, or such other regulations as may be found more expedient and may be hereafter prescribed :—

“ I. You are to furnish proper glasses and cups for drinking the water.

“ II. During the proper season you are to attend the well, at least from six till nine, every morning. During the above period none shall have access to drink or use the water but those who shall pay at the moderate rates subjoined.

“ III. Such as choose to subscribe for the season, from the 1st of May to the 1st of October, shall pay down, before they begin to drink, at least five shillings sterling.

“ IV. Persons who do not choose to subscribe, but choose at their pleasure to drink the water any time of the morning period, occasionally, shall pay before they begin to drink every morning,—for grown persons each one penny, and for children each one halfpenny ; or at the rate of sixpence and threepence per week respectively.

“ V. For water drawn from the well to be used at a distance, in bottles or other vessels in the mornings, payment must be made at the rate of one halfpenny for every Scots pint.

“ VI. No person shall be allowed, on any pretence, to bathe their limbs or sores at, or in sight of, the well during the morning period.

“ VII. All persons who are either unable or unwilling to pay as above, shall have free access to the use of the waters from ten to one every forenoon ; and those who have once paid may return and use the waters at any time of the day.

“ VIII. The keeper shall attend from five to seven o'clock in the afternoon for the service of all who have paid ; and after seven for all without distinction.

“ IX. Upon a proper certificate from any regular physician, surgeon, or apothecary of Edinburgh, the keeper shall supply poor persons with water at any time prescribed.

“ X. The proper and customary method of drinking at mineral waters is, that persons after drinking a glass or cup of water retire immediately and walk about, or take other exercise for an interval of at least five minutes, both as a benefit to themselves, and to make way for other water drinkers. A

contrary practice prevails at St Bernard's, and sometimes a crowd of people continue at the well till they have drunk their quota. Hereafter every person must retire as above, and the keeper must require them to do so, this regulation being very necessary.

“ XI. Another irregularity, prejudicial to the credit and use of the waters, has prevailed and must also be corrected, which is that quantities of the water are carried to distant parts in open vessels. All mineral waters should be transported in well-corked bottles or other close vessels. The keeper must strictly adhere to this regulation, and suffer no water to be carried off in open vessels.

“ Hints and observations for the better regulation and public use of those waters will be thankfully received by the proprietor.

“ Some accounts of the virtues of this mineral water, and of certain remarkable cures performed by the proper use of it, will soon be published by a medical gentleman of character and experience.

“ N.B.—The effects of this water when used in making either tea or *punch* are remarkably agreeable.

“ To George Murdoch,
“ Presently at Stockbridge.”

Since those days the well has been more or less frequented. The concluding paragraph of a letter, dated September 20, 1790, from William Smellie, the celebrated Edinburgh printer, to Lord Gardenstone, is as follows:—

“ I still continue to worship your Lordship's saint. Upon me he has performed the miracle of regeneration. From gratitude, therefore, I shall always pay my devotion to St Bernard, and my penny to George Murdoch.”

Francis Garden, Lord Gardenstone, was born in 1721, and was raised to the bench in 1764. His abilities as a lawyer were strikingly shown in the proceedings connected with the great Douglas case in 1766. He was a man of considerable benevolence, and of some literary taste, but withal very eccentric. Among his eccentricities was an

attachment to the pig family. He had reared one of these animals with so much affectionate care that it followed him like a dog wherever he went. While it was little he allowed it even to share his bed during the night. As it grew up, however, which no doubt it would do rapidly under such patronage, this was found inconvenient, and it was discarded from the bed, but permitted still to sleep in the apartment, where his lordship accommodated it with a couch composed of his own clothes, which he said it kept in such a state of warmth as rendered them very pleasant and comfortable for him to put on in the morning. His lordship was an inveterate snuffer. He could not be troubled with a snuff-box, and like Napoleon I. he carried the snuff in his waistcoat pocket. He was so profuse in the use of it that the folds of his waistcoat were generally full of snuff; so much so that any friend standing to converse with him, without any trouble could help himself to a good pinch. His lordship died at Morningside, near Edinburgh, on the 22nd July 1793, in the seventy-second year of his age.

The well must have been greatly frequented in the earlier years of the present century, if we are to judge from its high rent. On July 4th, 1810, St Bernard's Well, with the whole of the small buildings and a strip of ground connected therewith, were exposed for public roup, to be let on lease for the period of five years, at the upset sum of £30 sterling of yearly rent. The roup took place in the Royal Exchange Coffee House, Edinburgh, and, as was the custom with the auction of heritable property, the time fell to be regulated by the running of a sand glass. The articles of roup were minutely detailed. The lessee, in the kindly spirit of the founder, was bound to supply the poor with water gratis each day from eleven to twelve o'clock noon." After a keen competition it was knocked

down to Frederick Doig, merchant in Edinburgh, at the yearly rent of £110 sterling.

The water of St Bernard's Well partakes of the character of a sulphuretted spring. The variety of minerals found in various waters is very great, many of them occurring in exceedingly minute quantities. The most important, from a medical point of view, are sodium, magnesia, iron, sulphur, and carbonic and sulphuric acids. In the generality of wells most of these constituents are to be found, but in very different proportions. It is usual to classify mineral springs according to their predominating chemical constituent. An important class is the sulphur wells, of which Aix-la-Chapelle, Harrogate, Moffat, Strathpeffer, and St Bernard's Well are examples. The Strathpeffer waters are strongly sulphuretted, one of the springs showing an analysis of 132 cubic inches of sulphuretted hydrogen gas to the imperial gallon of water. This gas possesses the peculiar odour of rotten eggs, and although it occurs in much smaller proportion in the water of St Bernard's Well than at Strathpeffer, the odour is distinctly felt in the pump-room, and the presence of the gas is still more distinctly realised when the water is taken into the mouth. Apart from this unsavoury quality, however, which the habitual drinker at St Bernard's soon learns to ignore, the water is cool, sparkling, and withal a pleasant beverage. This is mainly owing to the considerable quantity of carbonic acid gas dissolved in it, amounting as it does to nearly fourteen cubic inches in an imperial gallon. This of itself is a valuable therapeutic agent, producing a pleasant stimulation of the stomach and of the system generally. Sulphates of soda and lime are also present in small quantity. The best time for drinking the water is in the morning, and it must be drunk liberally. Some frequenters of the well have taken their morning

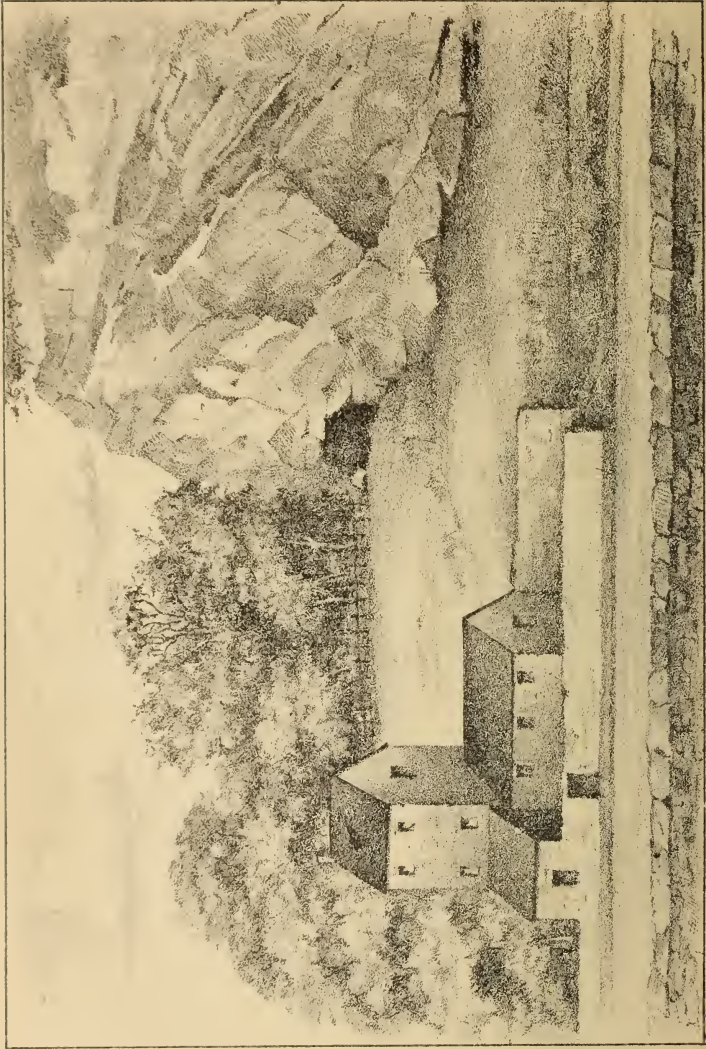
walk and their two tumblers for many years. One aged and much respected dissenting minister of Edinburgh, now deceased, frequented the well for fully half a century. The morning walk must always be taken into account as aiding the benefit derived from drinking the water. During the great drainage operations a number of years ago the water entirely disappeared. For a time it was feared that the public would lose the benefits of the spring for ever, but after a pause of some months the mineral water returned as strong as ever.

A curious volume was published in 1790, entitled "A Medical Treatise on the virtues of St Bernard's Well, illustrated with select cases." The book was dedicated to Francis Garden, Esquire, of Gardenstone, one of the senators of the College of Justice, and rector of the Marischal College in the University of Aberdeen, proprietor of St Bernard's Well, by J. Taylor, M.D. This doubtless is the treatise on the medicinal virtues of the well promised by Lord Gardenstone in his instructions to George Murdoch.

The lessee of St Bernard's Well in 1810 was Mr George Fyfe, a quiet observer of natural history, and a man who did much to attract visitors to St Bernard's healing waters by his intelligent civility, and by his "*eident*" endeavours to beautify all the surroundings. One warm day in July we observed that the cornice of the dome appeared to be giving way. George said "it was the birds," and then proceeded to tell us the following story:—Some time before a colony of starlings—"wise observant birds," added George—had found out the hollow of the cornice, had built their nests in it, and brought up their young in its peaceful shelter. Shortly after, some pigeons discovered this abode of feathered contentment, and resolved to make it their own. We regret to write one word against the

character of pigeons, but doubtless there are differences in the morality of doves as there are in that of individuals. A battle royal ensued, the starlings were routed and dispossessed, and the pigeons took what appeared to be undisturbed possession. The Nemesis of fate, however, was not distant. Some curious jackdaws, prowling about, discovered, in their turn, the envied quarters, and at once attempted to eject the pigeons, but were foiled. The defeated daws flew swiftly away to the westward, where they seem to have "roused the clan," for next morning they returned in force. A fearful fight followed. The inside of the pillared dome was filled with the wild waving and beating of black wings; the screaming and cawing were deafening. The pigeons, in their turn, were defeated and turned out; but, so far as we know, poetic justice has failed to overtake the jackdaws.

It is frequently asked by strangers how the well has been named St Bernard's, and also how the same name is of such frequent use in the locality. There is an ancient oral tradition in the district (we read of it also in an old book when we were young) that St Bernard visited Scotland. There are different ways of telling the legend, but the following appears to be the general version. St Bernard, while preaching the second crusade in France and Germany, was advised to go to Scotland as a country rich in faith and fighting men. He was disappointed with his reception at court. In grief, aggravated by ill-health, he withdrew and lived in a cave in the neighbourhood of the spring. There certainly was a cave of considerable dimensions in the steep cliffs to the westward. Its entrance was covered up by the building of the wall that bounds the back of Randolph Crescent, but when it formed part of Lord Moray's grounds we, and the other boys of Stockbridge, knew that cave well. The saint's



C. HILL.

OLD GREENLAND MILL AND ST BERNARD'S CAVE, ABOUT 1825.

attention was attracted by the number of birds that resorted to the spring. He drank of its healing waters, and, soothed by the sound of the river and the beauty of the scenery,—the valley, still very beautiful, must then have been surpassingly fair,—his health and serenity of mind returned. He called the inhabitants of the district to the spring, revealed to them its virtues, and, after bestowing upon the people his blessing, he returned to his place of public duty. Christendom concurs that this was the blessing of a good man. He was canonised by the Roman Catholic Church, but as canonisation is growing to be an invidious distinction, we quote Luther's opinion:—"If there ever lived on the earth a God-fearing and holy monk, it was St Bernard of Clairvaux." We give the tradition as a tradition, not as history, though it is as credible and certainly more creditable than many of the legends of the saints. Of Scottish history in St Bernard's days there is almost none, as the records of the kingdom were destroyed by Edward I. in his desire to destroy the independence of Scotland,—only Bruce and Bannockburn followed.

St Bernard's Well, as we write, has passed again to pleasant times. It has been purchased by Mr William Nelson of Salisbury Green, senior partner in the distinguished publishing firm of Thomas Nelson and Sons, of London, Edinburgh, and New York,—the same public-spirited citizen who is restoring the ancient Parliament Hall of Edinburgh Castle. At a great expense he has also restored St Bernard's Well. The interior is beautifully finished in mosaic and marble from a design by Thomas Bonnar; a new approach from the higher ground has been given by a broad massive stair from St Bernard's Bridge; a low parapet wall with ornamental coping separates the grounds from the river, and these grounds

are being laid out with all the skill of gardening art. When the work is completed it is understood to be Mr Nelson's intention to present the well to the city, and we trust that his thoughtful and discriminating liberality will be rewarded by attention being drawn to the beneficial effect of the waters of the spring, which for some time past have not been appreciated as they deserve. The master of a once famous academy in Kentish Town was in the habit of taking his pupils to the mineral well of St Chad, within the City of London, to drink its waters, as a means of "keeping the doctor out of the house." The citizens of Edinburgh are reminded that they are possessed of a medicinal spring, believed in the past to be endowed with the same powers, indeed, it has been noted that to the constant votaries of St Bernard's Well there has almost invariably accrued a vigorous and genial old age.

In 1810 a plain building was erected over a spring that existed a little to the westward of St Bernard's. It was called St George's Well. The water was understood to be somewhat similar to that of St Bernard's, but no use has been made of it for many years, and the building was latterly occupied as a dwelling-house by a solitary old woman.

In 1826 we found in the bed of the Water of Leith, near St Bernard's Well, a small silver coin of the reign of Edward II. of England. It was firmly embedded in the solid rock. A small piece of the rim projecting attracted our attention; with difficulty it was extracted, blackened by age, but otherwise in a tolerable state of preservation.

Ancient graves, containing human remains, have occasionally been found in the neighbourhood of Stockbridge. In the summer of 1822, an ancient grave was discovered by some workmen, when digging the foundation of a

house on the west side of the Royal Circus. Its position was due north and south, which is generally regarded as a proof of high antiquity. It was lined all round with flat stones, and when opened the form of a skeleton was still discernible, lying with the head to the south, but the whole crumbled away as soon as it was touched. In 1823 several rude stone coffins were discovered in digging the foundation of a house on the north side of Saxe-Coburg Place, near St Bernard's Church, one of which contained two urns of baked clay, in which were found burnt and unburnt bones. One of these urns is preserved in the museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Human remains were found when clearing the ground for the foundation of the houses in Ann Street. In digging for the foundation of the north piers of the Dean Bridge, a clay baked sepulchral urn was found. This urn is also preserved in the museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Near the same spot several stone coffins or cists were found by the workmen engaged in preparing the ground for the building of the houses in Oxford Terrace. In 1866, on the ground where Lennox Street is now built, four ancient graves were discovered a little below the surface. They lay south and north, and were lined with slabs of undressed stone. In one of them the bones were those of a strong and full-grown man; in the others few remains were perceptible—all seemed to have crumbled away. The length of these graves was about four feet, and the breadth little beyond two feet, so that the body must have been buried in a sitting posture, or compressed in some way. This must always have been the case in the short cists or coffins made of slabs of stone, whose size never exceeded what we have noted; while in the long cists, which are about six feet long, the body lay at full length.

While visiting and measuring these last graves, we could not help thinking of the groups that one day must have been gathered around them,—either constructing them or depositing the bodies,—their dresses, their language, their manners, their customs, their religion, all so different and so strange from what we find existing amongst us now!

The fact that so many of these ancient graves were found in this piece of ground suggests the probability that this was a burial place of the period when the Romans had penetrated thus far northward, and the Britons, in imitation of their example, had adopted the practice of cremation, while they adhered to the ancient form of their sepulchres.

THE RIDING OF THE MARCHES.

One of the grandest sights witnessed by the inhabitants of Stockbridge in the olden time was the *last* “riding of the marches,” when the authorities of Edinburgh and of Leith visited in state the boundaries of their respective jurisdictions. It took place in 1717, and, as described by Maitland, it appears to have been a very pompous show:—“The Magistrates and Common Council, attended by the principal Citizens and chief Officers belonging to the Town, together with the Bailiffs (bailies) and chief Officers of the Town of *Leith*, and Districts of the *Canongate*, *Portsburgh*, and *Potterrow*; the Officers of the City, train’d-bands and proper Bands of Musick, all sumptuously apparelled, and mounted on stately Horses well accoutred, formed a long and pompous Cavalcade.” In describing the route, Maitland further mentions that they came “by *Canonmills* to *Stockbridge*, and crossing the Water, proceeded to *Dean*, and back by the *Water of Leith*, thence

to *Drumsheugh*, and *St Cuthbert's Churchtown*; thence winding Eastward along the Northern Side of the *Nord-lock* to its Eastern Extremity, and returning back to *St Cuthbert's* marched back to *Edinburgh* which they entered through the West Port."

Immediately to the eastward of *Stockbridge* are the remains of the ancient village of *Silvermills*, with its quaint crow-stepped gables and picturesque architecture of the seventeenth century. Very little of it that is habitable now exists, and it is almost entirely occupied by workshops. At one time *Silvermills* was beautifully situated, and surrounded by parks and orchards. The winding path of *Gabriel's Road*, with its hawthorn hedges sloping across the ground now occupied by the *New Town*, led to the village, and after leaving the village it wended on to the ford at *Inverleith*. According to *Robert Chambers*, a walk on a summer day from the city of *Edinburgh* to the village, a hundred years ago, was considered a very pleasant one, and one much indulged in by the citizens. In the last years of the eighteenth and the earlier years of the present century the presiding genius, and one that took a deep interest in everything pertaining to the cleanliness and amenity of the little hamlet, was *Mr Nicol Somerville*. He lived in the large three-storeyed house still known by the name of *Silvermills House*. *Mr Somerville* was in business as a house painter, his shop being in *Leith Street Terrace*. He was a thoroughly dignified courtly tradesman of the old school. A pillared gateway, and a short but well-kept avenue shaded by old elm trees, led to his house. His name appears as one of the petitioners to the Commissioners of Roads and Bridges for the bridge to be built at *Stockbridge* in 1784. In altering the old houses into workshops, the remains of panelled rooms, of stone moulded jambs, and of carved mantel-

pieces, all betokened former indwellers of social rank and position. The chief industry in the little village was the extensive tanneries of Mr John Lauder. The house he occupied stands on the low ground north of St Stephen's Church. It has been a superior house in its day, and is built in the style that was common at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Here were born his two talented sons, Robert Scott Lauder, R.S.A., and James Eckford Lauder.

Eastward from St Bernard's Free Church there was wont to line the road leading to Canonmills a pretty row of red-tiled and partly slated cottages of picturesque and striking appearance. They had little garden plots in front, and were protected from the road by a hedge and a row of tall poplars. The whole had the appearance as if a Lincolnshire village had wandered down from the fen country to Silvermills, and had stayed there in perfect content. Here were found three trades pursued still in almost all our rural hamlets, viz., tailor, weaver, and blacksmith. With the ring from the anvil was heard the merry click of the loom. Here also was the little ale-house,—and an ancient-looking hostelry it was. On a post in front was suspended the signboard, having upon it a well-painted head of George Heriot, limned by James Hogg, an artistic house painter of Canonmills. There exists a tradition, profoundly believed in Stockbridge to this day, that George Heriot had at one time some sort of work here, although the name Silvermills has also been said to have been derived from some of the alchemical schemes of the Fourth or Fifth James. The site of this portion of old Silvermills is now occupied by a large land of modern houses.

A little farther eastward is Canonmills, still more ancient; its mills having been granted by David I. to the canons of Holyrood,—hence its name.

EDUCATION.

Stockbridge and its neighbourhood are richly supplied with educational advantages. At the head of Dean Street there is what was formerly one of the Heriot outdoor schools, but has now, by the new arrangement, passed under the care of the Edinburgh School Board. In Hamilton Place there is another large school under the same Board. In St Stephens Street is situated St Stephen's Parish School; and in St Bernard's Row stands Trinity Episcopal School.

The late Mr James Maclaren was, for above half a century, the proprietor and head master of what was known as Hamilton Place Academy. Mr Maclaren was a popular and successful teacher, and highly esteemed in the district. His pupils, we believe, will be found in every quarter of the globe. We note that one of these is the present much-respected Lord Dean of Guild of Edinburgh—Sir James Gowans, who spent his early years in Stockbridge.

For advanced, or for what is now popularly termed secondary, education, the district of Stockbridge and the Dean is more wealthy than any other district of Edinburgh.

I. The Edinburgh Academy, incorporated by Royal Charter from George IV., was established in 1824. It is under the management of a board of fifteen directors, three of whom are elected annually from the body of subscribers.

The Edinburgh Academy is situated in Henderson Row. It is a handsome building, erected from plans by William Burn, architect, and it cost upwards of £14,000 sterling.

II. Fettes College, a magnificent building, with its spacious boarding-houses, forms a striking object in the view to the north-west of Stockbridge. Sir William

Fettes,¹ Bart., of Comely Bank, who was born in 1750, and died in 1836, left the residue of his estate as an endowment for "the education, maintenance, and outfit of young persons whose parents have died without leaving sufficient funds for that purpose, or who, from innocent misfortune during their own lives, are unable to give suitable education to their children." For the purposes of the endowment the Fettes College has been erected on the grounds of Comely Bank, part of the Fettes Trust property, according to plans by David Bryce, R.S.A., architect. The building was founded in June 1863, and was opened in October 1870.

Recently there have been considerable additions made to the governing body, which originally was confined to the Trustees, who were five in number.

III. Immediately to the west of Stockbridge, in the neighbourhood of the Dean, is Daniel Stewart's Institution. Daniel Stewart, of the Exchequer, who died in 1814, left the residue of his property, amounting to about £13,000, with some shop and house property in the Old Town of Edinburgh, to accumulate for the purpose of "building and endowing an hospital for the maintainance and education of boys,—the children of honest and industrious parents, whose circumstances in life do not enable them suitably to support and educate their children at other schools." The hospital, a very elegant building, was erected from a design by David Rhind, architect. The Edinburgh Merchant Company, who are the governors, taking advantage of the powers given by a Provisional

¹ Sir William Fettes was a respected Edinburgh citizen. His name appears in Peter Williamson's Directory for 1788-90 as follows:—"William Fettes, grocer, head of Bailie Fyfe's Close. House, 57 Princes Street." He was elected Lord Provost in 1800, and again in 1804. He was created a baronet by George III., 12th May 1804.

Order obtained in 1870, opened the hospital as a day school in September of that year.

BENEVOLENT AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the Edinburgh Academy are the handsome house and grounds of the Edinburgh Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, established June 25th, 1810. This building was erected about 1824.

And still in the same neighbourhood there is Dean Bank Institution, having for its object "the educating and maintaining of very young girls, who, from the death of their parents, or from being uncared for, may be in danger of being led astray." It is chiefly managed by a committee of ladies.

On the ridges to the west of the Fettes College are the handsome and extensive buildings of St Cuthbert's Poorhouse, which were erected in 1867 from designs by Messrs Peddie & Kinnear, Architects, Edinburgh. When the Canongate Parish became combined with that of St Cuthbert's, extensive additions were made to the building, from designs by Dr Rowand Anderson. The original poorhouse of the Parish was erected in 1759. It was situated west of the Lothian Road, on the ground which is now occupied by the Caledonian Railway Station. From the kirk-session records there seems in old times to have been considerable difficulty in dealing with the poor. A certain number were enrolled, who received a monthly allowance, varying from £1 to £5 Scots. Meal was sold to them at a cheap price, while some were furnished with badges, and were thereby licensed to beg. Notwithstanding these efforts, unlicensed begging still prevailed to such an extent as to be a source of annoyance, not only to the parishioners, but to strangers frequenting the city. As a

last effort the building of a poorhouse was suggested. This suggestion was adopted and carried into effect; the old poorhouse was opened on the 27th of May 1762. It was supported for some time by the collections at the church doors, the free proceeds of the burying ground, and voluntary contributions.



Part II.

SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED NATIVES.

SIR HENRY RÆBURN, R.A.

Sir Henry Raeburn was born 4th March 1756. The following entry regarding his birth is from the Records of St Cuthbert's Parish:—

“Sunday, 7th March 1756.—Robert Raeburn, yarn boiler at Stockbridge, and spouse Ann Elder; a son, Henry, born 4th March instant.

“Witness: Thomas Spence and Robert Dixon, weavers in Edinburgh.”

The yarn-boiling premises of the elder Raeburn and of his son William, who afterwards carried on the business, as well as their dwelling-house, were situated at the side of the mill-lade, exactly where the western part of Horne Lane now stands. Their dwelling-house was a neat one-storeyed slated cottage, that stood in the midst of a small piece of pretty garden ground, a little to the west of the yarn-boiling premises. As this house continued to be occupied by some of the descendants of the family up to the time that the business was given up, there is every probability that in this house Sir Henry was born. It was a pleasantly situated little spot. Immediately behind the house ran the mill-lade, at that time pure and limpid. To the north was a beautiful fruit orchard, covering the

ground where Saunders Street now stands. To the south was a fine grass park, extending south and west to where it was bounded by the Earl of Moray's pleasure-grounds of Drumsheugh. India Place and Mackenzie Place are built upon this park. All this description we give from the recollections of our early boyhood.

At the age of six years Raeburn lost both his parents. His brother William, who was his elder by a dozen of years or more, supplied, as far as kindness and attention could go, his father's place. On the presentation of Miss Sarah Sandilands, who was an early friend and patroness of Raeburn, he was admitted, on the 15th April 1765, into "Heriot's Wark," where he was trained with all solicitude both in morality and learning. There is something curious and interesting regarding Raeburn's hospital presentation. In 1695 Robert Sandilands of Meldrumsheugh (Drumsheugh) gave the governors of Heriot's Hospital, who were then in pecuniary difficulties, the sum of £2000 Scots, and they, in return, granted him and his heirs a right in perpetuity to present two boys to the Hospital. His daughter, the above Miss Sarah Sandilands, nominated Raeburn to the Hospital in right of one of the presentations. The career of the boy was watched with great interest by the family. Miss Sarah Sandilands afterwards married Mr Durham of Boghead, Linlithgowshire; her granddaughter, in 1822, had the gratification of seeing George IV. confer the honour of knighthood upon the then eminent artist in Hopetoun House.

Chambers, in his *Lives of Eminent Scotsmen*, states that it was not the fact that Raeburn was educated in Heriot's Hospital, but that his brother William, "with heartfelt satisfaction, gave him the scanty but usual education of that period." A letter from Dr Bedford, then house governor, that appeared in the *Scotsman*,

October 3, 1876, shows that Dr Chambers was mistaken:—

“Heriot’s Hospital, Oct. 2, 1876.

Sir,—Heriot’s Hospital has always claimed Sir Henry Raeburn as one of its *alumni*. This claim has, I understand been questioned. I have, therefore, to-day consulted the Album containing the names of all the boys educated in the Hospital since its opening, and I find amongst the admissions in April 1765 the name of “Henry,” son of Robert Raeburn, merchant. The period of admission into the Hospital is between the seventh and tenth year. Now, as the great painter was born in 1756, he would be nine years old in 1765.

“FRED. W. BEDFORD.”

In 1772, at the age of sixteen,¹ Raeburn left the Hospital, and, preferring to learn the trade of a goldsmith, was apprenticed accordingly to Mr James Gilliland, in the Parliament Close, and soon gave proofs of taste and ingenuity in his profession. “It was in this situation,” says the late Dr Andrew Duncan, senior, “that my first acquaintance with him commenced, and that, too, on a melancholy occasion. Mr Charles Darwin, son of Dr Erasmus Darwin, the author of *The Botanic Garden*, and of other poems demonstrating great genius, died during the course of his medical studies at Edinburgh. At that time I had the honour, though a very young medical lecturer, of ranking young Darwin among the number of my pupils, and I need hardly add that he was a favourite pupil, for during his studies he exhibited such uncommon proofs of genius and industry as could not fail to gain the esteem and affection of every discerning teacher. On the death of young Darwin I was anxious to retain some slight token in remembrance of my highly esteemed young friend, and for that purpose obtained a small por-

¹ In those days “Herioters” did not leave the institution before the age of sixteen

tion of his hair. I applied to Mr Gilliland, at that time an eminent jeweller in Edinburgh, to have it preserved in a mourning ring. He told me that one of his present apprentices was a young man of great genius, and could prepare for me in hair a memorial that would demonstrate both taste and art. Young Raeburn was immediately called, and proposed to execute, on a small trinket that might be hung at a watch, a muse weeping over an urn, marked with the initials of Charles Darwin. The trinket was finished by Raeburn in a manner which, to me, afforded manifold proof of very superior genius, and I still preserve it as a memorial of the singular and early merit both of Darwin and of Raeburn."

While prosecuting his profession young Raeburn devoted his leisure time to miniature-painting, in which he made such progress that he obtained numerous commissions; and he was enabled to make an amicable arrangement with his master, by which he was freed from his apprenticeship on paying a sum of money. It has been asserted that Raeburn was entirely self-taught, and that he had seen nothing in the way of art before he was introduced to David Martin, who had been an assistant to Allan Ramsay, and had considerable practice as a portrait painter in Edinburgh.

The biographies of many eminent painters are often commenced with a similar statement, but the miniatures of Raeburn at once show that such an assertion cannot apply to him, for they are skilfully executed, and possess many of those qualities which Reynolds carried so far,—particularly breadth, one of the latest elements introduced into art after various stages of development. Raeburn in his early career must have seen portraits by Reynolds. There are several in Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, where they have been preserved since they were painted.

At all events, many admirable engravings from Sir Joshua's works had been published at that time, with most of which he must have been familiar. St Bernard's, in his immediate neighbourhood, and afterwards his own property, was at that time occupied by Mr Walter Ross, a gentleman distinguished by his knowledge and taste in Antiquities and the Fine Arts. Raeburn may possibly have derived some help and stimulus from this quarter. His introduction to David Martin was of great benefit to him; the study of the works of that artist, and his kindness in lending him some pictures to copy, intensified Raeburn's love for his art. He henceforth, with decided prospects of success, devoted his whole time to portrait painting, but now chiefly in oil.

At the age of twenty-two Raeburn, as we have already noted, married Ann, widow of James Leslie of Deanhaugh. This marriage was an advantageous one to Raeburn, as he acquired some fortune, which was of good service to him in the earlier part of his career.

Allan Cunningham, in his *Lives of the British Painters*, gives a somewhat romantic account of the way in which Raeburn became acquainted with the widow. He says:—"A young and beautiful lady presented herself one day at his studio for the purpose of sitting for her portrait. The acquaintance thus formed proved so pleasing to both parties that a marriage was the outcome." He writes as if the lady were a perfect stranger to Raeburn, which could scarcely be the case. Raeburn's home was not more than two stonecasts from Deanhaugh House. Mrs Leslie had been for some years a near neighbour. She was the mother of three children, and her husband had died in Deanhaugh House. Stockbridge was then a very small place. In those days—and long after those days—everybody was more or less acquainted with everybody

else; and we note that Allan Cunningham was certainly sorely ignorant of life—"in our Village."

Raeburn went to London with introductions to Reynolds, was kindly received by him, and practised for about two months in his studio. Sir Joshua at once appreciated his talents, advised him to visit Rome, and generously offered to assist him with funds. Raeburn followed Sir Joshua's advice. He stood in no need of pecuniary aid, but received from him letters of introduction to various artists,—among others one to Pompeo Battoni, the favourite painter in Rome at that time. With his wife he started for Italy. During Raeburn's residence in Rome it is said that he profited more by the advice and counsel of Byers, the dealer in pictures and antiques, than by acquaintance with artists and connoisseurs. After two years' residence in Italy he returned to Edinburgh, and in 1787 set up his easel in George Street, where he soon received full employment as a portrait painter. In 1795 he built a large house in York Place (No. 32), the upper part of which was lighted from the roof and fitted up as a gallery for exhibition, though he still resided in Stockbridge. From this time onward to his death Raeburn was fully engaged in portrait painting, and commissions flowed in from every quarter. The number of portraits that he painted must have been immense, when we consider his close application and the rapidity of his execution. Evidence of this, indeed, may be found in the fact that there are few of the family mansions of Scotland that have not amongst their family portraits some specimens of his genius.

On May 30, 1812, Raeburn was elected President of the Society of Artists in Edinburgh, which had been formed for the purpose of exhibiting publicly the works of living artists. In 1814 he was elected Associate of the

Royal Academy of London, and in the year following academician—it is said without the usual solicitation. About this time he seems to have had some thought of removing to London. He consulted Sir Thomas Lawrence on the subject, who found means to persuade him to be content with his Scottish supremacy: he accepted the advice.

Those who look only upon Raeburn as a portrait painter do him injustice. He had considerable skill in gardening; he was a learned and enthusiastic florist. His love for maritime architecture led him to make many models with his own hands,—neat, clean-built things, about three feet long in the keel,—and it was his pleasure to try their merits frequently in Warriston Pond. On one occasion, not long before his death, he had pushed his model from the side, where the water was deep, and on stretching out his hand to adjust a rope, he fell forward into the pond, and Cameron, his servant, rescued him with difficulty. He was a scientific and skilful angler, and often went a-trouting in his native streams. He loved to refresh his eyes, too, with the sight of nature, and was inclined to wander by himself on the banks of brooks and by the wooded hill. He excelled in archery, golf, and other Scottish exercises; and in time of war was a zealous volunteer.

When the autumn of 1822 brought King George IV. to Scotland, Raeburn was in the sixty-seventh year of his age, hale and vigorous, dividing his time between his studio, his gardens, his scientific experiments, and the pleasures of domestic society. He was desirous of welcoming His Majesty to the north, and was about to be presented, when he received the following unexpected note from Mr Secretary (afterwards Sir Robert) Peel:—
“I beg leave to acquaint you that it is His Majesty’s intention to confer on you the honour of knighthood,

as a mark of his appreciation of your distinguished merit as a painter."

Raeburn went next day to Hopetoun House. The company in the grand saloon were of the noblest of Scotland. The king made use of the sword of Sir Alexander Hope, and the artist rose Sir Henry Raeburn. In the opinion of all lovers of art, the honour of knighthood had never been bestowed more worthily. There was no small rejoicing among his brethren in Edinburgh; and, on the 5th of October, they invited him to a public dinner, and through the chairman, the venerable Alexander Nasmyth, declared that they loved him as a man not less than they admired him as an artist. He answered modestly that he was glad of their approbation, and had tried to merit it, for he had never indulged in a mean or selfish spirit towards his brother artists, nor had he at any time withheld the praise which was due to them when their works happened to be mentioned.

In the following May the king appointed him his limner and painter in Scotland, "with all fees, profits, salaries, rights, privileges, and advantages thereto belonging." The extents of these rights and privileges, and the value of these fees and profits, this eminent painter had not an opportunity of ascertaining, for he was seized with a mortal sickness, and laid down his head to die, on the very day that the nomination was announced. "Although Sir Henry," says one of his biographers, "had reached the decline of life, yet his vigorous constitution, fortified by habitual temperance, gave a reasonable hope of his being for some time preserved to his friends and the world. He appeared to enjoy the most perfect health, and was just returned from an excursion into Fifeshire with Sir Walter Scott, Sir Samuel Shepherd, Sir Adam Fergusson, and a small party of friends, united under the auspices of

Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, to visit and examine objects of historical curiosity and interest. None of the party had seemed to enjoy the excursion more than Sir Henry. He appeared in his usual vigour both of body and mind; visited with enthusiasm the ancient ruins of St Andrews, of Pittenweem, and other remains of antiquity, and contributed largely to the enjoyment of the party. On his return home Sir Walter Scott sat to him in order that he might finish two portraits,—one for the artist's own private gallery, and the other for the poet's noble friend and clansman, Lord Montagu. These were the last pictures which his pencil ever touched,—a subject of affectionate regret to the great genius represented, who had long been his friend. Within a day or two of his return he was suddenly affected with a general decay and debility. All medical skill was in vain; and after a short week's illness, during which no distinct symptom appeared, he died on the 8th of July 1823, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He died little more than a stonecast from where he was born."

The character of Ræburn was in every way unblemished: he was a candid, modest man, ever ready to aid merit and give a helping hand to genius in art. His varied knowledge, his agreeable manners, his numerous anecdotes, and his general conversation, at once easy and unaffected, with now and then a touch of humorous gaiety, made him a delightful companion; he told a Scotch story with almost unrivalled effect; and did the honours of a handsome house and elegant table with all the grace of a high-bred gentleman. Through life he discharged with blameless attention all the duties of a good citizen. Sir Henry, like Raphael, Michael Angelo, and some other masters of art, possessed the advantage of a tall and commanding person.

He was greatly respected in Stockbridge. He lived there in the midst of its people, who knew him and who loved him, and from whose ranks he had sprung. To this day, even, we can recall his face and form with strange vividness. His large figure was encased in capacious upper garments; he wore, in addition, knee breeches, black leggings, and a broad-brimmed hat. Apart from his genius, there was something massive in the man himself.

Sir Henry painted standing. Having his palette set, he began at once to a portrait without any previous chalking out. He generally painted upon strongly twilled canvas. There was nothing elaborate about his portraits, particularly those he painted late in life. By a few bold and skilfully managed touches he produced striking effects. From the manner in which he made the light strike upon the face of his sitter, the shadows were in general broad and massive.

Lady Raeburn survived her husband nine years, and died at Raeburn Cottage, Peeblesshire, November 1, 1832.

They had two sons: the elder, named Peter, a fine youth with much of his father's genius, died at the age of nineteen; the second son, Henry, married Charlotte, sister of William Logan White of Kellerstane, advocate, and had a family. He and his family lived latterly with Sir Henry at St Bernard's. He engaged in a shipping business in Leith, which, proving unsuccessful, involved his father in serious pecuniary difficulties. Eighteen months elapsed before this serious and painful matter was properly settled. It has been said that the pictures painted by Sir Henry during this season of anxiety and trouble are inferior to his other productions, and one does not wonder that it should have been so.

The Raeburns, late of Charlesfield, but who are now resident in London, represent the family.

It may be added, to the credit of Sir Henry Raeburn, that he was never to be found at his easel on the Lord's day. On the Sabbath he was to be found in his place at church. The family pew was one of the front seats of the first gallery of St Cuthbert's or West Kirk.

The time when Raeburn acquired St Bernard's as his own property seems to have been in 1809.

It has been already noted that Walter Ross, the eccentric but kindly owner of St Bernard's, died in 1789. He was survived by his wife, Mrs Margaret Moubray or Ross; and their son, Charles Ross, merchant in Antigua, renounced his share in the property in his mother's favour that same year. The next entry in point of time—quoting from the inventory of title deeds—is “the Disposition and Assignation by the Trustees of the late Mrs Margaret Ross, in favour of Henry Raeburn, Portrait Painter in Edinburgh, on the 6th, 7th, and 10th October, 1809.”

St Bernard's House was taken down about 1826, on the ground being feued for general building. All that can be seen now is the remains of its fine avenue of lofty elms—so admired by Sir David Wilkie. Many of these trees died from the quantity of earth piled up round their roots (from 8 to 10 feet), when the ground was levelled up to form Dean Terrace.

EXHIBITIONS OF RAEBURN'S PICTURES.

In 1824, the year after Sir Henry Raeburn died, there was an exhibition of between fifty and sixty of his works in his studio at 32 York Place.

He had painted a great number of his distinguished friends for the love of them, keeping their portraits in his possession as ever-present remembrances of men whom

he held in high estimation. It was pictures of this character that formed the general feature of the exhibition on this occasion.

Again, in 1850, between forty and fifty of the historical portraits were exhibited at the University, during the meetings of the British Association in Edinburgh.

In 1876 it was resolved to hold a general exhibition of the works of Raeburn. An influential committee was formed, and its request for the loan of pictures met with a hearty response. Treasured portraits came from all parts of the country, from private individuals as well as from public institutions.

The exhibition was open during the months of October and November, in the galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy. It comprised 325 specimens of the works of the great artist,—very many of them being portraits of men who had distinguished themselves in the history of our country during the close of the last and the beginning of the present century. Of the above number the Raeburn family contributed thirty-nine portraits. In every sense of the word the exhibition proved a great success and a great pleasure.

The loan exhibitions of 1880, of 1883, and 1884 contained each a goodly number of Sir Henry's works.

There can be no doubt that the opportunity afforded not only by the exhibition in 1876, but by the exhibitions that have taken place since then, of examining and studying the works of Sir Henry Raeburn has done much to raise his name and fame to a higher point than it ever attained before. Full advantage has been given, by the great number of portraits exhibited, of comparing his earlier with his later style. In almost every example evidence is given of the bold confidence of his masterly freedom, the originality of the attitude and pose of his sitter, and

the breadth of his warm shades; the natural expression of countenance being seemingly so truly caught that the real character of the individual may be judged from the picture. There is little or no laboured detail: so much so that we would almost suppose that each likeness was secured at the first sitting. At the Exhibition of Scottish National Portraits in 1883 an opportunity was given of comparing the works of Raeburn with some of our most famed painters in the same line. An impartial examination will justify us, we think, in placing him in the front rank of our British portrait painters.

He painted the lineaments of many individuals who in no way distinguished themselves above their fellows, but who, in a way, have attained immortality from the fact that they were so fortunate as to have their portraits painted by Raeburn.

DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.

David Roberts was born at Stockbridge, on the 24th day of October 1796. His father's name was John Roberts, his mother's Christian Ritchie. After their marriage they lived in Gavin's Land, Haugh Street. Gavin's Land is perhaps the oldest part of Stockbridge. The houses are of two stories, with attics, and are entered by outside stairs, such as we find in some country villages, and in some parts of the suburbs of Edinburgh, to the present day. One attic served them for house accommodation, while the other served as a workshop for the husband, who was a shoemaker. Shortly after they removed to Duncan's Land, in what is now called Church Street. Duncan's Land was built of stones that were taken from the old houses removed from the Lawnmarket

on the opening up of Bank Street. A well-cut lintel is now placed over a door that formerly was a window, bearing the following inscription, with initials and date boldly executed:—

FEAR . COD . ONLYE

1 . 6 . 0 . 5 . 1 . R .

The house was built by Mr Duncan, a respectable merchant in Edinburgh. Here David Roberts was born. Entering the house by the turnpike stair, the first door opens upon a small passage. Off this passage, to the right, is the house that was occupied by John Roberts.

In the jamb of the kitchen fireplace there is a deep indentation made by the old man sharpening his awl. We remember in early boyhood of sitting here upon an old chest, waiting anxiously until the mending of our shoes was finished, that we might with comfort resume our boyish sports.

David very soon gave indications of having a taste for drawing; and concurrent testimony has been given to the annoyance he gave his mother by the use he made of her whitewashed walls for sketching purposes,—his materials on these occasions being ends of burnt *spunks* and pieces of red *keel*. He could not have been more than ten years old when his genius began, in this way, to show itself, and proofs of its intensity were not slow of development. “One fine summer afternoon his mother, knowing that if she walked to Prestonpans she could get sufficient salt for one shilling to last her for a whole year, took her *pock* (sack), and Davy with her to carry it home. This burden he bore cheerfully on their return till they reached Arthur’s Seat, when the sun was setting on the horizon. The sight was too much for the inspired young artist. He threw down the bag of salt and exclaimed, ‘Oh, mother,

dinna be angry, but I canna gang past, I must study this beautiful scene.' And so the good mother had to leave him to his contemplations and take the burden upon her own back." ¹



Birthplace of David Roberts.

David was apprenticed to Mr Gavin Beugo, house painter. Mr Beugo's shop was in West Register Street. His dwelling-house was between Silvermills and Stockbridge, a whitewashed house with a fine garden attached. The houses occupying the north-west corner of Clarence

¹ *Leisure Hour*, June 1865.

Street are built upon its site. When he went home he came down part of the way by Gabriel's Road, and, crossing the mill-lade at Silvermills, entered by a little private door which still remains. Mr Beugo seems to have been rather an eccentric and cross-grained individual. Roberts had some clever fellow-apprentices, who stimulated him in his love for drawing and painting; and, notwithstanding Mr Beugo's harsh and exacting disposition, he had the merit of rearing several young men who greatly distinguished themselves, not only in their own profession but in the higher walks of art.

The late David Ramsay Hay, the Edinburgh house painter to the Queen, who, by his artistic talents and fine taste did so much to elevate the style of decorative house-painting, was a fellow-apprentice of Roberts, and between them through life there existed the closest friendship. Roberts mentions the benefit he derived from the artistic taste of a fellow-apprentice of the name of Mitchell. He says, "Mitchell used at the breakfast hour to gather round him half a dozen of us, and excite our admiration and astonishment by taking out of his pocket and exhibiting little pictures in oil which he had painted over night. Mitchell was considerably my senior, and I looked up to him with grateful admiration. His mother, a widow, occupied a low flat in Picardy Place, and in her house we drew and painted together; he directing my progress and giving me the benefit of his experience. He had a brother a picture-frame maker, who agreed to make a frame for my first picture for half a crown, to be paid in instalments of sixpence weekly. I remember as vividly as if it had occurred yesterday the supreme happiness I experienced in seeing that picture framed. To have painted it was a great achievement, but to have it actually placed in a gilt frame was a glory of which I had scarcely dared to dream."

The enthusiastic lads formed a sort of life academy amongst themselves. The talents Roberts displayed even in the routine of his daily labour led to hopes of advancement for him, and his admission was in consequence procured to the Academy of the Board of Trustees, which has sent forth so many distinguished men. At the expiry of his apprenticeship he commenced scene-painting. William Pollock, an old Stockbridge blacksmith, but who was a better musician than he was a blacksmith, used to tell that he was along with Roberts when he first saw a painted scene; it was from the shilling gallery of the Edinburgh Theatre. The first scenery Roberts painted was for a circus in North College Street, Edinburgh; this was the commencement of his career as a scene painter. At the close of the circus for the season, his employer, being much pleased with his work, engaged him as a regular member of the company, to go with them to England at a salary of twenty-five shillings a week.

The account of his travels with the circus company reads like a stray chapter from *Gil Blas*, and excites regret that he did not dwell more minutely on this sort of humble romance and youthful adventure.

He says, "I left Edinburgh (April 1816) along with a part of the company, viz., the members of the band and their wives, in a caravan, for Carlisle, and the treatment we met with on the road soon opened my eyes to the low place we held in public estimation. On our arrival at the village of Middleton, about fourteen miles from Edinburgh, we were refused up-putting; but, as the night was wet and we were very weary, the landlady consented to allow us to sit by the fire. After some conversation, during which she learned my history, she expressed a deep interest in me, and said she was astonished to find me in such company. She urged me most strenuously to return to

my poor old mother, and afterwards provided me with a good supper and bed. The following morning she got quit of the *vagabonds*, as she termed my companions, and, partly in accordance with her injunctions, and partly from the disgust with which I had witnessed the conduct of my fellow travellers, I started at daybreak by myself, and reached Hawick in the evening."

He returned to Edinburgh in January of the following year, having as usual taken advantage of his travels in the north of England to sketch Beverley and York Minsters, and other subjects of architectural interest. He next engaged himself at Perth in his old capacity of house painter. At the earnest desire of his parents he returned to Edinburgh in 1818, and entered into an engagement with Mr John Jackson,¹ a well-known decorative painter and a sincere lover and patron of art. Here he distinguished himself by his imitations of woods and marbles. Among other work of the kind, he at this time painted the library of Lord Jeffrey at Craigcrook in imitation of dark old oak to match some carvings that he had purchased belonging to Stirling Castle. All this time, however, he had been fretting and worrying himself at not having an opportunity of pursuing his career as a scene painter, and to that career he returned, following it out under engagements from Corri in Edinburgh, Mason in Glasgow, and again under Murray in the Theatre Royal of his native city. About this time he became acquainted with his lifelong friend Clarkson Stanfield, then also a theatrical scene painter.

Roberts, in again commencing his career as a scene painter, had broken his engagement with Mr Jackson. He felt that he had acted unfairly, and in 1830-31 he sent down from London a very beautiful landscape, accom-

¹ Son of the author of *The History of the Scottish Stage*.

panied by a letter admitting the wrong he had done, and asking Mr Jackson to accept of the picture as a small acknowledgment of his esteem and regard. The picture was exhibited in the Scottish Academy's Exhibition of 1831. The descriptive note in the catalogue was as follows:—"View on the Rhine. The ruins on the height are the remains of the Castle of Thuremberg; the foot of the mountain is chiefly occupied by vineyards, and the little village at the foot is Welmich."

The first pictures Roberts exhibited appeared in the Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists, at Edinburgh in 1822. His exhibits were three in number, viz., "Old Building, Cowgate, Edinburgh"; "Interior of New Abbey Dumfriesshire"; and a "View of the Nether Bow, Edinburgh." After he had acquired fame and wealth he often spoke of the doubt and anxiety he felt when he sent in these pictures, of his hesitation when he inquired on the opening day if they had been admitted, and of his delight when he was informed that they had been well placed, and had been purchased at the private view. He always looked back on this success as the most eventful point in his career.

It is right to note the price which Roberts put on these pictures, as it shows his own modest estimate of his work. The first mentioned brought £2, 10s., and was purchased by Baron Clerk Rattray; the second was sold to a dealer for £5, which was never paid; the third brought £2, 10s., and was bought by James Steuart of Dunearn. These two gentlemen named were distinguished for their taste, and were liberal in the encouragement of native talent. In the same year we find Roberts engaged as scene painter at Drury Lane Theatre. His powers in the production of scenery were of the highest order, and it is little wonder that he eclipsed nearly all his rivals in that

department of art. In these early labours he was still associated with his friend Clarkson Stanfield. In 1826 he appears as an exhibitor in the gallery of the Royal Academy of London. He showed a view of Rouen Cathedral—thus early betraying the bent of his genius towards the architectural antique; and the year following he exhibited a picture of the Cathedral of Amiens. In 1832 he went abroad in pursuit of subjects for his great scenic pencil, spending nearly a year in Spain, a country rich in attractions to a mind like his. After his visit to Spain he does not seem to have returned to theatrical scene painting. His Spanish pictures were much admired, and a folio volume of lithographic sketches did much to extend his reputation. From the celebrity acquired by these pictures and sketches, it became evident that his admission into the Royal Academy would, on application, be a matter of certainty. He was accordingly elected A.R.A. in 1839, and admitted to the full honours of academician in 1841.

The success of his Spanish views led Mr Roberts to make a protracted visit to Syria and Egypt, where, with marvellous patience and unflagging industry, he made a body of drawings and sketches, which for extent, variety, and finish have never perhaps been equalled by any single artist while travelling in such a country and exposed to such a climate. They are admitted by competent judges—those who have followed the artist over the country he has depicted—to be as accurate as they are graceful and brilliant. Lithographic facsimiles, executed by the celebrated Louis Haghe, of these sketches, form the well-known and very splendid work entitled *The Holy Land, Syria, Idumea, Arabia, Egypt, and Nubia*, 4 vols., large folio, 1842. This splendid work, on its completion, took its place, by general consent, at the head of all such

publications hitherto issued in this or any other country. From this time onward to the day of his death the career of David Roberts was one of brilliant success. Nearly every year he exhibited some important effort of his pencil. He painted much, and his pictures were quickly bought at great prices.

The city of his birth did not forget to honour her illustrious son. On the 19th of October 1842, he was entertained at a public dinner in the Hopetoun Rooms, at which Lord Cockburn presided, and which was attended by a number of our most esteemed citizens. On the 29th September 1858, at a special meeting of the Town Council, he was presented with the freedom of the city,—the Lord Provost, the late Sir John Melville, in presenting him with the burgess ticket, referring in the highest laudatory terms to his professional career. In the evening of the same day he and his lifelong friend Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., were entertained at dinner by the Royal Scottish Academy. The late President of the Academy, Sir John Watson Gordon, occupied the chair, and the dinner was graced by the presence of the Lord Provost, Mr Adam Black, M.P., Professors Simpson and Aytoun, Mr James Ballantine, &c.

The death of Roberts was sudden. On the morning of November 25, 1864, he painted as usual, the subject being "St Paul's from Ludgate Hill," one of the series of pictures on which he was engaged for Mr Lucas, illustrative of *London as it Is*. He left home in perfect health to take a walk, playing with his little grandchild as he went down the steps. He was seized with apoplexy while walking in Berners Street,—the only words he was able to utter were "Fitzroy Street," his place of residence. He died the same evening, aged sixty-eight years. He was buried in Norwood Cemetery on the 2nd of December, in

a private manner. He had frequently expressed a strong dislike to show at funerals.

David Roberts was not the man willingly to sever old associations. On the contrary, he warmly cherished them, and scarcely a year passed in which he did not renew his familiar intercourse with his friends in Scotland by making his appearance amongst them,—a most welcome, genial, and honoured visitor. There never was a more delightful companion than Roberts. In wandering with him through an old abbey or palace he invested the whole with vitality. From the ancient Runic crosses lying mouldering in Iona to the refined shafts and capitals of Melrose Abbey, his jolly homely tongue went on commenting, and telling the quaint old stories connected with the localities, mixed up with running remarks on the peculiarities of the architectural detail, and all the while his busy pencil was covering the leaves of his sketch book with representations of the most striking objects he saw around him. All the old people who kept the Scottish abbeys, castles, and palaces spoke of him as *Dauvid* Roberts,—his familiar Stockbridge name; this did not arise from any want of respect, but from his own frank, genial, kindly manner, free from all stiff and stern reserve. His attachment to Edinburgh was peculiarly strong; and every time he came back for a brief sojourn in his own romantic town he delighted to wander and linger with fond affection amongst the scenes of his boyhood, recalling to those who had the pleasure of accompanying him in those quiet rambles and excursions many curious reminiscences of his early days. Stockbridge and its neighbourhood, and the water side by St Bernard's Well, were in this way often visited. He delighted to meet with old inhabitants, with whom he could talk about old scenes, and incidents, and individuals connected with the days of his youth and the place of his birth.

In the life of Roberts, by Mr Ballantine, we find the following passage in a letter from Edinburgh, addressed to his daughter, dated 5th September 1858. He says, speaking of himself and Clarkson Stanfield, who accompanied him, "yesterday we went to see a very fine young fellow, a member of the R.S.A., with whose works we were much pleased, and equally so with himself. His studio is at Canonmills, near to *my dear old Stockbridge, and we strolled along the old road and crossed the burn I had so often paddled in. After which, in passing through the village, I pointed out to Stanny an early effort of mine in 'sign' not 'scene' painting, done when I was an apprentice boy. We had a look of the old house, where some of my happiest days were spent.*"

Roberts' kindness of heart prompted him to active benevolence, and many of his old friends in reduced circumstances experienced his bounty, conveyed through the medium of a friend, who had strict injunctions on no account to divulge the secret or individuality of the donor. One who knew him well mentions an instance of this kindness of heart, that took place on his last visit to Scotland. His mother was a native of St Andrews. From some of her letters he learned that there were some poor relatives residing there. He went to St Andrews, but they were not to be found at their former address. He inquired next at the post-office, where, luckily, the name was known. He found them to be an aged couple, who, on their part, were astonished when they knew who their visitor was; and more so when he presented them with a ten pound note, telling them to use it and get every comfort; adding that he would lodge more in the bank in their name, and that they were to draw it out as required.

He was remarkably kind to his aged parents, providing

most liberally for all their wants. They lived long enough to see their illustrious son rise to honour and fame. After their death he erected a stone over their remains in the Old Calton burying-ground, the design for which he himself drew for the sculptor, having the following inscription :—

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
John Roberts, Shoemaker,
OF STOCKBRIDGE,
WHO DIED 27TH APRIL 1840,
AGED 86 YEARS ;
AS ALSO HIS WIFE,
Christian Ritchie,
WHO DIED 1ST JULY 1845,
AGED 86 YEARS.

THERE ARE ALSO INTERRED NEAR THE
SAME SPOT THREE OF THEIR CHILDREN :
CHRISTIAN, AGED 2 YEARS ; ALEXANDER,
AGED 7 YEARS ; AND JOHN, AGED 9 YEARS.

THIS STONE IS ERECTED TO THEIR MEMORY
BY THEIR ONLY SURVIVING SON,
DAVID ROBERTS,
MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY
OF ARTS, LONDON,

Who gratefully attributes
Much of his happiness and success in life
To their parental care and solicitude,
Combined with the virtuous example which,
In their own conduct,
They placed before him during his early years.

The inscription, recording the fact that his father was a shoemaker in Stockbridge, is a touching instance of humbleness of mind, unimpaired by the seductions of prosperity and the flatteries of fame.

Mr Roberts was unhappy in his marriage. His wife was the daughter of a farmer in Argyleshire. They separated, and she returned, well provided for, to her family, leaving him an only daughter, the pride and solace of his latter years. She was married to a son of Mr Bicknell, the well-known picture collector.

Mr Roberts, like many Scotchmen, spoke slowly and with a broad accent, and this gave one in conversation the idea of a slow working intellect. In his art, however, there was nothing slow or drawling; whatever he did he did quickly, sharply, and with marked vigour. There can be no doubt that his early training as a theatrical scene painter was of immense advantage to him in giving him a thorough knowledge of the telling effects produced by the skilful management of light and shade, and aided him greatly, by giving him that facility of execution that led him to paint so quickly and so effectively.

In later years his pictures increased greatly in price. The "Milan Cathedral" was sold by the artist in 1857 for £850; in April 1860 it was resold for £1070. The fine picture, "Rome—Sunset from the Convent of San Onofrio," now in the National Gallery, Edinburgh, was presented by Mr Roberts to the Royal Scottish Academy in 1857 :—

"Rome, thine imperial brow
 Never shall rise ;
 What hast thou left thee now ?
 Thou hast thy skies—
 Thou hast the sunset glow,
 Rome, for thy dower,
 Flushing tall cypress bough,
 Temple and tower."

The following is a note of the various honours conferred on Mr Roberts :—

Elected Honorary Member of the Royal Scottish

Academy, February 27th, 1829; Associate of the Royal Academy of Arts, London, November 5th, 1838; Member of the Royal Academy of Arts, London, September 26th, 1841; Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Amsterdam, February 14th, 1855; Honorary Member of the Society of Belgian Artists, Brussels, 1st July 1862; one of the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition, 1851; Honorary Member of the Academy of Philadelphia, U.S., March 9th, 1863; he received the freedom of the city of Edinburgh, September 29th, 1858.

We cannot better conclude this sketch of the life of this manly, modest, genial, and honourable man of genius than by the following tribute to his memory, from the pen of an attached friend: ¹—

“IN MEMORY OF DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.

“Farewell, my friend, whose living pencil spoke
 With a resistless eloquence, which sought
 To stir the souls of men; and in them woke
 Sublime emotions, and grand domes of thought.
 In harmony with what old Genius wrought
 In those bright days, when Earth upreared to Heaven
 Temples where God might not disdain to dwell:
 A kindred spirit had to thee been given;
 And as we know, who long have loved thee well,
 Thy colours only symbol'd their hearts here—
 Bright, fervent, genial, and most nobly true!
 Sleep gently, after thy laborious days,
 Which have won for thee fame that never dies,
 And made thy monument the wide world's praise,
 Soaring cathedral-like unto the skies.”

The owner of the property in which David Roberts was born has placed a neat little board on the house, bearing the following inscription:—“David Roberts, R.A., was born here on the 24th October 1796.”

¹ The late John Thomson Gordon, Sheriff of Mid-Lothian.

The foregoing sketches of a biographical character have shown that Stockbridge has reared and trained names distinguished greatly in the history of British art. We cannot adduce scholars or men of science equally celebrated. Still, even here, we are not destitute. We give a brief sketch of the career of a young Stockbridge scholar. To the deep regret of all who knew him, that brilliant career was short, and its termination distressing.

GEORGE RANKINE LUKE

was born in Brunswick Street, Stockbridge, in March 1836. He was the second son of Mr James Luke, master baker. He received his early education at the Hamilton Place Academy, and subsequently at the Circus Place School. In October 1846 he became a pupil of the Edinburgh Academy, and from 1847 to 1853 its prize lists are studded with his name.

At the close of the first session he stood second; during every other year he held the foremost place in his class. During the whole period he carried off a greater number of "prizes for particular merits" than any of his contemporaries. No one of his time seems to have applied himself with such diligence and success to so wide a range of subjects. In 1852, while only in the sixth class, he distinguished himself by gaining the Mackenzie and Academical Club prizes, open to the competition of all the rector's classes. In 1853, being "dux" of the Academy, he stood at the head not only of the school collectively, but of most of the separate branches. "For three years of his course," writes Dr Hannah, then rector of the Academy, "I was in daily communication with him, and I remember him as the most faultless of my many pupils. I can recall his steady, eager look as he

headed his class, scarcely able to keep his seat when he saw the question coming round to him, and scarcely in any instance failing to be ready with his answer. I saw his mind strengthening as his knowledge widened, and I soon looked forward with confidence to the brilliant career which has marked his Oxford life."

George Luke left the Academy in 1853, and in the autumn of the same year entered himself as a student in the University of Glasgow, his school fame having gone before him. Here he distanced all competitors, while his magnanimity disarmed their jealousy. At the close of the first session he carried off the two gold medals for the senior Latin and Greek, three prizes for Greek and Latin composition, the Murehead prize, and a prize for the Latin Blackstone. At the close of the second year he won the medal for the Greek Blackstone, the highest classical honour that Glasgow College offers, Professor Lushington's private Greek prize, four others for Composition, and one for Logic.

In the autumn of 1855 he went up to Balliol College, Oxford, as a Snell Exhibitioner. There he gained in rapid succession both the Gaisford prizes for Greek prose and verse, the Ireland scholarship, a first class both in moderations and in classical honours, and a studentship and tutorship at Christ Church.

But in the full enjoyment of his fame, and in the midst of his untiring activity, he was suddenly taken away. On the 3rd of March 1862 he was drowned by the upsetting of a boat on the Isis. This distressing accident was mourned deeply both in England and in Scotland,—in England by the few who knew him personally or by his Oxford reputation; in Scotland by very many beyond the circle of his own relatives, who knew and loved him.

The *London Review*, in speaking of George Luke's death, said: "Oxford has lost one of her most promising students. A career of such almost uniform brilliance has seldom been equalled, and has never been surpassed by any one among the many distinguished young men who have gone from Scotland to an English university. Indeed, we only do him justice when we say that Mr Luke was one of the most remarkable students that ever went to Oxford. Many leading boys have gone up from the great English public schools, where they have been trained with untiring attention under the careful eye of the ablest and most experienced teachers of the day, and they have more than fully rewarded their masters for the care bestowed upon them; but no one has shone out so conspicuously above his compeers as Mr Luke has done among those who have been educated in the comparative obscurity of a Scottish school and university, where, owing to the system pursued at these seminaries, a boy is left almost entirely to himself and to his own spontaneous exertions, and is rarely thrown under the personal influence of his teachers, or into immediate intimacy with them as he is in England."

One who knew Mr Luke well, says of him: "No one who was at any time familiar with him can think it possible to overstate the moral beauty of his character. The magnanimity which soared above all littleness, meanness, and gossip, could scarcely be distinguished from mental greatness; his firmness and self-reliance made even his seniors look up to him. He was one of the most religious men I ever knew, and he showed this in his tendency to reconcile rather than to detect differences. 'Why waste strength in controversy,' I have heard him exclaim in his earnest, almost vehement way, 'when there is so much to agree in, and so much to do together?'"

Another friend says, "I never knew any one so candid, so free from selfishness, so actively and constantly beneficent, so full of delight in serving God and man. Only those who were privileged to enjoy his friendship, who as compeers relied on his sympathy and support, or as pupils looked to him for advice and guidance, can appreciate his loss. His words and acts seem cold and bare without the presence of the keen glance and beaming smile, the memory of which makes them live in our hearts."

Such was George Rankine Luke, the kind-hearted, gentle youth, the loving and trusty friend, and the brilliant and distinguished scholar. What he might have attained to, and what he might have been able to achieve had God spared him, no one can say. His distinguished talents and high attainments have not only conferred honour on his relatives, but fame and celebrity on Stockbridge, the place of his birth.

In loving and reverent memory of the young Scottish scholar's life, a memorial window has been erected in Christ's Church, Oxford. Beneath it, on a monumental brass tablet, is engraved the story of his death.

The stained glass window is illustrative of incidents in the life of St Peter, and is divided into four compartments. The Scripture legends are in Latin, but we prefer to give them in English.

The first represents the call of St Peter—"I will make you fishers of men," Matt. iv. 19; the second, St Peter sinking in the sea—"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith," Matt. viii. 26; the third, St Peter and Cornelius—"Stand up, I myself also am a man," Acts x. 26; and the fourth, St Peter delivered from prison by the angel—"Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me," Acts xii. 8.

The inscription on the brass tablet under the window is:—

Infra Sepultus est
 GEORGIUS RANKINE LUKE,
 Adolescens, fortis, innocensque,
 Qui, ingenii lumine, flore doctrinae, amore veri,
 et modestia, insignis,
 Sua omnia in discipulorum usum dedicavit.
 Vixit annos xxv spes tanta hujus Aedis.
 Obiit, Iside demersus, die Mart iii, A.S., MDCCCLXII.
 In memoriam fraterni illius animi
 Fenestram hanc adornaverunt amici.

TRANSLATION.

Below lies buried George Rankine Luke, a brave and guileless young man, who, distinguished by brightness of ability, by abundance of learning, by love of truth, and by modesty, dedicated all his endowments to the use of his pupils. He lived for 25 years, the great hope of this house. He died on the 3rd day of March 1862, drowned in the Isis. In memory of his fraternal spirit his friends have adorned this window.¹

The following extract is quoted from the *Scotsman* of December 7, 1863:—

“The new Dean of Westminster, Dr Arthur Penryn Stanley, preached a farewell sermon on the 29th inst., Advent Sunday, before the University of Oxford, in Christ Church Cathedral, on the occasion of leaving Oxford for his new charge. It has just been printed, with the title, ‘Great Opportunities,’ the text being Luke xix. vers. 41 and 42,—and in the course of it we find the following passage, alluding to Mr G. R. Luke, a native of Edinburgh, whose melancholy and premature death at Oxford we last year recorded. We give a few sentences embodying the reference:—

“‘This noble house,—let me speak for a moment of our own Christ Church,—in the conception of its first magnificent

¹ The above description and epitaph have been given to us through the kindness of the Very Reverend H. G. Liddell, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford.

founder, the grandest college that Christendom ever witnessed even in its unfinished splendour, the crown and pride of Oxford,—what might it be if it put forth all its strength, if it rose to its full proportions—what a tower of strength to the whole university, what a source of health and life to the whole Church and nation!

* * * * *

“It is from no fancied picture that I draw the hope of what every true son of this house might be in the great work of Christian education. I speak not of the living,—they who so labour speak for themselves, and need no words of mine to eulogise or commend them,—but of the dead; of one who, two short years ago, was still amongst us, and who now sleeps beneath the floor of this cathedral. Of him may I speak, because he is beyond the reach of human praise or censure, and because he showed us, beyond the possibility of question, what it was to be consumed by zeal for the house of God,—what it was to serve it with the loyal courage of a soldier, with the passionate attachment of a lover. He came to us from a rival college, he was born and bred in another communion, but he devoted himself to us as though he had been ours from his childhood upwards. Grudgingly we received him. Freely he gave himself to spend and to be spent in our service. He saw the vastness of the opportunity in all its length and breadth; he closed with it heart and soul. By the unmistakable evidence of his blameless, holy life, and of his boundless devotion, he rebuked and condemned for all future time all our misgivings. He knew the things that belonged to our peace, and when he was snatched away from us we knew them too. In the stillness and suddenness of that stroke, felt even by those of this house who heard it through yet darker shadows far, far away, the pulses of our society seemed to cease to beat,—to tell what it is to have had, and to have lost, a new soul breathed in amongst us—an example, an encouragement, a warning for ever!”

Part III.

SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED RESIDENTS.

SIR JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON, BART.

James Young Simpson was the seventh son and eighth child of David Simpson and Mary Jarvey, and was born at Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire, June 7th, 1811. On his mother's side he was descended from a Huguenot family that had settled down in that part of the country. He left the parish school and, to quote his own words, entered the University of Edinburgh, "at the age of fourteen, a very poor, a very solitary, a very young, and an almost friendless student." He was a diligent scholar, and soon began to show the ability that afterwards led to distinction. The almost womanly tenderness of heart which was his from childhood, sometimes made him shrink from that branch of the medical profession in whose practice he would have been compelled to witness the most intense forms of human suffering, and it was when looking on Liston's work as an operator, that he first began to grope after means for the alleviation of the pain attendant on the surgeon's knife. After seeing the terrible agony of a poor Highland woman undergoing the amputation of the breast, it is said that he left the class room and went straight to the Parliament House, to seek work as a writer's clerk. Second thoughts induced him to return to the study of medicine, revolving in his mind the

problem—can anything be done to make operations less painful?

When, in 1831, his brother David began business in Stockbridge as a baker, he occupied No. 1 Raeburn Place, the corner shop at the foot of Dean Street. James boarded with him, their father having died in the previous year.

Simpson became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons before he was nineteen years of age, and he received the degree of M.D. in 1832. He now removed from his brother David's house to No. 2 Deanhaugh Street, first flat, and lodged with old Gilbert Dunbar, a retired Stockbridge grocer. He put a modest brass plate on the door at the foot of the stair, having inscribed upon it, "Mr Simpson, surgeon." A course of lectures which he delivered was very successful, and his practice increased rapidly. From an early period there was developed, on the part of some of his medical brethren, an unworthy spirit of jealousy and ill-will. This was shown again and again during the whole course of Dr Simpson's splendid career.

The ability shown in his contributions to various medical journals added greatly to his fame. Some of these papers were translated by eminent foreign surgeons into German, Italian, and French. As he became better known, he removed from his lodgings and furnished the main-door house No. 1 Dean Terrace, Stockbridge.

Professor Hamilton having resigned the midwifery chair in 1839, Dr Simpson announced himself as a candidate. His letter of application to the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council, with whom the election then lay, is dated 1 Dean Terrace, November 15th, 1839. The contest for the chair was a very keen one, but ultimately the struggle lay between Dr Simpson and Dr

Kennedy of Dublin. The election took place on the 4th of February 1840, when Dr Simpson was elected by a majority of one. The Edinburgh Town Council did themselves great honour by selecting the man who had the best qualifications for the chair, without regard to the great pressure brought to bear upon them by the "medical ring." Simpson was very popular amongst the students. They flocked to his class-room; its benches were crowded to such an extent that sitting space could not be obtained, and many were compelled to stand. A request had to be made for additional accommodation. Many who had closed their university course bought tickets to hear his lectures; and, for the first time in the history of the university, the midwifery class was the largest within its walls. The young professor—he was only twenty-nine—entered the arena, and took the lead of all his colleagues, and kept it to the day of his death.

We have mentioned that he was elected by a majority of *one*. There is a story told of that majority. On the day of the election, and near to the hour when it was to take place, a person entered the shop of Bailie Andrew Tait, who had been so annoyed by the canvassing and division of opinion that he was not inclined to vote. Talking of the election and of the candidates, this individual is accredited to have said, rather contemptuously, "What can you expect of Simpson? he is only a baker's son!" The worthy magistrate, who was himself a baker, exclaimed, "What do you say, sir? ONLY a baker's son! Hand me down my hat." Without divesting himself of his apron, but wrapping it round him on his way up the Mound, it is said that the bailie reached the Council Chambers in time. He voted for Dr Simpson, and that vote, it is said, was the *one* that carried the election. There is another pawky anecdote regarding

this election. Dr Simpson had called upon Mr William Law, merchant, afterwards Lord Provost of the city, to solicit his vote. Mr Law stated that he did not know much regarding the doctor's fitness for the midwifery chair, but, continued he, "There is one thing that I think disqualifies you, that is, you are not a married man." "Oh," said the doctor, "that is a matter that can soon be remedied." His marriage took place shortly after. When he again called upon Mr Law, he said, "Will you vote for me now, for I am qualified according to Law?" Mr Law did vote for him, and told the story with glee ever after. Shortly after his election he removed from Stockbridge to No. 22 Albany Street, and subsequently he resided at 52 Queen Street.

His intense sympathy with suffering humanity led him to pursue inquiries, the result of which was the discovery and use of chloroform, the most powerful agent yet discovered for alleviating the suffering of the patient while under the knife of the operator. The discovery added greatly to Simpson's fame. This was about 1847.

In carrying out his investigations and experiments regarding the power of chloroform, he sometimes tested its effects upon himself and others. One night, when at supper in his own house along with two medical friends (Dr Duncan and Dr Keith), the test had been rather powerful, for in two minutes the whole three were under the table, to the great terror and alarm of Mrs Simpson.

The introduction and use of chloroform being firmly established, a knowledge of its valuable properties soon spread. It found its way into villages, where it was guarded with praiseworthy care. Years after, when on an antiquarian excursion, Dr Simpson's youngest son, who accompanied him, had an attack of toothache. Going into the druggist's shop, which was kept by a lady, Dr

Simpson asked for a little chloroform, but the gentle dispenser said, "*Na, na, we dinna sell chloroform to folk that ken naething about it!*"

Professor Simpson's next discovery was acupressure, a new mode of stopping bleeding in arteries during an operation, by compressing them with a needle or pin, instead of tying them. The first time that he explained the character and use of acupressure was in a paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh. In pleading for its introduction, he demonstrated in a great number of ways its superiority over the old method of cauterizing or of tying up the arteries. By the use of acupressure the bleeding is stayed at once. All that is required is two or three long smooth non-oxidized needles or pins. Notwithstanding the evident advantages of acupressure, as in the case of the introduction of chloroform, its use was greatly opposed by some of his professional brethren.

The hospitality of Professor Simpson was unbounded; he literally did the honours of Edinburgh. When a stranger handed him his card or a note of introduction, the usual invitation, after a few words of kindly welcome, was, "We breakfast at nine, lunch at two, dine at half-past six; come when it suits you and we'll have a talk, or I'll show you something;" and he meant the stranger to come. Some, who took the words as mere words of courtesy, and were unwilling to take up time which they saw was so precious, were often surprised on the street by the sudden halt of a carriage, and the words, "You have not come to see me; step in a minute." After a rapid drive to the houses of patients in various parts of the city, the new acquaintance was landed at lunch amidst a motley crowd of artists and authors, patients and practitioners; or, as one said when asked whom he

met, "Well, there were 'Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judæa, and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians,' and—Americans besides."

In January 1866 the following official notice appeared in the *London Gazette*:—"The Queen has been pleased to direct letters-patent to be passed under the great seal, granting the dignity of a baronet of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland unto James Young Simpson of Strathaven in the county of Linlithgow, and of the city of Edinburgh, M.D., one of Her Majesty's physicians in Scotland, and of the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten."

In the same month he met with a sore affliction in the death of his son, Dr David James Simpson, in his 24th year, a young man of great promise.

About a month after his son's death, his eldest daughter, Jessie, died at the early age of seventeen.

Sir David Brewster died in February 1868, and by his death the principalship of the University of Edinburgh became vacant. The public voice deemed no one more deserving or better qualified to fill the office than Sir James Simpson; but Sir James was not elected. The court of curators thought it meet not to advance one of the university's worthiest sons to a position for which he was pre-eminently qualified. It is painful to think that he, who in death was deemed worthy of a tomb in Westminster Abbey, was in his lifetime denied this well-merited honour, and the university the glory of his name as Principal. The means by which this result was brought about were, to say the least, of a very extraordinary and, as we think, not a very honourable kind.

Looking back, now that the principal actors are dead, how Edinburgh has mourned the blunder!

Sir James no doubt felt the slight keenly, but he was silent. When the new Principal entered on office Sir James recognised the position with cheerful grace, and prepared to act under him for the interests of the University. It fell to him to deliver the Medical Graduation Address on the 1st of August 1868. Though fresh from the circumstances narrated above, no trace of bitterness or of disappointment marred the oration, and no word was spoken that could possibly have been held to point to the keen and painful contest out of which he had so recently come.

In 1869 the freedom of the City of Edinburgh was conferred upon Sir James. The Lord Provost, Dr William Chambers, delivered an able address, commenting strongly on the great advantages that had resulted from the discovery of chloroform; he spoke of it as one of the greatest discoveries of modern times. In his reply Sir James referred to his first arrival in Edinburgh forty years before, and to the struggles and difficulties he encountered in the earlier part of his career. "I came," he said, "to settle down a citizen of Edinburgh and fight among you a hard and uphill battle of life for bread, and name, and fame; and the fact that I stand here before you this day so far testifies that in the arduous struggle I have won."

Sir James engaged in antiquarian pursuits with great relish. His researches in this direction were the source of much enjoyment to him—a slackening of the bow-string, a relaxation and recreation to him from the severer duties and studies of his profession. His contributions to archæological lore were generally the outcome of careful and personal investigation. He enjoyed greatly, when he could snatch a holiday in the company of one or two

kindred spirits, to set out upon an exploring excursion to examine into the existence and history of some stone or cave, with its strange inscriptions and carvings, its cups and its circles.

In the beginning of 1870 Sir James began to complain of fatigue. The enormous demands made upon him for thought and effort, night-watching by a patient's bedside, and far night-travelling, all began to tell upon him. He was over-worked, doing in his own person what was sufficient to have taxed the strength of several men. His friends observed his changed appearance. On the 25th of February he lay down; his work here was coming to a close. He lingered on until the 6th of May, when he calmly passed away.

For several years before his death, by the interest he evinced in spiritual things, by the part he took in public religious meetings, by his writings, and by his conversation, Sir James gave the clearest evidence of being a humble spiritually-minded child of God. Although his sorrow was keen for the loss of those dear members of his family whom the Lord had been pleased to call away, yet he was greatly comforted by the evidence they gave of dying in the Lord.

The tidings of Sir James's death called forth everywhere expressions of the truest and deepest sorrow. His fame had grown world-wide. The affections of men had come to cluster round the Edinburgh professor as God's gift, not to Britain only but to the human race. His name was revered wherever Christian philanthropy walked hand in hand with civilisation.

On application, the Dean of Westminster cordially agreed that the remains of Sir James should be interred in Westminster Abbey. The family appreciated the offer of this national honour, but, knowing Sir James's wish to be

buried with his own dead in Warriston Cemetery, they declined it.

The funeral took place on the afternoon of Friday, May 13th. Never before nor since has Edinburgh witnessed such a public funeral. It was computed that more than thirty thousand people were present, either as taking part in the procession or as spectators. Scotland then mourned the loss of one of her greatest sons and Edinburgh her chief citizen. Throughout the day flags floated half-mast high on the City Chambers and on other prominent buildings. The University closed its class-rooms at noon. The Stock Exchange suspended its transactions. Indeed, as the hour appointed for the funeral approached, the general business of the city was brought to a pause, and for a time some of our busiest streets wore an aspect of impressive stillness. The bells of the High Kirk of St Giles and the other churches sent forth a solemn funeral knell, while the sad and sorrowful demeanour of the people testified to the love and respect in which he was held by all classes, and told the stranger that might be looking on "that a great man and a prince had fallen in Israel."

The following honours, amongst others, were conferred on him:—

A Baronetcy by his own sovereign; D.C.L., Oxford; Honorary M.D. of Dublin; President of the Royal College of Physicians; of the Royal Medical, the Royal Physical, the Medico-Chirurgical, and Obstetric Societies of Edinburgh; Fellow of the King's and Queen's Colleges of Physicians in Ireland; Laureate of the Imperial Institute of France; Knight of the Order of St Olaf of Norway; Foreign Member of the Academies of Medicine of France, of Belgium, and of New York; of the Academy of Sciences of Sweden; of the American Philosophical Society; of the Medical Institute of Egypt; of the Medical Societies of

Constantinople, Athens, Bohemia, Norway, Stockholm, Ghent, Massachusetts, Lima, Bombay, &c.; of the Societies of Surgery and Biology of Paris; Honorary or Corresponding Fellow of the Obstetric Societies of London, Dublin, Leipsic, Berlin, &c.

SIR JOHN WATSON GORDON, P.R.S.A., R.A.

Sir John Watson Gordon was born in Edinburgh in 1788. He was descended from the Watsons of Overmains, a Berwickshire family. Through his father he could count kindred with Sir Walter Scott, and through his mother with Robertson the historian and Falconer the author of "The Shipwreck." In the earlier part of his life he lived for a number of years with his father in Raeburn Place, Stockbridge. The family afterwards removed to No. 17 Ann Street, and latterly occupied No. 27 in the same street, next door to the house occupied by Professor Wilson, with whom they were on the most intimate terms.

His father intended his son John for the Engineers; but, pending arrangements for his entering that service, he allowed him to attend the Trustees' Academy under Graham,—the master of Wilkie, the Burnets, Allan, and Lizars. His progress here was such that his father acceded to his earnest request to be allowed to complete his studies, and try his skill as an artist. His uncle, George Watson, afterwards the first president of the Royal Scottish Academy, was then successfully following the profession of a portrait-painter, and his example, no doubt, gave the mind of the young student a bias in the direction of art. Sir John in his early years painted figure and historical pictures, generally life size, and from the specimens left he gave decided evidence that, had he prosecuted this branch of his art, he would have risen to

honour and to fame. His striking and beautiful pictures of "The Shipwrecked Sailor," "Queen Margaret and the Robber," "The Rabbit on the Wall," "Return from a Foray," "The Sleeping Boy and Watching Girl" (his own brother and sister), although painted when a very young man, displayed ability of a very high order. It was impossible to look on his fine picture of "The Shipwrecked Sailor" without being deeply moved by the expression of intense anxiety and suffering depicted in the upturned face of the almost drowning man, as with convulsive energy he grasps the rock. When this picture was being painted, in order that all might be taken from nature as much as possible, his own brother clung to a mass of packing boxes, while from time to time the contents of a watering-pan liberally applied over his shoulders kept his shirt dripping wet and clinging close to the skin. After taking painting apartments in Edinburgh, the following was of almost daily occurrence. Every morning at nine o'clock, or perhaps a little before it, John Watson left Ann Street, and walking down the beautiful and picturesque footpath that skirted the banks of the Water of Leith, he passed St Bernard's, where almost invariably he was joined by the portly figure of Sir Henry Raeburn. Engaged in conversation, no doubt beneficial to the younger but rising artist, they proceeded to Edinburgh; Raeburn to his gallery and painting-room, No. 32 York Place, and John Watson to his apartments in the first flat of No. 19 South St David Street, or latterly it might be No. 24 South Frederick Street.

In 1826 he assumed the name of Gordon to distinguish him from his relatives of the same name who also practised painting in Edinburgh,—his uncle George Watson before noted, and his two cousins, William Smellie Watson, R.S.A., and William Steuart Watson.

On the death of Sir William Allan in 1850, Sir John was unanimously elected president of the Royal Scottish Academy, and at the same time received the honour of knighthood and the appointment of Limner to Her Majesty for Scotland.

In 1851 Sir John was elected Academician by the Royal Academy of London, and in 1855 he sent to the Universal Exposition of Paris two portraits, for which he was awarded a medal of the first class. These portraits are highly praised by that accomplished critic Theophile Gautier, in his brilliant volumes on that splendid exhibition. One of the pictures was the portrait of the Provost of Peterhead, a duplicate of which is in the Scottish National Gallery.

During Sir John's long career he painted many eminent citizens of Edinburgh, as well as many of the distinguished Scotchmen resident elsewhere. Sir Walter Scott, Professor Wilson, Dr Chalmers, Principal Lee, Dr Brunton, Lord President Boyle, Lord Cockburn, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Earl of Dalhousie, Lord Dunfermline, are but a few among the vast gallery of his distinguished countrymen who still live on his canvas, and serve to prove his excellence in that delightful branch of art which "diffuses friendship, vivifies tenderness, animates the affections of the present, and preserves the presence of the dead." Though the acknowledged successor of Raeburn, Sir John Watson Gordon was no copyist or imitator of that great artist. No two styles could be more dissimilar. Raeburn painted the poetic side of the Scottish character, Sir John the prosaic, or, rather, the realistic. There is a softness and richness of colouring in the best works of Raeburn which we rarely find equalled in the portraits of his successor. But then, how wonderfully true to nature is Sir John's work, and

how full of the sagacity, shrewdness, and dry humour that so often characterise the Scottish physiognomy!

But it is not merely as an artist that Sir John deserves to be remembered with affection and regret. His amiable character, his simple and unaffected manners, and his unostentatious kindness, endeared him to a large circle of friends, who little anticipated the blow that suddenly struck him down in the ripeness of his fame and in the vigour of his green old age. Until the attack that cut him off, Sir John preserved his firmness of hand and correctness of eye unimpaired. He was never robust, yet, through his regular habits and inflexible temperance, he enjoyed remarkably good health. Sir John died of paralysis at Catherine Bank, near Newhaven, on the 1st of June 1864.

We have already stated that when he lived in Stockbridge he resided with his father, Capt. James Watson, R.N. The Captain, in his time, was pretty well known in "the Village,"—a fine frank old sailor. He had been present at the siege of Gibraltar, and engaged in Admiral Keppel's famous action. During the mutiny at the Nore, when the officers were apt to be rather unceremoniously treated, Captain Watson had occasion to go alongside a ship, the crew of which had mutinied. When some slight expressions of disrespect were beginning to be shown, a cry was at once raised that no insult was to be offered to Captain Watson, for he was the sailor's friend. The gallant old Captain had a high opinion of his son's talents. We remember once standing beside him when he was viewing a picture—"Venus and Adonis"—by Paul Veronese; pointing out some parts of the picture he said, "Look at that; it is as hard as flint!" and, turning away with a look of contempt, he exclaimed, "I would not give my John's 'Shipwrecked Sailor' for a ship-load of them!"

ROBERT SCOTT LAUDER, R.S.A.,

lived for some years and died in No. 7 Carlton Street. He may almost be claimed as a native of Stockbridge, his birthplace being so near to it. As already noted, he was born at Silvermills in the year 1803. A strong tendency toward art manifested itself while he was quite young. Having made the acquaintance of David Roberts, he was instructed by him in the use of colours, and encouraged to follow art as a profession. At an early age he entered the Trustees' Academy as a pupil, then under the mastership of Mr Andrew Wilson.

Here he remained four or five years, drawing from the antique. He then went for a short time to London, where he studied most assiduously at the British Museum. Returning in 1826, he re-entered the Trustees' Academy, then under the charge of Sir William Allan, with whom, and nearly all the leading artists at that time in Edinburgh, he formed lasting friendships. One of these, a man of many accomplishments, exercised great influence over the mind of the young artist. This was the Rev. John Thomson, the artist-minister of Duddingston, to whose daughter he was afterwards married. In 1833, accompanied by his young wife, he started for the Continent, where he remained for five years, studying the works of the great masters in Rome, Florence, Bologna, and Venice. Coming back in 1838, he settled in London, where his pictures attracted great attention. Among his leading works may be mentioned "The Trial of Effie Deans" and "The Bride of Lammermoor"; and of the Scripture subjects, "Christ Walking on the Waters," and "Christ Teaching Humility." There is a beautiful engraving of the last-named picture; the original is in the Scottish National Gallery. He returned to Edinburgh

in 1850, having been appointed principal teacher in the Trustees' Academy, in which position he exercised great influence on the rising school of art. In 1867 he was struck with paralysis, from which time till his death on the 21st of April 1869 he was unable to pursue the art he loved so much.

Mr Lauder's pictures are characterised by a skilful and harmonious arrangement of colour, and great appreciation of the beautiful pervades all his works. Mr Lauder's name first appears as a member of the Royal Institution in 1826; and he became a member of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1830.

In Warriston Cemetery, where he is interred, a monument has been erected to his memory. On the upper part there is a beautifully executed head of Mr Lauder in white marble, beneath there is the following inscription:—

ROBERT SCOTT LAUDER, R.S.A.,
HISTORICAL PAINTER,
BORN 20TH JUNE 1803 ; DIED 21ST APRIL 1869.
ERECTED BY HIS STUDENTS
OF THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN, EDINBURGH,
IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE
OF HIS UNFAILING SYMPATHY AS A FRIEND
AND ABLE GUIDANCE AS A MASTER.

Mr Lauder's talented brother,

JAMES ECKFORD LAUDER, R.S.A.,

was born in 1812 in the same old house at Silvermills. There was little time between the deaths of the brothers, James having died on the 27th March 1869.

PROFESSOR JOHN WILSON.

The talented Christopher North of *Blackwood's Magazine* lived for several years in the house No. 29

Ann Street. Mrs Gordon, in the *Life* of her father, thus notices his removal there:—

“Towards the end of the winter of 1819 my father, with his wife and children, five in number—two boys and three girls,—left his mother’s house, 53 Queen Street, and set up his household gods in a small and somewhat, inconvenient house in Ann Street (No. 29). This little street, which forms the culminating point of the suburb of Stockbridge, was at that time quite *out of town*, and is still a secluded place, overshadowed by the tall houses of Eton Terrace and Clarendon Crescent. In withdrawing from the more fashionable part of Edinburgh they did not, however, by any means exclude themselves from the pleasures of social intercourse with the world. In Ann Street they found a pleasant little community that made residence there far from distasteful; the seclusion of the locality made it then, as it seems still to be, rather a favourite quarter with literary men and artists.”

Many were the pleasant reunions that took place in those days under Professor Wilson’s roof, where might be seen together Lockhart, Hogg, Galt, Sir William Hamilton, his brother Captain Thomas Hamilton, Sir Adam Fergusson, Sir Henry Raeburn, Mr Allan afterwards Sir William Allan, R.A., and John Watson afterwards Sir John Watson Gordon, R.A. In the summer of 1820 Mr Wilson was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. While residing here many able articles proceeded from his pen,—contributions to *Blackwood* or otherwise, also that most exquisite series of tales *The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*. In 1826 he removed to No. 6 Gloucester Place, still in the neighbourhood of Stockbridge. There he attained the full zenith of his fame, and there he died on the 1st of April 1854.

ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D.,

the distinguished author, and junior partner in the well-known firm of W. & R. Chambers, in 1818, while still very young, commenced business by keeping an old book shop and stall in Leith Walk, opposite Pilrig Avenue. He continued there until 1822, when he removed to No. 4 India Place, Stockbridge. The shop is now No. 4 Albert Place. It was very small then; the windows and the interior have been much enlarged since that time. Here in 1824 he published his first work of any note, namely, his *Traditions of Edinburgh*, in parts, but ultimately in two volumes. Here he received the visits of Sir Walter Scott. In 1826 he removed to No. 48 North Hanover Street. After he had risen to wealth and fame he occupied for some years one of the centre houses on the east side of Ann Street as his dwelling house. Afterwards he resided in No. 1 Dounc Terrace, still in this neighbourhood. Dr Chambers was born at Peebles, 10th March 1802, and died at St Andrews, 17th March 1871.

COLONEL ALEXANDER TULLOCH,

whose decision of character, sagacity, and energy were strikingly displayed in instituting and prosecuting the inquiry into the blunders and disasters connected with the Crimean Campaign, in his earlier years lived with his father and the other members of his family in the house 41 Ann Street, which house was long occupied by his father, Captain John Tulloch of the 7th Royal Veteran Battalion.

MR JOHN BALLANTYNE.

About 1824 the house No. 25 Ann Street was occupied by Mr John Ballantyne, partner in the firm of James

Ballantyne & Company, Paul's Work, printers of so many of Sir Walter Scott's works. One of his sons, who spent some years of his boyhood here, is John Ballantyne, R.S.A.

HORATIO M'CULLOCH, R.S.A.,

the prince of Scottish landscape-painters, resided for a number of years at No. 7 Danube Street. We believe it may be truly said that while living here some of his best pictures were painted. Mr M'Culloch was born in Glasgow in 1805. In his early years he contracted a friendship with Daniel Macnee, R.S.A., which greatly influenced his progress as an artist. He accompanied Macnee to Edinburgh. In 1825 they were both employed by Mr Lizars, engraver, to colour Selby's work on Ornithology and Dr Lizars' Anatomy. M'Culloch had little heart for this kind of work. Any little leisure he had he employed in sketching the romantic scenes that abound in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

Lizars' works being finished, he returned with Macnee to Glasgow, determined now to devote his whole time to landscape. The death of his father at this time left him entirely to his own resources. His friend Macnee having shown some of his studies to the late Provost Lumsden, that gentleman employed M'Culloch to paint several large pictures for a hall he was then building. This commission was executed with much success, and was the means of bringing him considerably into notice. The first time that he exhibited was at the first exhibition of the Dilettanti Society in Glasgow in 1828. In 1829 he had one picture in the exhibition of the Scottish Academy.

From this time onward to his death he contributed

pictures to the yearly exhibitions, possessing qualities that called forth the admiration, not merely of the initiated in art, but of the public generally. In 1834 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy, and in 1838 an Academician. He died at St Colme Villa, Trinity, on the 24th June 1867.

Over his grave in Warriston Cemetery a beautiful Runic cross has been erected; on one side of the shaft or pillar is an inscription in the following form—

HORATIO
M'CULLOCH,
R.S.A.
BORN 1805.
DIED 1867.
IN MEMORIAM.

On the other side of the shaft—

ERECTED BY
A NUMBER
OF HIS
PERSONAL
FRIENDS.
MDCCCLXXII.

MR ALEXANDER REDPATH, BOOKSELLER.

There died at No. 10 Hermitage Place, on the 7th June 1874, aged 70, Alexander Redpath, bookseller and army stationer, 295 High Street. Mr Redpath was born in the Lawnmarket, and was educated at the High School. He was early noted for his thirst for knowledge, and for his habits of industry and perseverance in its acquirement. His attainments were of no common order. In addition to what might be called "a personal friendship" for the Greek and Latin classics, he was possessed of an almost

perfect knowledge of their various editions,—home and foreign, their beauties, their discrepancies, their dates, their values, and their fortunate possessors. He was also familiar with several modern languages; and he gathered a large, a varied, and what may certainly be termed an out-of-the-ordinary stock of information. There were few subjects on which he could not speak in such a manner as to engage the attention even of specialists. His powers as a conversationalist and his social temperament drew around him a large circle of friends. His business, that of a bookseller, coincided with his tastes. He was no mere bookworm: he loved to tell people what he knew, and to draw out from them, not only their stores of learning, but also their opinions and ideas on all subjects of general or special interest. Though Mr Redpath was a staunch churchman and a confirmed Tory all the days of his life, yet he never allowed his ecclesiastical or his political creed to stand in the way of literary good fellowship. His natural bashfulness of disposition created in him a distaste for publicity, and an inclination to decline what are known as municipal honours on the several occasions on which they were offered to him. In his dingy old book den in the High Street (first shop above the entrance to the Royal Exchange), Mr Redpath was supremely happy among his friends, who paid him almost daily visits. Amongst these he could count high city magnates, lords of session, advocates, leading physicians, and well-known divines. These all knew his character so well that they were enabled to humour him in all his little whims and eccentricities, while they entertained for him a high respect and esteem. The multitudes who daily passed up and down the High Street gave small heed to the little old-world-looking shop. Its antiquated dust-begrimed windows filled with books in sun-faded bindings, and its narrow doorway opening into

the dingy interior, offered but small promise of interest. But, although the modest establishment had nothing about it to excite the curiosity of the ordinary passer by, it was not so with all men, for the shop of Alexander Redpath was nearly as celebrated for the choice spirits who made it a haunt as was that of Peter Williamson towards the end of the last century—Peter, whose versatile genius found an outlet in the widely severed occupations of publishing books and of vending coffee in the Parliament House. In Peter's day the bookseller's back-room was as famous as the taverns in which the advocates and other legal functionaries had their "high jinks" on Saturday nights; it was the Edinburgh equivalent for the celebrated coffee-houses in London, from which were dated many of the papers of the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*, and where Steele and Addison and their brother wits of the period assembled to discuss the news of the day.

Down to a comparatively recent date Mr Redpath's back shop was in a forenoon the scene of similar learned and literary gatherings. All the liberal professions would be represented,—with possibly a preponderance of the legal type,—along with perhaps a Waterloo veteran and certain favoured members of what he called—"his near neighbour the Edinburgh Town Council."

Over that company Mr Redpath presided like Dr Johnson among his contemporaries. But these scenes are gone; and the old man, one of the last representatives of a school whose early members were years ago so cleverly sketched by the inimitable Kay, has passed away. But there are still a few men living, who, until they also have been consigned to the tomb, will cherish kindly and pleasant memories of Alexander Redpath and his once famous book shop.

Mr Redpath was long resident in Stockbridge, where

his kindly benevolence made him beloved, and where his habitual punctuality in the unvarying routine of daily life made a church-steeple clock unnecessary to his neighbours. His home comforts were looked after by his mother, and after her death by an ancient but very worthy housekeeper. The main entrance to his house was from Hermitage Place, but it had a private entrance from Raeburn Place. The house had a large garden, kept in beautiful order; in it were two prolific pear trees, which, in their place, were as much treasured as were his favourite editions of the classics. This garden ground has recently been covered with buildings.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

The first eighteen months of the married life of Thomas Carlyle were spent in No. 21 Comely Bank. He had finally fixed on having a small house in Edinburgh, and the above house had been secured. Carlyle was married to Jane Welsh in the parish church of Templeland on the 17th October 1826, and on the evening of the same day he and his young wife arrived at Comely Bank. Both were pleased with their new home. In the letters he wrote to his friends at this time he says, "The house is a perfect model, furnished with every accommodation that heart could desire."

The home life at Comely Bank is thus described in writing to his brother Alexander Carlyle:—"Our situation at Comely Bank continues to be inexceptionable—nay, in many points truly enviable. Ill health is not harder on us than usual, and all other things are about as well as one could wish them. It is strange, too, how one gets habituated to sickness. I bear my pain as Christian did his pack in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' strapped on too

tightly for throwing off; but the straps do not gall as they once did; in fact, I believe that I am rather better, and certainly I have not been happier for many a year. Last week, too, I fairly began a book. Heaven only knows what it will turn to, but I have sworn to finish it. You shall hear about it as it proceeds, but as yet we are only got through the first chapter. You would wonder how much happier steady occupation makes us, and how smoothly we all get along. Directly after breakfast the good wife and the Doctor retire up stairs to the drawing-room, a little place all fitted up like a lady's work-box, where a spunk of fire is lit for the forenoon; and I meanwhile sit scribbling and meditating and wrestling with the powers of dulness, till one or two o'clock, when I sally forth into the city or towards the sea shore, taking care only to be home for the important purpose of consuming my mutton chop at four. After dinner we all read learned languages, till coffee (which we now often take at night instead of tea), and so on till bedtime; only that Jane often sews, and the Doctor¹ goes up to the celestial globe, studying the fixed stars through an upshoved window, and generally comes down to his porridge about ten with a nose dripping at the extremity. Thus pass our days in our trim little cottage, far from all the uproars and putrescences, material and spiritual, of the reeky town, the sound of which we hear not, and only see over the knowe the reflection of its gas lights against the dusky sky, and bless ourselves that we have neither part nor lot in the matter. Many a time, on a soft mild night, I smoke my pipe in our little flower garden, and look upon all this, and think of all absent and present friends, and feel that I have good reason 'to be thankful I am not in Purgatory.' Of society we might have abundance.

¹ His brother John, who was staying with them.

People come on foot, on horseback, and even in wheeled carriages to see us, most of whom Jane receives up stairs, and dispatches with assurances that the weather is good, bad, or indifferent, and hints that their friendship passes the love of women. We receive invitations also; but Jane has a circular or rather two circulars—one for those she values, and one for those she does not value; and one or the other of these she sends in excuse. Thus we give no dinners and take none, and by the blessing of heaven design to persist in this course so long as we shall see it to be the best. Only, to some three or four chosen people we give notice that on Wednesday nights we shall *always* be at home, and glad if they will call and talk for two hours, with no other entertainment but a cordial welcome and a cup of innocent tea. Few Wednesday evenings pass accordingly, when some decent soul or other does not step in and take his place among us; and we converse, and really, I think, enjoy ourselves more than I have witnessed at any beef-eating and wine-bibbing convention which I have been trysted with attending.”

While residing here Carlyle made the acquaintance and enjoyed the society of several of the most distinguished literary men then resident in Edinburgh. He was on intimate terms with Jeffrey, Professor John Wilson, Sir William Hamilton, Brewster, and De Quincey. Jeffrey was a frequent visitor at Comely Bank, and the Carlyles were as often his guests at Craighcroft. His health and spirits also had improved. The chief literary work that he performed while residing here may be thus noted: two articles on Jean Paul, and on German Literature; the paper on Werner; the essay on Goethe's Helena; and also the more elaborate essay on Goethe, which forms the first of the “Miscellaneous Essays” in the collected edition of his works.

Although Edinburgh was getting more and more agreeable to Carlyle, and although he found from the literary employment given him that he could live in it, he began to long for the country, where he could have liberty and solitude among the woods. The thought of retiring to Craigenputtock, the ancestral property of his wife, began to allure him. He seems to have been undecided, and to have delayed giving the usual Candlemas answer to his landlord, as to whether he intended to remain in his house for another year or not. The consequence was, that during his absence examining into the state of Craigenputtock, the landlord let the house to another tenant. This decided him to leave Edinburgh, and he removed to Craigenputtock at Whitsunday 1828, where he had his home for the following seven years.

Notwithstanding the fame he afterwards attained, and the high literary honours conferred upon him, according to Froude, Carlyle afterwards looked back upon the first eighteen months of his married life, spent at 21 Comely Bank, as the happiest he had ever known.

DAVID SCOTT, R.S.A.

This celebrated artist, distinguished by the boldly original and intellectual character of his pictures, as well as by his peculiar colouring, lived for some time with his relatives in No. 5 Mary Place. Here he painted some of his earlier pictures, but still strongly distinguished by all the peculiarities of his style. He afterwards removed to Dalry House, where he died in 1849, at the early age of forty-three. His last and most important work, "Vasco Da Gama Doubling the Cape of Good Hope," is now in the Trinity House at Leith.

David Scott's father was Robert Scott, engraver in

Edinburgh, who did much to elevate his art. He reared many able pupils, among whom were the Burnets, James Stewart, and Horsburgh.

JOHN EWBank, R.S.A.,

the celebrated marine and landscape painter, lived for some time in the house, No. 5 Comely Bank. It was his best time, for his finest pictures were painted about the period he lived here.

Ewbank was a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and came to Edinburgh with the late Mr Thomas Coulson, with whom he served an apprenticeship as a house-painter. He was a fellow-apprentice with Thomas Fenwick, the landscape painter. He might have attained fame and acquired opulence, as he painted his pictures quickly and they sold well, but he fell into irregular habits, and sank into obscurity. He has been dead many years. His pencil sketches were remarkable for their freedom of handling and striking effect.

JAMES BROWNE, LL.D.,

for some time editor of the *Caledonian Mercury* newspaper, and author of the *History of the Highland Clans*, lived for a number of years and died at No. 11 Comely Bank. The editors of our day settle their disputes in a different manner from what they seem to have done in the days of Dr James Browne. Some difference having arisen between him and Mr Charles Maclaren, editor of the *Scotsman*, regarding a fine art criticism, the altercation ran so high, and became so personally offensive, that a hostile meeting was arranged, which took place at seven o'clock in the morning of the 12th November 1829.

The ground fixed upon was at a point on the Ravelston Road near Bell's Mills. Dr Browne was attended by Mr Peterkin and Mr Robert Liston, surgeon; and Mr Mac-laren was accompanied by Mr L. Macdonald and Mr Syme, surgeon. They met precisely at the hour appointed, and proceeded into a field adjacent to the road. After some preliminaries, the ground was measured off,—twelve paces—and the pistols were loaded. Both gentlemen fired at once, but without effect. The seconds agreed that there was no need of going any further, their joint opinion being that the principals had conducted themselves with calmness, with courage, and like gentlemen. Of course the principals concurred in the decision. The affair ended, and after some friendly hand-shaking, the parties left the field.

MRS JOHNSTONE,

the authoress, the wife of John Johnstone, Esq., proprietor of *Johnstone's Magazine*, occupied for some years the house No. 13 Comely Bank. While residing here she wrote some of her best novels, and contributed many able articles to the magazine and to other periodicals.

THE FAED FAMILY.

For many years No. 14 Comely Bank was occupied by members of this family, who have not only distinguished themselves as painters, but also as engravers. Some of the junior members of this family of artists bid fair to sustain the high reputation of their seniors.

THOMAS HODGETTS,

the celebrated portrait engraver, lived for some time and practised his art in No. 19 Comely Bank.

JAMES STEWART,

the celebrated line engraver, a pupil of Burnet's, plied his art for some years in the house No. 4 Hermitage Place. Amongst his other works while here, he engraved Sir William Allan's celebrated pictures of "The Circassian Captives," and "Tartar Banditti Dividing Spoil." Mr Stewart was not only an able artist, but also a most excellent man. We remember well his kindly, genial manner, when he took part in teaching a Sabbath school in Allan Street. Mr Stewart emigrated to the Cape of Good Hope, and died there.

ANDREW CRICHTON, LL.D.,

editor of the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, and author of a *History of Scandinavia*, and of the *Life of Col. John Blackadder*, lived for a number of years in No. 33 St Bernard's Crescent.

KENNETH M'LEAY, R.S.A.,

lived for years in 14 Carlton Street, and latterly in No. 3 Malta Terrace, where he died. Mr M'Leay was distinguished as a miniature painter, and for the extreme beauty and delicacy of the portraits which he painted in water colour.

GEORGE M. KEMP,

the architect of the Scott Monument, Edinburgh, lived for some time, during the early part of his comparatively short career in the second flat of the stair No. 18 (now No. 26) Bedford Street. He lodged with Charles Hutchison, joiner, a man of considerable mechanical ingenuity. Here Kemp wrought upon and finished many of his fine drawings of interesting Gothic ruins and build-



C. HILL.

ROSS'S FOLLY, TAKEN DOWN IN 1825.

ings which he had visited in the course of his travels; and here he constructed the fine model of a new palace that at one time was proposed to be erected for the Duke of Buccleuch at Dalkeith.

After his marriage he resided in the upper flat of No. 7 Saunders Street. It was while living in the latter place, if we mistake not, that he executed the design for the Scott Monument, a structure not surpassed by anything of the kind in Europe, or we might almost say in the world,—a monument alike worthy of the genius of the great novelist, of the city of his birth, and also commemorative of the genius of Kemp.¹

Mr Kemp did not live to see his great work finished. While the building of the monument was in progress, he was accidentally drowned on the 6th March 1844.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN MITCHELL.

The late Major-General John Mitchell, distinguished not only as a gallant soldier, but as an able writer, spent many years of his life, and at last died, in our midst.

The general was born in Stirlingshire on the 11th June 1785. His father, Mr John Mitchell, was a man of unusual intellectual powers, and occupied important diplomatic positions abroad during the latter part of last century.

Well prepared for the military profession, young Mitchell, in 1803, obtained an ensign's commission in the 57th Regiment, and in the year following a lieutenancy in the Royals. In 1807 he was promoted to the rank of captain in the same regiment, and served with it, first in the West Indies, and afterwards in the disastrous expedition to Walcheren, and in the siege of

¹ The model of the monument was made in Circus Lane, alternately in the workshops of the late Mr James Burton and the late Mr Charles Dunlop.

Flushing. From 1810 to 1812 he served in the Peninsula, and took part in the battles of Busaco and Fuentes de Onoro, in the action of Sabugal, and in those of the retreat of Massena. In recognition of his services in the battles of Busaco and Fuentes de Onoro he received the war medal with two clasps. He afterwards accompanied the expedition to Germany under General Gibbs in 1813, and in the same year he was placed on the Quartermaster General's Staff, in which capacity he served in the campaigns of 1814 in Holland and Flanders, and went to Paris with the army of occupation. At this time Mitchell, who was acquainted with almost all the European languages, was frequently employed by the Duke of Wellington in his transactions with the Allied Powers.

When the din of war had ceased, and the work of the sword was done, the disturber of the peace of Europe having been safely lodged at St Helena, Mitchell applied himself, with all the vigour and earnestness of his well cultivated mind, to the pursuit of literature, in which he acquired even more lasting laurels than in the practical career of his profession.

In 1835 he was raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, accepting the "unattached" about the same time; and in 1854 to that of major-general. General Mitchell, however, engages our interest principally as a writer, which is perhaps the less to be regretted, as his works, being chiefly of a professional character, show us what he must have been as a practical soldier, and still more what he would have been if he had been placed in a commanding position in the British army. Few men have left behind them, in their writings, so clear and distinct a picture of their own mind and character as General Mitchell. He appears to have commenced giving to the world the results of his studies about the year 1830. His earliest

productions, so far as they can be identified, appeared in 1833, in a series of articles in *Fraser's Magazine*, consisting partly of military sketches and biographies, and partly of light and humorous essays on manners, fashions, and things in general. All these papers, and especially the military sketches, attracted considerable attention at the time, and gave rise to animated controversies. From the year 1841 to 1855 General Mitchell was a regular contributor to the *United Service Journal*, furnishing papers on a variety of subjects of a military nature, such as on the "Arms of the British Troops," on "Promotion by Purchase," &c.

During the years 1841-2 he wrote a series of seven letters to the *Times* newspaper, on promotion by purchase, in which he endeavoured to maintain the doctrine that this system, not to mention other evil consequences, was utterly destructive of military science.

His ability and power as a writer on military subjects were already fully recognised and appreciated, when he resolved to devote his pen to the production of some great historical composition. His first work of this kind was *The Life of Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland* (London, 1837), in one 8vo volume, of which a second edition appeared in 1853. This work is a master-piece of historical composition. In order to do justice to his subject, Mitchell not only studied all the accessible sources of information, but with indefatigable zeal, rare in our days, he visited more than once the scenes of the great captain's exploits.

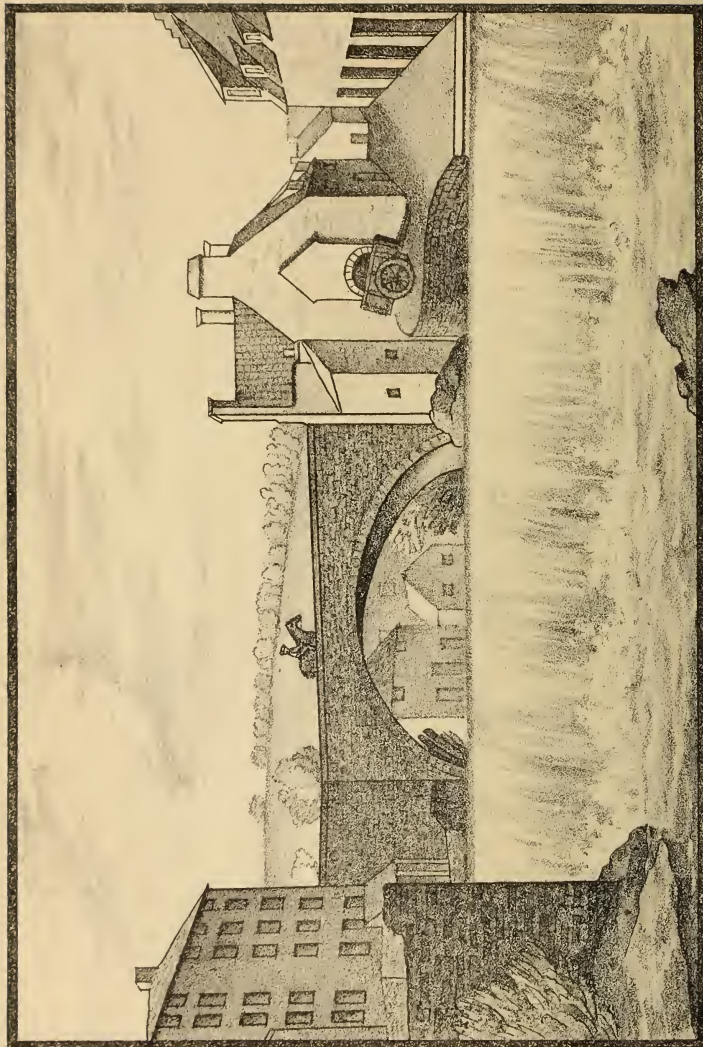
The year after the first publication of his *Life of Wallenstein*, Mitchell gave to the world his *Thoughts on Tactics and Military Organization*, together with *An Inquiry into the Power and Position of Russia* (London 1838). In 1845 another important work, *The*

Fall of Napoleon, a historical memoir in three vols., was published, which seems to have produced such a sensation that a second edition was required in the very next year. Both this work and his *Life of Wallenstein* were well received by the public. The late Sir Robert Peel expressed great admiration of them. In writing to the author with reference to his *Fall of Napoleon*, he acknowledged the important information he had derived from the perusal of that work.

We may also mention here, that soon after its publication, Mitchell one morning, quite unexpectedly, received a very flattering letter from the private secretary of the late King Augustus of Hanover, accompanied by a costly diamond brooch, as a token of His Majesty's appreciation of the light he had thrown on the history of Napoleon.

In the year after the first edition of *The Fall of Napoleon*, General Mitchell again appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* as the author of a series of nine essays on the *Principal Campaigns in the Rise of Napoleon*, which are written with the same critical sagacity and skill, and the same knowledge of every campaign and battle as *The Fall of Napoleon*, to which, in fact, they form a kind of introduction.

General Mitchell was never married. He was a very handsome man, and was welcomed everywhere on account of his great conversational powers and the vast amount of his information. He preserved his youthful buoyancy of spirits to the end of his life, though, during the last ten years, he lived in a very retired manner, seeing only a few friends, and devoting most of his time to studying and writing about the subjects nearest his heart,—the improvement of the British army, and the promotion of the happiness and comfort of the British soldier. He died at 21 St Bernard's Crescent, Stockbridge, on the 9th of July, 1859.



C. HILL.

THE BRIDGE AT WATER OF LEITH, ABOUT 1750 (LOOKING WEST).

Part IV.

THE DEAN AND WATER OF LEITH.

THE DEAN.

The ancient village of the Dean has now been entirely cleared away, the few inhabited houses that remain being of comparatively recent erection. In old times, when the village was in its entire state, its appearance was very picturesque. There was one short street, with a lane or two branching off to the east. The most of the houses were thatched; some of them that were of two storeys being reached by outside stairs. Its inhabitants were chiefly employed as carters and quarrymen at Craigleith Quarry. There were also some farm servants, employed at the neighbouring farm of Dean, at that time tenanted by Mr George Carfrae, a respected elder of the West Kirk, and the father of our townsman, Mr Robert Carfrae, who is distinguished by his taste in house decoration, as well as by his archæological knowledge. Although so close to the village of Water of Leith, the village of Dean was distinct in itself, and its own wants, to a certain extent, it could supply. The school was taught by Thomas Shirref, afterwards minister of the Parish of Fala, an able and a kindly teacher; his successor, Alexander Ferguson, was possessed of much the same characteristics and capabilities. On one side of the school was the house of James Aitken, the village shoemaker, and on the other side was

the smithy of Robert Orrock, of whose handiwork, doings, and sayings we will require to speak more fully afterwards. As cartwright and joiner we had Peter Lock; while the little hostelry and grocery were kept by Mrs Burr, its signboard swinging above the door having on it a well-painted horse and cart, with the motto "Lang may the wheel row." Situated about the centre of the hamlet was the old draw-well,—deep, dark, and cool,—that supplied all the villagers with excellent water. Striking eastward from the well was a row of one-storeyed thatched cottages. In the second of these lived "Coal Nelly," so called from her dealing in a small way in coals. We do not now remember her full name. Dear old Nelly was a kind friend to the schoolboys. She had an old chair placed close to the door in the inside of her cottage; upon the chair was a large brown can filled with water, and a jug beside it. This was placed there for the use of the scholars, and at any time when the school was dismissed, there was always a run of thirsty ones to Nelly's door.

In the last remaining house of the old village, which was cleared away in 1885, there was born one who rose to some eminence and distinction as a scholarly clergyman. This was Thomas Wright, the son of Thomas Wright, plasterer^r in the Dean. He was educated at the High School and the University of Edinburgh, where his assiduity and attainments attracted the notice of several of the professors, especially that of Dugald Stewart; while the kindly notice and affectionate regard of the Rev. Dr Meiklejohn, who discovered in his pupil the germ of much talent, greatly encouraged him to prosecute the study of theology. Thomas Wright became tutor successively in the families of Campbell of Stonefield and Clerk Rattray of Craighall,

where his diligence in advancing the education of the younger members of their families led both these gentlemen to interest themselves in promoting his views toward a settlement in the church. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, Sept. 20th, 1810, and he was presented to the parish of Borthwick by the Right Hon. the Lord Chief Baron Dundas, and ordained there Dec. 4th, 1818. He was deposed by the General Assembly May 24th, 1841, for constructive heresy. On receiving notice of this severe sentence, he indignantly removed his furniture from the manse of Borthwick to Edinburgh before break of the following day. In this decision it was thought that very scant justice had been given to Mr Wright. The deposition was carried by the overwhelming majority of the dominant party, who had made attempts to enlist him into their ranks, and failing in this endeavour, they raised a hue and against him, without being able to point out specifically any heresy. For many years after his retirement he lived with his sister, Mrs Miller, at Wester Farmhouse, Comely Bank. He died at South College Street, Edinburgh, 13th March 1855, in his seventieth year.

The house occupied by Mr Wright's father was accounted rather superior in the village. It was a one-storeyed red-tiled house, and it stood close to the large *land* directly opposite the Dean Church.

In 1743 the population of the Dean, according to the return furnished to the ministers of the West Kirk, was as follows:—"Families 85; men 107, women 157, boys 68, girls 63. Total number of males 175. Total number of females 220. Total number of the population, 395."

DEAN HOUSE.

The old mansion house of Dean, the seat of the ancient but now extinct family of Nisbet of Dean, was one of the finest in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. It was taken down in 1845, in laying out the grounds of the Dean Cemetery. It was one of those fine, old, aristocratic dwellings that once abounded within easy walking distance of the city, but which are now rapidly disappearing, like so many of its other interesting memorials of former times. It was a large, irregular pile. On a sculptured stone over the east doorway was the date 1614, but other parts of the building bore evident traces of an earlier date. The large gallery had an arched ceiling, decorated with paintings; the subjects were chiefly sacred, and though executed in distemper, they had a bold and pleasing effect when seen as a whole. One of the panels bore the date 1627. A portion of this ceiling is preserved in the museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. The dormer windows and principal doorways were richly decorated with sculptured devices, inscriptions, and armorial bearings. Some of these very finely cut carvings were illustrative of the successive alliances of the owners, and some of these curious stones have been built into the boundary walls of the cemetery.

When James VI. revisited Edinburgh in 1617, he entered the city in great pomp, and proceeded in state to St Giles' Cathedral. After divine service he conferred the honour of knighthood upon William Nisbet of Dean, who was then Lord Provost of the city.

The earliest notice in the minutes of the Session of St Cuthbert's Church of the purchase of a piece of family burying-ground is by Sir William Nisbet of Dean, in March 1645, the year of the plague, when "Sir William

Nisbet of *Dean desyred* the heritors and sessioners to grant him *ane* place to *burie* his *deid*, to the effect that he might *build* the same, seeing his predecessors had no *huriell* place within the church *yard*; his demand was *thocht* reasonable, and they *grantit* him *ane* place at the north *churche* door *eist-ward*, five *elnes* of *lenth*, and *thrie elnes* of *bredth*."

This is now the only burial vault that remains of the ancient church of St Cuthbert. It is at the north-east corner of the present church. Access is obtained to it by going down about a dozen of steps. The entrance is now somewhat tidied up, but we remember when the old oak door was broken in, and the stair that led down to the chamber of the dead was choked up with rank nettles and hemlock,—the fittest monument that could be devised for the old barons of the Dean, the last of them now gathered to his fathers.

In the wall of the church, nearly above the vault, are the family arms, and although now somewhat mutilated, they still show that they have been boldly and finely cut. There is a Latin inscription immediately above the door that leads to the vault, which is rendered into English by Maitland as follows:—

"Henry Nisbet of Dean, preferring Fame to Riches, and Virtue to Fame, despising earthly things, and aspiring after Heavenly enjoyments, being mindful of Death, and waiting for the Resurrection, in his own life, and at his own sight, caused built this Sepulchral monument for him and his, in the Year of Our Lord 1692,"

"Death equally does call the Rich and Poor—
All things are fleeting, Virtue does endure;
Then study Virtue as you would incline,
Maugre sharp Death, in Heaven high to shine."

It will be seen from the above name and date, that although Sir William Nisbet got a grant of the burial

ground, it was a later proprietor of the Dean that built the vault.

The cemetery that now occupies the site of the old Dean House and grounds, is beautifully laid out and kept. Its artistic and costly monuments, and also the fact that so many distinguished men lie buried there, have made it the most favoured among the Edinburgh places of interment. The ground sloping down to the river is still beautiful and romantic, but much of the old wood have been cut down, and the noisy rookery in the trees on the height, so familiar to the inhabitants of the village in old times, is now silent and gone.

THE VILLAGE OF WATER OF LEITH.

The mills at the Water of Leith must have been in existence prior to the year 1128, as appears from the grant of some of their profits being at that period conferred by David I. on the abbot and canons of Holyrood. These mills seem from an early date to have been held by the Ancient Incorporation of Baxters (Bakers) of Edinburgh. Some of the largest buildings in the village were erected by them, to be used as granaries or otherwise. The large land at the south end of the bridge has the following inscription and date sculptured over a built-up doorway "God . Bliss . the Baxters . o . Edinbrugh . who . Bult . this . house . 1675." This is surmounted by some almost obliterated symbols of the baking craft, with the following beautiful Scottish legend cut in small letters, *Gods Providence is ovr Inheritans*. In the same house, a little farther up the *brae*, is a very handsome doorway with the same date, 1675. At the corner of this tenement were formerly fixed the "jougs," the public punishment for minor offences against law in former days, in

close proximity to "the Water o' Leith Tolbuith," the ancient prison of the barony. Nearly opposite, on the gable house looking to the west, there is inscribed on a window lintel, "Blissit be God for all his Giftis."

Upon a stone panel built into the wall there are two bakers' peels crossing each other, with some curious articles on them, no doubt indicating the shape of the loaves or rolls of bread in use at that time: the date is 1643. There is another sculptured stone built into the house occupied by Mr James Stewart, at the head of Bell's Brae. On it is represented a sheaf of wheat with a set of scales, still symbolical of the baxters' craft, with the inscription, "*In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.* Gen. iii. ver. 19:" the date is 1619.

At some height, on what was called the West Mill at the end of the bridge, there is cut in stone a sheaf of wheat, on each side of which are inscribed the following names:—

F. M'LAGAN.
A. NEWTON.
1805.

H. LOGAN.
W. NIMMO.
1806.

As the ancient Incorporation of Baxters were extensive employers of labour, and formerly exercised great influence in the village, it is necessary to take some little note of them and of their doings. A "seal of cause" from the Edinburgh Town Council in A.D. 1522, in favour of this incorporation, sets forth that, by negligence in times of public trouble, the original charter incorporating them had been lost, or was amissing. By this new "seal of cause," which was granted in its place, it appears that the baxters had an altar, like the other trade incorporations, in St Giles' Church, dedicated to its patron saint, and that the chaplain of the craft got his victuals by

going about from house to house among the members of the incorporation alternately.

In the days of their prosperity the Incorporation appears to have done things in a kindly and liberal spirit. The petition for aid from the widow or from the decayed burgess, or guild-brother, seems ever to have been attended to. Some of the old accounts and documents still extant tell us curious stories of the parties who applied to them for pecuniary help. Among these we find the following petition from the Episcopal clergy in the days, evil for them, that followed on the restoration of Presbyterianism as the established religion of Scotland at the glorious Revolution of 1688:—

“To the Deacon and remanent Members of the Ancient and Worthy Incorporation of Baxters.

“Whereas a great number of ministers of the Episcopal *perswasion* and their families are at present in great wants and necessities that instantly crave the *boweles* and compassion of all good Christians, and having formerly had the experience of charitable supply from your worthy Incorporation, for which hearty thanks are returned to you and prayers offered to God on your *behalf*e. These are therefore to entreat you may take their sad condition under your Christian consideration, and please to allow them such supply as your providence shall deem *meet*, and the prosperity of your corporation shall ever be prayed for by your humble supplicants. In whose name these presents are being signed by the collectors and *Generall* receivers of the [help] designed for them.

(Signed)

“ARTH. MILLER.

“JO. WINGAT.

“4th January 1707.”

We find that the sum of *twentie*-four pounds Scots was voted. There is also a list of the names of those who received the charity, who appear chiefly to have been widows.

Again, we have a petition for aid from “the Gentlemen Prisoners that are going up to *Carlyle* to be *tryed*.”

This is rather a curious application, and refers to some of the Jacobite gentlemen that were concerned in the Rebellion of 1715. The writing goes on to state that nearly sixty of them were utterly unprovided with what was necessary for the journey. To be compelled to go up to "*Carlisle*," in all likelihood to be tried for their lives, and at the same time to provide for the journey, seems rather a strange procedure! The petition is as follows:—

“Unto the Honourable the Deacon and Incorporation of
Baxters in Edinburgh,

“*Sheweth*,—That where-of the Eightie nyne Gentlemen Prisoners that are going up from Scotland to *Carlisle* to be *tryed*, there are near sixty of them that have neither money nor necessaries for their journey and subsistence. It’s hoped therefor that your Honourable Societie will follow ye Example of other Incorporations who have given liberall charitie, not only out of their publick funds, but also out of their own privat pockets to them. This being so charitable a work, and the Gentlemen having to go off upon Tuesday next, it’s not Doubted but you will speedily comply with it.”

A receipt, dated September 5th, 1716, and signed by David Watson, one of the Clerks of the Bill Chamber, acknowledges five pounds sterling, as being the charity given by the incorporation. As these gentlemen had been engaged in the Earl of Mar’s Rebellion, it shows that the worthy baxters were tinged with something like a Jacobite feeling.

When the mills were in full operation a considerable number of hands would be employed. “The Feeing of the Millers,”—that is the engaging of them, and the settling as to wages,—was an important event. When the deacon and some members of the council of the craft came down to the village to transact this business, they seem to have subsequently adjourned to the hostelry of William Gordon, and there partaken of a substantial refreshment. The

following is a sample of the accounts that were rendered upon these occasions:—

“Water of Leith, 17th March 1716.

“Account spent with the Deacon and the Brod [Board] at the feeing of the Millers,—

Imprimis for beef,	4 : 12 : 0
Item for veall,	3 : 16 : 6
Item for eal (ale),	1 : 16 : 0
Item for brandie,	2 : 08 : 0
Item for broth and other necessaries,	1 : 06 : 0
Item for breid,	1 : 10 : 0
Item for pypes and tobacko,	0 : 03 : 4
	<hr/>
Item <i>more</i> to the Millers for eal,	1 : 12 : 0
	<hr/>
	17 : 03 : 10
Item <i>more</i> for brandie and eal,	01 : 03 : 00
	<hr/>
	18 : 06 : 10 (Scots money).”

Another account for a year’s service is as follows:—

“Water of Leith, the 31 of May 1709.

“Received from Thomas Rutherford, present Box master to the Baxters of Ed^r., ‘*ane rix dollor and that for locking the turn-pyke and sooping the Lumbs,*’ which I grant the receipt, as witness my hand day and *daie* aforesaid, from Whitsonday 1708 to Whitsonday 1709.

“JA. DALRYMPLE.”

A curious item appears in these accounts,—that is an allowance to workmen under the name of “*Morning drynk and Fowr hours.*” The following is a sample:—

“Ane Acompt of the borowmen’s¹ wages—

Imprimis: For ane hundred and twentie thrie days’ wages at 8d. pr. day,	41 : 00 : 00
Item for morning drynk and fowr hours,	12 : 14 : 00
Item more for two <i>measons</i> 7 days at Lindsay’s Mylne water wall, as morning drynk and fowr hours,	02 : 02 : 00

“The 6. of May. 1707.”

¹ Barrowman—a mason’s labourer.

If the baxters ruled the millers, yet the millers' masters had in their turn to bow to the behests of the Lord Provost and the Town Council of Edinburgh. In 1684 the state of the damheads seems to have been as large a grievance as they are at the present day. Not in the matter of smell, however, but in the matter of up-keeping. Through the kindness of the Right Honourable Lord Provost Harrison, the following excerpt from the Minutes of the Town Council of Edinburgh, 9th April 1684, was sent to us relative to this matter.

“The which day the Counsell appoynts a head court to be holden at the Water of Leith, upon Monday next, at Eleven hours in the forenoon, and appoynts the Taxmen of the Mylnes, the girsters and millers to be appoynted to attend the court, and such of the counsell as can attend, for holding of the sd. court; and appoynts ane visit to be made that day to the Damheads, that it may be knawn in what condition the same is in, and what is necessar to be repaired, and report.”

Another branch of industry that was in old times carried on in the village, apart from the flour mills, was that of weaving. The Incorporation of Weavers of the Water of Leith is said to be more than 250 years' old. They had a “seal of cause” granted by the baron bailie of Broughton in 1728. This industry is now entirely gone. We remember the long range of weaving shops by the dam side, and also at the back of the West Mill. The merry click of the shuttle was heard the live long day; winding pirns was an employment for the old women, and many of the boys of the village were employed as draw boys,—that is boys who helped the weaver to draw through the long warp threads in the loom. Some beautiful work was wont to be produced here, not only in linen and damask, but also in “filled in shawls,”—a manufacture now transferred to Paisley. John M'Dermid,

afterwards the distinguished editor of the *Dumfries Courier*, was, in the earlier part of his life, a weaver in the village, as was also the Rev. Dr John Cormack, afterwards minister of Stow. In after years, when both occupied very different positions in life, they happened to meet in Princes Street, Edinburgh. Mr M'Dermid jocularly saluted Dr Cormack, and, referring to a branch of their employment in their early days said, "Well, John, what web have you on the now?" The reply was "Birds eye;"¹ and then came the rejoinder, "Hech, man, that's a dreich job"! indicating that "birds eye" was difficult to weave and poorly paid.

The late respected Deacon Brown was formerly an extensive employer of labour in the weaving trade. He and his forefathers occupied the same house from the year 1689.

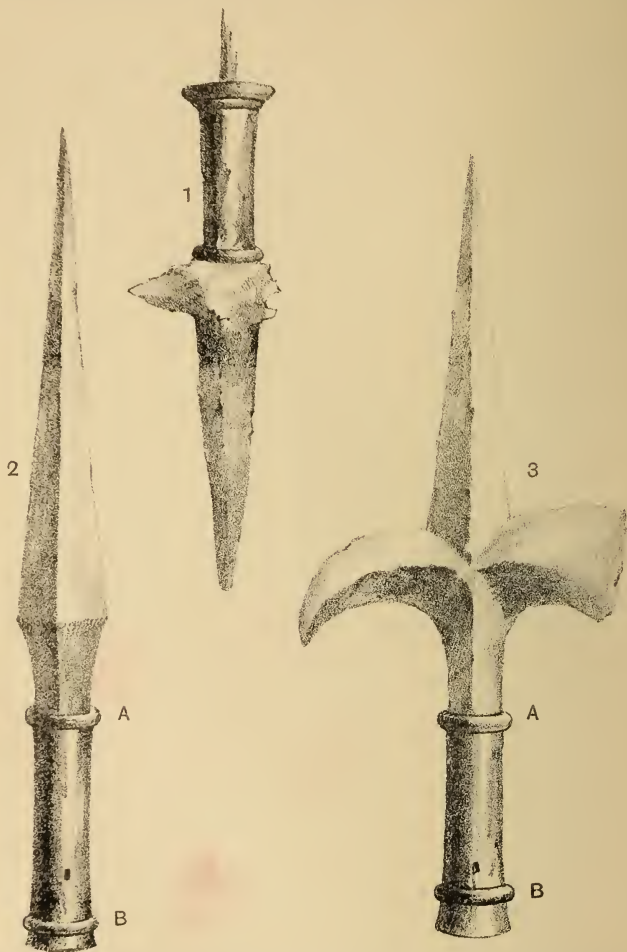
As to other trades, Mr Hamilton had his brewery in the village; and in 1819 Mr Hutton had a chemical work; but these industries have long ceased to exist.

John Cocks, leather dresser, Bell's Mills, was an ancestor of Sir James Coxe of Dunellan, Murrayfield. The leather trade is still carried on in the village with great vigour by that most respected native, Mr Robert Legget.

THE FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE.

The French Revolution at the close of the last century gave rise in this country to a considerable amount of agitated feeling. A desire was manifested by many of the people for a measure of parliamentary reform. An association, styled "the British Convention," was formed, and delegates were appointed to attend the convention. These were nominated by the societies that had been

¹ A minute but familiar pattern in linen.



1. Broken head of a Pike found in the channel below the bridge at the Water of Leith during the great drainage operations.—2. At B the socket is made to receive a pole which is fitted with a pin. The edges of the Pike are as sharp as a lancet.—3. The whole length from B to the point is 23 inches. The cross on the battle axe measures $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches. At A the handle screws off.

formed in the leading towns in Scotland, having for attainment the reform above noted. Those who took part in the movement were called the *Friends of the People*. Irritated at being refused their demands,—at that time very moderate and reasonable,—they unwisely threatened to have recourse to force. A society of the above kind was formed in the village of Water of Leith, and two of its active members were Robert Orrock, blacksmith, Dean, and Arthur M'Ewan, weaver. Orrock, in his occupation of blacksmith, was employed to manufacture some of the arms that were expected to be used. These were pikes, and a sort of Lochaber axe. While Orrock was busy at this work in his "smiddy" at the Dean, and questioned by visitors what these strange looking articles were, he was wont to say that they were ornaments for a gentleman's gate. Several members of the British Convention were tried for sedition; among others were Robert Watt, wine merchant, Edinburgh, and David Downie, goldsmith there. Notwithstanding that both Orrock and M'Ewan had been active members of the Water of Leith Society of the Friends of the People, and also members of the British Convention, and that Orrock was the individual who had manufactured the pikes, they both appeared as witnesses for the prosecution. There can be no doubt but that their evidence tended materially to lead to the conviction of the prisoners. Watt and Downie were sentenced to be executed at Edinburgh on Wednesday the 15th day of October 1794. There is something shockingly barbarous in their sentence, which we subjoin:—

"You, and each of you, prisoners at the bar, are to be taken from the bar to the place from whence you came, and thence to be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution, there to be hanged by the neck, but not till you are dead; for you are then to be taken down, your

hearts to be cut out, and your bowels burned before your face, your heads and limbs to be severed from your bodies and held up to public view, and your bodies shall remain at the disposal of his Majesty; and the Lord have mercy on your souls!" Watt was executed, but Downie was spared; and the mode by which Watt was put to death was considerably modified from the terms of the above sentence.

When the alarm was raised on account of the determination of government to suppress the movement, all the pikes were said to have been thrown over the bridge at the Water of Leith into the stream. In proof of the correctness of this statement, when the drainage operations in the stream were being carried out some years ago, we secured one of the pikes. It was found in the very place where they were traditionally said to have been thrown. The weapon was somewhat broken, but tallies exactly with the description given.

The smith's shop of Robert Orrock in the Dean was cleared away some time ago.

Arthur M'Ewan's house, at the side of the mill-dam, in the centre of the village of Water of Leith, was taken down of recent years in connection with the erection of Well Court,—a scheme for improved dwellings for working-class tenants inaugurated and carried out by the philanthropic enterprise of J. R. Findlay, Esquire, of Aberlour, one of the proprietors of the *Scotsman* newspaper.

During the reign of James VI. the rights of women were little respected. Abductions took place under the impulse of passion, or from motives of cupidity. The following case, illustrating the truth of this state of affairs, took place in the village on the 17th of December 1600. On that day it is chronicled that "John Kincaid of Craighouse, attended by a party of friends and servants,

all *bodin in feir of weir*, with swords, secrets,¹ and other weapons, came to the village of Water of Leith, closely adjacent to Edinburgh, and there attacked the house of Bailie John Johnston, where Isobel Hutcheon, widow, was dwelling in sober, quiet, and peaceable manner for the time, dreading *nae* evil, harm, pursuit, or injury of any persons; but to have lived under God's peace and our sovereign lord's." It is further related that "Kincaid violently and forcibly *brak* up the doors of the said dwelling-house, entered therein, and *pat* violent hands on the said Isobel's person, took her captive, reft, ravished, and took her away with him to his place of Craighouse, where he detained her while [till] his Majesty, being upon the fields, accompanied with John, Earl of Mar, Sir John Ramsay, and divers others hearing of the committing of *sic ane* horrible fact, directed the said John, Earl of Mar, Sir John Ramsay, and divers others his hieness' servants to follow him, and relieve her furth of his hands, who, coming to his place of Craighouse, and requiring for her relief, he *refusit* to grant the same till they menaced to bring His Majesty about the said house and raise fire therein, and *sae* compellit him to relieve her."

Kincaid underwent trial for the outrage, January 13, 1601, and his sentence was ordered by the king to be a fine of 2500 merks—"payable to us and our *Thesaurer*, as also he *sall deliver to us and our Thesaurer his broun horse!*"

The south side of the village lay in the barony of Coates. Coates House, the ancient seat of the family of Byres of Coates, still remains, but the family has long gone to decay. Possibly John Byres, an old and much respected inhabitant of the village, may have been in some way connected with the family.

¹ A coat of mail concealed under the wearer's usual dress.

In the Greyfriars Churchyard there is a monument to the memory of John Byres of *Coittes*; the inscription is in Latin, which an old Edinburgh historian has translated as follows:—"To a Man truly good, an excellent Citizen, John Byres of Coittes, six years together *Thesaurer* of this City, two years City Bailly and Suburband Bailly, six years Dean of Guild, and two years old Provost. His wife, A. S., and his Children have erected this homely Monument. He died, much lamented, 24th November, the year of Christ 1629, and of his age the 60th year."

His widow, Agnes Smyth, whose initials are upon the tomb, afterwards married James Reid, A.M., who was one of the ministers of the West Kirk from 1630 till 1664.

The population of the south side of the village of Water of Leith does not seem to have been given in the return of the population of the West Kirk parish which was furnished by the elders of the parish at the request of the then ministers, the Rev. Messrs M'Vicar and Pitcairn. In 1743, however, we have the number resident in the north side, viz., families, 85; men, 145; women, 133; boys, 20; girls, 28. Total number of males, 165. Total number of females, 161. Total number of the population, 326.

During troublous times in the church, and these have been of frequent occurrence in Scotland, references are frequently made to events connected with the village of the Water of Leith.

When the Castle of Edinburgh was besieged by the army of the Covenant in 1640, no service could be held in the West Kirk, one of the batteries being erected close to its walls. The kirk-session was accordingly convened in the Tolbooth of the Water of Leith, and the people assembled for divine worship at the Dean.

"From the first to the 21st *Maii*," say the session

minutes of date May 22nd 1640, "we could have *no meiting*, for fear of the *Castell*, and in *ye* end was forced to *meit* at the Water of Leith on the Thursday, in the Tolbuith *yair-off*, and on Sunday in the close off the Dean."

In 1735 a considerable amount of dissatisfaction arose in the West Kirk parish, regarding the mode of procedure which had been adopted in the calling and settling of Mr Thomas Pitcairn, minister at Lauder, as minister of the parish. Though none of the parishioners could bring any charge against Mr Pitcairn's life or doctrine, yet the manner of his settlement,—in the steps towards which their rights as parishioners had been entirely ignored and set aside,—irritated many of them, and especially the inhabitants of the Water of Leith. They published a pamphlet detailing their grievances, and charging the presbytery with tyranny and a studied design to deprive them of their rights. This pamphlet, which is now very rare, is certainly no contemptible performance, and, indeed, to many of its arguments it would be difficult to return an answer.

Although the manner of Mr Pitcairn's admission had given great offence, and led a number of the parishioners to join the Secession Church, yet his faithfulness as a minister, both in doctrine and discipline, as well as his piety and amiable manners, soon endeared him to the people; and we may venture to affirm that in no succeeding period were the ministers of the West Kirk more respected, or their teaching more beneficial to the parishioners than during the incumbency of Mr Pitcairn and Mr M'Vicar. Like his colleague, Mr Pitcairn had the boldness of his principles, and prayed for his Majesty King George II., during the Rebellion of 1745, when the neighbouring city was in possession of those combined against the constituted authorities.

Prior to 1784 it appears that the whole traffic to the north of Scotland, and to some extent even to the west, passed through the villages of Dean and Water of Leith. At the above date a dispute took place between the inhabitants of Stockbridge and the trustees appointed for executing the acts of parliament relative to the bridges and highways in the county of Edinburgh. The matter of dispute was, where a bridge should be built first,—at Stockbridge, or at Bell's Mills? We have already referred to this matter. The precedence was given to Bell's Mills. The bridge was built there, and the whole traffic was then transferred to this new and more convenient route, which continued to be the principal highway to the north, until the erection of the magnificent Dean Bridge, when the roadway to Queensferry was widened and otherwise greatly improved. Bell's Mill bridge seems always to have been a feeble one, if the following is a true description of it, even at the beginning:—“*This bridge looks not like a work of the first county in Scotland. It is a tall, narrow, starved, consumptive object, unable to support even its own febleness without the awkward assistance of buttress-crutches, in addition to the original plan. It must stand (while it is able to stand), a spectacle of studied deformity.*”

BELFORD BRIDGE.

This year, 1887, as we write, a new, high-level bridge—to be named Belford Bridge—is in course of erection, from plans by Messrs Blyth & Cunningham, C.E. It is to be noted that the proprietors of houses and feuing ground in the neighbourhood raised the sum of £6000 towards the defraying of the cost; the rest of the expense falls to be borne by the city of Edinburgh.

THE DEAN BRIDGE.

Sir John Nisbet sold his ancient patrimonial estate of Dean to Mr John Learmonth, coachbuilder, 4 Princes Street, whose trade premises are now occupied as offices by the North British Railway Company. Mr Learmonth was at one time Lord Provost of Edinburgh. The Dean bridge was built at his expense, 1831-32, but it is understood that he was assisted, and afterwards recouped to a considerable extent on his outlay, by the Road Trustees. His object was to throw open the estate of Dean for building, in imitation of the successful feuing of the Earl of Moray's ground on the south side of the river, but the fever of stone-and-lime speculation in Edinburgh had at that time spent itself, and it was only after a lapse of thirty years that the Dean feus began to be taken up.

The Dean bridge was built after a design by Thomas Telford, the Dumfriesshire shepherd's son, who became the most eminent British engineer of his day. The builders were Messrs John Gibb & Son, of Aberdeen. It is one of the most stately erections in the city, and the workmanship is worthy of the design. Its length is 447 feet, its breadth is 39 feet, and its roadway is 106 feet above the level of the river. The scaffolding of wood, which was erected first, was a work of art in itself, which many people came from far to see. When the bridge was in course of building,—and with their own mills, and distillery, and leather works, and weaving trade, and Craighleith carting in full working swing,—the two old villages had the appearance of a busy human hive. The starting of work in the morning was regulated by the ancient practice of “beating the mett”—a custom as old as the village mills themselves. At the appointed hour one of the millers, approved and gifted in the matter of early rising,

stood at the low Bridgend and beat the large corn measure, or "mett," with the corn rolling pin to a particular time or rhythm,—a sound which was heard far up and down the valley. It was a sound signal as autocratic in its day as the modern time gun is now, and regulated every clock and watch in the neighbourhood. About the same date, 1832, was the first visitation of the Asiatic cholera, which smote the Water of Leith more sorely than it did any other district in or near Edinburgh. A cordon was placed around the village,—people were turned back, no one was allowed to go out of it, and if any one insisted upon entering the plague-stricken place he had just to stay.

THE WEST CHURCHYARD.

If the West Kirk was so long the one church to the inhabitants of Stockbridge, the Dean, and the Water of Leith, its churchyard was, in old times, for their dead the one place of graves. Till within forty years ago there were no burying grounds nearer on the north than that of Cramond, the long disused graveyard of St James' at Newhaven, and the old churchyard of St Ninian's in North Leith. In 1843-4 the Warriston Cemetery was purchased, and laid out in beautifully sloping terraces, and, as we have already noted, that of the Dean was afterwards constructed. During the first quarter of the present century there was great excitement in and around Edinburgh, and through the country generally, on account of the alleged desecration of churchyards,—the rifling of graves, the removing of the bodies of the lately buried dead from their coffins to advance science through the teaching and practice of practical anatomy. Indeed, it was the aroused indignation and vigilance of the people, both in town and country, as evidenced in the public

watching of churchyards by the heads of families and the younger men of the various parishes, and the private watching of graves for a week or a fortnight, and in some instances even for a month after burial, paid for willingly by bereaved and loving friends of the dead, followed by the consequent scarcity of what are professionally termed "subjects," that led to the murders perpetrated by Burke and Hare. The state of matters at this time affords an eerie instance of the economic truth that demand creates supply; and how that supply was obtained is written in the blood of the West Port atrocities, which desecrated and left a stain on the name of that ancient and otherwise worthy district of Edinburgh. In addition to the public watching of the churchyards,—for which service all the male inhabitants of a parish above the age of twenty and under that of fifty-six were liable, and were summoned in their turn,—there was another species of safeguard tried, namely, the construction of huge prison-like cages of ponderous iron bars, which were battled with lead into a deep sunken framework of stone. Examples of this mode of protection are still to be seen in the burial grounds of the West Kirk and Old Greyfriars, and in many churchyards throughout the country.

Every detail of this traffic was a wounding of human nature in its keenest susceptibilities and its most tender affections, yet, the ability, energy, youth, and the general dare-everythingness of those who inaugurated the demand being taken into consideration, it is needless to say that in many instances all precautions were useless and all watching in vain. There was a strong belief that both gravediggers and toll-keepers played into the hands of those who paid them money for help and silence, while, at the same time, the former worthies took all gratuities from the friends of the dead,—in short, to use a Scottish

proverb, "they ran with the hare and hunted with the hounds." There is scarcely a parish in the South of Scotland that has not its own experiences on this matter. Many stories have been written, and many more could be told,—weird, horrible, full of midnight travels, surprises, escapes, but of singularly few detections. There is not wanting, moreover, in these adventures and their surroundings a thread or strain of gruesome queerness. There was a Stockbridge man, and he was a gravedigger in the West Kirkyard, after all this state of matters was ended. One day his spade chanced to lay open a coffin in which there was neither bones nor dust. "It is my private opeenion," said he, "and naebody leevin' will move me frae't, that there will be a hantle folk fund missin' here upon the resurrection mornin'."

But the evil practice was much older than the present century. In 1738 the churchyard walls of the West Kirk burial ground were raised to the height of 8 feet, the funds having been provided by public subscription. It had been noted that several bodies had been removed. Again, in March 1742 there was much perturbed feeling and popular disturbance. At that date Dr Alexander Munro, *primus*, was professor of anatomy in the University. His skill and fame as a teacher had spread. His class-rooms were crowded with students, and *subjects* for dissection were known to be needed and to have been supplied. Suspicion fell on George Haldane, one of the beadles of the West Kirk. On the 15th day of the month named, a large mob collected and attacked his house at Maryfield.¹ The house consisted of two storeys and a garret, and, with that aptness for bestowing nicknames which is a peculiarity of old Edinburgh wit, it had been

¹ Maryfield is noted in Storrer's map in his "Views of Edinburgh," 1820. It stood east from the West Kirk manse.

styled "Resurrection Ha',"—more than hinting thereby that it had been built by unlawful gains. Some fragments of old coffins that were found in the house so exasperated the excited people that they destroyed everything that was within its walls. Next day they returned at nine o'clock in the morning and unroofed the house, tore down the partitions, set fire to the wood work, and afterwards levelled the walls with the ground, without the slightest opposition from any of the public authorities, though people were employed on the work of destruction the whole day. On the 18th, Haldane published the following declaration in the newspapers:—

"All doctors or lawyers in Edinburgh, or about it, or within the kingdom of Scotland, or any other person that can make it evident that I had any hand or part in lifting the corpses in the West Churchyard, I come in the judge's hands to suffer death.

(Signed) GEORGE HALDANE."

Notwithstanding this strong adjuration, the kirk-session, in sifting the matter, found that he had at least been negligent in his duty, and dismissed him.

A few years previous to these untoward events the parish churchyard had been the scene of harsh measures, even to bloodshed, in connection with a disputed ministerial settlement.

"A vacancy having occurred in the West Church, through the translation of Mr George Wishart, one of the ministers of the parish, to the Tron Church, a majority of the congregation made choice of the Rev. Robert Jardine, of Glencairn, to be their minister; but on the 1st of January 1731 the Crown, as patron, presented the Rev. Patrick Wedderspoon, missionary to the miners at Strontian, in Lorne. At the moderation of the call only 2 elders voted for Mr Wedderspoon, while 21 voted for Mr Jardine, who also had a majority of the heritors in his favour and the support of Mr M'Vicar, the incumbent of the

other charge. A strong opposition to the presentee was organised, and a petition in favour of Mr Jardine was presented, subscribed by 1100 heads of families in the parish. The Presbytery was unwilling to proceed in the face of such opposition, and the case came before the General Assembly in 1732. The superior court, deaf to all representations made by the objectors, would recognise nothing but the rights of the Crown, and appointed the moderation of Mr Wedderspoon to take place forthwith. Fearing that the Presbytery might yield to the demands of the people by delaying the proceedings or otherwise, they appointed certain other ministers to be corresponding members of the Edinburgh Presbytery for the time, and ordered the edict to be served by Mr Dawson of Langton, a member of the presbytery of Dunse, on the 12th of March, and the induction to take place on the 30th of the same month. Aware of the determined opposition of the people to the settlement of Mr Wedderspoon, Mr Dawson appeared on the day appointed for serving the edict accompanied by one of the city magistrates and a party of the town guard. No sooner, however, was divine service closed, and the reading of the edict commenced, than a tumult arose in the church, which not only drowned the voice of the minister, but threatened serious consequences. Mr Dawson was compelled to desist, and the congregation were dismissed. The edict, contrary to custom, was then ordered to be affixed to the church doors, but the beadle, being among the number of the disaffected, refused to comply with the order. Whereupon he and several other individuals were apprehended and lodged in prison. Meanwhile the crowd lingered about the burying ground, conversing together upon the events of the day, when they were fired upon by one of the city guards, and several persons were severely wounded."

Mr Wedderspoon was admitted minister of the West Church on the 30th March, the day which had been appointed by the General Assembly; but he lived for a very short time thereafter, having died on the 12th of May following.

DEAN CHURCH.

For some years prior to 1835 some worthy members of the Wesleyan Methodist persuasion held meetings, both on Sabbaths and on week-days, in the village, and laboured greatly to promote the spiritual well-being of the people. About the above date the church extension scheme of Dr Chalmers was launched into existence, and more attention was paid to churchless localities. Amongst other places notice was drawn to the village of Water of Leith. An old granary was cleared out and extemporised into a place of worship, where regular services were held.

These were interesting services. Everything about the place was so primitive, and the memory of it all is quaint, pleasant, and healthful to this day. A bell was procured to summon the people, and it was hung up between two stout posts. That first bell-ringing in the village was an event; it may be safely said that it was a service of sight as well as a service of sound, so zealously did every eye watch that bell. The psalmody was led by old William Ritchie, with a clear but tremulous voice. Venerable of face and figure, with thin silvery grey hair, William looked the embodied ideal of an old hillside Covenanter; and at the close of the service Dr Chalmers was wont to give him a hearty shake of the hand, and compliment him on the style of his singing.

In course of time the Dean Church was built, and it was opened by Dr Chalmers on the 15th of May 1836. His text was Matthew xii. ver. 37: "And the common people heard him gladly." It was the day of the great eclipse of the sun. On account of the expected darkness which was to take place in the afternoon, during the ordinary church hours, none of the churches in Edinburgh were to be open, but after the doctor ended his forenoon

discourse, he gave the audience an astronomical lecture,—which he was well qualified to do,—describing most minutely, and in an interesting way, all the particulars connected with the coming eclipse.

Shortly after the Disruption, the Dean Free Church was built, and it has long enjoyed the pastorate of the Rev. Thomas Brown.

In former times the moral and religious character of the villagers stood high. The evidence of old residenters tells us that, on a quiet Sabbath morning, the voice of praise would be heard ascending from almost every home in “the Miller Row.” This may have come down from the days of the Covenant; indeed, the preaching and life-influence of the West Kirk ministers, in the persecuting times and subsequently, made their landward parish the home ground and stronghold of Presbyterian principle, which character both church and parish long retained.

Traditions of the Covenant are not wanting in the district. On the evening previous to the battle of Rullion Green, the Covenanters of the Water of Leith, the Dean, Stockbridge, and the northern portion of the parish from the West Kirk to the sea shore, assembled on the beautifully secluded haugh lying to the westward of Bell’s Mills, with the purpose of joining their friends at the Pentlands. It was deemed advisable that the half of their number should march at once. It is said that every man volunteered, and after prayer, that the selection was made by casting lots. The tree under which this took place was known afterwards as the “Covenanter’s tree.” Towards the end of last century it was blown down, but a hawthorn was planted to mark the spot where it stood, and the old tree’s successor has inherited its historical and honoured name. By the recent feuing in this neighbourhood the hawthorn tree now stands within the garden

ground of No. 5 Belford Park. In early summer, when its boughs are white in blossom, the beautiful fragrance is felt over the whole strath,—fitting emblem, as a good old inhabitant remarked to us, of the memories of the noble band who long ago kept tryst there for conscience' sake and true religion.

* * * * *

Our memorials and reminiscences of Stockbridge, the Dean, and Water of Leith, end here. The subject is far from being exhausted either as regards the district or its indwellers. Concerning the latter, it has been our aim to "praise the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive."

A further array—a long array—of names might be adduced of natives, and of others who have resided in our locality for a time—men who are still alive, and filling responsible positions as clergymen, doctors, lawyers, artists, editors, commercial men, and members of the municipal council—men showing much ability and skill in their respective walks in life, and bidding fair to add honour to the place of their birth and residence. But they are still running Life's race and fighting Life's battles. Recorded honour best graces the finished work. We leave them, and the story and the fame of their career, to the future chroniclers of Stockbridge,—to years which we shall never see, and to other hands than ours.

A P P E N D I X.

—o—

The following receipts are annexed to show the remuneration of skilled workmen in Edinburgh in the first half of the eighteenth century.

Water of Leith, September 3, 1737.

I, Henry Wilson, mason in Edinburgh, grants me to have Received from Mr Thomas Murray, manager for the Baxters of Ed_r: the sum of one pound six shillings sterling, as nineteen days and a half's wages, in witness wherof I have written and subscrivit thir presents with my hand, place and date foresaid.

HENRY WILSON.

Sep. 3. 1737.

This accompt is attested by

HUGH COWDEN.

Water of Leith, September 3, 1737.

I, John Hamilton, mason, grants me to have Received from Mr Thomas Murray, manager for the Baxters of Edinburgh, the sum of fourteen shillings five pence and one third of a penny sterling, as thirteen days wages, in witness whereof I have subscribed thir presents with my hand, place and date foresaid.

JOHN HAMILTON.

Sep. 3. 1737.

This accompt is attested by

HUGH COWDEN.

1 : 6 : 0

0 : 14 : 5 $\frac{1}{3}$

2 : 00 : 5 $\frac{1}{3}$

The following is a detailed account of the money due to various workmen for "Morning drynk and Fowr hours." Its payment appears to have been a recognized right, and is not to be regarded in the light of a gratuity like the modern French "pour boire," or the German "Trinkgeld."

ANE ACCOMPT OF THE WRIGHT'S MORNING DRYNK AND
FOWR HOWRS.

Imprimis to Adam Robertson.

50 dayes Morning drynk and Fowr howrs,	.	7 : 10 : 0
It : to James Monteith 9 dayes,	1 : 07 : 0
It : to John Johnston 23 dayes,	3 : 09 : 0
It : to Archbald Marr 43 dayes,	6 : 09 : 0
It : Ane other half to John Johnston,	0 : 01 : 0
		18 : 16 : 0

Edr the 19 of Sept^{mre} 1709.

Received from Adam Cowden, Lait Boxmaster to the trade and in thir names the above written accompt and discharges the samen and all proceedings by me.

JA. DALRYMPLE.

