LITERARY LANDMARKS OF EDINBURGH

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BY

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ILLUSTRATIONS

INTRODUCTION

NO city in the world of its age and size—for Athens is older and London is larger—is so rich as Edinburgh in its literary associations, and no citizens anywhere show so much respect and so much fondness for the history and traditions of their literary men. This is particularly noticeable among the more poorly housed and the less educated classes, in whom one would least expect to find it. Policemen and postmen, busy men and idlers, old women and maidens, no matter how poor in dress or how unclean in person, are ever ready to answer questions or to volunteer information — sometimes impertinent, often pertinent—concerning the literary shrines of their own immediate neighborhoods, and they display a knowledge of books, and a familiarity with the lives and the deeds of the bookmen of past generations, most remarkable in persons of their squalid appearance and wretched surroundings. There is always some poor old man to be found, generally in some poor old public-house in the Old Town—both tavern and man having long ago seen their best days—who will, for the price of a "gill," give the literary pilgrim personal information concerning the literary history of an adjoining close or wynd or pend which is not to be gathered from any of the printed books. And because of his long and intimate acquaintance with the place of which he speaks, his identification of a particular old house—after it has been verified, and usually it can be verified—is often of more value than

that of all the guide-books put together. For while he contradicts himself sometimes, the guide-books sometimes contradict each other, to the utter confusion of the seeker after truth.

It has been said that "the Scots wha hae do never spend." And yet the poor Scots of the Old Town of Edinburgh, rich only in local knowledge and tradition, are certainly generous in their information and lavish with their good will, and without the kindly help and friendly sympathy of many a miserably clad, rough-handed, poverty-stricken Solon of the modern British Athens this book could not have been written.

As it now appears it was a labor of affection as well as of necessity, for in no other single work could be found half of what I wanted to know. Inspired by a reverential curiosity to learn something about the present condition of the Homes and the Haunts of the Scottish Men of Letters in their own Metropolis, I have studied scores of local histories and hundreds of biographies, while I have spent many pleasant weeks in patient, painstaking examination of the hallowed neuks and corners of both ends of the Town. By actual observation I have satisfied myself of the truth of every statement made, and I have visited personally every one of the Literary Landmarks of which I write.

There is no space here to enumerate the authorities read, or the local antiquaries consulted. To all of these, and more especially to Mr. Anthony C. McBryde for much valuable advice and assistance, I wish to extend my sincerest thanks. And whatever there may be of value in the book is dedicated to the citizens of Edinburgh, and to the strangers within their hospitable gates.

LAURENCE HUTTON

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF EDINBURGH

"From scenes like these Old Scotia's grandeur springs."

THE Scottish men of letters seem to have been heroes even to their own valets—when they had valets—and they are certainly revered at home as much as they are honored abroad. While Scotchmen's sons in the antipodes organize Burns Clubs and Waverley Societies, their fathers erect statues to their Scott and to their cotter bard in every corner of the motherland; when the poets of Scotland ask for bread they are given baronetcies and positions in the excise; and love and reverence as well as stallèd oxen go therewith. The first thing which attracts the eye of the stranger upon his arrival in Edinburgh is the Scott Monument, not the Castle. The figures of Allan Ramsay, Professor Wilson, and their peers, in bronze or marble, standing on the lofty pedestals upon which their countrymen have placed them, are as suggestive of Scotland's might and of Scotland's right as is the Palace of Holyrood or the Cathedral of St. Giles. And the long line of the creators of Scottish literature, from Drummond

of Hawthornden, the friend of Ben Jonson, to John Brown of Edinburgh, the friend of Rab, have done more to make and keep Scotland free than have all the belted knights her kings have ever made.

The Roman alphabet was probably the first which found its way into Scotland; its introduction, no doubt, was coeval with the introduction of Christianity; and Richard, Abbot of St. Victor in Paris, a celebrated theologian, who died in 1173, may be considered the earliest literary man of Scottish birth. This prior, however, had but little to do with Edinburgh, and the first Scottish author of renown who was familiar with the Netherbow or the Castle Hill was, unquestionably, Michael Scott, who wrote "A Booke of Alchemy" towards the end of the thirteenth century. Between his day and that of the other Michael Scott, who wrote "Tom Cringle's Log" in the beginning of the nineteenth century, many scores of brilliant Scotchmen have walked the High Street and the Canongate—men "with intellects fit to grapple with whole libraries," or men who have been the author of but one immortal song; and men, all of them, of whom Scotland and the world are justly proud.

Drummond

Although William Drummond of Hawthornden passed the greater part of his life as a retired country gentleman at his famous mansion on the banks of the Esk, he was educated at the High-school at Edinburgh and at the Edinburgh University, to which latter institution he bequeathed his collection of books; and from his

DRUMMOND

close neighborhood to the capital he was, without question, a frequent visitor to its streets and closes. The first "Hie Schule" of Edinburgh, in which Drummond was a pupil, was built in 1567, in the garden of the monastery of the Blackfriars, at the east end of the present Infirmary Street, and near the head of what was once the High-school Wynd. It was taken down in 1777, to make room for the second High-school, which is now the City Hospital. The present University buildings, dating back only from 1789, stand upon the site of the original establishment, no portion of which has been preserved.

Hawthornden, which its owner, anticipating Gray's famous line, described as a sweet flowery place, "far from the madding worldlings' hoarse discords," is but seven miles from Edinburgh by country road, and half an hour by rail. Unfortunately it is not the identical mansion which Ben Jonson knew, although it was enlarged and altered by the poet's friend in 1638, eleven years before Drummond's death, and twenty years after that memorable visit, upon which, perhaps, in most minds, the Scotch poet's fame now rests. If Drummond, as he sat under his sycamore-tree that memorable afternoon, watching Jonson's approach, did not cry, "Welcome, welcome, royal Ben," and if Jonson did not reply on the instant, "Thank'e, thank'e, Hawthornden," as tradition has ever since asserted, there can be no question that the welcome was a right royal one. Jonson might not have been so free with his

thanks and his speech, however, if he had known that his "Hawthornden" was to become, at his expense, the inventor of interviewing. Drummond died at Hawthornden in 1649, and lies in the churchyard of Lasswade, not very far distant.

Johnson Boswell

The Scotchman who was to outshine Drummond as an interviewer, and to excel all the writing world in that particular line, brought another if not a greater Johnson to Scotland in 1773. On the night of the 14th of August of that year the following note was written and received in Edinburgh: "Mr. Johnson sends his compliments to Mr. Boswell, being just arrived at Boyd's." His sojourn at this time lasted but four days. After their return from the Hebrides, on the 9th of November, Johnson remained about a fortnight in the Scottish capital, as Boswell's guest; but, except to Boswell, neither visit was freighted with much importance. The great man was shown the Parliament House, the Advocates' Library, the Cathedral, the Castle, the College, and the Cowgate, and he had something disagreeable to say about each. He supped heartily, he dined heavily, and he talked ponderously. He made a deep impression upon his host's "daughter Veronica, then a child about four months old;" and, although his host forgot to mention it, he so pleased Mr. Henry Erskine, who was presented to him in the Parliament House, that Erskine slipped a shilling into Boswell's hand, whispering that it was "for the sight of the bear."

"Boyd's," at which Johnson alighted on his first

JOHNSON

arrival in Edinburgh, was The White Horse Inn, in Boyd's Close, St. Mary's Wynd, Canongate; but tavern, close, and wynd have all been swept away by the besom of improvement. St. Mary's Wynd stood where now stands St. Mary Street, and the site of the tavern, on the northeast corner of Boyd's Entry and the present St. Mary Street, is marked with a tablet recording its association with Boswell and Johnson. The White Horse continued to be a coaching house until the close of the eighteenth century, and in Boswell's day it was one of the best hostelries in the town. It must not, however, be confounded with The White Horse Inn, a picturesque ruin, with its shattered gables, its broken chimneys, and the date 1523 over its window, still standing at the foot of White Horse Wynd, at the other end of the Canongate. This is one of the most antique buildings left in Edinburgh, and it was the lodging-place of Captain Waverley "in stirring '45."

The only other place of public refreshment associated with Johnson in Edinburgh or its neighborhood is the old inn at Roslin, at which the bear's ward and the bear once stopped for a dish of tea on their way to Hawthornden. No longer an inn, it stands almost directly opposite the chapel, back from the road, and is now a private house, of gray stone, with a tiled roof, little more than a cottage in size or condition.

Some one has called Boswell's Ursa Major "the Jupiter of English letters with one satellite," which

sounds very epigrammatic, but is not very true. The grand old primary planet of Bolt Court, who revolved about Fleet Street and the Temple in the days of the Georges, had more little stars in his train than the naked eye could see. Granting that James Boswell was the first satellite—a stellar body, by the way, which the astronomers describe as having no "sensible eccentricity"—how can the scientists ignore "Tom" Davies, Arthur Murphy, Topham Beauclerc, Bennet Langton, "Peter Pindar," Lucy Porter, Letitia Hawkins, Anna Williams, Charlotte Lenox, or Mrs. Thrale? If these were not Jupiter's moons, the whole planetary system is a delusion and a snare.

How much this literary Jupiter owes to his literary satellites, particularly to the first one, it is not easy, at this distance of time, to tell. But who reads his "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland" in these days? How often is his "Dictionary" consulted? What influence has his "Rambler" upon modern letters? Which sweet girl graduate or cultivated Harvard "man" of to-day can quote a line from "The Vanity of Human Wishes," or knows whether that production is in prose or verse? What would the world have thought of Samuel Johnson at the end of a hundred years if a silly little Scottish laird had not made a hero of him, to be worshipped as no literary man was ever worshipped before or since, and if he had not written a biography of him which is the best in any language, and the model for all others?

BOSWELL

Mr. Croker in his preface calls attention to the curious fact that Boswell's personal intercourse with Johnson was exceedingly infrequent and limited; a fact which is very apt to be overlooked even by the more careful readers of the "Life." They first met about twenty years before Johnson's death; and after that meeting Boswell was not in England more than a dozen times. Mr. Croker even counted the days they were together in London, as well as during the visits to Edinburgh and the tour to the Hebrides, and shows them to have been but two hundred and seventy-six in all; so that this marvellous biography, with its minuteness of detail, its small-talk and gossip, its wise and foolish disclosures, is the result of but nine months of actual observation of its subject by its author. Were nine months ever so profitably and so industriously employed?

Boswell's house in James's Court, Lawn-market (a continuation and part of the High Street), to which he conducted Johnson as soon as the new arrival had thrown the lemonade out of Lucky Boyd's window, and had threatened Boyd's waiter with a similar mode of exit, is no longer in existence. James's Court, a little square, has three distinct entrances from the Lawn-market, and is surrounded by houses eight or nine stories in height. In its present state it is picturesque enough and exceedingly unsavory, filled as it is with ragged women, beer and whiskey soddened men, dirty children, and clothes which are hung out to dry and are supposed to be clean. Robert Chambers was

of the opinion that Boswell had two different suites of apartments in this court, and there is every reason to believe that as tenant of the earlier of these he succeeded David Hume, who had gone there in 1762. This "land" was accidentally and totally destroyed by fire in 1857.

Fortunately for Boswell's own peace of mind, he had left Hume's old lodgings when Johnson was his guest, for if Johnson had been told that the rooms he occupied had ever been profaned by the presence of "that echo of Voltaire," it is to be feared that Mrs. Boswell's tea, and Veronica herself, and all of the Boswell family, would have gone the way of Lucky Boyd's lemonade.

Hume

Hume's first Edinburgh home was in Riddle's Close, on the opposite side of the Lawnmarket—No. 322 High Street—his family consisting of himself, a maid, a cat, and now and then a sister, but never a wife. His house has been described as "in the first court reached on entering the close, and it is approached by a projecting turret stair." It is black with age and dust and with the petrified smoke of many a score of years. It may not be out of place here to say that a "close," as defined in Jamieson's "Scottish Dictionary" and by other authorities, is a passage, an entry, an area before a house, a place fenced in; a "wynd" is an alley, a lane; a "pend" is an arch; a "bow" is the curve or bending of a street; a "port" is a gate; a "land" is a house consisting of different stories, generally including different tenements; a "toll"

HUME'S LODGINGS, RIDDLE'S CLOSE, 322 HIGH STREET

is a turnpike; a "tolbothe," or a "tollbooth," is a jail; a "trone," or "tron," is a weighing-beam; a "brig" is a bridge; a "change-hoose" is a small inn or ale-house; a "hole i' the wa'" is literally a hole in the wall, a doorway in a piece of masonry which has no window, or other door, or other embrasure of any kind; "scale stairs" are a straight flight of steps, as opposed to a "turnpike stair," which is of a spiral form; and "luckie," or "lucky," is a designation given to an elderly woman, the mistress of an ale-house.

Hume began his "History of England" in Riddle's Close, but wrote the greater part of it in Jack's Land, in the Canongate, to which he removed in 1753, and where he lived for nine years. Jack's Land, now numbered 229 Canongate, on the north side, is an old, dusky, dingy, four-storied building, entered from Little Jack's Close, and still standing as Hume left it to go to James's Court. After his return from the Continent, seven or eight years later, Hume built for himself a more pretentious house in the New Town. It is now No. 21 South St. David Street, and No. 8 St. Andrew Square, the entrance being on St. David Street, facing Rose Street. John Hill Burton, the author of "The Book Hunter," in his "Life of Hume," says that a tradition existed among the domestics of Hume's household that St. David Street was so called in derision, because David Hume lived in it, and that he is said to have told one of his "lassies," who protested against what she considered an insult, that "many

a waur man than he had been made a saint before." He died in his new house in 1776; and he lies under an ugly round tower, which is supposed to be of classic form, in the Old Calton Burying-ground. There is no record of the place of Hume's birth, except that it was in the "Tron Church Parish, Edinburgh."

Smollett

It is a curious coincidence that the man so closely associated with Hume as the historian of England should have lived for some time in a house directly opposite the house once occupied by Hume in the Canongate. Mrs. Telfer, a sister of Tobias Smollett, occupied the second flat of the house 182 Canongate, over the archway leading into St. John Street; and here the novelist spent some time in 1766. The house is unchanged; the front windows look out upon the Canongate, although the apartments are entered from that thoroughfare through the first door to the right after passing the pend, and up the circular steps in the tall abutment now numbered 22 St. John Street. Robert Chambers, writing almost sixty years after this visit of Smollett to Edinburgh, describes him as he heard him described by "a person who recollects seeing him there, as dressed in black clothes, tall and extremely handsome, but quite unlike the portraits at the front of his works, all of which are disclaimed by his relations." This is a picture which will interest those collectors who need to be assured by contemporary evidence that perhaps no genuine engraved picture of the author of "Peregrine Pickle" exists.

JAMES'S COURT, 501 HIGH STREET

Smollett studied the Scottish capital and its inhabitants, and introduced them both into his "Humphry Clinker," published in 1771, a very curious and ingenious commingling of facts and fancy. Picturing himself as Matt Bramble, he writes to "Dr. Lewis": "Edinburgh is a hot-bed of genius; I have the good fortune to be made acquainted with many authors of the first distinction, such as the two Humes, Robertson, Smith, Wallace, Blair, Ferguson, Wilkie, etc., and I have found them all as agreeable in conversation as they are instructive and entertaining in their writings. These acquaintances I owe to the friendship of Dr. Carlyle."

Robertson

The Robertson in question was William Robertson, D.D., the historian, who died in 1793, in the Grange House, still standing south of the Grange Cemetery; Wallace was

Wallace

Robert Wallace, D.D., author of the "Dissertation on the Numbers of Mankind," who died in the then suburban village of

Blair

Broughton in 1771; Blair was Hugh Blair, D.D., the rhetorician, who was the first to introduce the poems of Ossian to the world, who occupied Hume's apartments in James's Court when Hume was on the Continent, who once lived in Argyle Square, and who was buried in the Greyfriars' Churchyard, his monument standing on the

Wilkie

south side of the church; Wilkie was William Wilkie, D.D., whom Henry Mackenzie in his "Life of Home" called the "Scot-

tish Homer"; Ferguson was Adam Ferguson, the professor of moral philosophy, in whose house Burns and Scott had their first and only meeting, of which more anon; Dr. Carlyle —known as "Jupiter Carlyle," from his imposing appearance—was the Rev. Alexander Carlyle, of Inveresk and Musselburgh, who became unpopular in his church on account of his assistance to Home in the production of "Douglas"; and Smith was Adam Smith, author of "The Wealth of Nations," one of the most remarkable books which bear a Scotchman's name—and that is saying much for it, and for him.

Adam Ferguson

Alexander Carlyle

Smith

Adam Smith spent the last twelve years of his life in Panmure House, Panmure Close, 129 Canongate. This edifice still stands on the right-hand side of the close, numbered 15, as one enters from the Canongate. He died here in 1790, and was buried in the Canongate Church-yard, a tall mural tablet on the wall of the rear of the Court-house, on the extreme left of the ground, recording that fact.

"The two Humes" of whom Smollett wrote were unquestionably David Hume and John Home, the author of "Douglas," as both of them were often in his society in Edinburgh. It is said that the only approaches to a disagreement in the long and intimate friendship existing between these "two Humes" were regarding the relative merits of claret and port, and in relation to the spelling of their name, the philosopher in

Home

early life having adopted the orthography indicated by the pronunciation, the poet and preacher always clinging to the old and invariable custom of his family. David carried the discussion so far that on his death-bed he added a codicil to his will, written with his own hand, to this effect: "I leave to my friend Mr. John Home, of Kilduff, ten dozen of my old claret at his choice; and one other bottle of that other liquor called port. I also leave him six dozen of port, provided that he attests, under his hand, signed John *Hume*, that he has himself alone finished that bottle at a sitting. By this concession he will at once terminate the only difference that ever arose between us concerning temporal matters." It is to be inferred that this is a joke which got into the head of one Scotchman without a surgical operation.

John Home was born on the east side of Quality Street, near Bernard Street, Leith, in a house no longer standing. He was educated in the grammar-school of his native town, and at the University of Edinburgh. In 1767 he bought the farm of Kilduff, in East Lothian, where he remained until he removed to Edinburgh, thirteen years later. In "Home's Life and Letters" no hint is given as to his Edinburgh abiding-place. He died there, at a ripe old age, in 1808, and was buried in the yard of South Leith Parish Church, on the outer wall of which, on the south side, is a tablet with a simple inscription to his memory. It is visible, but not legible, from Kirkgate Street.

"Douglas" was first produced upon the regular stage on the 14th of December, 1756, at the Canongate Theatre (of which there is no sign now), in Playhouse Close, 200 Canongate. According to tradition, however — and very misty tradition — it was performed privately some time before at the lodgings of Mrs. Sarah Warde, a professional actress, who lived in Horse Wynd, near the foot of the Canongate, and with the following most astonishing amateur cast:

LORD RANDOLPH..Rev. Dr. Robertson [principal of the University of Edinburgh].
GLENALVON.....Dr. David Hume [historian].
OLD NORVAL.....Rev. Dr. Carlyle [minister of Musselburgh].
DOUGLAS.....Rev. John Home [the author of the tragedy].
LADY RANDOLPH..Dr. Ferguson [professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh].
ANNA (the Maid)...Rev. Dr. Hugh Blair [minister of the High Church of Edinburgh].

Adam Ferguson as Lady Randolph and Hugh Blair as Anna must have added an unexpectedly comic element to the tragedy. It is not more than justice to say that Dugald Stewart, the biographer of Principal Robertson, asserts that the Randolph of this cast "never entered a play-house in his life." On the other hand, the Lady Randolph of this occasion, writing to Home some years later, used very professional and rather unfeminine language when she said: "Dear John, damn the actors that damned

ADAM SMITH'S HOUSE, PANMURE CLOSE, 129 CANONGATE

the play." Lord and Lady Randolph, by the way, were billed as Lord and Lady Barnet when "Douglas" was originally produced, and the original Norval originally declared his name to be "Forman, on the Grampian Hills," etc.

Mackenzie

Henry Mackenzie, the Man of Feeling and the biographer of Home, was born in 1745 in Liberton's Wynd, which ran north and south between the Lawn-market and the Cowgate, where George IV. Bridge now stands. Like so many of his towns-people, he was educated in the High-school and the University. He had many residences in Edinburgh during his long life. An umbrella-maker occupying the present No. 36 Chambers Street in 1889 pointed out with no little pride that tenement as having once been Mackenzie's home, when it was known as No. 4 Brown Square. The last years of his life were passed at No. 6 Heriot Row, in one of a long line of eminently "genteel" houses facing the Queen Street Gardens, over which he had shot as a boy. The last of his own generation, he was the connecting link between the men of the eighteenth century and the nineteenth. He could remember the figures of Allan Ramsay and Robert Ferguson, and he was himself in his old age a familiar figure to some of the men of his guild who walk the streets of Edinburgh to-day. He died in Heriot Row in 1831, at the age of eighty-six, and he lies under a plain mural tablet in the Greyfriars' Church-yard, on the north side of the terrace. He is described thereon as "an author who for no short

time and in no small part supported the literary reputation of his country;" and yet the custodian of the little city cemetery, an enthusiastic lover of the spot and of its associations, said, in a regretful way, to an American visitor not very long ago, that Mackenzie was entirely forgotten by the men of the present day, and that no one had asked to see his resting-place in many years. Such graves as his should be pilgrim shrines; but the only shrine in Greyfriars' which pilgrims care for now is the grave of a man of whom nothing is known except the fact that his single mourner was a mythical little terrier-dog!

A review of the first (or Kilmarnock) edition of Burns's poems, contributed by Mackenzie to a short-lived periodical called "The Lounger," may be said to have been the turning-point in the career of the poet, and to have decided his fate and his fame. Burns was on the eve of emigration perhaps when this article, coupled with the friendly efforts of Dr. Blacklock, brought him into public notice and into Edinburgh, and procured for him the patronage which encouraged his later efforts.

A neighbor of Mackenzie's in that little city of the dead is another man of letters almost equally forgotten by the world, yet of whom it was said when he died that Scottish poetry died with him.

Ramsay

For Allan Ramsay is believed to lie under a birch-tree almost in front of the tablet to his memory, on the south side of the Grey-friars' Church, although there is no stone to mark his

grave. Ramsay began his life in Edinburgh as an apprentice to a periwig-maker in 1701, but some time between the years 1716 and 1720 he became a maker and a seller of books, his publications after the latter date bearing an imprint which stated that they were "sold at the sign of the Mercury, opposite the head of Niddry's Wynd." In 1726 he removed from this shop to one on the second floor of a building which stood upon the line of the High Street, "alongside St. Giles's Church," his windows commanding the City Cross and the lower part of the High Street. Here he changed his sign, substituting the heads of Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden for that of Mercury; and here he added to his business a circulating library, the first in Scotland. Below him, on the ground-floor, was the shop of William Creech, who published the second, or "Edinburgh," edition of Burns's Poems in 1787, and hence the name Creech's Land, so often given to Ramsay's second and last shop, to the confusion of the interested inquirer after literary landmarks. It was a part of the Luckenbooths, a group of queer-looking buildings which stood in, not on, the High Street, blocking up and disfiguring that thoroughfare in the days of Ramsay and Creech, but long since removed.

"The Gentle Shepherd" was written and published while Ramsay was trading, and living too, in the establishment opposite Niddry's Wynd—now Niddry Street—and the house, still standing at 155 High Street, is, for its associations' sake, one of the

most interesting of the old buildings in Edinburgh to-day. It has now but two stories (the gables that surmounted it have lately been removed) and a high and sloping roof, from which rises an enormous square chimney, that might pass in the frequent mists of the place for a cupola or a bell tower.

The last years of Ramsay's life were passed in a straggling stucco house off the present Ramsay Place and Ramsay Gardens, standing now very much as Ramsay built it, with a little bit of green behind it, and all of the New Town of Edinburgh at its front; having from its windows a fine view of the Castle, of a long line of streets and spires, and of a beautiful stretch of open country. Architecturally it cannot be commended, but it is superbly placed, and it hardly merits the name "Goose Pie," given it because of its peculiar shape by the would-be humorists of Ramsay's day. A statue of Ramsay stands in Princes Street Gardens, immediately in front of this house.

The theatre built by Ramsay in 1736, and in which he lost so much of the money his books had brought him, stood at the foot of Carrubber's Close, No. 135 High Street. It was afterwards converted, and became a church called Whitfield Chapel; but no stick or stone of chapel or play-house now remains. Ramsay and Gay often met in an ale-house called "Jenny Ha's Change-house," which used to stand in front of Queensberry House, in the Canongate, the mansion of Gay's patroness, described by Walpole as "Prior's Kitty

Gay


GAY

ever fair." Johnson in his "Lives of the Poets" says nothing of Gay's Edinburgh experiences, but he certainly spent some time there, and tradition used to point out his lodgings in the upper story of a poor tenement opposite Queensberry House, not far from Jenny Ha's establishment. Queensberry House, No. 64 Canongate, is now a House of Refuge for the Destitute. It is considerably altered in outward appearance, and is now an ugly, dark, uninviting pile of gray stone, with no attempt at ornamentation or architectural display. Jenny Ha's Change-house has entirely disappeared.

Stewart

Dugald Stewart, a contemporary and friend of Mackenzie, and the biographer of Dr. Robertson, lies not very far from Adam Smith in the Canongate Church-yard, near the southwest corner, under a large altar tomb of gray stone. He lived in Lothian Hut in the Horse Wynd, Canongate, upon the site of which a brewery now stands, and he died at No. 5 Ainslie Place, in the New Town, in a house on a little square at the west end of Queen Street, surrounded by aristocratic private residences. He was a constant frequenter of Creech's, although he had, naturally, no association with Ramsay, who died when Stewart was a boy of ten studying at the High-school, and living in the precincts of the University, of which his father was professor of mathematics.

Two notable Scotchmen, whose mortal parts now keep company with Smith and Stewart in the Canongate Church-yard, are "the two Fergusons," Rob-

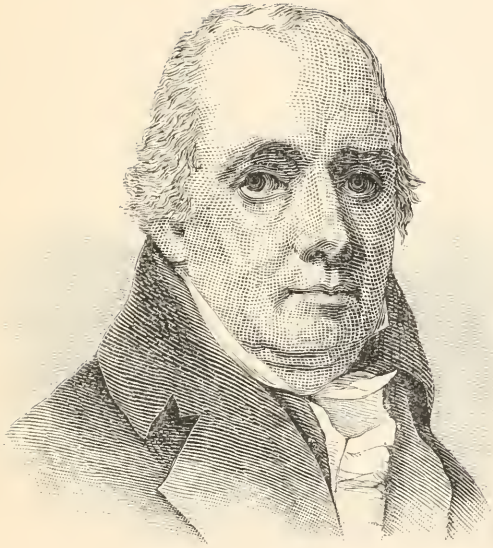
ert and Adam, men far apart in thought and character during their lives, but closely united in death.

Robert Ferguson

Robert Ferguson, whom Burns acknowledged as his master, was born in 1751 in Cap and Feather Close, the site of which is now covered by the buildings standing on the east side of the North Bridge. He went to a small school in Niddry's Wynd, and later to the first High-school, and before he had reached the age of twenty-four he died in the pauper lunatic asylum called Old Darien House, which was demolished a century later. A tablet on the comparatively modern building No. 15 Bristo Place states that there the Bedlam of poor Ferguson stood. Like so many children of genius, Ferguson's conduct reflected but little credit on his dam, and he was a relentless enemy towards himself, if not towards his brothers and sisters. He abandoned the study of medicine because he fancied himself afflicted with every disease of which he read the description, and no doubt he died in a madhouse from fear that he would die insane.

Ferguson can be traced to his taverns and his clubs in Edinburgh more easily than to any of his homes, except the last one; and wherever fun was rampant and gin cheap, there was Ferguson to be found. He would often, as he sang in his "Cauler Oyster,"

> "To Luckie Middlemist's loup in,
> And sit fu' snug
> Owre oysters and a dram o' gin
> Or haddock lug."



STEWART

Lucky Middlemist's establishment in the Cowgate has given place to the south pier of the South Bridge.

Another favorite resort of Ferguson's, where, "wi' sang and glass he'd flee the power o' care, that wad harras the hour," was the Cape Club, which met at The Isle of Man's Arms, Craig's Close (265 High Street). In Craig's Close is still to be seen the broken-down and neglected sign of the Cockburn Tavern, in front of a broken-down and neglected tenement, about half-way up the close on the east side, with all of its flashes of merriment gone this many a year. Standing as it does "between the back and front tenements," this may perhaps have been once The Isle of Man. Still another of the inns to which Ferguson went to "get his cares and pother laid" was Johnnie Dowie's Tavern, in Liberton's Wynd, which was later a favorite resort of Burns, and which has been dubbed "The Mermaid of Edinburgh." It was famous as the "Burns Tavern" in the last years of its existence, and was long one of the architectural lions of the Old Town for Burns's sake; but when George IV. Bridge was built both tavern and wynd were swept away, and, like everything else associated with Ferguson in life, no trace of it is left. There is even no absolutely authentic portrait of him known to the collectors; and the best, if the most homely, of the contemporary descriptions of him represents him as being "very smally and delicate, a little in-kneed, and waigled a good deal in walking."

How far Burns was really influenced by the verse of Ferguson it is not easy to say; he certainly was ever ready to acknowledge that influence. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" was assuredly inspired by "The Farmer's Ingle," and there is no doubt that one of the first visits Burns made in Edinburgh was to the neglected grave of his "elder brother in the Muses." If he did not "sit him down and weep, uncovered," by the side of that lowly mound in the Canongate Church-yard, there can be no question that many a hat—of American make, at all events—has since been lifted in reverence there, for Burns's sake if not for Ferguson's. Burns, in his letter to The Honorable Bailies of Canongate, showed his feeling on this subject, and in a most substantial way. "I am sorry," he wrote, "to be told that the remains of Robert Ferguson, the so justly celebrated poet, a man whose talents for ages to come will do honor to our Caledonian name, lie in your church-yard among the ignoble dead, unnoticed and unknown. Some memorial to direct the steps of the lovers of Scottish song when they wish to shed a tear over the narrow house of the bard who is now no more is surely a Tribute due to Ferguson's memory—a Tribute I wish to have the honor of paying. I petition you, then, gentlemen, to permit me to lay a simple stone over his reverend ashes, to remain an unalienable property to his deathless fame."

The simple stone which "directs Pale Scotia's way to pour her Sorrows o'er her Poet's Dust" is on the west side of the church, not many steps from

CRAIG'S CLOSE, 265 HIGH STREET

the gateway, and on the left as one enters the church-yard. It is always well cared for, and a royal Scottish thistle, planted by some devout hand, rises, as if defiantly, to guard the spot.

Burns

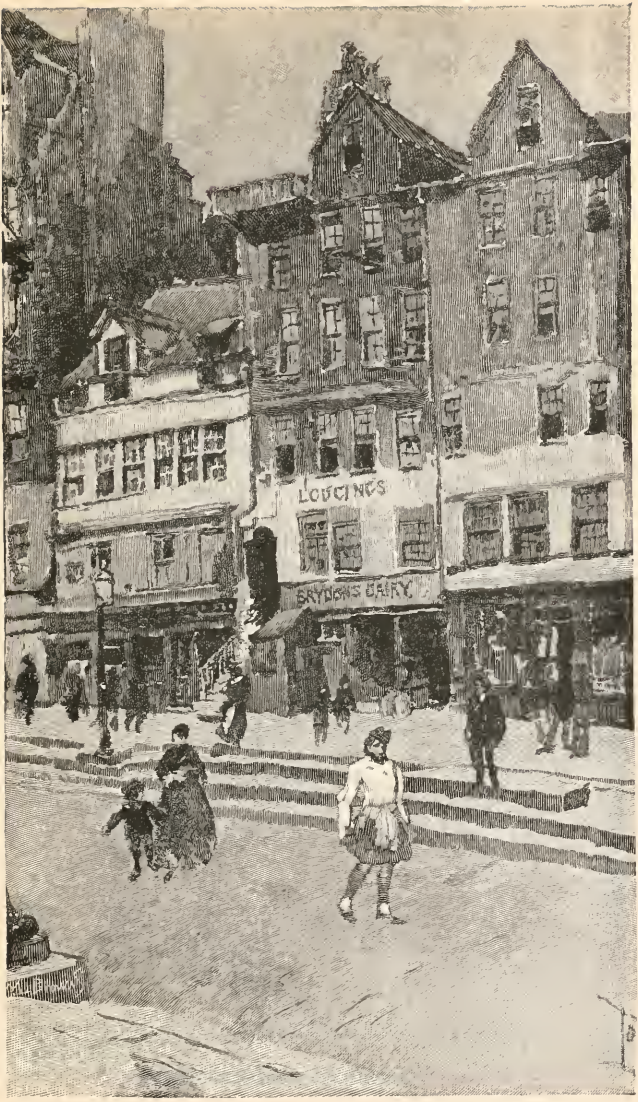
Time has dealt kindly with the landmarks of Burns in the Scottish metropolis, and improvement in its disastrous march has passed around, not over them. He reached town for the first time towards the end of November, 1786, when he found lodgings in Baxter's Close; during the same winter he is said to have lived on the Buccleuch Road; and in the winter of 1787–88 he had rooms in St. James Square in the New Town. These houses are fortunately still standing, as are also the Lodge of Freemasons in St. John Street, the residence of his friend Lord Monboddo in the same street, The Hole-in-the-Wa' in Buccleuch Pend, the inn at Roslin, and Sciennes House.

Lockhart in his "Life of Burns" quotes from the manuscript note-book of R. H. Cromek as follows: "Mr. Richmond, of Mauchline, told me that Burns spent the first winter of his residence in Edinburgh in his [Richmond's] lodgings. They slept in the same bed, and had only one room, for which they paid three shillings a week. It was in the house of a Mrs. Carfrae, Baxter's Close, Lawn-market, first scale stair on the left hand going down, first door in the stair." John Richmond was merely a lawyer's clerk, but the apartment was not quite so humble as Allan Cunningham represents it in his "Life of Burns"—"a deal table, a sanded floor, and a chaff

bed." It is a fair-sized room, panelled with wood; the window, however, looks out upon Lady Stair's Close (No. 477 High Street), not upon Baxter's Close (No. 469 High Street). The house itself was an old house even in Burns's day, and now it is reduced to the very lowest social level. It holds no tablet to tell the passer-by of its former famous tenant; but nearly all of its present humble occupants are well aware, and very proud, of the fact that they sleep under the roof that once sheltered Robert Burns.

Lockhart is the authority for saying that Burns lodged with William Nicoll, one of the teachers of the High-school, on the Buccleuch Road (now Buccleuch Street), during the winter of 1786–87. This house is over the pend—now called Buccleuch Pend—leading into St. Patrick Square, and directly opposite Buccleuch Place; and Nicoll's apartments were on the top floor. If Burns did not lodge with Nicoll, he was certainly familiar with the neighborhood, for in the archway was, and still is, a hole-in-the-wall, leading, a century ago, to an underground public-house kept by one Lucky Pringle, and much frequented both by Nicoll and Burns. The oldest inhabitants of the street and the square have no recollection of Lucky Pringle or of her dram-shop; but, no doubt, it was in the basement of the house just to the north of Buccleuch Pend, and numbered now 14 Buccleuch Street.

When Burns revisited Edinburgh he lodged with William Cruikshank, another teacher of the High-



BURNS'S LODGINGS, HIGH STREET, BETWEEN BAXTER'S CLOSE AND

school, in a house on the southwest corner of St. James Square, in the New Town, and his was the topmost, or attic, window in the gable looking towards the General Post-office, in Waterloo Place. Herefrom Burns wrote: "I am certain I saw you, Clarinda; but you don't look to the proper story for a poet's lodging—'where speculation roosted near the sky.' I could almost have thrown myself over for very vexation. Why didn't you look higher? It has spoiled my peace for the day. To be so near my charming Clarinda—to miss her look when it was searching for me! . . . I am sure the soul is capable of disease, for mine has convulsed itself into an inflammatory fever."

This window of Burns's was pointed out to an enthusiastic pilgrim, one summer morning in 1889, by an old resident of St. James Square to whom Clarinda had pointed it out herself. He remembered Clarinda (Mrs. M'Lehose) in her old age, when she lived beneath his own father in a small flat in a house at Greenside, upon an insignificant annuity allowed her by her brother. She went once to her husband in Jamaica, but did not leave the ship, as Mr. M'Lehose insisted upon her immediate return, on the ground that the climate would not agree with her. She was in very poor circumstances during her later years, but never wearied of telling the story of her flirtation with Burns. As the aged resident remarked: "The auld donnert leddy bodie spoke o' her love for the poet just like a hellicat bit lassie in her teens, and while exhibitin' to her cronies

the faded letters from her Robbie she would just greet like a bairn. Puir auld creature, she never till the moment o' her death jaloused or dooted Robbie's professed love for her; but, sir, you ken he was juist makin' a fule o' her, as his letters amply show."

Mrs. M'Lehose, deserted by her husband, lived, in Burns's time, with two young children in General's Entry, which lay between the Potterrow and Bristo Street; but no houses dating back to Clarinda's day stand within a stone's-throw of Clarinda's flat. The somewhat pretentious public school on Marshall Street was built upon General's Entry.

On the 14th of January, 1787, Burns wrote: "I went to a Mason lodge yesternight, where the M. W. Grand Master Charteris and all the Grand Lodge of Scotland visited. The meeting was numerous and elegant; all the different lodges about town were present in all their pomp. The Grand Master, who presided with all solemnity, among other general toasts gave 'Caledonia and Caledonia's bard, Brother B——,' which rang through the whole assembly with multiplied honors and repeated acclamations. As I had no idea such a thing would happen I was downright thunderstruck, and, trembling in every nerve, made the best return in my power."

This was at the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge of Freemasons, of which Burns afterwards was made poet-laureate; and his inauguration, painted by William Stewart Watson, is familiar to all Scotchmen and Scotchmen's sons on both sides of the Atlantic, by reason of the many engravings made of it.

LADY STAIR'S CLOSE

The hall of the Kilwinning Lodge is still standing, on the west side of St. John Street, and is square and grim and rigid in appearance, the exterior and interior remaining as Burns saw them.

Nearly opposite the Kilwinning Lodge lived Lord Monboddo and his daughter, the lovely Miss Burnet, whose untimely death the poet mourned in verse. At this house, still left, commonplace and in itself uninteresting, half-way between the Canongate and the South Back of the Canongate, and now numbered 13 St. John Street, Burns was a frequent guest, as he was at the town residence of many a belted knight and at the humble home of many an honest man in Edinburgh during his happy life there, in houses of which no record need be given here.

The old inn at Roslin, already described as a stopping-place once of Boswell and Johnson, is perhaps more famous still because of certain lines to the landlady written by Burns on the back of a wooden platter, in which he declares that although "he ne'er was here before, he'll ne'er again gang by her door."

A print of Dowie's Tavern is to be found in Hone's "Year-book," accompanied by a verbal description written in 1831, when the place was doomed to destruction. At that time, the writer states, "few strangers omitted to call in to gaze at the *coffin* [?] of the bard; this was a small dark room which could barely accommodate, even by squeezing, half a dozen, but in which Burns used to sit.

Here he composed one or two of his best songs, and here are preserved to the last the identical seats and table which had accommodated him."

Another favorite tavern of Burns which has long since disappeared was that of Dawney Douglas, in Anchor Close, where met the Crochallan Fencibles, whose performances Burns has chronicled in more places than one; and where "rattlin', roarin' Willie," and other rattlin', roarin' gentlemen, sat at the board with him on many a rattlin', roarin' occasion. At the foot of this same Anchor Close, 243 High Street, was the printing-office of William Smellie, where Burns corrected the proofs of his poems in that winter of 1786–87. This establishment was taken down in 1859 when Cockburn Street was constructed, and, strangely enough, the modern presses of the "Scotsman" newspaper roll and tumble now upon the spot where Black and Blair, and Smith and Hume, and Burns and Ferguson watched the printing of their own works.

One of the most interesting of all the literary landmarks of Edinburgh, naturally, is the house in which Burns and Scott met for the first and only time. The story of this famous encounter, as told by Scott himself, is here given in full:—"As for Burns" (he wrote to Lockhart, many years later), "I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum.* I was a lad of fifteen in 1786–87, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the

BUCCLEUCH PEND, 14 BUCCLEUCH STREET

ance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the West Country, the two sets that he most frequented. Mr. Thomas Grierson was at that time a clerk of my father's. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner, but had no opportunity to keep his word, otherwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man. As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Ferguson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Dr. Dugald Stewart. Of course we youngsters sat silent, looked and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on the one side, on the other his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath:

"'Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew;
The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptized in tears.'

"Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of 'The Justice of the Peace.' I whispered my infor-

mation to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word which, though of mere civility, I then received and still recollect with very great pleasure.

"His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect perhaps from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture, but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school—*i. e.*, none of your modern agriculturists who keep laborers for their drudgery, but the douce gudeman who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large and of a dark cast, and glowed (I say literally glowed) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and when he differed in opinion he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at

BURNS

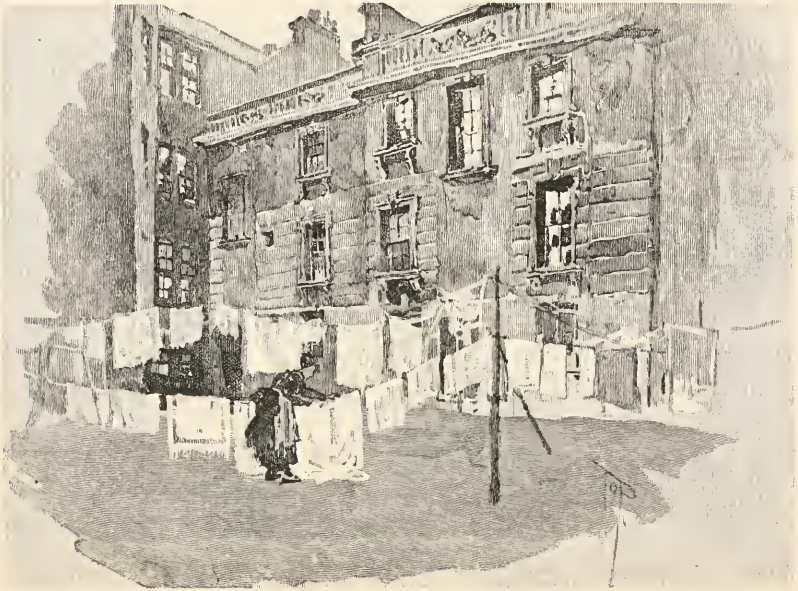
the same time with modesty. I do not remember any of his conversation distinctly enough to be quoted, nor did I ever see him again, except in the street, where he did not recognize me, as I could not expect he should."

The story itself is familiar to all admirers of both the poets, but the question of the identity of the house has been the subject of much discussion among the local historians and antiquaries for many years. That it was the house of Professor Adam Ferguson there is no doubt, but as to where the professor at that time lived the doctors differ. In Peter Williamson's "Edinburgh Directory" of 1786–88, his address is given as Argyle Square—which is near the University, and which disappeared on the construction of Chambers Street—and this fact led to the inference that the meeting must have occurred in that place, as Burns was in Edinburgh during the winter of 1786–87. But Scott himself speaks of Ferguson as living in an insulated house some distance from the town (Argyle Square was almost in the heart of the city); in a biographical sketch of Ferguson, printed in "The Transactions of the Edinburgh Royal Society" (1861–64), the writer says he lived at that time "in a suburb called the Sciennes;" Henry Cockburn in his "Memorials" says, "Old Adam Ferguson lived just east of my father's house," which would point clearly to the neighborhood of the Sciennes; and to crown all, Mr. Archibald Munro, in a letter to one of the Edin-

he found a printed record in the Register Office showing that Professor Ferguson disposed of his house in Argyle Square on the 3d of October, 1786 —almost two months before Burns arrived in town —and that he got possession of Sciennes House on the 11th of October of the same year. This must surely settle the question of locality. Certain antiquaries assert that the stone cottage now called Alice Villa, and numbered 2 Sciennes Hill, was Ferguson's home—a claim which neither the size nor the modern construction of the house would seem to warrant. So that the old building, or what is left of it, still known as Sciennes House—and here for the first time pictured — certainly appears to have been

"the spot
Where Robert Burns ordained Sir Walter Scott."

It stands on the north side of Braid's Place—which is not numbered—two doors from the street called "The Sciennes." The present front, entirely rebuilt, was the back of the house occupied by Ferguson. The original front, still remaining in part, looked out upon its own grounds, now a paved yard full of children and of drying clothes. This front is not visible from the streets about it, and the fact of its existence is comparatively unknown even to the inhabitants of its own immediate neighborhood. Sciennes House in its day must have been an imposing mansion. It has four windows in breadth, and is three stories high; on its roof is a balustrade,



SCIENNES HOUSE

and groups of flowers and fruits carved in stone are still to be seen upon it.

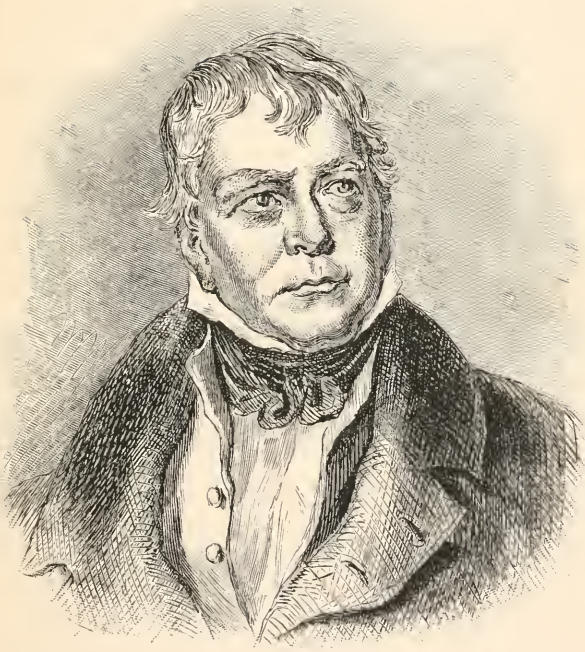
The name Sciennes, by the way, is derived from the old Convent of St. Katherine of Siena, which once stood near by, and the word is pronounced in the local vernacular as if spelled "Sheens." The fact that all of these points are now for the first time established and made public must be the excuse for the devotion of so much space to this particular matter.

Scott

Those lovers of Scott who love the inanimate things which Scott loved will find much to interest them in Edinburgh; for, with the exception of the house in which he was born, almost all of his homes and haunts in the metropolis are still to be seen there, and in very much the same state as that in which he saw them. A tablet upon the modern house No. 8 Chambers Street, between South Bridge Street and West College Street, states that it was built upon the site of the birthplace of Sir Walter Scott. This stood at the head of College Wynd, described as "a steep and straitened alley" ascending from the Cowgate towards the southern side of the town. It was originally called the Wynd of the Blessed-Mary-in-the-Field, and what is left of it is now called Guthrie Street, perhaps after the famous Dr. Guthrie, who never officially recognized the Blessed Mary anywhere. Scott's house and others about it were pulled down, when Scott was a child, to make room for the front of the new College, and the family

moved to No. 25 George Square, into a broad and rather imposing mansion in what was once a fashionable quarter, and is still the home of those who belong to the upper middle class if not to the gentry. It may be described as the Washington Square or Chester Park of Edinburgh. The Scotts' house is entirely unchanged, although the buildings on each side of it have been retouched and regarnished. It is close to the Meadows, and almost in the country.

This, according to his own statement, continued to be his "most established place of residence (after his return from Prestonpans in 1776) until his marriage in 1797." Here Mrs. Cockburn, who wrote "The Flowers of the Forest," found in 1777 "the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on. It was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands. 'That's the mast gone,' says he; 'crash it goes. They will all perish.' After his agitation he turns to me. 'That is too melancholy,' says he; 'I had better read you something more amusing.' I preferred a little chat, and asked him his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully. . . . Pray what age do you suppose this boy to be? Why, twelve or fourteen. No such thing. He is not quite six years old!" In this same George Square house, in 1791, Jeffrey went to see the young Scott "in a small den in the sunk floor, surrounded by



SCOTT

dingy books;" and here he made the translation of Bürger's "Lenore," his first published literary work.

Scott's earliest school was in a "small cottage-like building with a red-tiled roof, in Hamilton's Entry, off Bristo Street." It was taken down not very long ago, the rear of the house No. 30 Bristo Street occupying its site now. In 1779 he went to the High-school, where he remained some years. He entered the University in 1783. Scott's High-school was the second of that name. It is now the City Hospital, at the foot of Infirmary Street, and so far as its exterior is concerned it is entirely unchanged. A story of his conduct here, as told by himself, is too good to be lost. "There was a boy in my class at school who stood always at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day came after day and still he kept his place, do what I would, till at length I observed that when a question was asked him he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes, and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure; and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after-life has the sight of him

smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions. Though I never renewed my acquaintance with him, I often saw him, for he filled some inferior office in one of the courts of law at Edinburgh. Poor fellow! I believe he is dead. He took early to drinking."

Scott was married on the day before Christmas, 1797, and he carried his bride to lodgings on the second floor of No. 108 George Street, a house still standing, next door to the corner of Castle Street. Later they took the house No. 19 South Castle Street, and not long after the house 39 Castle Street, where they lived while in town for upwards of twenty-six years. All of these domiciles are virtually unchanged. Lockhart has fully described the interior of "dear old 39," and the routine of life there, the glorious work done there, the notable company gathered there. It was the house, as Scott wrote, which had sheltered him from the prime of life to its decline; and he left it with no little regret.

He never had a settled home in Edinburgh after leaving Castle Street. In the summer of 1826 he was lodging with Mrs. Brown at No. 6 St. David Street, where on May 12th he wrote: "When I was at home I was in a better place. I must when there is occasion draw to my own Bailie Nicol Jarvie's consolation—'One cannot carry the comforts of the Saut Market about with one.' Were I at ease in

Only one other lodger in the house, a Mr. Shandy, a clergyman—and, despite his name, said to be a quiet one." On the 15th of the same month Lady Scott died at Abbotsford. Sir Walter returned to St. David Street on the 30th of May, and remained there until the 13th of July. Mrs. Brown's establishment was a second-rate lodging-house, which has now disappeared. Here Scott, among other things, was diligently at work upon his "Napoleon." In November, 1826, he took a furnished house—more comfortable in every way—at No. 3 Walker Street, on the east side, near Coates Crescent. From this house, on the evening of the 23d of February, 1827, he walked to the Assembly Rooms in George Street, near Hanover Street, and there, at a public dinner, he confessed for the first time in public the authorship of the "Waverley Novels." As Lockhart writes, "The sensation produced by this scene was, in newspaper phrase, 'unprecedented.'"

Between 1828 and 1830 Scott lived at No. 6 Shandwick Place—now Maitland Street, a continuation of Princes Street. In February, 1831, while superintending the making of his will, he was the guest of his bookseller, Robert Cadell, in Athol Crescent, and the last night he spent in Edinburgh was at the Douglas Hotel, 34 and 35 St. Andrew Square, now the office of the Scottish Union and Insurance Company; and on the morning of the 11th of July, 1832, he was carried unconscious from this house and from Edinburgh, to die at Abbotsford two months later.

To follow the footsteps of Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh, it is only necessary to walk through all the streets and alleys of the Old Town, and through most of the streets and avenues of the New. Despite his fondness for Abbotsford, he was a thorough cockney at heart, and he knew and loved every inch of the smoky old city from the College Wynd to St. Andrew Square. He limped at full speed up and down the Cowgate in his boyhood; and "no funeral hearse," says Lockhart, "crept more leisurely than did his landau in his middle age up the Canongate; not a queer tottering gable but recalled to him some long-buried memory of splendor or bloodshed, which by a few words he set before the hearer in the reality of life."

As a boy Scott was fond of the precincts of Hyndford's Close (50 High Street)—of which some of the old houses are still left—for here lived his mother's brother, Dr. Daniel Rutherford; and as a man in 1819 he bade farewell to his mother at 75 George Street, now a shop, and carried her therefrom to St. John's Church, at the west end of Princes Street, where she lies in an unmarked and unknown grave. His father, who died some time before, rests in the Greyfriars' Church-yard, on the south side of the walk by the archway into the west ground, and, according to the register, "just at the foot of the stone marking the foot of the grave of Alexander Grant." There is nothing to show that this was the family burial-place until 1819, although it is said that the Town Council of Edinburgh contemplates a memo-

rial of some sort there at some time. It seems strange that the great-souled, great-brained author of "Waverley," whose heart was as large as his head was high, should have placed a commemoration stone over the grave of "Helen Walker, the humble individual who practised in real life the virtues with which fiction has invested the imaginary character of Jeanie Deans," and should have neglected entirely the spot where the authors of his own being were laid.

Some of the scenes of "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" are said to have been written under a tree by the side of Duddingston church, of which Scott was chosen an elder in 1806; but neither Helen Walker nor her father nor her sister ever lived in the little hut now called Jeanie Deans's Cottage on St. Leonard's Hill, not far off, where local legend places the scenes of the story.

One of the most notable of the Edinburgh houses associated with Scott is that of James Ballantyne, his friend and publisher, at No. 10 St. John Street, a grim, heavy-looking mansion of plain stone, four stories high, a few doors from that of Lord Monboddo, so familiarly associated with Burns. Here the "Waverley Novels" were planned and discussed, and were read from manuscript or advance-sheets to the happy and select few in the secret of the Great Unknown. Ballantyne's printing-office was near the foot of Leith Wynd, now Cranston Street, and is at present an upholstery and cabinet-making establishment.

Constable's shop, in Scott's time, was at No. 10 Princes Street. Scott naturally was often there, and also at the establishment of the Blackwoods—first at No. 17 Princes Street (still a book-shop), and later, as at present, at 45 George Street, on the north side. Peter, in his "Letters to his Kinsfolk," describes the famous oval saloon of the Blackwoods, with its "loungers and literary dilettanti" and its portraits and sacred relics. A new generation of loungers has appeared, but the surroundings are all unchanged.

Sir Walter was a frequent guest in all of the best houses in Edinburgh, and he knew the book-rooms of Wilson in Anne Street and Gloucester Place, the poor little parlor of Hogg in Deanhaugh Street, the libraries of Jeffrey in George Street and Moray Place, and no doubt Campbell's flat in Alison Square, as well as he knew his own homes.

Wilson

Wilson lived with his mother for many years, and even after his marriage in 1811, at No. 53 Queen Street, near Castle Street, in a three-story house looking out on Queen Street Gardens. In 1819 he removed to a tall and rather imposing house, No. 29 Anne Street, in the north-western suburbs, and near the Water of Leith. He went to No. 6 Gloucester Place in 1826, where he died in 1854. A granite obelisk on the left of the main walk in the Dean Cemetery marks Wilson's grave.

By the side of Wilson lie the remains of his son-

WILSON

"The Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers." Aytoun, who has been described as "one of those Charlie-over-the-Water Scotchmen," lived for some time at No. 1 Inverleith Terrace, and died at No. 16 Great Stuart Street. He was professor of belles-lettres in the University, and he married Jane Emily Wilson, the youngest daughter of "Christopher North," in 1849.

Haydon once described Wilson as looking "like a fine Sandwich Islander who had been educated in the Highlands. His light hair, deep sea-blue eyes, tall athletic figure, and hearty hand-grasp, his eagerness in debate, his violent passions, great genius, and irregular habits, rendered him a formidable partisan, a furious enemy, and an ardent friend." His tall figure made him a member of the "Six Feet Club," an athletic and convivial association of which the Ettrick Shepherd was once president, and Sir Walter more than once the umpire; his irregular habits perhaps took him to Johnnie Dowie's tavern now and then, where he records that he met "Tom" Campbell; and his genius led him to inaugurate the famous "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and to place them in the tavern of Ambrose, in Gabriel's Road. This justly celebrated public-house, which is said to have looked more like a farm-house on a country pathway than a city inn, has long since disappeared, and none of the local histories give its exact position. This, according to those who still remember it, is the site of the New Register House, in the rear of the old Register House; and it is approached from

West Register Street by the narrow alley running now between the New Register House and the new Café Royal. This little paved foot-path was, in the time of Ambrose's, a green lane called Gabriel's Road, leading diagonally across the New Town to Silvermills, and it is said still to claim its ancient privilege of a right of way.

Hogg

Lockhart and Hogg were familiar figures at Ambrose's tavern in the famous days of the Round-table there, and Hogg was one of the wildest of the knights sung by Wilson in his "Noctes." When he dropped into poetry in a professional way he came to Edinburgh, lodging in Ann Street, "down along the North Brig towards where the new markets are, and no vera far frae the play-houses;" and sometimes he made the Harrow Inn near the Grass-market his abiding-place. Anne Street was swept out of existence altogether upon the construction of the Waverley Bridge, but an irregular row of old gabled houses, still standing, and converted into shops and poor tenements, from 46 to 54 Candlemaker Row, are the shells of the Harrow Inn.

It was in front of this tavern, by the way, that Rab first introduced Dr. Brown to his friends James Noble, the Howgate carrier, and to Jess, the carrier's horse, after that Homeric dog-fight under the single arch of the South Bridge.

In 1812 and later Hogg wrote to Archibald Constable from "Deanaugh," which was Deanhaugh Street, a row of poor-looking houses in the north-

OLD HARROW INN, CANDLEMAKER ROW

western suburbs of Edinburgh, running from Dean Terrace over the Water of Leith to Raeburn Place. Here he completed "The Queen's Wake."

Lockhart gives a queer description of Hogg's first dinner with the Scotts at 39 Castle Street. When he entered the drawing-room he found Mrs. Scott, who was then an invalid, reclining upon a sofa. "The Shepherd, after being presented and making his best bow, forthwith took possession of another sofa placed opposite to hers, and stretched himself thereupon at his full length, for, as he said afterwards, 'I thought I could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house.' As his dress at that period was precisely that in which any ordinary herdsman attends cattle to the market, and as his hands, moreover, bore most legible marks of recent sheep-smearing, the lady did not observe with perfect equanimity the novel usage to which her chintz was exposed. The Shepherd, however, remarked nothing of all this, dined heartily and drank freely, and by jest, anecdote, and song afforded plen-

39 CASTLE STREET

tiful merriment to the more civilized part of the company. As the liquor operated, his familiarity increased and strengthened; from 'Mr. Scott,' he advanced to 'Shirra,' and thence to 'Scott,' 'Walter,' and 'Watty;' until at supper he fairly convulsed the whole company by addressing Mrs. Scott as 'Charlotte.'"

The fact that Hogg succeeded Burns as poet-laureate of the Kilwinning Lodge of Freemasons will show the regard felt for him by that portion of the community at least.

Lockhart

Lockhart's various abiding-places in Edinburgh from the time of his going there as a member of the Scottish bar in 1816 until his establishment in London, ten years later, are not very clearly defined. It is recorded that Scott spent much time with him one summer at his house in Melville Street, Portobello. He was at No. 23 Maitland Street, a few doors from Athol Crescent, in 1818, and a letter of his to Hogg was addressed from No. 25 Northumberland Street in 1821; but in his own correspondence, and in that of his friends, and in the printed gossip of his contemporaries, no hint is given as to any other of his local habitations. Naturally he was often in Scott's various houses, and a guest at all of the tables of all of the men of his own charming coterie. He died at Abbotsford, and was buried at Sir Walter's feet.

In "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," published anonymously by Lockhart in 1819—a most amus-

HOGG

JEFFREY

manners of Edinburgh at that time—he speaks with enthusiasm of the book-shop of David Laing, at No. 49 South Bridge. "Here," he says, "my friend Wastle [Lockhart himself] commonly spends one or two hours every week he is in Edinburgh, turning over all the Aldines, Elzevirs, Wynkyn de Wordes, and Caxtons in the collection; nor does he often leave the shop without taking some little specimen of its treasures home with him." David Laing was an accomplished antiquarian scholar, the librarian of the Signet Library, and the intimate friend of Scott, Jeffrey, and their peers. As a bookseller he succeeded his father, William Laing, who had a shop in the Canongate near St. Mary's Wynd.

Jeffrey

Francis Jeffrey was born in the four-storied house No. 7 Charles Street, which has known no change. In 1801 he began his married life on the third floor of No. 18 Buccleuch Place, one of a row of plain three-storied houses standing now on a broad, quiet street, two or three hundred yards long, roughly paved with round cobble-stones, between which the grass forces its way in almost rural luxuriance. In his little parlor here, with Brougham and Sydney Smith, the next year, he projected the "Edinburgh Review."

Between the years 1802 and 1810 Jeffrey lived at No. 62 Queen Street, facing the Gardens. In 1810 he removed to No. 92 George Street, which has since been modernized by the addition of a swell front, and is now a shop. His last home was in an imposing mansion with tall columns, numbered 24 Moray

Place. Here he died. His high sarcophagus, "erected by his friends," and holding a bronze medallion portrait, stands near the west wall of the Dean Cemetery.

Carlyle, in his "Reminiscences," says: "I remember striding off with Procter's introduction one evening towards George Street. . . . I got ready admission into Jeffrey's study—or rather 'office,' for it had mostly that air—a roomy, not over-neat apartment on the ground-floor, with a big baize-covered table loaded with book rows and paper bundles. On one, or perhaps two, of the walls were book shelves, likewise well filled, but with books in tattery, ill-bound, or unbound condition; . . . five pairs of candles were cheerfully burning, in the light of which sat my famous little gentleman. He laid aside his work, cheerfully invited me to sit down, and began talking in a perfectly human manner." It is to be regretted that Jeffrey never put on record his first impressions of Carlyle.

Campbell

When Sir Walter was married in the winter of 1797–98 Thomas Campbell, as he says of himself, "was living in the Scottish metropolis by instructing pupils in Greek and Latin. In this vocation I made a comfortable livelihood as long as I was industrious. But 'The Pleasures of Hope' came over me. I took long walks about Arthur's Seat, conning over my own (as I thought them) magnificent lines; and as my 'Pleasures of Hope' got on, my pupils fell off."

Tradition says that the line "'Tis distance lends

CAMPBELL

enchantment to the view" was conned on Calton Hill, while history proves that the poem itself was written in Alison Square, "in the second floor of a stair on the north side of the central archway, with windows looking partly into the Potterrow and partly into Nicolson Street." This house is still standing, although certain portions of the tenement of which it formed a part were removed when Marshall Street was cut through that part of the town in 1876. "During the period of the poet's occupancy," writes Mr. Anthony C. McBryde, "and until about twenty years since, the tenement or block divided Alison and Nicolson Squares, but gave access to both by a pend, or archway."

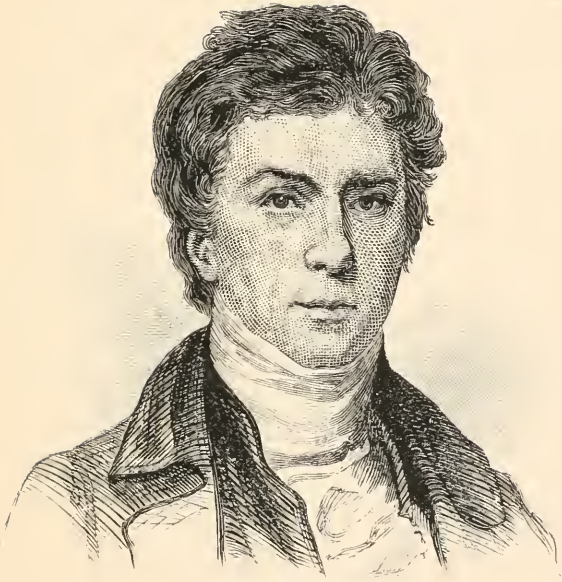
Brougham

It is said that Brougham, walking once in the Greyfriars' Church-yard, pointed out to Robert Chambers a tall "land," still standing in 1891, at the corner of the Cowgate and Candlemaker Row, as the scene of his birth. According to the authority of his mother, however, as recorded in his own "Life, Written by Himself," he was born at 21 St. Andrew Square, the once fine old mansion at the corner of St. David Street, occupied, in 1891, by the officers of the City of Glasgow Insurance Company. He went to a day-school in George Street when very young, and later to the High-school and to the University. It is known that his father lived in George Street at one time, but in his "Autobiography" Brougham gives no hint as to any of his Edinburgh homes, except the first one; although he confesses to "high jinks"—

the expression is his own—at the Apollo Club, and to oysters at Johnny Dow's [Dowies?]. He writes: "I cannot tell how the fancy originated, but one of our constant exploits, after an evening at the Apollo or Johnny's, was to parade the streets of the New Town, and wrench the brass knockers off the doors, or tear out the brass handles of the bells. . . . It will scarcely be credited, and yet it is true as gospel, that so late as March, 1803, when we gave a farewell banquet to Horner, on his leaving Edinburgh forever to settle in London, we, accompanied by the grave and most sedate Horner, sallied forth to the North Bridge, and there halted in front of Mr. Manderson the druggist's shop, where I, hoisted on the shoulders of the tallest of the company, placed myself on the top of the doorway, held on by the sign, and twisted off the enormous brazen serpent which formed the explanatory announcement of the business that was carried on within." Brougham was then twenty-five years of age, and the "Edinburgh Review" was fairly on its feet!

Sydney Smith

When Sydney Smith arrived in Edinburgh in the summer of 1798 he found lodgings at 38 South Hanover Street, two doors from George Street, and here on the first floor he lived for about a year. Later he was lodging at 19 Queen Street, not far away, and in the autumn of 1800 he took his young bride to 46 George Street, where he lived so long as he remained in the Scottish metropolis. None of these domiciles were materially changed, so far as their exterior was concerned,



BROUGHAM

SYDNEY SMITH

when these lines were written, ninety years later. Smith preached occasionally in the pulpit of Archibald Alison, father of the historian, in Charlotte Chapel, Rose Street, to Dugald Stuart and other famous men; and a little volume containing six of his sermons delivered there, and published in 1800, is the earliest printed book that bears his name. Charlotte Chapel, now the property of a Baptist congregation, is still standing in Rose Street.

Although Smith told William Chambers once that he lived "in Buccleuch Place, not far from Jeffrey, with an outlook behind the Meadows," there is no record in his "Life" by his daughter Lady Holland, or in the "Life" by Mr. Stuart J. Reed, that he had any more intimate acquaintance with Buccleuch Place than as the residence of his friend and as the cradle of the famous periodical; and the originator of the "Edinburgh Review" was perhaps misunderstood by the originator of the "Edinburgh Journal" in that regard.

Chambers

Robert and William Chambers settled in Edinburgh in 1813; their first home, according to William, was "a floor entering from a common stair in West Nicolson Street." The next year they removed to a floor in Hamilton's Entry, Bristo Street, the back windows of the house overlooking the small court in which was then still standing Sir Walter Scott's first school. When the family removed to Portobello in 1814, the boys, for they had hardly entered their teens, found a home, such as it was, in the top story of a build-

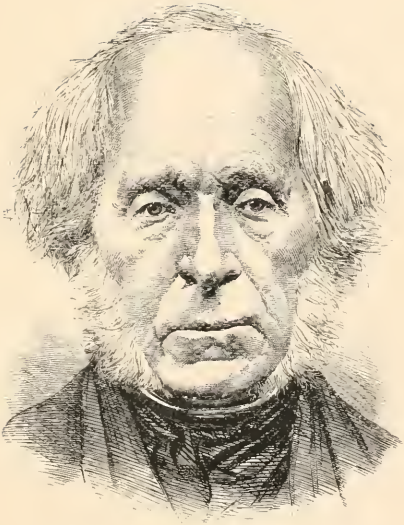
ing known as Boak's Land, in the West Port, and Robert thus described it: "Our room and bed cost three shillings a week. It was in the West Port, near Burke's place. . . . I used to be in great distress for want of a fire. I could not afford that, or candles. So I often sat beside our landlady's kitchen fire, if fire it could be called, which was only a little heap of embers, reading Horace, and conning my dictionary by a light which required me to hold the book almost to the grate."

In 1818 Robert, then sixteen years of age, opened a little shop in Leith Walk, opposite Pilrig Street, in which William soon after joined him, and thus began that successful and honorable career which has given the brothers so enviable a name wherever English is read. Robert lived in India Place, Stockbridge, in Anne Street, and at No. 1 Doune Terrace, where he remained until he left Edinburgh permanently for St. Andrews in 1863.

Brewster

Sir David Brewster, a contributor to the "Edinburgh Magazine," and the editor of the "Edinburgh Cyclopædia," was a student at Divinity Hall when the "Edinburgh Review" was founded; and he preached his first sermon at the West Kirk (St. Cuthbert's) in 1804. He was educated at the High-school and at the University, and he dated his letters from George Square; from No. 9 North St. David Street (in 1808), and from No. 10 Coates Crescent (in 1823).

Robert Pollok's *only* sermon was preached in 1827 in the former chapel of Dr. John Brown—now



BREWSTER

the United Presbyterian Church—in Rose Street; and his "Course of Time" was published, at the suggestion of Professor Wilson, by Blackwood in the same year. The greater part of the poem was written at No. 3 Davie Street, a little street running south from East Richmond Street, and parallel with Nicolson Street.

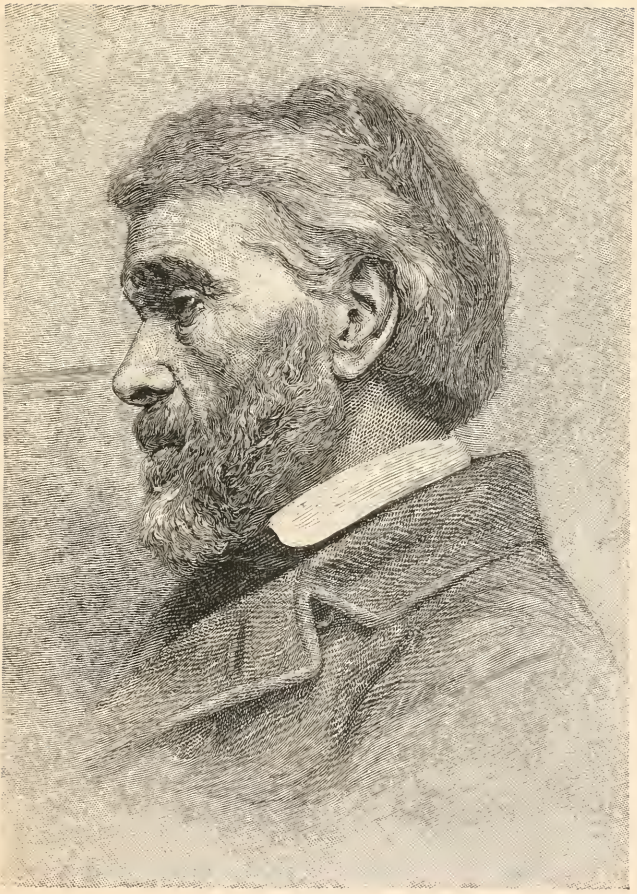
Pollok

The Carlyles, at the period of Thomas's famous visit to Jeffrey in George Street, were living at Comely Bank, in one of a row of two-storied, uninteresting houses, calling themselves "villa residences," at the northwest of Edinburgh, quite out of town even now, and facing a green called Stockbridge Public Park. Carlyle's cottage is numbered 21. Here Jeffrey often came,

Thomas Carlyle

and "he was much taken with my little Jeannie," writes Carlyle, "as well he might be, one of the brightest, cleverest creatures in the whole world, full of innocent rustic simplicity and vivacity, yet with the gracefulest discernment, calmly natural deportment, instinct with beauty and intelligence to the finger ends. He became, in a sort, her would-be openly declared friend and quasi-lover; as was his way in such cases. He had much the habit of flirting about with women, especially pretty women, much more the both pretty and clever; all in a weakish, most dramatic, and wholly theoretic way (his age now fifty gone)," etc. Comely Bank was the first home of the man and wife, and in it they were as happy as it was in their power to be, meeting Wilson, Brewster, De Quincey, and other notable men and women—although never Scott—and corresponding with Goethe.

Carlyle's first Edinburgh lodging, humble and very cheap, was in Simon Square—a dingy little street, then as now full of dingy and forlorn houses. It is entered from Gibb's Entry, 104 Nicolson Street. Later he lodged in Murray Street, now Spey Street, running parallel with Leith Walk from Pilrig Street to Middlefield Street. His house, No. 3 Spey Street, is a decent tenement, from the front windows of which, as Mr. Dickens would have said, the occupants can get an uninterrupted view of the dead-wall over the way. A pane of glass from this house is preserved by Mr. A. Brown, a bookseller in Bristo Place, upon which somebody, perhaps Carlyle, had



CARLYLE

CARLYLE'S LODGINGS, SIMON SQUARE

scratched with a diamond four lines—slightly altered—from "The Queen's Marys," to wit:

"Little did my mither think,
That night she cradled me,
What land I was to travel in,
Or what death I should dee—
O foolish thee!"

The last line sounds not unlike Carlyle; and it is not improbable that the man who called Charles Lamb in print an "emblem of imbecility, bodily and spiritual," might have written his own mother down on a window-pane as "a silly bodie."

De Quincey

Carlyle's pictures of De Quincey at this time—1827—are graphic if not flattering. "He is one of the smallest men you ever in your life beheld, but with a most gentle and

DE QUINCEY'S COTTAGE, LASSWADE

sensible face, only that the teeth are destroyed by opium, and the little bit of an underlip projects like a shelf. He speaks with a slow, sad, and soft voice, in the politest manner I have almost ever witnessed, and with great gracefulness and sense, were it not that he seems decidedly given to prosing. Poor little fellow! It might soften a very hard heart to see him so courteous, yet so weak and poor, tottering *home* with his two children to a miserable lodging-house, and writing all day for that prince of donkeys, the proprietor of 'The Saturday Post.'"

De Quincey lived in Great King Street, in Forres Street, and at Duddingston; later he lodged at 42 Lothian Street, "in the left-hand flat on the second floor." This is one of the few houses in Edinburgh considered worthy of a label, a tablet upon it recording the fact that it was once De Quincey's home. "The little cottage at Lasswade," occupied by "the poor little fellow" during the last ten or fifteen years of his life, still stands near Midford House, on the road to Hawthornden; about a mile and a half beyond Lasswade, and, according to Mr. Masson, "near the foot of a by-road which descends to that hollow of the Esk which contains Polton mill and the Polton railway station."

De Quincey's grave in St. Cuthbert's Church-yard is designated by a flat mural stone with a plain inscription. It is not easily found without a guide, but the visitor who takes the first pathway to the right of the graveyard after entering from the Lothian

DE QUINCEY

Among the men and women distinguished in the world of letters who at some time or other have breathed the reekie atmosphere of Edinburgh may be mentioned De Foe, who once edited the "Courant;" Richard Steele, who is said to have lodged in Lady Stair's Close; Goldsmith, who lodged in the College Wynd; Rev. John Wesley, who preached on the Castle Hill in his eighty-seventh year; George Buchanan, the historian, who died in Kennedy's Close in the High Street, a few doors to the west of the Tron Church, and who was buried in a grave, now unknown, in Greyfriars' Church-yard; Archibald Alison, the historian, who lived in his father's house, No. 44 Heriot Row; Hugh Miller, who died in a semi-detached villa off the High Street, Portobello, and was buried in the Grange Cemetery; Dr. Thomas Chalmers, who lived at No. 3 Forres Street, who died in the house at the west end of Churchhill—No. 1—Morningside, and who, like Dr. Guthrie, was buried in the Grange Cemetery; Dean Ramsay, who died at No. 23 Ainslie Place; Lady Anne Lindsay, who was born in Hyndford's Close, and who was the author of "Auld Robin Gray;" Jean Elliot, who lived in Brown Square, and who wrote the original version of "The Flowers of the Forest;" Mrs. Cockburn, who wrote "another of the same," who lived in Blair's Close, at the Castle Hill, who died in Crichton Street, and who is buried in the grounds of Buccleuch Parish Church, at the junction of the Cross Causeway and Chapel Street; Catharine Sinclair, author of "Modern Accomplish-

ments," "Modern Flirtations," and many other books, who lies in the church-yard of St. John's; and Dr. John Brown, "the Landseer of Literature," who lived for many years at 23 Rutland Street, and who rests now in the New Calton Cemetery, Regent's Road.

John Brown

Long before the present writer had the good fortune to know Dr. Brown and his dogs in their own home, he has followed them through the streets of Edinburgh and into the book-shops, for the simple privilege of patting "Dick" or "John Pym" upon the head, and of getting a kindly glance therefor from their devoted and gentle friend. All of the men of letters from either side of the Border, from either side of the North Sea, and from either side of the Atlantic, who knew Edinburgh in Dr. Brown's time, knew well that house in Rutland Street, and loved well its master; and by no more beautiful road and in no more delightful society can we leave Edinburgh—in these pages—than by the Dean Road, and with Thackeray and Dr. Brown. "It was a lovely Sunday evening"—the words are Dr. Brown's own—"such a sunset as one never forgets; a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom; between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender cowslip color, lucid, and, as if it were the very body of heaven in its clearness; every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The northwest end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in

the heart of this pure radiance, and there a wooden crane, used in the quarry below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross; there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalline sky. . . . As they gazed Thackeray gave utterance, in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice, to what both were feeling, in the word CALVARY!

"The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things."

INDEX OF PERSONS

INDEX OF PLACES

THE END.