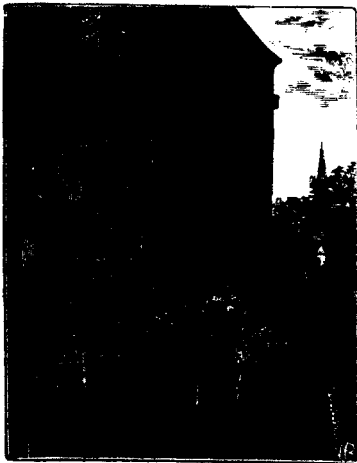


James's Court is associated with the names of Boswell and of Hume. Half of it has been destroyed by fire, and precisely that half in which these two worthies once dwelt, but there is quite enough of it left to show what a grim monster it was, and, for that matter, still is. In Boswell's time it was a fine thing to have a flat in James's Court. Here Boswell was living when Dr. Johnson came to visit him. Boswell, having received a note from Johnson announcing his arrival, hastened to the inn, where he found the great man had just thrown his lemonade out of the window, and had nearly knocked down the waiter for sweetening the said lemonade without the aid of the sugar-tongs.

'Mr. Johnson and I walked arm-in-arm up the High Street,' says Boswell, 'to my house in James's Court: it was a dusky night: I could not prevent his being assailed by the evening effluvia of Edinburgh. As we marched



BUCCLEUGH PLACE, WHERE THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW" WAS PROJECTED.

slowly along he grumbled in my ear, 'I smell you in the dark.'

Mrs. Boswell had never seen Johnson before, and was by no means charmed with him, as Johnson was not slow to discover. In a matrimonial aside she whispered to her husband,

'I have seen many a bear led by a man, but I never before saw a man led by a bear.' No doubt her provocations were great, and she wins the compassionate sympathy of all good house-



COLLEGE WYND, WHERE SCOTT WAS BORN.

keepers when they read of *Ursa Major* brightening up the candles by turning the melted wax out on the carpet.

Many years after this, but while Boswell was still living in James's Court, a lad named Francis Jeffrey one night helped to carry the great biographer home—a circumstance in the life of a gentleman much more of an every-day or every-night affair at that time than at present. The next day Boswell patted the lad on the head, and kindly added, 'If you go on as you have begun, you may live to be a Bozzy yourself yet.'

The stranger who enters what is apparently the ground-floor of one of these houses on the north side of High Street is often surprised to find himself, without having gone up-stairs, looking from a fourth-story window in the rear. This is due to the steep slope on which the houses stand, and gives them the command of a beautiful view, including the New Town, and extending across the Frith of Forth to the varied shores of Fife. From his flat in James's Court we find David Hume,