



BROUGHTON HISTORY SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

Broughton Tolbooth 1582-1829

NUMBER 28

SUMMER 2011

**Unfortunately, for mainly health reasons,
no winter edition of the Newsletter was
published – for which, apologies.**

We hope our readers will enjoy this summer edition
– which might not have appeared either, without
moral support and practical help from Eileen Dickie.

Ideas or contributions for our next edition?
Phone editor John Dickie on 0131-556 0903
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St. James' Episcopal Chapel

An article about this early 19th-century Episcopal chapel appeared on the front page of the very first edition of our society's newsletter, published in Spring 1997. Alice Lauder wrote that article, and has now updated it for our current edition



The Rev. Edward Craig was one of the clergy at Old St. Paul's Carubber's Close; the church to which the Episcopalians fled when driven out of St. Giles' Cathedral in 1689. Thereafter St. Paul's became very overcrowded, and by 1821 Mr Craig with the help of friends raised about £4,000 to found a new church, in Broughton. St. James' Episcopal Chapel was built in a block of flats at the north-west corner of Broughton Place, assimilated with the houses on Broughton Street.

At that time most people, wrongly, connected Episcopalians with 'English', and one result of this was that they had to pay higher feu duty. For the site at Broughton it was £40 per year (compared to the site at Goldenacre in 1888 for the new Church there – £14.10/- per year from the Fettes Trust.)¹

Cast iron pillars provided support for the building: some readers may remember seeing part of three of them, in Crombie the butcher's shop – but more recently they were covered up during alterations.

The services were held on the first floor. There was seating for some 600 people although some may have been accommodated in the two galleries; the lower one holding the organ and choir. The collection was taken up in long-handled ladles. Communion vessels were copper plated.

The ground floor level was used for a school.

The basement level seems to have been used as a Church Hall. According to Mr Crombie, the butcher, his father in the 1960s desperately wanted the use of this area but had to wait until the little sweet shop (now the serving area) was vacated. When they got access to the basement the Crombies were surprised to find everything set up for what

had been a boxing ring – was this illegal perhaps? Betting would certainly be illegal in 1920/30/40s; and no advertising could be found for this activity. In 1869 a small, neat school was built adjacent to the Chapel, facing into Broughton Street, and this operated until 1933.² The School Log Books covering the years 1890 to 1933 are available in the Edinburgh City Archives for anyone who wishes to consult them.³

At the turn of the century the school had some 200 pupils. There is evidence of a connecting door from the school to the church. The 1869 school is a rather weary looking Victorian building which is now being used by the Stafford Centre, a drop-in centre for people who have had mental health problems.

By 1883 the church had run into financial problems. After planning and building of a new church, the Broughton one was sold for £1,250; and in 1888 St. James' moved down to Goldenacre where market gardens were being replaced by houses for a growing population – 'a harvest to be garnered by new churches'.⁴

Shops were created at ground floor level and the upstairs is at present used as a Kingdom Hall by Jehovah's Witnesses. Some flats were also created on the level above.



Olive Torrance's class at St James' Episcopal School, Broughton Street, circa 1930, taken at the rear of the school building. Olive let the Society copy her photo some years ago – thanks again!

Sources

1. Cole Gilbert (1968-dated in back cover blurb) *A Church in Goldenacre* copyright by Rector and Vestry of St James; printed by Holmes McDougall Ltd page 18
2. *A Church in Goldenacre* page 19
3. City Archives, *City Chambers, High Street*
4. *A Church in Goldenacre* page 10

Elma Birse

Our Society lost a long-standing and very active member when Elma Birse died last year. And many other Broughton residents will remember her too, as customers of the shop she and her husband Ernie ran in Melgund Terrace for many years.

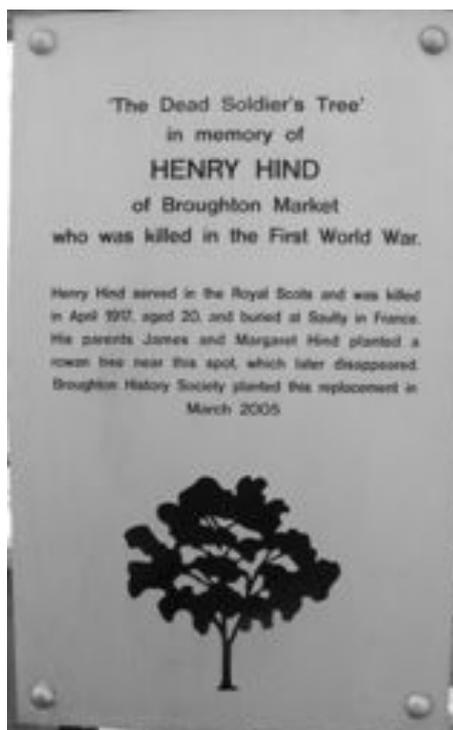
In the mid-90s, Elma signed up for adult courses about Broughton's history at Drummond Community High School. In 1995 she was a member of the team who created the Broughton History Mural: which they gave to our Society, who in turn entrusted it to the City Libraries on long-term loan – it's currently prominently displayed in McDonald Road Library.



Elma in the centre

In more recent years Elma and Alice Lauder regularly spent time together in the Edinburgh Room of the Central Library, unearthing a wide range of material which has featured in our exhibitions and in the newsletter. One day, looking through a box of old lantern slides, Elma found one labelled as a rowan tree standing in Broughton Market in front of a firm called J. Hind: 'The Dead Soldier's Tree', dated 1938. She and Alice agreed this must be a clue well worth chasing up: a search for documentary evidence followed, Alice talked to Barony Street residents, and eventually contact was made with descendants of the Hind family who'd lived in Broughton Market, at the west end of Barony Street.

The story of 20-year-old soldier Henry Hind emerged, killed in the First World War and buried in France. The rowan tree of Elma's lantern slide was planted in his memory by his parents, close to the family home – but had since disappeared. Our Society decided to honour Henry, and restore a bit of Broughton's history, with a new tree very near to the site of the original one and a memorial plaque.



At a ceremony in March 2005, local residents and Society members were joined by Colonel Mason of the Royal Scots, Henry Hind's regiment, who described the military manoeuvre during which he was wounded; and by his nephews Jim and Leslie, who topped off the planting of the tree and unveiled the plaque.

Here is a short item that Elma prepared for the Newsletter but which did not reach publication while she was still with us. We'll miss her as a fellow local history enthusiast, and also as someone it was just good to know.

'The Happy Land had an ironic name for one of the toughest, most crowded slums in Edinburgh (now demolished and the site occupied by a service station). This area was the oldest and eventually the most derelict part of the village of Canonmills. Grimmer memories they had were of the fights at the "Happy Land".

'The house in Ann's Court (also now gone), at the top of Canon Street and Eyre Place corner, was where Jessie King, the "baby farmer" lived – the murderess of unwanted babies and the last woman to be hanged in Edinburgh, in 1889.'

From: The Truth about the Happy Land – Inside the City, Press cuttings, Ref. YDA

2338 Vol. 1 Edinburgh Room, Central Library, EN9/1

Broughton in Literature

**I met an auld wifie toiling up the brae towards me and
I speired her fur the way tae Bellevue Crescent**



Sixteenth-century Baron of Broughton Sir Lewis Bellenden opened our 2006 exhibition.

How would you define 'Literature'? Over the last three years we've quoted writing about Broughton by novelists Robert Louis Stevenson, James Robertson, Ian Rankin and Chris Brookmyre; poet Robert Garioch; Victorian real-life crime writer James McLevy; and, an anonymous 19th-century local poet inspired to sit down and write about the Broughton Street of his day. And in 2006, we were inspired by imagining a long-dead Baron re-appearing in Broughton.

Original text for Sir Lewis' speech by John Dickie, rendered into Scots by Richard Love – who also represented the Baron on the day.

It's been a lang time – fower hunnert year. When I arrived back in Edinburgh earlier the day I took ma bearings for Broughton frae Craigengalt – Calton Hill, I hear ye cry it nooadays. I kennt to keep the brae close on my richt side, just like I used tae on ma way frae ma hoose in the Canon Gait. But the path should ha' ta'en me atween twa hills. Whaur has Multries Hill gone? It seems to hae been flattened. Instead a muckle great thing to the left, inscribed 'King James Hotel'. In memory of ma auld maister Jamie the Sixth, I thocht. But noo I'm tellt there were other royal Jamies efter.

Sure eneugh, there was a dip in the groon' ablow Craigengalt, the auld jousting groon' o' Greensyde. But hard it was to summon up the sicht o' knights in shining armour or the soun' o' the clash of arms, above the noise o' those new-fangled cars that are creeping and screiching all o'er ma auld toon – and a' the airts.

Soon ma heid was birlin'. Awa' doon the track naethin seemed in its richt place. I began to think I'd been o'er reckless tae accept this invitation tae open an exhibition. Only the sicht o' the Firth o' Forth persuaded me to press on. And further on a sign on a wa' spelt oot BARONY Street – that was a wee bit reassuring. I met an auld wifie toiling up the brae towards me and I speired her fur the way tae Bellevue Crescent, a fine name. At first she looked at me kind o' peculiar but then she gave her head a bit o' a shoog and avised me tae keep on the same course.

Sure eneugh, efter finding ma way roon a maist pleasant circular plantation o' green grass an' floors, I soon reached a gracious curve o' stane hooses and then the Kirk o' St Mary's. There Maister Patrick Tyler, Conveenor o' the History Society, stepped oot tae greet me. He led me in and presented me tae the Meenister – a wumman! Nane the worse fur that, nae doot; but unheard of in my day! Efter a sup o' ale in the vestry, I felt quite masel' again and was glad to have a keek roon the exhibition afore the other folk arrived. And well worth ma troublesome journey through baith time and space it turned oot tae be! Her's ma ain coat of arms. And here a faithful representation o' ma

Tollbooth, where I or ma Baillie would sit in judgment on offenders from throughout ma lands, and incarcerate them in the dungeon ablow. And here is an auld hoose callit 'The Witches Howff'. I



can hear the screams of those lost souls noo, as we dispatched them to their Maker! Mebbe King Jamie and masel got a bit carried awa' when it came tae witchcraft. Certes it was a mistake to ask the warlock Ritchie Graham to aid me tae summon up the Deil: indeed it was the daith o' me! But that's a tale best no dwelt on. I can feel ma heart beat faster as I speak o' it.

But I have merely tellt the start o' Broughton's story. Tae see what befell ma Barony efter ma ain days were done has been a maist welcome education. Ladies and Gentlemen – I commend this exhibition to your close attention and do hereby declare it officially open.

The Vantie

Sandy Buchanan of Broughton Place wrote to us about the sweetie shop featured in last summer's edition – it was in East London Street, where the extension to Bond Accountants is now.

I really enjoyed reading the newsletter this morning, full of interesting material.

The short article on "The Vantie" was particularly interesting since I live round the corner on Broughton Place. I was intrigued by the "Vanta" drinks, a quick Google search reveals that they were the forerunner of the modern SodaStream which came out of the Gilbey's Gin stable and that Vanta was the name of the model sold to shopkeepers. There is a brief article on the Waitrose website.

<http://www.waitrose.com/drink/softdrinks/softdrinksarticles/0208093.aspx>



In search of James Grieve

Broughton resident Fay Young is a freelance writer with a special interest in the environment and gardens

The trail ends beneath a thick and prickly holly bush in Rosebank Cemetery. It's an unmarked grave which seems odd and sad for a man who made such an impact when he was alive. His portrait is in the National Portrait Gallery in Edinburgh, a plaque honours his birthplace in Peebles and, perhaps most importantly of all, his name lives on in the sweet and crunchy apple known as James Grieve.

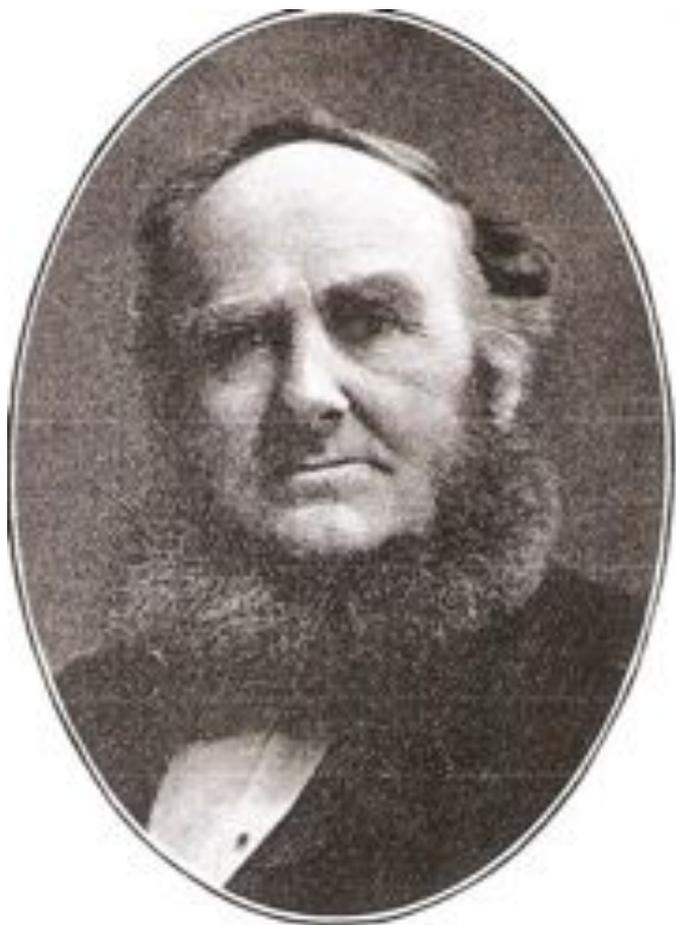
In an age when imported apples dominate supermarket shelves, not everyone knows the look and taste of this once famous Edinburgh apple. James Grieve produced a highly popular hybrid (part Cox's Orange Pippin, part Potts Seedling) in the late 19th century. He was owner of Old Redbraes Nursery when Broughton Road ran through a very much leafier landscape. By the time he was buried in the cemetery across the road from Redbraes, James Grieve was a celebrated horticulturalist and nurseryman. The name would have been known, at least among gardeners, across Scotland.

It was Kate Love's idea that James Grieve's story might be worth exploring. Intriguing facts began to emerge when Julian Siann passed on notes prepared by Jennifer Woods of the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society after visiting the (new) Redbraes Community Garden in 2010. Since then Peebles Civic Society has put up a plaque in Northgate, Peebles, marking the place where the son of Charles and Jane Grieve was born in 1840.

The young James Grieve was to make steady progress through the horticulture trade. At the age of 13 he started as apprentice at Thomas Gentle and Sons, a Peebles nursery, and in 1855 he went to work at nearby Stobo Castle Gardens. After four years he moved to Edinburgh to work for Dickson and Son, a well-known nursery in Leith Walk where he stayed for more than 35 years. During that time he bred pansies, strawberries and chrysanthemums and made his name in the hybrid Rhododendron 'Grievi' as well as the apple 'James Grieve' which was introduced by Dicksons in circa 1893.

When the city began to expand, Dickson's moved to Liberton in 1895 (their name lives on in Leith's Dickson Street) and James Grieve, who had been General Manager at Dickson's since 1870, then took the opportunity to open his own business at Redbraes.

More than 100 years ago the rich soil of North Edinburgh supported a wide expanse of nurseries among big gardens of grand houses. In 1890, *Old and New Edinburgh* described the 'quaint little mansions' of Canonmills and Inverleith. One of them was Redbraes with "artificial ponds among its



shrubberies and pretty walks beside the river". Here, or very nearby, would have been the site of James Grieve's nursery which opened sometime around 1895.

While the apple became a quick success (Wikipedia notes it was delivered to city markets by train or horse-drawn cart) James Grieve also made a name for himself. He judged shows and was a popular lecturer at Horticultural Associations. He taught students at the Royal Botanic Garden Edinburgh and was a member of the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society (the 'Caley' for short), the Botanical Society of Edinburgh, the Scottish Horticultural Association and the Royal Horticultural Society.

In 1909 he was presented with a gold watch and chain plus a purse of sovereigns as a reward for 50 years' work in the City of Edinburgh. In 1914 he was awarded the Neill Prize by the Caley (the prize was established in 1851 by Dr Patrick Neill, a founder of the Society, to reward 'distinguished Scottish botanists or cultivators'). In 1921 James Grieve's portrait, painted by Henry W. Kerr RSA, was published in *The Gardener's Chronicle* (Volume 110).

Such dates are important landmarks but there must be more personal details which would add colour to the emerging picture of a remarkable man. Jennifer Woods' notes offer intriguing glimpses – the nurseryman, renowned for his sense of humour, was the centre of any social group. For some reason he made a point of visiting the Botanics on New Year's Day every year.

Thanks to Jamie Reece, Support Officer – Bereavement Services at Mortonhall Crematorium, we have a few more details. When James Grieve died on 15th September 1924, his address was 7 Annandale Street. Perhaps others can add more information. The deadline for this newsletter is pressing otherwise it would be good to track down the obituary notice – a man of Grieve's reputation would have been buried in style and with a handsome headstone.

Now, surrounded by merchants, candlemakers and shipmasters of Leith, James Grieve's grave is



hidden by a holly bush at Section H Grave Plot 76 (according to the cemetery plan). As Jamie Preece helpfully notes, the way to find the spot is to look for Robert Sproull at Plot H 77. Just to be sure, I sent Jamie a photograph of the headstone and he emailed back:

'I can confirm that the stone you located is plot H 77 therefore, you are in the correct area. The base next to this stone may well have been part of a headstone/memorial commemorating the late James Grieve however I am unfortunately unable to confirm this.'

But perhaps stone is not the most fitting memorial for a man who made his name cultivating living plants. If cemetery rules permit, planting an apple tree might be the best way to honour James Grieve.

James Grieve still thrives in our cold northern gardens. The disease-resistant fruit crops well each year and produces good apple juice.

Editor: I was chatting to Alice Lauder about progress on this newsletter and mentioned Fay's article. She told me she'd met a relation of James Grieve back in the 1960s. She agreed to do some research to complement what she had heard from Miss Grieve. Read on!

In the 1960s the Bellevue Community Association was formed to object to the proposed Ring Road in the centre of Edinburgh. While on the committee I became friendly with a Miss Grieve who lived at 24 West Annandale Street.

The story given was that her mother, who had the most unusual Christian name of Hume (nee Gray), vividly remembered being taken as a little girl to visit at Redbraes House as her mother was friendly with the housekeeper. This lady lovingly polished the bannister and told her that Lady Flora Macdonald had placed her hand there. Miss Grieve's mother would be about 4/5 years old in 1881.

Hume Gray was not to know that she would later marry Thomas Grieve, the son of James, and live in the house at Redbraes with her family of seven children, the youngest of whom was Miss Grieve, Aileen. She was born in 1918 at Redbraes House and so she would have met her grandfather, James Grieve, who did not die until 1924. She spoke of him as being a gardener whose claim to fame was the creation of the James Grieve apple.

Miss Grieve's mother's unusual Christian name was kept to the forefront by being painted on the stone block above the house door at No. 24 West Annandale Street. Sadly, the last time I passed I noticed it had been painted over by new owners.

Alice's Sources

Grant's OLD AND NEW EDINBURGH
YDA 1822 976

PRESS CUTTINGS VOL.1,
Weekly Scotsman, 15th September 1934
YSB 485V

M'Hattie John W. REPORT ON PUBLIC PARKS,
GARDENS and OPEN SPACES 1907-08,
Parks Department, Edinburgh Corporation 1908
GYSB485 (3998)

All above available at the Edinburgh and Scottish
Collection, Central Public Library, George IV Bridge.
Tel: 0131 242 8070

BIRTHS, DEATHS and MARRIAGES
H.M. REGISTER HOUSE



They lived in Broughton

Over the last few years our local community paper *Spurtle* has published articles about interesting characters who've been local residents in the past. We think them well worth a second airing. Last summer we featured one about the poet Robert Garioch. Here we've chosen one from their July 2008 edition by Alan McIntosh, about the entertainer Arthur Lloyd

Arthur Lloyd – music hall legend

Not many people remember Arthur Lloyd today, but the comic vocalist, composer, playwright and sketch artist born in Broughton was once a national celebrity, performed before Royalty, and was known as the last of the 'Lions Comiques'.



Born on 14th May 1839 at 7 Annandale Street, and living soon afterwards at the Gardener's Cottage on Leith Walk, Lloyd was the son of an Edinburgh-based

comedian – Horatio Lloyd (1807–89) – who never earned more than £5 a week. In an effort to do better, Arthur embraced music hall and the management of it, earning up to £100 a week during his glory years from 1870–89. But management had its own perils and, after meeting family commitments, he was never wealthy.

Lloyd's speciality was amusing and slightly racy character songs such as *The Organ Grinder*, *Not for Joseph* and *Married to a Mermaid*. A consummate baritone, he also toured as a recitalist and sang twice before the Prince of Wales.

In 1871 he married Kitty King, a dancer with whom he performed extensively. In the words of one biographer, 'Off the stage apparently he was not an entertaining person. He was essentially Scottish, a family man who brought up a large number of children'. (Clearly he was entertaining enough.)



After Kitty's death in 1892, two of his children joined Lloyd on a working tour of the US. He died in 1904 whilst staying with daughter Annie at 18 Fettes Row, and was buried in Newington Cemetery.

More information at: [\[www.arthurlloyd.co.uk\]](http://www.arthurlloyd.co.uk) AM

David Aitken



Sadly, in August, we lost David Aitken, who made a major contribution to the research and illustration of Broughton's history. His work features prominently in the large and colourful mural which hangs in McDonald Road Public Library. David was one of the most talented artists who helped create it: his name is recorded along with the rest of the team on a brass plate nearby.

David also built models of two buildings which must have been important local landmarks back in the 16th century. He based them on drawings made while they still stood: the Tolbooth, which the History Society adopted as our logo; and the Witches Howff – the drawing is on page 4, and overleaf is a photo of David's model. The models have been used at Society exhibitions, and by teachers at Broughton Primary School.



Witches Howff



David's interests in local affairs spread well beyond the historical – for example, his period as cartoonist in *Spartle*, our local community newspaper. He tackled a wide variety of issues. Two that spring to mind: Our MP Mark Lazarowicz, then a councillor, dressed in armour with 20MPH emblazoned on his shield; and his own creation SuperGran sitting on a central reservation in Broughton Street with TV and knitting. One way or another, there must be many people in Broughton who will remember David and Helen with fondness – not least for that lively glint in his eye!

Newsletter Circulation

We print 120 copies of each edition. Around half go to Society members. Eight non-members who have shown a special interest get it regularly; and for each edition one or two on a once-off basis. I'm currently posting it to ten other history groups. And copies go to libraries, schools and local doctors' and dentists' waiting rooms.

Newsletter online

We have a dedicated page of our own on the Broughton community paper's web site (www.broughtonspurtle.org.uk). On their home page you'll see **Broughton History Society** in the left-hand column: click on that for general Society information, the syllabus for 2011/12, and back issues of the newsletter.