Princes Street, looking West

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Edinburgh of To-Day

Or

Walks Around Scotland's Capital

BY

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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Edinburgh To-day

INTRODUCTION

HE would be a bold man who would deny to Edinburgh the pride of place in being the most picturesque city of the United Kingdom. Not only, however, does it excel in beauty of situation. In historic interest and romantic associations it will challenge comparison with any other town in the three kingdoms. An observant American has well said: "Nowhere else can you see so well the contrast between the two towns—the Old and the New, the latter gay, glittering like a section of Paris as seen from Notre Dame, smiling as if there was no such thing as death and change in the Universe; the other with the shadow of a thousand sad memories lingering with the light of other days

upon it, sombre, sublime, silent in its age." Wordsworth's graphic description of it in that immortal line of his, "Stately Edinburgh throned on crags," is only paralleled by Professor Wilson's equally immortal epithet, "Queen of the Unconquered North"; while Alexander Smith did not strain the patriotism of his countrymen to the breaking-point when he said, "Every true Scotsman believes Edinburgh to be the most picturesque city in the whole world."

If such be the tributes of strangers and of Scotsmen, what must be the verdict of the residents of Edinburgh themselves? There never was a son of Edinburgh who, if compelled to leave the city of his birth or of his adoption, but longed day and night to return to it. The theme of his thoughts by day, the subject of his dreams by night, Edina the beautiful remained enthroned in his memory as the spot of all others which to him suggested Paradise. Because, view it from whatever point of vantage you please, from none is the prospect

tame or commonplace. The long line of the "Old Town" terminating in the beetling Castle Rock, the towers and spires, the monument-crowned hills, the broad regular streets, the churches, the statues, the columns, the lofty handsome houses, the grand mountain-like mass of Arthur's Seat with the natural embattlements of Salisbury Crags, all go to make up a picture of unrivalled variety and beauty.

Such, then, is the city we are about to describe. About one hundred and thirty years ago Dr. Samuel Johnson, "the Ursa Major of Literature," took it into his head to visit Scotland, and to write an account of his experiences in the "land of the mountain and the flood." Happily, he seems to have reserved his criticisms largely for the residents of the Western Highlands. At all events he had little to say about Edinburgh. In the opening chapter of his "Tour to the Hebrides" he remarks that Edinburgh is a city too well known to admit of description. We have always been in doubt as to

whether the "Doctor" was writing "sarkastik" or whether he really believed what he said. Perhaps it is most charitable to assume that where ignorance of its beauties was bliss to the great lexicographer, it would have been folly for him to have affected the wisdom of intimate knowledge, seeing that he could no longer have maintained the tone of "a superior person." But if Dr. Johnson imagined that the capital of Scotland contained nothing new enough to be worth describing—for that is what the situation really resolved itself into in his mind—later travellers have had better vision, and they have demanded a description of "Dunedin" to perpetuate their pleasurable impressions.

PREHISTORIC LEGENDS

This is not a history of Edinburgh. Accordingly, we are not going to inflict a long disquisition upon the reader on the early history of the town. That may be sought for in my "Story of Edinburgh." Suffice to

say that the foundation of Edinburgh is lost amidst the mists of antiquity. The Castle was probably in existence as a fortress long before the town, while the latter grew up as a congeries of mud huts under the protecting walls of the fortress. Doubtless it figured in the wars of Pict and Scot, of Briton and Saxon, of Dane and Norseman; and the name of the hill overlooking the town — "Arthur's Seat"—is evidence, strong or weak according to temperament and inclination, that at some time or other King Arthur had made a heroic struggle here to stem the tide of Saxon invasion. There is probably, therefore, more than a legendary origin for the name "Arthur's Seat." The vivid imagination of the Celtic people has always added poetry to legend, and as the old Greeks enthroned Zeus on Olympus, so the half-mythical, half-historical heroes of the Western races were magnified into kings of colossal grandeur seated on mountain thrones. Authentic history is, in the case of Arthur, so hidden in the haze of legend

and romance that it is not easy to discern the real figure of the great British chieftain or to trace even the more prominent features of his career. It seems almost certain that he waged fierce war with the Saxon kings of Northumbria, and that many of his great exploits were achieved in the district between the Tweed and the Firth of Forth. A recent writer of great ability thus sums up the case: "In evidence of the former northern extension of the Cymry (Welsh), it is as Bretts (British) and Welsh that the inhabitants of Cumbria and Strathclyde are referred to by the contemporary Saxon chroniclers and in the charters and proclamations of the Scottish kings David I., Malcolm IV., and William the Lion. So late indeed as 1305 we find a recognition of the Cymry as a distinct element of the population of Southern Scotland, in the enactment that the usages of the Bretts shall be abolished and no more used. And it is to the Welsh that we must look for the etymology of the names of the great natural features

of that district of Southern Scotland which would appear to have been the scene of the battles of the historical Arthur. From Welsh, the names Tweed, Teviot, Clyde, Nith and Annan, and the numerous Esks, Edens and Levens, &c., are all derived. From Welsh also we explain Cheviot and the names of the Border hills. But if, as these various facts (and particularly the connection in which Arthur is mentioned in contemporary or approximately contemporary histories and historical poems) lead us to believe, Arthur was a leader of those Northern Cymry afterwards absorbed in the populations of Southern Scotland and the English border, then in this district, we ought certainly to find localities which can be more or less clearly identified with those mentioned in the earliest historical notices of Arthur; and localities also which in their names or in the traditions associated with them commemorate his story. Now it has been shown that such localities are not only found in the district thus defined, but are

found there in such numbers as can nowhere else be paralleled. And a very important verification is thus obtained of what from the scantiness of the earliest sources might, if thus unsupported, be regarded as a mere hypothesis rather than a theory with respect to the scene of the battles of the historical Arthur.

AUTHENTIC HISTORY

Such names as Edwin of Deira — from whom the city was called "Edwinsburgh" or Edinburgh — Æthelfrith, Ecgfrith, Brudi, Kenneth MacAlpine, and others, appear and disappear like shadows in the mist, and authentic history does not really commence until the reign of Malcolm II. (1005–1034), when he overthrew the Northumbrians at Carham on the Tweed (1018), inflicting on them a defeat so severe that all the territory north of the river was added to the kingdom of Scotland. Had this battle terminated otherwise, Lothian would have remained in the possession of

England, Edinburgh would have been an English town, probably not rising higher in the scale of importance than Berwick or Carlisle. We record this event because the date is one that should be remembered owing to the consequences it entailed ; but we do not contemplate entering otherwise than very cursorily into the historical narrative of the progress of Edinburgh from the mud-hut stage to the palatial city of to-day.

HISTORIC PERIOD

The Scottish monarchs appreciated its strong position as a border fortress, for in those times the "Border" was a very elastic term. In 1074 Malcolm III. (Ceanmohr, or Greathead), son of the Duncan murdered by Macbeth, Marmaor of Moray, fortified the town, rebuilt the Castle, and added to the latter a palace, in which he resided with his lovely and saintly wife, Margaret, sister of Edgar Atheling and niece of Edward the Confessor. The young queen strove to introduce Chris-

tian rites and Christian ideas and culture among the rude people by whom she was surrounded, and she also tried to convert her husband. In none of these efforts had she personally much success until she obtained permission to get some of the churchmen from Canterbury in England. Malcolm, however, showed his veneration for his wife's religion by kissing her books of devotion with much reverence. In 1093 Malcolm was killed at the siege of Alnwick, and his gentle queen, who was in feeble health, died immediately on hearing the news.

The youngest of the six sons of Malcolm and Margaret was David, who became king in 1104, and who added to the importance of Edinburgh by establishing in the valley to the east of the hilly ridge leading up to the Castle, an Abbey for the reception of the canons regular of the Order of St. Augustin, or Austin Friars as they are called. The legend runs that King David, when hunting near Arthur's Seat and the Crags, had his life placed in imminent danger by the

charge of a huge stag, and that, on a piece of the true Cross being miraculously placed in his hand, the stag fled in dread and alarm. To commemorate this deliverance the King erected a religious house on the spot. David also greatly strengthened the Castle, building the great Norman donjon keep known as "David's Tower." The Castle during that and subsequent reigns was the royal residence, though when Holyrood Abbey was built they frequently sojourned there. A considerable town accordingly grew up under the protection of the fortress, and in 1128 David conferred on it the privileges of a burgh. In 1215 we read that Alexander II. held a parliament there; while in 1235 a provincial synod was held in the town by the Pope's legate. The kings of Scotland were crowned at Scone; but after 1250 Edinburgh became one of the four royal burghs, the others being Stirling, Berwick, and Roxburgh. The town consisted of one long street of thatched houses, extending eastward from the Castle

to the point afterwards known as the Netherbow, where it met the "Canongate," the name given to the burgh which the canons of Holyrood had been empowered by David I. to found. During the Wars of Independence consequent on the lamentable death of Alexander III. without issue, which brought so many candidates for the throne into the field that Edward I. saw in the circumstance a means of bringing Scotland under his own sway, Edinburgh was more than once held by the English, the Castle being garrisoned by Southrons. But Scots stratagem and cunning opposed itself to English courage, and twice the fortress was captured by the Scots. In the reign of the Bruce it was dismantled after being taken by the Scots; but in the reign of Bruce's unworthy son David it was rebuilt by the English, and had again to be captured. David was for a time a fugitive, and Balliol was king; but the Douglases played a worthy part in the expulsion of the Southrons, and ere long David was again seated

on the throne. He greatly added to the Castle — in particular erecting David's Tower—and called to his aid the military and engineering genius of his nephew John, Earl of Carrick (afterwards Robert III.), who, fresh from the French wars, was familiar with all the current modes of fortification.

In 1384, during the reign of Robert II., Edinburgh was visited by Sir John Froissart, the most picturesque of chroniclers and "the father of special correspondents," as he has been called. He described Edinburgh in graphic terms, affirming it to be a place of about four thousand houses, but so poor and rude in manners and accommodation that he and his companions had great difficulty in obtaining suitable lodging. We may conclude, then, that towards the close of the fourteenth century, Edinburgh was a reasonably populous town, possessing the strongest fortress in Scotland, also a royal residence (in the Castle), a fine church, an abbey, and an ecclesiastical burgh. To Edin-

burgh was also attached the port of Leith, which had been given them in 1329.

In the year succeeding Froissart's visit, Richard II. invaded Scotland and captured Edinburgh, burning all that could be burned. They could do nothing against the Castle, and were soon starved away, as supplies were not to be had. About this Froissart says: "The King came and lodged in Edenborowe, the chief towne in all Scottlande, and there tarried fyve dayes, and at his departure it was burned up clean; but the Castle had no hurt, for it was strong enough and well kept." No sooner had Richard turned his back than his enemies, invisible before, made themselves felt at every turn, harassing his rearguard all the way back to England, while those who were not needed to carry on the campaign were rebuilding the town as rapidly as possible.

Edinburgh was distinctively the "Capital" of the Stuarts, that is to say, they made it their place of resi-

dence and beautified and embellished it. Certainly the First James preferred Perth, and spent all his spare time at the "Fair City." But after he had paid for his partiality with his life, all his successors of the same name made Edinburgh their capital city. James II. was crowned at Holyrood instead of Scone, where all his predecessors had been invested with the royal symbols, and henceforth Scone disappears from history as the place of coronation, and Edinburgh attracts to herself all the accessories as well as the "essentialities"—to quote a Carlylean phrase—of royal dignity.

Edinburgh owed much to James II. He determined to strengthen it against attack. Hence he erected the first "City Wall" with battlements and flanking bastions, while he also appointed certain "ports" or "gates," which still remain in name if not in deed, "Bristo Port, West Port," &c. The line of this wall was as follows. Beginning from the Wellhouse Tower —which was not a tower named after Wallace, but the fort protecting the

water supply of the Castle—the line of circumvallation ran eastward some eighty or hundred yards, thereafter trending due south across what is now the Esplanade, until it reached the edge of the steep declivity overlooking the Grassmarket and the deep ravine of the Cowgate. From this point it turned east again, crossed the West Bow, then the chief entrance into Edinburgh, and was carried along the line of the ridge overhanging the "Cowgate glen" until it came to the foot of St. Mary's Wynd (now St. Mary's Street). Here it turned northward, crossed the High Street at the top of the wynd in question, where was situate the Netherbow Port, and followed the steep slope of the northern declivity until it again reached the waters of the Nor' Loch, a little below Halkerston's Wynd, where were the sluice gates to regulate the flow of water. The Nor' Loch was of course an artificial sheet of water, constructed by James II. as an item in his scheme of defence of the Scottish capital.

In 1452 James II. conferred a charter

on the town, which gave it that pre-eminence over all the other royal burghs which entitled it to take rank as the capital; and in 1469 James III., after his marriage with Margaret of Denmark, erected the city into a sheriffdom of itself, with special privileges to the "Guilds" or "Trades Unions," and these privileges are still typified by the flag known as "the Blue Blanket," which the craftsmen of Edinburgh display on state occasions. Also in 1482, after they had stood by the King in his hour of need when the nobles and he were at loggerheads, the King by his "Golden Charter" greatly increased the power of the provost and magistrates of Edinburgh, whereby they were entitled to hold courts, levy fines, and impose duties on all merchandise landed at Leith. Those privileges granted by the grateful James III. were confirmed by James VI. in 1603 when he ascended the English throne.

James IV. still further improved and beautified Edinburgh, and the city owes a great deal to him. He

was fond of pomp and pageant, and encouraged the citizens when he had any foreign visitors staying with him to adorn their houses with tapestry and flags. His marriage to Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII., was long remembered for its magnificence and splendour. The fair Margaret rode in state into Edinburgh, sitting pillionwise behind her royal husband. The magistrates and ecclesiastical dignitaries of the city gave the princely pair a hearty reception. The Greyfriars met them with holy relics, including the arm of St. Giles. The fountain at the City Cross, near St. Giles', ran wine, and on a stage were exhibited mystery and miracle plays, in which Adam and Eve Jacob, Hector, Venus, Paris, Juno, Minerva, the Angel Gabriel, the Virgin Mary, and other mythical and Biblical characters took part. The next day the royal pair were married at the Abbey Church of Holyrood amid great festivities.

Ten years later, alas, this scene of international rejoicing was turned into

one of mourning when on the fatal field of Flodden, James IV. and the flower of his nobility fell, while thousands of English yeomen lay stark and stiff. This was a great disaster to Scotland. James IV. was a patron of art and letters. He was interested in all that concerned his country's welfare, and had he lived Scotland probably would have taken her place in the forefront of the nations.

As soon as the news reached Edinburgh of the defeat, the consternation was universal.

"The bells are tolling fiercely,
 And the cry comes louder in,
Mothers wailing for their children,
 Sisters for their slaughtered kin.
All is terror and disorder,
 Till the Provost rises up,
Calm as though he had not tasted
 Of the fell and bitter cup;
All so stately from his sorrow
 Rose the old undaunted chief,
That you had not deemed to see him
 His was more than common grief.
'Let them cease that dismal yelling;
 It is time enough to ring
When the fortress-strength of Scotland
 Stoops to ruin, like its king.

Let the bells be kept for warning,
Not for terror or alarm ;
When they next are heard to thunder
Let each man and stripling arm.
Bid the women cease their wailing :
Do they think that woeful strain
From the bloody heaps of Flodden
Can redeem their dearest slain ?
Bid them cease, or rather hasten
To the churches, every one,
There to pray to Mary Mother,
And to her Anointed Son,
That the thunderbolt above us
May not fall in ruin yet,
That in fire and blood and rapine
Scotland's glory may not set.' "

A municipal proclamation was made that at sounding of the common bell all who could were to repair to the walls, to work thereon in view of the apprehended English invasion, for at that time they did not know that Surrey, the English general, found that his forces had been so crippled that he had to retreat slowly back to England. Meantime men, women, and children worked day and night at the "Flodden Wall," as it was called. It ran from the south-eastern angle of the Castle-rock to the West

Port, thence round by Bristo to the Cowgate Port, and by St. Mary's Wynd to the Netherbow, where it joined the line of the wall of James II. In 1540 the defence of the city was still further strengthened by a rampart along the west side of Leith Wynd, portions of which remained until 1871. In 1560, the wall having been extended from Leith Wynd to the eastern end of the Nor' Loch, there were eventually nine gates or "ports" constructed, viz. "West Port, Bristo Port, Potter-row Port, Cowgate Port, Netherbow Port, Hospital Postern Port, College Church Port, Halkerston's Wynd Port, and the Dung Port in Leith Wynd." James V. was a mere infant when he succeeded his father, and the long minority which supervened, permitted the Douglases, who had been held in check by the stern hand of James IV., to raise their heads again. To them Edinburgh owed little. When James was able to throw off their galling yoke, he followed the example of his father, grandfather, and great-grand-

father, in making Edinburgh his residence, and doing all he could to beautify it. He completed his father's great design of making Holyrood a palace worthy of the royal Stuarts. He located the Court of Session in the capital, and he also encouraged the nobles to erect town mansions in the capital. He likewise materially strengthened the defences of the city; but, despite these, after his death and after the birth of Mary, Queen of Scots, his only child, Edinburgh and Leith were both taken and partially burned in 1544 by the English army under the Earl of Hertford, the object of the invasion being to compel the Scots Estates to consent to the marriage of Mary with Prince Edward, afterwards Edward VI. Only when Mary was sent to France and betrothed to the Dauphin did these raids cease. But they had one good result, they led to new and improved houses being built, thatched roofs also being discouraged owing to the danger of fire, tiles being advised as a substitute. The streets and closes were also lighted

Mary Queen of Scots

for the first time in 1558, lamps or *bowets* being hung on chains suspended across the streets from house to house. But as the lamps went out easily during windy nights, the Town Council ordered that a candle in a lantern should be hung out of the first storey of every tenement after twilight.

During the reigns of Mary and James VI. the houses began to increase in altitude. The practice of piling storey upon storey arose partly from imitation of the French, and partly from a desire to save ground-rent or feu-duty. But lateral expansion was very difficult in the Scots capital, as it was considered unfashionable to live outside the walls. But there was a morass on the low-lying ground, where now the Grassmarket and Cowgate are situated, with a stream running down towards St. Margaret's Loch, and successful attempts having been made to drain these, in time a street was formed named the "Cowgate" or the "Soogate," with an open space called the "Grassmercat." The new street be-

came one of the most fashionable in the town, containing the residences of many noble personages. Difficult indeed is it to realise this fact to-day as we pass through the Cowgate, which is one of the most unsavoury parts of Old Edinburgh. The Cowgate and Grassmarket were connected with the High Street by a series of narrow lanes, whereof the broader were called "wynds" and the narrower "closes."

Neither Mary nor James VI., although both professed to love Edinburgh with a surpassing love, did much for it. The former was instrumental in causing the Tolbooth to be rebuilt so that the Court of Session might meet there, and the latter, in founding the University in 1582—at least he gave it his "countenance," which was about all one could expect from the impecunious monarch. In 1560 Edinburgh embraced the Reformed Doctrines, and the Mass was declared to be an illegal sacrament by both the Estates and the Town Council.

MURDER OF RIZZIO

But Edinburgh was now to enter upon that winter of her discontent which was to last for upwards of one hundred and sixty years, and to prove her ruin as a national capital. In 1603 James VI. succeeded to the throne of England under the title of James I., and migrated South attended by all the greater nobility, who henceforward lived in London and closed their Edinburgh mansions. After his accession to the throne of England, James only visited Scotland once, in 1617, on which occasion he presided over an assembly of Edinburgh professors who gathered in the Chapel of Stirling Castle. While in Edinburgh he took great delight in acting as arbiter in any cases of theological debate, when he delivered his opinion with an oracular solemnity that won for him the name of "the Modern Solomon."

Charles I., Charles II., and James II. did absolutely nothing for Edinburgh. Only a residential monarch could benefit the city, but that "luxury" had passed from the Scots

Metropolis for ever. Henceforward her citizens had to rely on themselves and on their Town Council for any improvement in the city.

The popularity of the Stuarts waned with their departure from Edinburgh, and when they tried forcibly to impose Episcopacy upon the country and upon the capital, they were speedily brought to see that the royal prerogative had its limits like everything else. Edinburgh was decidedly Presbyterian, and sided with the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. In 1640 the Castle was commanded by David Leslie, who was trained under Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, the National Covenant and the Solemn League and Covenant were both confirmed by the Estates and General Assembly, and in 1650, the year after his father's execution, Charles II., who had signed the Covenant and sworn to observe its inviolability, entered Edinburgh prior to proceeding to Scone to be crowned. He was so persistently preached at by the godly Presbyterian clergy, that he

JOHN KNOX

was wont to say in after life that all the sins he ever committed would be counterbalanced by the sufferings he then underwent. That same year, however, Leslie was defeated by Cromwell at Dunbar, Edinburgh was captured by the Puritans, and the Castle was garrisoned by Cromwell's soldiery until after the Restoration.

The Restoration found Edinburgh sick of Puritanic supremacy and ready for the wildest Royalist excesses. Hence when Charles insisted on Episcopacy being reintroduced, the capital was ready to accede to it. All through the terrible "Killing Time" (1662–1688) Edinburgh was pronouncedly Royalist and Prelatist, the Presbyterians having either removed to the West or conformed. A few staunch stalwarts of course stood out. Blackness and the Bass broke down the spirit of some, and many of the others either "glorified God in the Grassmarket" or were transported to the plantations. Rullion Green and Bothwell Bridge were brought home to the people of Edin-

burgh, inasmuch as the luckless Covenanting prisoners were confined in the Tolbooth and in Greyfriars' Churchyard, until the time of their trial came. For twenty-seven years that state of things lasted, James II. succeeding his brother Charles II. Edinburgh supported the Royalist cause, and when, in 1680, the year after Bothwell Bridge, James, Duke of York with his wife, Mary of Modena, came up to act as Viceroy, they were received with great pomp. A mimic Court was held at Holyrood, where, for the first time, tea was served to the ladies of Edinburgh. But James had the knack of offending his best friends, and had not been long on the throne before his open support of Roman Catholicism aroused dissatisfaction both in England and Scotland. Riots occurred in Edinburgh. A Roman Catholic seminary was established in Holyrood, the Chapel Royal there was fitted up for the celebration of the Mass, while the Chancellor, the Earl of Perth, had ordered a large consignment of vestments, censers,

and images for use in the Chapel to be landed at Leith; but all these articles were seized and torn to pieces by the mob from Edinburgh, headed by the students from the University. The Revolution followed in a few months, James was deposed, William and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen, Episcopacy was overthrown in Scotland, and Presbyterianism established as the State form of worship. Ten years later the failure of the Darien Expedition, which was intended to colonise a portion of Central America, and to do for Scotland what the East India Company had done for England, was ruined literally through the jealousy of the English merchants and the timidity of King William, who feared to offend them. The disaster spread ruin far and wide through Scotland, and it fell with crushing force on Edinburgh, where the offices of the company were situated. So high did feeling run against England, that war would certainly have been declared between the countries, if the cool-headed

statesmen on both sides had not started the movement for the Union of the countries, which was consummated on May Day 1707, when Scotland was formally united to England, the title of Great Britain being given to the joint kingdoms. By this event Edinburgh lost her last shred of pomp as the capital of an independent kingdom, the Scottish Parliament and Privy Council ceased to exist, and the quaint ceremony of "riding the Parliament" passed out of observance. Many of the nobility who took an active part in politics went to London, and Edinburgh became merely a provincial town whose sole title to note was that it was the seat of the Law Courts and the place where the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland convened. From 1707 onward the prosperity of Edinburgh declined. Her citizens lost heart. A gloom settled down upon them which was not dispelled until the genius of Adam Ferguson, Hume, Robertson, Scott, Wilson, and others showed that her supremacy might be even

PRINCE CHARLES ENTERING EDINBURGH AFTER
BATTLE OF PRESTONPANS

higher in intellectual glory than it had ever been in civic or political affairs. The Stuarts, who in a measure had returned to the throne in Queen Anne, became extinct as regards the direct line, and the collateral branch had to be resorted to, George, Elector of Hanover, being proclaimed King (1714). In the following year (1715) the first Jacobite Rebellion took place under the Earl of Mar, but proved a miserable fiasco. An attempt was made to secure possession of the Castle. The Jacobites contrived to bribe three soldiers of the garrison who would be on duty as sentries on a particular night, and who undertook to draw up ladders of a peculiar construction, by which the attacking party could mount and enter the Castle. One of the conspirators, Dr. Arthur, revealed the project to his pretty Whig wife, who at once communicated with the Lord Justice Clerk. A messenger was at once sent to the commander of the garrison; but it would have been too late to hinder the attempt

had the conspirators themselves not remained drinking in a tavern until the hour was past. The Rebellion of 1715 affected Edinburgh little; it was different with that of 1745, which was led in person by the man who lives in song and story as "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and "Charlie is my Darling." The clans to a considerable extent flocked to his standard after his landing in the Western Highlands. He succeeded in avoiding any general engagement with the Royal troops until, by a clever stratagem, he had captured Edinburgh, and been strengthened by the adhesion of a large number of the chiefs and their men. Then he met Sir John Cope and defeated him at the Battle of Prestonpans, which laid the country at his feet. He held court in Edinburgh in the ancient palace of his ancestors, and was simply idolised by all and sundry. Easy it is to be wise after the event, but one thing is certain, had Charles placed the conduct of the military operations in the hands of Lord George Murray, one of the

greatest generals of his day, and followed his advice of not invading England but retreating to the Highlands and holding the Royal forces at bay until the Highlands realised that he was the victor over Cope and Hawley, the Stuarts would probably have been on the throne of Britain to-day. But he took his own way and marched to England, to defeat and ruin. He had many supporters in Edinburgh, and he was for long hailed as the hero of Scottish romance.

MODERN EDINBURGH

The Rebellion of 1745 exercised a very decided influence upon the expansion of the city. Those who had resided within the walls under the delusion that they would be protected found their trust rudely shaken. They then realised that they might just as well live outside the town walls in comfort than inside them in discomfort. Besides many of the nobility, who from political and other causes had been scattered abroad, returned

to Edinburgh and took up their permanent residence there. Such an increase in population had to be provided for.

To live up in those high *lands* was attended by many inconveniences. For example, all the water for use in the family had to be carried up the narrow turnpike stairs; hence cleanliness, in place of ranking next to godliness in the mind of a worthy Sabbatarian Edinburgher, was left so far in the background as to be practically an invisible virtue. All refuse or household slops had to be carried downstairs or thrown out of the windows. Thus a flavour, and certainly a savour, of odorous danger attended a walk after nightfall along the streets of Edinburgh. A meditative philosopher was apt to be rudely aroused. One never knew the moment when the sound of a window being thrown up would fall on the ear, the awful cry of "Gardyloo"—the slogan of the household "slavey"—would then ring out, followed in swift succession by an avalanche of unmention-

able filth, which, if the luckless passer-by was not agile on his pins, would render him a *bête noir* to his friends for the remainder of the evening.

The families in the Scots metropolis were thus literally packed together like herrings in a barrel, one above the other. So over-populated was the city that nobility and gentry, also lawyers in high positions, were content with two or three rooms wherein all the daily duties of a busy household had to be performed. Bruce of Kennet (as I state in my "Story of Edinburgh"), a leading lawyer, afterwards raised to the Bench, lived in a house of three rooms and a kitchen, viz. a parlour, a consulting-room for Mr. Bruce, and a bedroom. The children with their maid had beds laid down at night in the consulting-room, the housemaid slept under the kitchen dresser, and the one man-servant was turned at night out of the house.

As I have previously stated, this slender household accommodation compelled the use of taverns more than is the custom now. In his

tavern the advocate or barrister received his clients, and the physician his patients, each lawyer and doctor having his especial *howff* or place of resort. Almost every citizen too had his wonted place in his customary tavern; business over and his booth closed, he repaired about eight o'clock to enjoy his frugal supper of rizzared haddock, mince-collops, or sheep's head, washed down by a bottle of claret or of Edinburgh ale.

Out of this spirit of conviviality arose those numberless clubs, wherein upon the convivial stem were grafted politics, literature, sport, science, as well as many other pursuits less reputable. Intemperance was the prevalent vice of all classes, and everything seemed to be done on a basis of drink. As Sir Alexander Boswell says:—

"O'er draughts of wine the beau would moan his love,
O'er draughts of wine the cit his bargain drove,
O'er draughts of wine the writer penned the will,
And legal wisdom counselled o'er a gill."

The drinking of drams was a recognised custom observed at regular hours; the "meridian" or mid-day dram was an institution observed with scrupulous punctuality by law-clerks and legal officers. John's Coffee-House in Parliament Square was a great place for the writers and their clerks to enjoy a drop of whisky or "a cauld cock and a feather," viz. a glass of brandy and a bunch of raisins. Robert Chambers, in his "Traditions of Edinburgh," says that tavern dissipation formerly prevailed in Edinburgh to an incredible extent, and engrossed the leisure hours of all professional men, scarcely excepting even the most dignified and those belonging to the most staid professions. It was no unusual thing to meet men of high rank and official dignity reeling home from a close in the High Street where they had spent the night in drinking. Nor was it uncommon to find two or three of his Majesty's most honourable Lords of Council and Session mounting the bench in the forenoon in a crapulous

state. Lord Newton was always best fitted for business when he had imbibed not less than six bottles of claret. One of the worthies of the time was "Singing Jamie Balfour," a lawyer who was noted for his sweet singing and his perpetual semi-intoxication. One evening he fell into a hole dug for the foundation of the houses in St. James' Square. He shouted loudly for help. A passer-by came to assist him, but on seeing his state said, "What's the use o' helping you out, ye couldna stand if ye were oot." "Maybe no," said Jamie; "but help me oot and I'll rin ye to the Tron Kirk for a bottle of claret." Jamie was helped out and held up while he started to run. To his antagonist's surprise he ran so fast that he won easily. A second race was proposed to Fortune's in the Stamp Office Close, which Jamie also won. The end of all was that the Good Samaritan, after paying for and helping to drink the two bottles, was put by Jamie into a chair and sent home helplessly drunk, while Jamie walked

home declaiming against men who had neither heads nor legs to stand a drop of drink.

Nor were ladies wholly free of the vice. There is a good story of three ladies who, having enjoyed a merry meeting at a tavern near the Cross, started to go home, but found that the bright moon threw the shadow of the Tron Church steeple across the street. The ladies, thinking they had reached a stream of water, took off their shoes and stockings, "kilted" their petticoats and crossed to the other side of the shadow, where they gravely rearranged their dress.

But at last the population grew so congested that Edinburgh had either to increase her boundaries or submit to witness another township growing up alongside of her. She chose the former alternative, and, as events proved, was wise in so doing. The first extension was Brown Square (at the end of George IV. Bridge), followed shortly after by the beautiful parallelogram of George Square and the towering tenements of Buccleuch

Place. The custom of piling storey upon storey received its death-blow by the fall of one of these "sky-scrapers" in 1751. An Act was immediately passed ordering all dangerous buildings to be taken down. In 1753 an Act of Parliament was obtained providing for the complete reorganisation of the city. Many old houses were to be demolished and new ones erected in their place. Meantime the meadows beyond the Nor' Loch called "Bearsford's Parks" were fixed upon as the site of the "New Town." As a preliminary a means of connection therewith was planned in the shape of a bridge across the hollow of the bed of the Loch. Thus the North Bridge took its rise, the first stone of which was laid in 1763. As soon as the bridge was commenced the Town Council offered all manner of inducements to the citizens to migrate across the "Loch," but in vain. At last, daring greatly, in 1767 a Mr. John Young began the erection of a house in Rose Court, George Street, the first house

in the "New Town" of Edinburgh; while the first house in Princes Street was built in the following year by Mr. John Neale, a silk mercer, who as a reward was granted exemption from all municipal taxes. Soon after the plan of the new city, drawn up by Mr. James Craig, a well-known Edinburgh architect, and the nephew of James Thomson, the poet of the "Seasons," were all carried into effect, the streets of the New Town—Princes Street, George Street, Queen Street, with their "Mews," afterwards called "Meuse" Lane, and Rose Street; and the cross streets — St. Andrew Street, St. David Street, Hanover Street, Frederick Street, and Castle Street—were all constructed, and the houses in them were occupied by the well-to-do and the wealthy. After a time the objection to migrating from the old town was overcome, and the latter slowly but surely was left to the poor and the destitute. Within forty years, viz. 1775–1815, the "New Town" was peopled by its new denizens, and a great increase in popula-

tion was the result. In 1801 the census gave for the city and suburbs 66,500; that of 1831, 136,300. Then in 1803–1810, Heriot Row, Abercromby Place, Melville Street, and Charlotte Square and contiguous streets, were all built, followed in 1824 by Moray Place and Ainslie Place, on the estate of the Earl of Moray. Nor had the extensions all been carried out in the north part of the town. The suburb of Newington began to spring up with the villas in Minto Street, Salisbury Road, and Blacket Place between 1815 and 1835; while in the west also Athole and Coates Crescents, Manor Place, and adjoining streets and terraces came into being. Then in 1847, when the Grange Cemetery was formed, the Grange estate was feued by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder of Grange and Fountainhall, whose mansion-house was in the vicinity; and about the same time the Mayfield, Morningside, and Merchiston districts were laid out, forming charming residential suburbs for villadom. About 1875–1885 numerous

complaints having been lodged that no attention was paid to the housing of the working classes, the municipal authorities as well as several private speculators began to formulate schemes for the comfortable housing of the artisan population. Accordingly the working-class suburbs of Dalry and Gorgie were laid out; while long streets of houses in the Warrender Park estate were erected, whereby suitable accommodation for clerks and small tradesmen was supplied. During the last decade of the nineteenth century the South Morningside and Braid districts really came into existence; while on the northern side of the town the Comely Bank and Dean Park localities were also built upon, the houses being quickly occupied. Thus it came about that at the opening of the twentieth century the population of Edinburgh, which as we have seen was in 1801 only 66,500, was in 1901 316,837.

GOVERNMENT AND INDUSTRIES

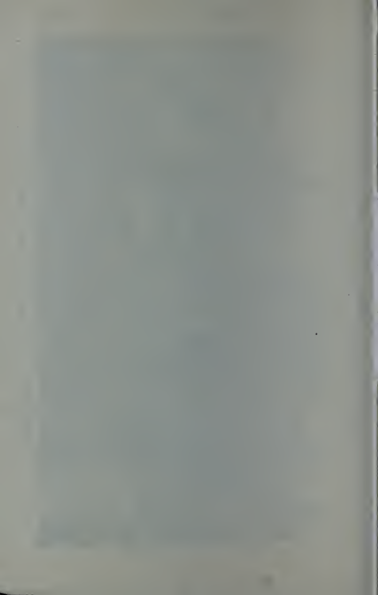
Edinburgh is a royal burgh, as we have seen, and its governing body, the Town Council, is composed of fifty members, of which forty-eight are elected by the sixteen wards into which the town is divided; the other two members being the Dean of Guild and the Convener of the Trades. The Town Council elects their chairman or Lord Provost, also six Bailies, who constitute the civic magistracy. The thirteen wards into which the municipality of Edinburgh is divided are Calton, Canongate, Newington, Morningside, Merchiston, Gorgie, Haymarket, St. Bernard's, Broughton, St. Stephen's, St. Andrew's, St. Giles', Dalry, George Square, St, Leonard's, Portobello. The number of inhabited houses in the city is 65,849, while the annual value of real property in 1903–1904 was upwards of £3,015,274. As a commercial and manufacturing town Edinburgh is far inferior to Glasgow, but its banks and insurance offices are of great importance. The

Edinburgh publishing houses, Messrs. Blackwood, Nelson, T. & T. Clark, Oliver & Boyd; Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier; Nimmo, Hay & Mitchell; are of high repute and worthy of the literary reputation of the city. For from the days of James IV., when Dunbar, Kennedy, and Gawaine Douglas graced the Court, down through the ages, such brilliant writers were in evidence as Sir David Lyndsay, Alexander Hume, George Buchanan, William Drummond, Ayton, Montgomery, Allan Ramsay, Dr. Pitcairn, Adam Ferguson, David Hume, William Robertson, Dr. Blacklock, Dugald Stewart, Walter Scott, John Wilson, William Edmonstoune Aytoun, Sir W. Hamilton, Thomas Chalmers, Alexander Smith, Hugh Miller, David Masson, and many others. The printing houses of Edinburgh are also famous all over the world, and it has been reckoned that at least two-thirds of all the printing of the great London publishing houses is done in the grey metropolis of the north. In another industry Edinburgh also stands high,

viz. brewing, three-fourths of all the malt liquors produced in Scotland being made there. Upwards of thirty breweries are located in Edinburgh and neighbourhood.

Edinburgh, in a word, is a place of resort for those who, having made money elsewhere, come to the "City of the Forth" to spend their closing years. For such it is an ideal spot, for while they are removed from the turmoil and madding crowd of London, they are stationed at the receipt of custom of all news—literary, scientific, political, commercial, and general. Like the Athenians of old, the "Modern Athenians"—as the Edinburghers love to be called—delight in hearing of novelties, and their taste is pretty constantly gratified. Let us, therefore, see what there is of charm in this curiously fascinating city.

View from Calton Hill, looking West



CHAPTER I

PRINCES STREET AND THE WEST END

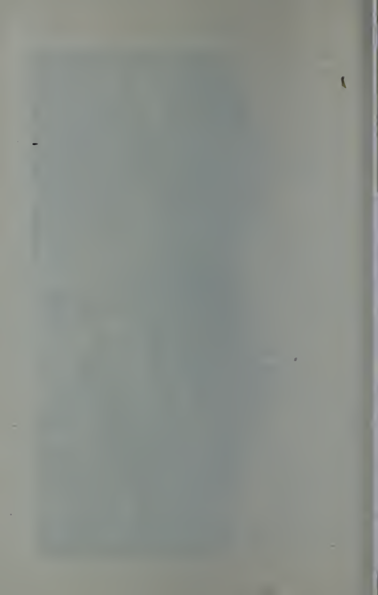
GEORGE ELIOT once remarked to George Combe when she saw Edinburgh from the Calton Hill on a bright sunny day in early summer, "It is like a peep into Fairyland." Since then Edinburgh has increased in size and grown in beauty, so that the view from the Calton Hill, beautiful then, is exquisite now.

Princes Street is at once the Boulevards and the "Unter den Linden" of the Scots metropolis. Those who have been in all the capitals of Europe state unhesitatingly that nowhere else is there a street which for the picturesqueness, amenity, and romantic character of its surroundings can be mentioned in the same breath. Standing upon the Calton Hill we

command not only a view of its entire length from the new North British Station Hotel to St. John's Episcopal Church, but a prospect of the whole of "Old and New Edinburgh," from the grey ramparts of the Castle down the line of the High Street to Holyrood, taking in the New College, the Bank of Scotland, the new *Scotsman* buildings, the new North Bridge, with all the recent improvements in the city, from Fettes College to Mayfield and Morningside. The scene is one of varied and ever-changing beauty, as though we gazed upon some gigantic cinematograph.

Situated at the extreme end of Waterloo Place, and rising to a height of some 355 feet, the Calton Hill commands a prospect of the entire district for twenty miles on all sides of itself. The monuments upon it are of great interest: first, that to PROFESSOR DUGALD STEWART (1753-1828), one of Scotland's most eminent philosophers; next, the monument to PROFESSOR JOHN PLAYFAIR, the great mathematician,

Calton Hill



designed by his nephew, Mr. W. H. Playfair; third, that to the MEMORY OF NELSON, shaped like a sea-glass, and erected during the years 1805–1816, wherein are collected relics and memorials of Britain's great naval hero. On the summit of the monument, which is 102 feet in height, the time-ball, which fires the one o'clock gun at the Castle, ascends and descends. Nelson's Monument is electrically connected with Greenwich, and the discharge of the gun every day save Sunday has continued since 1861 with marvellous accuracy. Westward from the Nelson Monument are the OLD and NEW Observatories—the former built in 1776, the latter in 1818. Since the erection of the Blackford Hill Observatory by the Government, the New Observatory has been transferred to the City. At the south-west end of the City Observatory is a monument to Professor John Playfair (who died in 1819), already referred to, resembling an Athenian sepulchral edifice; while at the very highest point of the hill

stands the unfinished NATIONAL MONUMENT. It is a prominent object in the landscape, and can be seen from various points in no fewer than seven counties, while the view from it is magnificent, both seaward and landward. The National Monument was designed to commemorate the noble deeds of Scotsmen during the Peninsular War. The Parthenon in Athens was taken as the model, the foundation-stone being laid by George IV. during his visit to Edinburgh in 1822. The cost of the columns, however, was so enormous that the funds available were soon exhausted. Those who have been in Athens—the late John Stuart Blackie among them—say that the resemblance to the Parthenon as it is to-day is more striking than it would have been if the design had been completed. As we walk down the pathway leading us to the steps descending to Waterloo Place we pass the memorial to Dugald Stewart (1753–1828), already referred to, who was Professor of Moral Philosophy in

Edinburgh University, and one of Scotland's most stimulating thinkers.

On reaching Waterloo Place we find ourselves immediately opposite the main entrance to the City and County Prison, which occupies the southern slope of the Calton Hill, formerly called "the Doo Craig." It is a massive castellated pile of building in the Norman-Gothic style of architecture, and presents a very picturesque front when viewed from the North Bridge. We now push on down Waterloo Place, passing on our right the offices of the Edinburgh and Leith Gas Commissioners, and on our left the Old Calton Burying Ground, wherein lie the remains of David Hume, William Blackwood, Archibald Constable, Dr. Candlish, and others; while a tall obelisk has been raised to the memory of the early Radical Martyrs—Thomas Fysche Palmer, William Skirving, Thomas Muir, Maurice Margarot, and others who in 1793–1794 were tried and sentenced to transportation for "leasing-making" and "speaking words

tending to excite discord between king and people." Another beautiful monument is that raised to the memory of President Lincoln, also to commemorate the Scoto-American soldiers who fell in the Civil War.

Crossing the Regent Bridge, which was opened in 1819, we reach Princes Street. In front of us is the Register House (erected 1774-1779), where the historical records and public and private deeds of special value are preserved, with the equestrian statue of Wellington keeping guard before it; while behind us is the General Post Office, erected on the site of Shakespeare Square, where the old Theatre Royal stood. Immediately to the west of us is the massive pile of the North British Station Hotel, with its towering campanile and clock-tower rising to over 130 feet. The hotel is one of the most completely appointed in the city, and has upwards of four hundred bedrooms.

We now begin our journey along Princes Street. Passing, on our left hand, between the Station Hotel and

PRINCES STREET AND NORTH BRITISH STATION HOTEL

the Waverley Bridge we note first the Waverley Market, the roof of which is laid out in pleasant *parterres* and clumps of shrubbery. The market, which was erected in 1872 for the purpose of housing market garden produce, is utilised for monster meetings, carnivals, and the like. Across the street, No. 10—now a china-shop—was where Archibald Constable, Scott's publisher, had his place of business; while at No. 17 William Blackwood began the publication of *Blackwood's Magazine*, or "Maga," which was to exercise such a power in the land. St. Andrew Street, leading up to St. Andrew Square, intersects the right-hand side of Princes Street here. Let us take a peep into it. In the centre is the tall columnar monument to Lord Melville, standing amidst its pleasant gardens, while on the east side of the Square stand the three great banks in a row—the Royal, the British Linen Company, and the National Bank. St. Andrew Square is almost wholly relegated to banks, insurance offices, and legal chambers.

There is an air of snug substantiality about it that impresses the observer favourably. We regain Princes Street by South St. David Street, noting by the way that the house at the south-west corner of the Square was where David Hume lived during his latter years and where he died.

On regaining Princes Street we find ourselves almost opposite the Waverley Bridge leading down to the Waverley Station, the largest station in the world, covering as it does an area of $24\frac{3}{4}$ acres of ground, of which $12\frac{3}{4}$ are under glass. The East Princes Street Gardens begin here, affording a charming prospect, and offering pleasant walks for those who desire to escape from the roar of the traffic. But unquestionably the object which attracts the most attention is the noble monument to Sir Walter Scott, 200 feet high, and assuming the shape of a richly ornate Gothic tower. Under the central canopy is a sitting figure of Scott, with his plaid around him, and his dog lying at his feet. The statue was executed by Sir John

Steell, R.S.A., but the monument itself is erected from the design of a young architect, Mr. G. M. Kemp, who, alas, was drowned before he was able to complete the structure. It was, however, brought to a successful issue in 1844, when the monument was opened with a considerable amount of public ceremonial. From the summit of the monument a noble view is obtained. In the Gardens are some fine pieces of statuary, Dr. Livingstone, by Mrs. D. O. Hill, occupying the extreme eastern end; the statue of Adam Black, the well-known publisher and founder of the firm of A. & C. Black, long identified with the "Encyclopædia Britannica," occupies the centre place; while at the extreme western corner stands the noble figure of John Wilson (1785-1854), the Christopher North of *Blackwood's Magazine*. On the right-hand side of Princes Street stands the palatial edifice of Messrs. Jenner & Company's great emporium for all kinds of soft goods, while immediately adjoining it is the Royal

Hotel, so admirably conducted by the late Mr. Macgregor until he raised it up to a position second to none in the kingdom. Messrs. Jenner's establishment and the Royal Hotel unitedly form a façade which appears to great advantage from the Mound and Market Street.

We now reach the Mound, an artificial accumulation of earth which most unfortunately has been permitted to block up the glorious valley of the North or Nor' Loch. It took its initiation in 1781 in the provision made by a tailor named George Boyd to cross the semi-fluid quagmire of the half-drained Nor' Loch. For many years it passed by the name of "Geordie Boyd's Mud Brig," until the earth thrown out when digging the foundations of the streets and terraces of the New Town was cast into the chasm and gradually filled it up. The structure then took the name it bears to-day. It is estimated to contain 2,000,000 cartloads of soil.

By the side of the Mound are situated two very interesting public

Castle and National Gallery

institutions, both of which will well repay a visit, the first of these being the *Royal Institution*, and the latter the *National Gallery*. The first-named, founded in 1823, was largely altered in 1836, and is an excellent example of the Doric architecture of the Periclean period in Athens. In the Institution are accommodated a School of Design, a Gallery of Sculpture, and the Offices of the Board of Manufactures. *The National Gallery*, which stands behind the other, was erected in 1850–1853, consisting of two parallel and connected lines of galleries, similar in size, and forming in all five large and ten lesser octagonal rooms, forming outside a cruciform edifice, running north and south, with a transept intersecting the centre. The eastern portion of the rooms is occupied from February till May of each year by the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy. The western section is utilised as a permanent National Gallery, containing a collection of paintings by the old masters, with examples

of modern painters, and some fine specimens of sculpture.

Immediately opposite the Royal Institution is Hanover Street, up which busy thoroughfare a fine statue of the late Queen Victoria, executed by Sir J. Steell, and placed on the pediment of the roof of the Institution, looks boldly seawards over a glorious expanse of rich landscape, until the eye catches the gleam of "the silver streak" of the Forth.

We cross the Mound and enter the West Princes Street Gardens, where we may wander at will among the flowers, or climb the slope of the ascent which is crowned by the frowning ramparts of the mighty fortress whose guns gleam bright in the sunshine. *West Princes Street Gardens* are infinitely more wild and picturesque than those east of the Mound. Laid out in 1816–1820 by Scott's friend, Skene of Rubislaw, they have been for the last seventy years one of the sights of Edinburgh. The situation is unique for romantic beauty, and we seem to be miles away

from the city in place of in the heart of it, so completely can one forget one's surroundings. The Gardens have also some fine pieces of statuary, viz. Allan Ramsay, at the extreme eastern end, and Sir James Y. Simpson (1811-1870), the discoverer of chloroform, towards the western end, while beyond it is a massive Celtic cross erected to the memory of the late Dean Ramsay, author of "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," and an ecclesiastic of great piety and nobility of spirit. St. John's Episcopal Church, where he long ministered, stands at the extreme end of the great thoroughfare, and forms with its tasteful Late Gothic architecture a fitting termination for the finest street in Europe. The character of the buildings on the right-hand side of the street, from the Mound to "The West End," are of a stately and imposing type—the Life Association of Scotland, the Balmoral Hotel, the New Club, the Liberal, Conservative, and University Clubs, while the line of architecture

is suitably terminated on the right side by the great range of premises in which Messrs. Maule conduct their colossal business.

"The West End" is one of the busiest spots in the city. Here six thoroughfares meet—Princes Street, Lothian Road, Rutland Street, Shandwick Place (or Maitland Street), Queensferry Road, and Hope Street. In the centre where these ways unite stands a clock which is automatically regulated, and is of great service in giving the time of day to the surrounding neighbourhood. Immediately opposite where we now stand is the Princes Street Station of the Caledonian Railway, with the great new Hotel adjoining. On the other side of the street from the station, and standing well back from the rush of the traffic as it sweeps up Lothian Road, southwards, to the Grange, Merchiston, and Morningside districts, is *St. Cuthbert's*, or *The West Kirk*, one of the oldest and most influential churches of the Church of Scotland. It occupies the

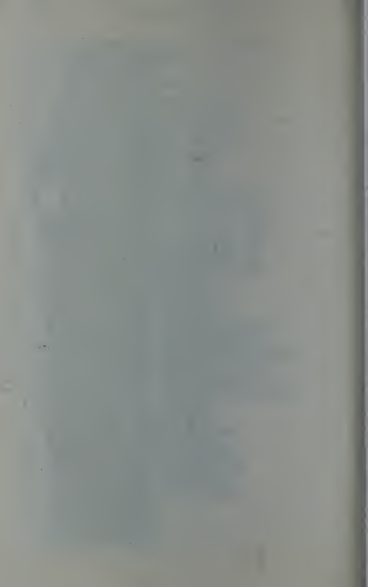
St. Mary's Cathedral

site of an ancient chapel dedicated to the saint in question, from which Edinburgh was known in the old days as the Kirktown of St. Cuthbert. In the graveyard surrounding it rest the remains of many distinguished men, such as Thomas de Quincey, Napier, the inventor of logarithms, and others.

Westward our course of travel still must lie, along Shandwick Place, until we reach Haymarket Station, about three-quarters of a mile distant, passing on our way St. George's United Free Church, designed in the Italian style by the late David Bryce, and completed in 1869. For many years the Rev. Dr. Candlish and the Rev. Dr. Whyte laboured here. Passing onward we reach Manor Place and *St. Mary's Cathedral*, the great spire of which forms such a fine termination to the vista of Princes Street when looked at from the Calton Hill. Erected from designs by Sir Gilbert Scott in the Early Pointed style of architecture, it consists of a choir, with north and south aisles, transepts,

with east and west arcades, and a nave with north and south aisles. At the intersection of the nave and choir with the transepts rises the great central tower and spire 278 feet high. The total length of the Cathedral is 278 feet, and the breadth 68 feet, while the height of the nave is 71 feet. The money for the erection of this noble edifice was bequeathed by the Misses Walker of Coates, whose ancestral mansion-house adjoins the Cathedral, and has been converted into a clergy-house. The chime of bells can be heard as far as Aberdour and Gilmerton. In the streets immediately contiguous to the Cathedral lived some of Scotland's most distinguished sons. Professor Blackie resided in No. 13 Chester Street, also in No. 9 Douglas Crescent, but died in 30 Walker Street. In No. 29 Melville Street, at the end of which the Cathedral stands, Dr. Andrew Thomson, minister of St. George's Parish Church, lived for many years, while in 21 Manor Place Sir William Hamilton resided for some time. In

Donaldson's Hospital



16 Atholl Crescent, Robert Cadell, the publisher of Scott's latest works, had his residence, while in No. 3 Walker Street Sir Walter Scott and his daughter lived in 1830, when the great novelist was engaged in revising his "Life of Napoleon."

We now take the car and ride out to Coltbridge, passing on the way Donaldson's Hospital, a noble edifice erected in 1851 from accumulated funds left by Mr. James Donaldson, for many years proprietor of the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, also a printer in the city, who, having realised a large fortune, left it by his will (dated 1830) for the establishment of an institution for the maintenance and instruction of poor girls and boys. The building, erected from designs by Mr. H. Playfair, is of the Tudor style, with some Palladian features superimposed, and consists of a square block of masonry built round a quadrangle, the principal front of which is 270 feet long.

From the terminus of the car line it means a walk of only about a mile to reach Corstorphine Hill and Craig-

crook Castle, the residence of Francis Lord Jeffrey, the first editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. From the "Look-out Tower," called "Rest and Be Thankful," one of the grandest views in Edinburgh can be obtained. We can now either return by car the way we came, or some sight-seers may prefer to walk back by Ravelston Dykes, for the purpose of visiting the Dean Cemetery. This beautiful "God's Acre" is situate on the banks of the Water of Leith and contains the dust of many notable men—Lords Cockburn, Jeffrey, Murray, and Rutherford; Professors Wilson, Aytoun, Grainger-Stewart, Syme, Sir Archibald Alison the historian, and many others. In the neighbourhood of the cemetery are no fewer than four of the great educational charities for which Edinburgh is noted—*Stewart's Hospital*, founded by Mr. J. Stewart of the Exchequer in 1814, and now one of the Merchant Company's schools; *John Watson's Institution*, under the management of the Society of the Writers to the Signet,

View from Dean Bridge

originally intended by its founder as a foundling hospital, but now devoted to the education of poor children; the *Orphan Asylum*, built in 1843 in place of an older edifice demolished to make room for the Waverley Station of the North British Railway.

We return to the heart of the city *via* the Queensferry Road and Dean Bridge, passing Buckingham Terrace, where in No. 15 Professor Sellar lived so many years. As we cross the latter, we observe on the right-hand side the ancient village of Dean, in which there are still some very quaint old houses; while on the left we trace the course of the Water of Leith, winding along through Silvermills, Canonmills, Pilrig, and so onward to the sea at Leith. From our station on the Bridge we look down upon *St. Bernard's Well*, a medicinal spring, covered by a pump-room in the shape of a Greek temple, in which a marble statue of Hygeia keeps watch over the marble fountain. The edifice was originally built by a well-known jurist, Lord Gardenstone, in

1789, and was restored by Mr. Nelson, the publisher, in 1887. The Dean Bridge itself is a majestic structure, its entire length being 447 feet, divided into four arches, each 96 feet in span and 120 feet above the water; while from it a view is obtained as extensive as it is picturesque. We now walk along Lynedoch Place and reach Princes Street, whence we started.

CHAPTER II

THE CASTLE, ST. GILES', AND HOLYROOD

EDINBURGH CASTLE commands such a magnificent prospect that the grand old fortress is visible from some part of at least nine counties in "braid Scotland." It is a conspicuous landmark from all parts of the town itself. As we walk up the Mound towards it, past the New College, with the Free Church Offices and Assembly Hall, completed in 1850 from designs by Playfair, and still further altered and renovated after the great Union had been consummated between the Free and United Presbyterian Churches in 1900, the effects of which, in consequence of the unexpected House of Lords' decision, have been so disastrous to the United Free Church, their former owners. The buildings

are meantime held by the Free Church, pending final settlement by Parliamentary action.

Passing onward, we leave on our right the imposing façade of University Hall, in which is incorporated Ramsay Lodge, the little villa of Allan Ramsay, the author of the "Gentle Shepherd." The magnificent structure of *University Hall* well deserves a visit. It is the outcome of a scheme formulated by a man to whom Edinburgh owes much, Professor Patrick Geddes, whereby youths coming to town to study at college might be able to secure good apartments at a reasonable rate, and be able to combine the advantages of English student residential life with the excellence of Scottish teaching. The whole plan is eminently practical and worthy of support. As a piece of architecture, University Hall, particularly when viewed from Princes Street, presents an imposing and impressive front.

Passing onward through Ramsay Lane, on the right-hand side of which

Castle from Esplanade

Dr. Guthrie formerly had his Ragged Schools, we leave also on our right Short's Observatory, which will well repay a visit, and on the left the City Reservoir, whence the water is distributed throughout the town, until we reach the *Castle Esplanade*, an oblong open space, about 120 yards long, on which many persons convicted of witchcraft and sorcery were formerly burned to death. The Castlehill was also used to enfeof the Nova Scotia baronets with their lands, and for this purpose, by a legal fiction, this piece of ground was held to be Nova Scotian soil. As we approach the entrance to the Castle, we pass on the right-hand side of the Esplanade a statue of the Duke of York, in the costume of a Knight of the Garter, executed by Campbell and erected in 1839; also a Runic cross to the memory of Colonel Kenneth Mackenzie of the 92nd Highlanders; and, finally, a monument to the memory of the officers and men who fell in the Indian Mutiny and Afghan Campaign. Nearer the

Castle entrance is a handsome drinking fountain, erected by the officers of the 91st Highlanders in honour of Queen Margaret, whose arms are inscribed on it. The Esplanade is the drill-ground for the soldiers in the Castle, and the view from it on all sides is very extensive.

We now enter the Castle by crossing the drawbridge over the old Moat, pass through a battlemented gateway with a massive door, and leaving the Guard-house on our right, proceed up the ascent which is literally cut through the solid rock. The first place we come to is Argyll's Tower, wherein the two Argylls, father and son, were successively confined, and here occurred the scene known as "Argyll's Last Sleep." The walls are of enormous thickness. We pass through the archway under the tower and follow the roadway which conducts us past the *Argyll Battery*, past the *Armoury*, behind which is the old Sallyport to which Claverhouse, after the Revolution, climbed to hold a meeting with the Duke of

Gordon, in the hope of inducing him to proceed with him to the Highlands to raise the clans for King James. Here, too, are the "New Barracks" and the "Newer Barracks," the former a hideous monstrosity dating back to the Napoleonic scare, the latter the product of the piping times of peace, some eight years ago.

We now ascend to the *King's Bastion*, the highest point in the Castle Rock, 384 feet above the sea, where one of the finest views in the city can be obtained, extending from Ben Lomond in the West, to North Berwick Law on the East, and from the Lomonds on the North, to the Moorfoots and Lammermoors on the South. Here, too, we note the famous cannon, "*Mons Meg*," which burst in 1682 on being fired as a salute to the Duke of York, and St. Margaret's Chapel, erected by the good queen of Malcolm III., and restored by command of Queen Victoria in 1853. To the right is the *Half-Moon Battery*, where is the *One o'clock Gun* fired daily at that

hour, Greenwich time, a wire connecting it with the signal ball on the top of Nelson's Monument on Calton Hill. Still keeping to the right, we enter *Old Palace Yard*, where are situated all the historic apartments. The first is *Queen Mary's Bedroom*, where on June 19, 1566, James VI. of Scotland, and yet to become I. of England, was born. The walls of the room are decorated with the initials M.R., a crown surrounded by thistles, and some quaint lines in black letter. *The Royal Sitting-Room* adjoins the bedroom, and both were formerly furnished with balconies, whence the princely occupants could enjoy the view. *The Crown Room* is immediately above the royal apartments, and here behind a strong grating are preserved the *Regalia of Scotland*, viz. the Crown, Sceptre, Sword of State, also the jewels belonging to Cardinal York, who bequeathed them to George IV. In this apartment we behold the chest in which the Regalia were hidden during the Cromwellian period,

Old Parliament Hall

and also during that of the Union of the kingdoms, when Scotsmen feared their Regalia would be sent to London and broken up. These are the only ancient "Crown honours" in Britain, for those of England only date back to the close of the seventeenth century, Cromwell having "broken up the baubles," as he said.

On the north side of Palace Yard stands the *Old Parliament Hall*, where were held many important gatherings of the Scots Estates, royal banquets, and other national events. The Hall has recently been restored by the liberality of the late William Nelson, and is now a splendid apartment, 80 feet by 34. Originally built in 1434, it has been restored according to its earliest design, the old fire-place and windows having been opened out, the original roof-timbers and carved stone corbels repaired where necessary, the windows filled in with stained glass, while the whole Hall is richly ornamented with carved wainscotting, also with appropriate historic and heraldic

devices and insignia. Below these apartments, and excavated from the solid rock, are the famous dungeons, dating back to the days of the early Stuart kings.

We now retrace our steps, and leave the Castle by the south side of the Esplanade, so as to admire the view over hill and dale, over meadow and moorland, over field and forest, until one's vision is barred on the horizon by the misty line of the Lammermoor and Moorfoot ranges.

We pass down the Castlehill between houses many of them of the highest historic interest, until we reach the Victoria Hall, otherwise the Established Church General Assembly Hall. It was designed by Mr. Gillespie Graham, and is surmounted by a spire of remarkable elegance and symmetry. Across the street, on the site of the palace of Mary of Guise, is the United Free Church Assembly Hall and New College, erected after designs by Playfair, and opened, the latter in

Old Town, showing Bank of Scotland and New College

1850, the former in 1862. These buildings were for a short period held by the minority of the Free Church which did not go into the Union consummated in 1900 between the Free Church and the U.P.'s. In the quadrangle of the New College there is a statue of John Knox, by John Hutchison, unveiled in May 1896. The New College is wholly theological in character, and has a staff of a Principal and six Professors.

At the intersection of the West Bow with Johnston Terrace, the Castlehill, and the Lawnmarket, stands St. John's United Free Church, long the scene of the eloquent ministrations of Dr Guthrie.

We now walk down the Lawnmarket, where formerly the *lawn* or cloth merchants had their booths in the open street, passing Melbourne Place on the right and Bank Street on the left—down which we get a peep of the magnificent structure, the new Bank of Scotland—and then at the corner of Melbourne Place and High Street we reach the new County

Buildings. These have just been completed, are in the Scottish Baronial style of architecture, and form a great addition to the amenity of the locality. Certainly the building which occupied the site before was a much more beautiful one, being modelled on the temple of Erectheus at Athens, but it had not the accommodation requisite for carrying on the business of the County of Midlothian.

We now reach Parliament Square, which has been held to extend from the County Buildings down to the Police Office in Fishmarket Close. The first thing that meets our eye is a statue of the late Duke of Buccleuch. On the panelled pedestal are sculptured the chief legendary and historical incidents associated with the Border clan of Scott. A few paces farther down the street an arrangement of the causeway stones in the representation of a heart shows us that we stand on the spot where the old Tolbooth stood, which had played many *rôles* in its time

before it became a prison—having been the meeting-place of the Scottish Parliament, and held the College of Justice, while it was the scene of Scott's immortal romance, "The Heart of Midlothian." The *krames* or booths which were so common in early times clung round the Tolbooth and St. Giles' Church like the martlets nests round Macbeth's castle. These were the shops of the tradesmen of the day. The Tolbooth was enlarged in the reign of Mary, and was again repaired in that of George I., after which it was allowed to get ruinous, until finally demolished in 1817, after the new prison on the Calton Hill had been erected.

Parliament Square or Close contained a group of the most interesting buildings in the city. Immediately behind the spot where the old Tolbooth had stood is the Signet Library, otherwise the Library belonging to the Society of Writers to the Signet. Though not so large as the Advocates' Library, it is particularly rich in volumes relating to

the history and literature of Scotland. Its entrance is alongside that of the Parliament House.

Before entering the Square proper, which lies behind the great Cathedral Church, let us take a peep at the latter. St. Giles' Church, as we see it to-day, was almost wholly erected during the fifteenth century. Its original foundation is lost in the mists of antiquity, the edifice having been more than once burned during the English invasions. But in the fifteenth century the Stuarts set themselves to complete and endow the grand old building which is associated with so much that is historically memorable in our city. At least a thousand years ago a church, or chapel, or cell was planted here by the monks of Lindisfarne, but no part of the present building is older than the thirteenth century. St. Giles' was at first an appanage of the Abbey of Scone, being granted to defray the cost of coronation; but its fame dates from the time when Simon Preston of Gorton brought the

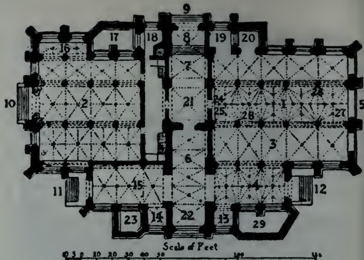
St. Giles' Cathedral

arm bone of "Sainct Geil" from France, and in recognition of this gift the Preston Aisle was erected. St. Giles was made a collegiate charge in 1470 by Papal Bull, and in its wealthiest days had forty shrines, served by seventy officiating priests. The *Albany Aisle* was erected by the Duke of Albany as an expiatory offering for the murder of his nephew, David, Duke of Rothesay; *Chepman's* Aisle was built by Walter Chepman of Ewirland, the earliest Scottish printer, while other portions of the edifice were erected at the expense of royal, noble, or wealthy patrons. Up to the time of the Reformation it must have been a magnificent structure, and when "high mass" was celebrated at the great altar by the full "tale" of priests, the spectacle must have been very imposing. But presently Popery gave way to Presbyterianism, and Presbyterianism to Prelacy. Mass was celebrated for the last time in St. Giles' on 31st March 1560, and thereafter Knox and his brother

ministers took possession. But the tenure of Presbyterianism was not to be long at this time. James VI. and I. and Charles I. never rested until Prelacy was imposed on an unwilling people. One of the last acts in the undivided St. Giles' was the overthrow of Episcopacy by Jenny Geddes and her sister kailwives of the Tron. That historic Amazon, when Dean Hanna began, as he announced, to read from the service "the Collect for the day," shouted: "Colic, colic! deil colic the wame o' ye. Wad ye say Mass at my lug?" accompanying the words by hurling her cutty stool at the Dean's head (July 23, 1639). Thus fell Episcopacy.

Soon after this the church underwent total reconstruction. About the middle of the seventeenth century, to save themselves the expense of providing four new places of worship to meet the growing wants of the citizens, the Town Council, with a vandalism almost unparalleled, determined to divide the magnificent structure of St. Giles' into four by erecting parti-

St. Giles': The Nave, looking East



PLAN OF ST. GILES

1. Choir
2. Nave
3. Lady Chapel
4. Preston Aisle
5. East Window
6. South Transept
7. North Transept
8. Vestibule to ditto
9. North Door
10. West Door
11. South-West Door
12. Royal Entrance (South-East Door)
13. Montrose Aisle
14. Moray Aisle
15. Week-day Chapel
16. Albany Aisle
17. Session House
18. St. Eloy's (or Hammermen's) Chapel
19. Chambers' Chapel
20. Vestry
21. Tower
22. Organ
23. Vestry
24. Pulpit
25. Reading Desk
26. King's Pillar
27. Communion Table
28. Font
29. Engine House

tions between the sections, and calling each section a parish church. The Choir was occupied by the High Church, which long gave the name "High Church" to the whole building (see Sir W. Hamilton's "Lectures on Metaphysics," vol. ii. p. 68). The Tolbooth Church was in the south-west; the *Old Church* in the middle and part of the south side; and Haddo's Hole Church in the north-west portion. In addition, the Preston Aisle was used for meetings, while the dark central space under the spire with the northern transept was allocated for a Police Office. Such was the character of this building up to 1871, when Dr. William Chambers bestirred himself, and, assisted by a committee of public-spirited citizens, never rested until the whole place was restored once more, albeit with infinite trouble, to its original condition. It was reopened as one church in May 1883, and is one of the structures of which Edinburgh people are justly and unfeignedly proud. As a recent writer states: "A dim religious light

streaming through the storied windows illumines an interior as solemn, spacious, and stately as the church could have shown in its Pre-Reformation days. From the groined roof depend the tattered flags of the Scottish regiments. The tombs of the 'Good Regent' and of the 'Great Marquis' are mute appeals against the strife and fanaticism of the times in which their lot was cast. Other memorials on the walls and on the pillars are witnesses of the progress of toleration as well as of taste. There are tablets to the great churchmen — Presbyterian and Episcopalian — whose brawling once filled the ears and divided the minds of the worshippers in St. Giles'—to Dean Hanna and Jenny Geddes." With respect to a custodian, the Cathedral Church of St. Giles has now fallen into worthy hands, inasmuch as Dr. Cameron Lees, the revered minister, is quite as much an enthusiast regarding it as Dr. W. Chambers, as witness his volume on the "Cathedral Church of St. Giles."

Parliament Square

From the annexed plan of the church, to which I am indebted to the courtesy of Dr. Cameron Lees, the position of the various points of interest will be noted.

We now proceed into the Parliament Square proper. In the centre of it stands an equestrian statue of Charles II., and near it the grave of John Knox. The great reformer was interred there when the ground whereon the Law Courts now stand was the graveyard of the church. We cross over to the Law Courts, entering by the door in the south-west corner, and first of all enter Parliament House, which was built in 1632–1640. From 1639 until the Union in 1707, the Scots Parliament met here, but since then it has been relegated to the Court of Session. The hall itself is 122 feet long and 49 feet wide, with oaken roof and sculptured floor, similar to those of Westminster. The walls are hung with the portraits of eminent jurists, while many busts and statues of other distinguished judges are ranged in this legal Walhalla. The

large southern window contains a fine example of stained-glass work, the subject being the inauguration of the Court of Justice by James V. in 1537. By the door opening on the west side of the hall we obtain access to the famous *Advocates' Library*, which is well worthy of a visit. Founded in 1682 by Sir George Mackenzie, the King's Advocate, it is one of the five libraries in the United Kingdom which have the right of receiving every book that is published in the United Kingdom. It contains nearly 325,000 volumes, upwards of 200 MSS., and many curiosities, literary and antiquarian, including the National Covenant, the MS. of "Waverley," letters of Mary Stuart and Charles II., and many letters relating to the ill-fated expedition of Prince Charles Edward.

Returning to Parliament House, where the advocates are pacing up and down, some with writers busily interviewing them, others alone, waiting for the cases in which they are engaged to come on, we pass into the corridors, where are situated the

Parliament House

Courts of Session—first the Outer House, where the Lords Ordinary sit, and farther along, the Inner House or Appeal Court, divided into the First and Second Divisions. There are in all thirteen judges, four being allocated to the First Division, four to the Second, and five permanent Lords Ordinary for the Outer House.

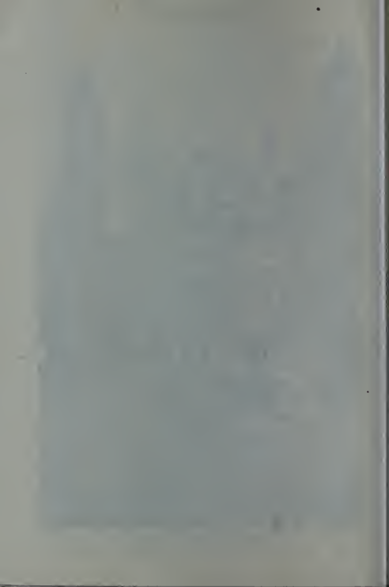
We now issue from the Law Courts, and, passing through the Square, we re-emerge into the High Street. In Fishmarket Close we obtain a glimpse of the Edinburgh Police Office, where the machinery of that vast system which keeps this great city in absolute security and safety has its location. The Chief Constable, Mr. Ross, is a man of great administrative ability, who fully realises the responsibility of his position.

We now reach the Tron Church, built in 1637, which took its name from the tron, or weighing beam, which was formerly located here. Immediately opposite are the splendid new *Scotsman Offices*, which take rank as amongst the finest in

the kingdom. This is a point of vantage where we may stand and look upward towards the Castle and downwards towards John Knox's House, northwards towards the Register House, and southwards along the South Bridge towards the University. It is, in a word, one of those points from which one often learns more of Edinburgh in a moment of time than through hours of weary tramping.

Crossing South Bridge Street we pass on the right *Niddry Street* (late Wynd), wherein is St. Cecilia's Hall, where all the concerts of the Edinburgh of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries were held, *Blackfriars Street* (late Wynd), formerly the most fashionable locality in Edinburgh, where Cardinal Beaton, the Earls of Morton, Home, and Rosslyn had their mansions, also *Tweeddale Court*, where the Marquises of Tweeddale lived, where later the terrible Begbie murder was perpetrated, and finally where Messrs. Oliver & Boyd have

JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE



long been located, and on the left-hand side of the street, *Carrubber's Close Mission Hall*, where the great social evangelistic meetings are carried on under the auspices of the City Missions. We press on down the High Street, elbowing and being elbowed by the dense crowd that always prevails here, until we reach the house which passes by the name "John Knox's House." This quaint old structure, albeit doubts have been expressed as to whether it was the "Manse" where the Reformer permanently resided, is unquestionably one of the dwellings which he occupied. Built largely of wood, it projects into the street, and forms an excellent landmark. An inscription runs along the front, between the first and second storeys, "Lufe God abufe al, and thi nychtbour as yi-self." There are in all three storeys with a sort of attic, and every room is filled with interesting relics of the great Reformer. To visit the old building is the bounden duty of every Scot. Adjoining the house is

the church named after Knox, but was not the one wherein he was accustomed to preach, despite assertions to the contrary by loquacious American globe-trotters to their friends!!

Here Edinburgh proper ends. The Netherbow-Port stood at the intersection of the High Street with *Leith Wynd* (as the thoroughfare was called which ran to the left), and *St. Mary's Wynd* (as the other one was designated which struck off to the right). Beyond that was the Canongate, the picturesque ecclesiastical burgh which owed its existence and its fealty to the monks of Holyrood. Even more than Edinburgh it was formerly the residence of all the nobility and gentry who gathered round the monarch in his Court at the Palace. The Canongate, even now as we stand at the head of St. Mary's Street and look down its long vista, presents a most picturesque view, and though much of its glory has been shorn, enough remains to show how grand and imposing must have been the buildings

in the days when "James the Fourth was King," and when the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots passed up and down to Castle or to Parliament House.

There is not much but what savours of antiquity in the Canongate, and this is not a volume devoted to that side of Edinburgh's associations. As we move slowly down the narrow thoroughfare, we leave behind us on our right *St. John's Street*—reached through a low archway in the house over which Smollett in 1756 resided with his sister, Mrs. Telfer of Scotstoun. In No. 10 St. John's Street James Ballantyne, Scott's printer, friend, and secret partner, lived in the early days of the glamour of "the Wizard of the North's" enchantment, ere disaster dimmed the dazzling sheen of the great romancist's phenomenal success. *Moray House*, the old mansion of the noble house of Moray, but now occupied as the United Free Church Normal School; *Queensberry House*, the city mansion of the Dukes of Queensberry, and associated

with the memory of John Gay the poet, the protégé of Catherine Hyde, the Duchess of the third Duke, is now a Refuge for the Destitute ; while on the left-hand side of the street is the *Canongate Tolbooth*, dating from 1591, a picturesque building in the Franco-Scottish style, with turrets and projecting clock. Adjoining the Tolbooth is the Canongate Parish Church and burying-ground In the latter rest the remains of Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, and Robert Fergusson, to the memory of the last named of whom Robert Burns raised a gravestone with an affecting inscription almost prophetic of his own case.

We now reach the *Abbey Strand*, where stood the "Girth" or Sanctuary Cross, denoting that all who crossed that line were safe from arrest for debt. In ancient days it gave sanctuary to those charged with any kind of crime, but from the seventeenth century only debt has been recognised as the offence for which protection was granted. Many debtors sought shelter here, and as "the bounds"

Holyrood

included all the Salisbury Crags, Arthur's Seat, and the King's Park, the lot of the "sanctuary recluse" was not greatly to be pitied. As lodgings were few, the rates were naturally high, and as the debtors were permitted to spend from Saturday at midnight until Sunday at the same hour outside without fear of arrest, many amusing scenes are recorded of debtors having to race down the Canongate pursued by sleuth-hound bailiffs. On one occasion a luckless debtor fell across the Strand and was seized by his friends on the one side and the bailiffs on the other, a tug-of-war resulting not conducive to the sufferer's bodily comfort. All cases occurring within the jurisdiction of the "Abbey lands" were submitted to the "Abbey Bailie," who held his court once a week, and he maintained that as the debtor's head and shoulders had been within sanctuary, "the nobler part of him" being thus safe, saved the rest.

We now reach the historic Abbey and Palace of Holyrood, passing the

noble fountain which adorns the square in front, and the old "Guard House" immediately opposite. The former was erected about 1140 by David I. (St. David), being dedicated to the Holyrood, the Virgin, and All Saints, in gratitude for his life being saved in an encounter with a stag. After the erection of the Abbey the kings of Scotland frequently resided there, until James III. and James IV. erected the Palace alongside the Abbey, James V. also adding to these. In 1543, during the invasion of the English under the Earl of Hertford, the Palace and Abbey were burned with the exception of the Church and the north-west tower. The Palace was, however, rebuilt by Mary and by James VI., being the residence of the latter until his migration to England in 1603. From that date till now the Palace has never been continuously occupied.

Cromwell quartered some of his troops there, and owing to their carelessness a fire broke out and consumed the greater part of the building, the

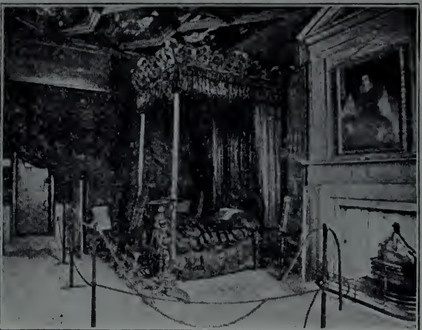
towers of James V. again escaping. In 1658 Cromwell ordered the Palace to be rebuilt in a very substantial and handsome manner, but in 1671 all the work done was demolished by order of Charles II., who had decided to erect a new palace from the designs of Sir William Bruce of Kinloss, a distinguished Scottish architect. The general style is French of the Louis Quatorze period. The old towers at the north end are all that really remain of the ancient edifice, the towers at the southern end being only a good imitation of the others; the centre consists of a receding front of mixed architecture considerably lower than the rest of the Palace, enclosing a quadrangle somewhat resembling that at Hampton Court Palace. After passing through the grand entrance, a horizontal headed doorway between two pairs of Doric pillars on high plinths, we note over the entrance beneath the balustrade are sculptured the royal arms, while over the balustrade rises a small clock lantern covered by an open stone cupola in

the form of an imperial crown. The north, east, and south sides of the Palace have a uniform elevation of similar height to the side parts of the main front.

The portions open to the public are the Picture Gallery, Lord Darnley's apartments and Queen Mary's apartments in the Palace, also the ruined Chapel-Royal, formerly the Abbey Church.

The Picture Gallery is a noble hall, 150 feet long by 27 broad by 20 feet high, the walls being covered with a hundred imaginary portraits of the prehistoric kings of Scotland painted by a Dutch artist, Thomas de Witt, in 1684–1686. Here Prince Charles Edward Stuart held his reception in 1745, when Edinburgh was in the hands of the Jacobites.

We next pass into the apartments called "*Lord Darnley's Rooms*," consisting of Audience Chamber, Bedroom and Dressing-room, the main features in which are the fine tapestry and portraits. Through the private staircase we reach *Queen Mary's*



Queen Mary's Bedroom, Holyrood Palace

Apartments, entering first the panelled Audience Chamber, wherein stands the bed of Charles I., in which Prince Charles Edward slept during his residence in Holyrood. From this we pass into *Queen Mary's Bedchamber*, with its ancient bed and mouldering lace, her workbox and the pictures which adorned her room. From this room a little door leads to the small *Supper Room*, where occurred the darkest tragedy which was associated with the Palace, viz. the murder of Rizzio. It was here the Queen was seated with him and one or two others, when the conspirators, led by her worthless husband, appeared. Rizzio clung to Mary, but Darnley forced them asunder, and the wretched Italian was dragged through the Queen's bedroom to the Audience Chamber Staircase, where he was despatched.

The Royal apartments are on the other side of the quadrangle, and are well worth a visit if the necessary permission has been secured, the *Throne-Room* and the Great Drawing-

room, in particular, being magnificent apartments.

We now enter the ruins of the Abbey or Chapel-Royal at the north-west corner of the quadrangle. The part of the building now standing is the nave, the choir and transepts having perished at the time of the Reformation. The great window at the east end is, comparatively speaking, modern in construction. Several pillars formerly divided the nave from the transept on either side, but only two remain. The western doorway is one of the finest pieces of Pointed architecture extant in the old Abbey. An inscription was placed over it by Charles I. in 1633. On the interior surface of the north is an arcade of circular arches, resting on highly ornamented capitals; while on the exterior the wall is supported by seven upright buttresses, adorned with canopied niches and pinnacles. Inside the Abbey the floor is almost paved with grave-stones, the royal tomb being in the south-east corner. In the Palace Garden is *Queen Mary's*

Dial, bearing the date 1564; while at a little distance north-west we take note of a quaint little house, with conical roof, lofty chimneys. and dormer windows. This is *Queen Mary's Bath*, and, until recently, the water flowed as freely and with as great purity as in the days of her, whose beauty was such as drove men mad for her sake.

A visit to Holyrood would be incomplete without a drive round the *King's Park*. Leaving the Palace by the southern gate, we turn east, and pass in succession on the left the *Duke's Walk*, named after the Duke of York (James VII.), who loved to saunter to and fro there while resident in Holyrood; and on the right the Chapel and Hermitage of St. Anthony crowning the crest of the hill called the "Haggis Knowe," and believed to have been built early in the fifteenth century, by a monk from the Knight Hospitallers of St. Anthony in Leith. Immediately behind the Palace is the *Parade Ground* for the troops that chance

to be stationed in town. Here the late Queen held the Reviews of 1860 and 1881. On the right we pass *St. Margaret's Loch*, formed in 1857, and named after the saintly queen of Malcolm Canmore; while her well is also in the vicinity; we also note *Nicol Muschat's Cairn*, familiar to readers of Scott's "Heart of Midlothian" as being the spot where Robertson met Jeanie Deans, but a spot invested with an evil repute as being the place where a peculiarly revolting case of wife-murder was perpetrated. We now begin to ascend the Whinny Hill, noting below us, about half a mile distant, Lochend House and Lake, and near them the village of Restalrig with its ancient church, in the grave-yard of which are tombstones of great antiquity.

On gaining the top of Whinny Hill, we suddenly pass into a scene of Highland grandeur and beauty. The great city disappears, and in its place we are confronted with a lonely mountain loch, surrounded on all sides but one by hills. This is Dun-

sappie Loch, and from its shores lies the easiest and most accessible path to the summit of *Arthur's Seat*. Reader, do not shirk it! The view from the top, if the day be clear, will be a revelation you will never forget. We drive round the lake, and, on emerging from the glen, another scene of beauty bursts upon us as we gaze southward, towards the blue Lammermoors and Moorfoots. Below us lies the village of Duddingston, with its ancient Norman-towered Parish Church and its picturesque lake, dotted with water-fowl and swans, while from its shores the panorama rolls back in wondrous reaches of variegated colour and presenting fine types of industry and activity. John Thomson, the landscape painter, was for many years minister of the Church, while Sir Walter Scott was one of the elders. The "jougs," a means of punishment for scolding wives, still hang outside the church wall. We now press onward along the summit of the remarkable basaltic

formation known as Samson's Ribs, noting below us Prestonfield, the mansion of the Dick Cunnynghams, the "Wells o' Weary," celebrated in song, and "the Innocent Railway," otherwise the line between St. Leonards and Dalkeith, *via* Inveresk, which long employed horse traction after steam was in use. We also pass the Echoing Rock, St. Leonards, the palatial mansion of the late Thomas Nelson on the left; while on the right we note the entrance to the Hunter's Bog—of old, the place where bowmen met for archery, but now the site of the Rifle Butts, where Regulars and Volunteers alike receive training in shooting.

The mighty leonine mass of Arthur's Seat, 800 feet high, and the curious, precipitous wall-like cliffs of Salisbury Crags, now tower up before us in all their majesty; and we envy those who are enjoying a walk along the *Radical Road*—which skirts the base of the cliffs—far above the smoke and din of the city. We approach the city once more, and as we draw

near we note the house which passes by the name of *Jeanie Deans's Cottage*, owing to tradition stating that it did duty as the prototype of Douce Davie Deans's Cottage when Scott was writing his great novel, "The Heart of Midlothian." We now descend the incline and leave the park by the Palace gate, driving homewards to Princes Street by Abbeyhill and the Regent Road, above which are the three fine residential terraces of Royal Terrace, Carlton Terrace, and Regent Terrace, and passing on our way the noble pile of the Royal High School —the oldest and noblest of the great city grammar schools—the building being designed by the late Thomas Hamilton in imitation of the Temple of Theseus at Athens. Immediately opposite is the Burns Monument, also designed by Mr. Hamilton, as an exact copy of the peripteral Temple of Lysicrates in Athens.

CHAPTER III

EDINBURGH NORTH OF PRINCES STREET

WE now take a glimpse of that part of Edinburgh which lies north of Princes Street. Starting from St. Andrew Square, the *locale* of several of the great banks and insurance offices, wherein too is the towering monument (136 feet high, a copy of that of Trajan at Rome) of the first Lord Melville, who was so long associated with William Pitt, we enter George Street, along which we walk, noting the fine piece of statuary at the railings representing Alexander and Bucephalus, one of the early works of Sir J. Steell. We pass, on the right-hand side, the fine new office of the Standard Insurance Company, just completed ; while almost next door is St. Andrew's Parish Church, with a

neat portico supported by Corinthian columns, and a steeple 168 feet high containing a peal of eight bells. It is celebrated as the place where the Disruption in the Church of Scotland took place in 1843. On the left-hand side is the head office of the Commercial Bank, one of the leading financial institutions in the city, formerly built as the Physicians' Hall — a noble edifice of mingled Greek and Roman architecture, with a splendid hexastyle portico, the columns of which are 35 feet in height. Before reaching the intersection of Hanover Street we pass the offices of the Edinburgh Life Assurance Company and the Caledonian Insurance Company, both very old institutions. Crossing Hanover Street, beside Chantrey's statue of George IV., we next pass the establishments of two publishing houses, Messrs. T. & T. Clark in No. 38 and Messrs. Blackwood & Sons in No. 45. The former is the great firm of theological publishers, the latter the home of "Maga," with

memories of Wilson, Lockhart, George Eliot, Mrs. Oliphant, and scores of other great names. On the left-hand side is the Music Hall and Assembly Rooms, where many of the great musical artistes of the past century have appeared. At the intersection of Frederick Street and George Street is Chantrey's statue of Pitt, while at the intersection of Castle Street is Sir John Steell's fine representation of Chalmers. Two doors down North Castle Street from George Street is the town house of Sir Walter Scott, "Dear old 39," as he called it, where the "Great Unknown" lived and laboured for so many years; while his mother lived for many years in No. 75 George Street. *Charlotte Square* is the natural termination of George Street, the dome of St. George's Parish Church, as it towers up towards heaven, closing in the background with excellent effect. The Church was built in 1814 from designs by Robert Reid, at a cost of £33,000, the pulpit being long filled by the celebrated Dr. Andrew Thomson.

Albert Memorial and St. George's Church

In the gardens, which occupy the centre of the square, is the *Albert Memorial*, a magnificent equestrian statue, by Steell, of the late Prince Consort, unveiled by the late Queen Victoria in 1876.

Leaving Charlotte Square by North Charlotte Street, as we turn into *Queen Street* we pass the *Sinclair Monument*, a beautiful Eleanor cross erected to the memory of Miss Catherine Sinclair, who, besides being a popular novelist, was a public-spirited philanthropist, her "brigade boys" being a standing tribute to her far-seeing sagacity and nobility of nature. From this point we continue our walk along Queen Street, a fine row of residential buildings, with gardens in front laid out with great taste. Many distinguished individuals have lived in Queen Street, as, for instance, at No. 71, Francis, Lord Napier, who distinguished himself in the American War; at No. 64, the Earls of Wemyss long had their town house; at 62, Sir John Leslie, Professor of Natural Philo-

sophy in the University; at 53, Professor John Wilson (Christopher North) lived with his mother; at No. 52, the residence of the world-famous Sir J. Y. Simpson, Bart., that invaluable anæsthetic, chloroform, was discovered as the conclusion of a long series of experiments; while at No. 13 the celebrated Rev. Sir Henry Wellwood Moncreiff lived and died—one of the ecclesiastical giants of a bygone age. Among the chief public buildings are St. Luke's United Free Church, the Caledonian United Service Club, the Physicians' Hall (with its handsome projecting portico designed by Mr. T. Hamilton), the Queen Street Hall, the Edinburgh Institution, and the Philosophical Institution and Library. At the extreme end of the street, which is continued into York Place, is the magnificent pile of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery and Antiquarian Society's Museum, built in the style of fourteenth-century Gothic architecture by the generosity of the late J. R. Findlay of Aberlour, from

designs by Dr. Rowand Anderson, at a cost of £60,000. We now pass down Duke Street, and enter Abercromby Place and Heriot Row, which are immediately opposite Queen Street on the other side of the gardens. These two beautiful streets, the one the continuation of the other, form one of the most stately terraces in the city. In No. 17 Heriot Row Robert Louis Stevenson lived in early youth. Walking along to where Dundas Street joins Heriot Row, we strike down it, also down its continuation, Pitt Street, passing Northumberland Street, Great King Street, Cumberland Street, Fettes Row—which all intersect the above streets—until we reach Henderson Row. In this thoroughfare is situated the Edinburgh Academy, one of the very best of the great scholastic institutions for which Edinburgh is famous. Though it cannot boast of the antiquity of the High School, and therefore its long roll of honour, it has sent out into the world many distinguished men, such as Aytoun,

Mountstuart Elphinstone, Grant Duff, Archbishop Tait, and others. The building is designed after the plan of a Greek temple with annexes.

Striking down Brandon Street, we turn to the left and find ourselves on the banks of the Water of Leith at Canonmills, so named from the Augustinian monks of Holyrood. In front of us is the old *Tanfield Hall*, where in 1843 the Free Church was constituted after the seceding ministers had walked down from St. Andrew's Church. Here also in 1847 the Union between the Secession and Relief Church was consummated, from which sprung the United Presbyterian Church. The car runs on down to the end of Inverleith Row, but we shall in the meantime strike off to the right at Canonmills Bridge, and proceed along Warriston Road to the *Warriston Cemetery*. This is one of the most beautifully situated of the Edinburgh burying grounds, lying as it does upon the banks of the Water of Leith, and commanding an almost unequalled

view of the city. Upon an evening in late autumn or winter to watch the sun setting behind the spurs of the Pentlands, and tinting the towers and domes, the pinnacles and sky-piercing steeples of the grand old city, is a sight once viewed never to be forgotten. In this cemetery rest the remains of Sir J. Y. Simpson, the great physician and discoverer of chloroform, Alexander Smith, Horatio M'Culloch, R.S.A., and others.

We now retrace our steps to Canonmills Bridge, and proceed down Inverleith Row to the *Botanical Gardens and Arboretum.* They take rank as amongst the finest of their kind in Britain. The Gardens were formed in 1824, and the Arboretum in 1881, and both are under the charge of the Professor of Botany in Edinburgh University. To linger here is a great temptation. Sauntering along its secluded walks between the lines of trees, one could scarcely credit the fact that the life of a great city was only distant some five minutes' walk. Adjoining the Gardens

is *Inverleith Public Park*, and across the flat we observe the stately pile of Fettes College, erected in a very ornate style of architecture with the funds left by Sir William Fettes, Lord Provost of the city in the eighteenth century. Westward lies *Comely Bank*, in which district Carlyle lived early in the nineteenth century, soon after his union with Jane Welsh; also Raeburn Place, formerly the estate of the famous artist and portrait painter, Sir Henry Raeburn. After sauntering down to Goldenacre, which is the boundary of the city, we begin our return journey, diverging at Canonmills Bridge. We turn to the left in place of the right and enter Bellevue Place, passing St. Mary's Church with its curious Palladian spire (of which Newington Parish Church is the twin), and Bellevue Crescent, near which stands the *Catholic Apostolic Church*, the interior of which is adorned by Mr. J. Hole, R.S.A., and Mrs. Traquair with some exquisite frescoes and roof pictures. Passing into Duke Street

and Broughton Street, where they intersect York Place and Picardy Place, we note *St. Paul's Episcopal Church*, a fine building in the Pointed Gothic style, and in Broughton Street itself the Roman Catholic *Pro-Cathedral of St. Mary*, in which the magnificent altar-piece by Vandyke represents "The Dead Saviour." Beneath the high altar lie the bodies of several prelates of that illustrious Church — Archbishop M'Donald, Bishops Corbett, Carruthers, and others. Immediately adjoining is the Theatre Royal, a grand old house that is still the most popular of the playhouses. We now issue upon the broad and busy thoroughfare of Leith Walk, and from our station at the Theatre Royal corner we have a fine view down the slope which for several centuries has been the link of connection between the Scottish Metropolis and its port.

CHAPTER IV

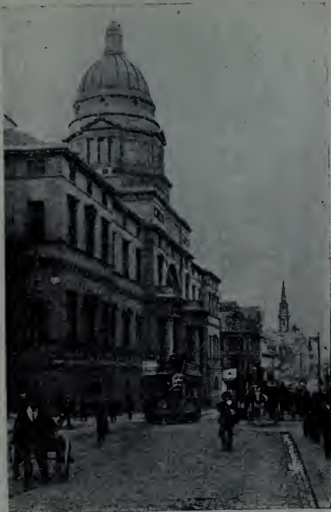
EDINBURGH SOUTH OF THE HIGH STREET

STARTING from the Post Office, we proceed southwards across the North Bridge, that huge structure which, completed in 1773 and widened in 1873–74, was rebuilt and reopened for traffic in 1897. The city having purchased the sites from the original proprietors, resold them at enormously increased prices. The new *Scotsman* Offices, on the right-hand side—designed in the Scots Baronial style—take rank as amongst the best equipped in the kingdom. The War Office has also taken a large number of rooms for its Scottish Headquarters' Staff. The buildings on the left-hand side are in keeping with those on the right, and include amongst them the Carlton Hotel, the

Bon Marche, and the High Street branch of the Commercial Bank. Pressing onward across the High Street, we fare briskly up South Bridge Street. This new bridge was first mooted in 1774-1775, less than two years after the opening of the other, but the scheme did not take shape till 1784, when Lord Provost Hunter Blair pushed it forward. The foundation-stone was laid in August 1785, and so briskly was the work pushed on that the structure was opened for foot-passengers in November 1786, and for vehicles in 1787. It consists of nineteen arches, only one of which is visible—that spanning the Cowgate. Some of the building sites on the new bridge sold for exorbitant prices, even as high as £130,000 and £150,000 the statute acre. The South Bridge has always been associated with the bookselling trade, No. 49 having for many years been the shop of David Laing, afterwards Librarian of the Signet Library, whose services to antiquarian and historical research, also in preparing editions of the early poetry of

Scotland, have been so outstanding. A little farther on, at No. 55, is the shop of Mr. James Thin, likewise one of the great identities of the trade and a man who has few equals in his knowledge of books.

Part of Mr. Thin's premises are in Infirmary Street, which received its name from the fact that in it was situated the first Royal Infirmary, before its removal to the present vast building at the Meadows. The site was anciently that of the Blackfriars' Monastery, but the Infirmary was erected upon it in 1741. It was used as the City Fever Hospital until 1904. Lower down, at the foot of Infirmary Street, is the "Old High School," wherein the City Grammar School was housed from 1760 to 1829. We now retrace our steps to the top of Infirmary Street and see in front of us Edinburgh's pride — her University. Founded, as we have seen, in 1582-1583, the present building was commenced in 1789, but was not completed, owing to want of money, until 1834. The plans were originally prepared by



THE UNIVERSITY

Robert Adam, a well-known architect of the eighteenth century, but these were modified by Mr. W. H. Playfair. The structure, as it stands, forms a regular parallelogram, 358 feet on the side towards Chambers Street, and 225 in the frontage towards South Bridge. Up to 1883 it had no dome; but at the tercentenary the dome, surmounted by a figure emblematic of Youth holding the torch of Knowledge, was erected. The buildings are grouped round an inner quadrangle, to which access is obtained by three arched gateways between massive monolithic Doric columns. The aspect of the grand old College, with its dark grey masonry, its massive balustrades and broad flights of stairs, is stately and impressive. The present building is now relegated to the Faculties of Arts, Law, and Divinity, Medicine being lodged in the Medical School in Teviot Place. The University Library, which takes rank as one of the finest in the kingdom, numbers about 150,000 volumes, and has recently been cata-

logued and re-arranged under the superintendence of Dr. James Burgess, C.I.E., and a competent staff. The Town Council were the patrons of the institution until 1859, when the appointment to chairs was placed in the hand of a body of Curators. The paid tuitional staff of the University consists of a Principal and forty Professors, the general number of students averages 3000, and the annual value of the bursaries open for competition is £11,000.

We can either proceed directly south along *Nicolson Street*, passing on the way the great rival of the University, *the Surgeons' Hall*, where there is also to be found an excellent teaching staff and a large body of students, as well as a valuable Museum. Holding on straight out past Nicolson Square and St. Patrick Square, through Clerk Street and South Clerk Street, Minto Street, and Mayfield, one finds himself outside the town boundary on the slopes of Liberton or Lepertown, with its square-towered church and the

University Quadrangle

ancient fortalice where lived the reiver, William de Libberton. But we would miss much by so doing. Let us instead strike up Chambers Street, named after the well-known publisher and man of letters, Dr. William Chambers, who was Lord Provost when the series of "improvements" were initiated which has obliterated much that was historically valuable and in an antiquarian sense interesting. In Chambers Street we pass on the right-hand side the Church of Scotland Training College, which prepares teachers for scholastic duties; Minto House Medical and Surgical School, one of the great extra-mural institutions for medical study wherewith Edinburgh is so blessed. Next door is the Heriot-Watt College, one of the many establishments promoted by the Heriot Trustees. The school is designed for the promotion of scientific, artistic, and literary education by means of evening classes. It has achieved immense benefit to Edinburgh, and there are few institutions doing better

work. Under its new head, Principal Laurie, it has entered upon a new lease of usefulness.

But all these are subsidiary to the great establishment which, with the University, occupies the entire south side of the street, viz. the *Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art.* It occupies the site of a beautiful old square called Argyll Square, and the foundation-stone was laid by Prince Consort in 1861, while the building itself was opened by the Duke of Edinburgh in 1866. Since then it has rapidly increased in size and importance, until now its annexes occupy the whole ground from North College Street to "Society." Its departments are encyclopædic in their range. Nothing has been forgotten, while the specimens secured under each science, art, or manufacture are of the best. We now reach George IV. Bridge, and make a slight detour in order to take in some ground we would otherwise miss. Proceeding back along George IV. Bridge, which was constructed in

1827-1829, we pass the *Martyrs' Church* (Cameronian), which takes rank as the oldest dissenting congregation in Edinburgh, and on the opposite side Augustine Congregational Church. A little farther on on the same side we reach the *Sheriff Court Buildings*, a massive block in the Venetian style of architecture, where the business of the Shrievalty of the County is carried on. On the other side of the street is the *Free Library*, an attractive pile in French Renaissance style, erected in 1890 at the expense of Mr. Carnegie, the American millionaire, and built according to the designs of Mr. Washington Browne. Next door are the offices of the *Highland and Agricultural Society*, an association founded in 1784, and incorporated by Royal charter three years later, which has done noble service in promoting an interest in agricultural pursuits and raising the standard of stock and the quality of crops by its annual shows. We now strike down *Victoria Street*, past the imposing Scotch Baronial façade of the

India Buildings, past St. John's Parish Church, and as we look up to St. John's United Free Church in *Victoria Terrace* we recall that both buildings were built for the same man—Dr. Thomas Guthrie. We now proceed down the last loop of the West Bow, which is merged into VictoriaStreet, enter the *Grassmarket*, where the great horse fairs are held, and note the *Corn Exchange*, with its graceful clock-tower, erected in 1849, after designs by David Cousin, where agriculturists can view and test samples of grain. We then return to its lower end, take a walk a short distance along the Cowgate, originally a rustic lane running by the side of a wimpling stream. It then became the most fashionable of all the thoroughfares, nearly all the houses being owned by nobility and gentry, such as "Tam o' the Cowgate"—the Earl of Haddington, the Minister of James I. Returning to the Cowgatehead, where of old stood Palfrey's *King's Head Inn*, from which upwards of a dozen stage

Castle and Grassmarket

coaches started daily for various parts of Scotland and England, we proceed up the *Candlemaker Row*, which skirts the walls of Greyfriars' Churchyard. This was anciently the garden of the great Monastery of the Franciscans or Greyfriars, and was granted as a burying ground by Mary, Queen of Scots in 1565. It is enclosed on all sides by buildings, and contains the remains of many distinguished individuals — George Buchanan, Principal Robertson, Allan Ramsay, Sir George M'Kenzie, Principal Carstairs; Lords President Lockhart, Skene, Falconer, Blair; Ruddiman, the grammarian; Dr. Hugh Blair, Dr. M'Crie, the biographer of Knox, &c. &c. Many interesting historical associations circle round the place, the Solemn League and Covenant being signed on the 1st March 1638 on the *thruchstane* or horizontal tombstone on the left of the Church; while the *Martyrs' Monument*, re-erected in 1771, commemorates the sufferings of many of Scotland's bravest and

best. After the battle of Bothwell Brig many of the Covenanters were brought prisoners to Edinburgh, and amid the rigours of a Scottish winter were confined in the south-western annexe. The Church, which stands in the grounds, is divided into two, each presided over by a separate minister. At the head of Candlemaker Row stands the effigy in bronze commemorative of "Greyfriars' Bobby," a faithful little dog which, when its master died and was buried in the grave-yard, watched the grave for nine years before he himself was found dead upon it. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has thus preserved the facts of a touching story.

The triangular space, measuring in all about one and a half acres, bounded by Bristo on one side, Forrest Road on the other, and Teviot Place as the base, formerly contained the offices and store-houses of the Darien Company, that ill-fated organisation which in 1698-1700, by seeking to colonise the Isthmus of Darien in imitation of the English

East India trade, brought such wholesale ruin and disaster upon Scotland. Where now the new North Church stands was formerly a "port" or gate, and the spot passes by the name "Bristo Port" to this day. Passing down Bristo and through Charles Street, we enter George Square, one of the earliest residential "outgates" of the time beyond the restrictions of the walls. Built in 1769, and named after George III., it became very popular as a place of residence for the nobility and gentry. At No. 25, Sir Walter Scott's father lived from 1772 to 1796. Here also resided Admiral Duncan, Henry Erskine, the Countesses of Galloway and Sutherland, Lords of Session Braxfield, Stonefield, and Kennet, Lord President Blair, &c. Buccleuch Place beyond was also a favourite residential quarter, and is so yet. Here were situated, at the number now represented by 14, 15, 16, the Assembly Rooms, maintained by the residents of George Square for their exclusive use. At No. 18, where

Jeffrey was then residing—a newly married man—the scheme of the *Edinburgh Review* was proposed and decided to be carried into effect. Behind Buccleuch Place are the "Meadows" (divided into the "East" and "West" sections), formerly the bed of a large sheet of water called the "Boroughloch." Early in the seventeenth century an attempt was made to drain the loch, but it failed, and only achieved the result of contracting its size and reducing the remainder to impassable marsh. But in 1722 it was leased to Mr. Thomas Hope of Rankeillour (after whom Hope Park is named), who contracted, if the loch and adjacent lands were let to him at a moderate figure for ninety-nine years, to drain the loch entirely, to construct a walk round it, enclosed with a hedge and rows of lime trees, and also to make a ditch 9 feet wide to drain off the water. All these were done, and later a fine carriage drive, named after Lord Melville the Melville Drive, was formed. The Royal Company of

M'Ewan Hall and Medical School

Archers has the right to use a portion of the Meadows for that art, which has never flourished in Scotland, and *Archers' Hall*, their headquarters, is situated at the north-eastern end of the Eastern Section.

We now return *via* that delightful summer promenade, the Meadow Walk, to Teviot Place, and taking our stand at the head of Lothian Street (where in No. 49 Thomas De Quincey passed many of his last years), we begin to study with care the proportions of the Medical School. Beyond question it is a splendid piece of architecture, and with the noble M'Ewan Hall at its north-east corner, forms one of the ornaments of Edinburgh. Erected in the Cinquecento style at a cost of £240,000, after designs by Dr. Rowand Anderson, it is one of the most variously equipped schools in Europe as regards class-rooms, dissecting halls, operating theatres, laboratories, and the like. The M'Ewan Hall was the gift of W. M'Ewan, the late M.P. for Central Edinburgh, and is

used for graduation ceremonials. Designed in the form of a Greek theatre, the mural decorations by Palin, of London, are unique in their artistic excellence. The two great panels on the right and left of the platform (representing the "Pursuit of Fame" and "the Temple of Fame") are wonderfully effective and true to life. The organ is a very fine one, being built by Hope Jones, of Birkenhead. South-east of the M'Ewan Hall is the University Union or Club House, erected at the cost of students past and present; while south of the Hall is the Music Class-room, erected in 1860, in the Early Italian style from funds bequeathed for the purpose by General John Reid, the composer of the march "The Garb of Old Gaul." The class-room contains a unique collection of musical instruments, and the organ here is also a very fine one. The professor, Dr. Niecks, is a thorough enthusiast in the subject he teaches.

We now cross the Meadow Walk and enter the grounds of that huge

Royal Infirmary

institution, the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, the largest hospital in the world, having upwards of 100 more beds than Guy's, London Hospital, St. Thomas's, or Bartholomew's. A bird's-eye view of this stupendous structure is really requisite to enable one to realise that it is as large as it really is. Enclosing within its walls 13½ acres, of which nearly eight are covered with buildings, it is divided into two great sections—the *Surgical Section*, which embraces the wards facing Lauriston, and the *Medical Section*, which includes those facing the West Meadows. Each section embraces four pavilions, each pavilion six wards, and each ward from sixteen to eighteen beds. Operating theatres are provided in connection with each set of wards, with class-rooms for the instruction of students. There is accommodation for nearly 1000 patients, exclusive of out-patients, while it is estimated that 1250 persons sleep each night under its roof. The superintendent of the institution is Surgeon-Colonel W. P.

Warburton, M.D., C.S.I., and he is assisted by a Committee of Management. During 1902-1903, over 10,000 patients were admitted to the Infirmary, while 31,000 out-patients had their needs attended to. Immediately opposite is *Heriot's Hospital*, erected by funds left by George Heriot, the goldsmith of James I. and VI. ("the Jingling Geordie" of the "Fortunes of Nigel"). The operations began in 1628, the aim of the founder being to provide for the maintenance and education of the sons of poor burgesses in Edinburgh. The edifice is quadrangular in shape, enclosing a great central court with a statue of Heriot in the centre. At each angle are square towers with turrets, while on the north is the great central tower. The style adopted is the Tudor mingled with the Scots Baronial and Gothic. In 1833 the building was restored, and some of the interior appliances modernised. About 180 boys are maintained. It is interesting to note that the western wall of

Heriot's grounds is the old City Wall of the Flodden era, a section being still preserved in its original state in the narrow lane called the *Vennel*, leading down to the Grassmarket.

On the opposite side of the street is Archibald Place, at the foot of which is the entrance to *George Watson's School and College*, one of the great and truly admirable scholastic institutions under the direction of the Merchant Company. Immediately opposite one another as we continue our journey along Lauriston are the *Chalmers' Hospital* and the new *Edinburgh Fire Station* at the south-west corner of the Cattle Market. The station is a magnificent one, giving place to none for completeness of equipment. The *Cattle Market* is a familiar scene in Edinburgh life, and the weekly Wednesday market is always a busy scene. *Chalmers' Hospital for the Sick and Hurt* was erected in 1861 in the plain unadorned Italian style, the funds being supplied by a bequest left by Mr. George Chalmers, a

plumber, who died in 1836. The management of the Hospital rests in the hands of the Dean and Faculty of Advocates. Passing onward, we reach Lauriston Gardens and the *Convent of St. Catherine of Sienna*, with the *Church of the Sacred Heart*, a beautiful edifice in which is the image of St. Giles, which formerly was in Holyrood. After crossing Lauriston Gardens, we reach the *Simpson Memorial Maternity Hospital*, an institution doing as much good proportionately to its size and resources as any other in town. Founded in 1843, the hospital was reorganised and enlarged in 1878, until it became as we see it to-day.

We now pass through Tollcross, casting a glance at the *Winding Station* of the Edinburgh Street Tramways Company; also in front thereof and overlooking the street is the *Central Hall*, where evangelistic meetings and a mission in connection with the social improvement of the masses are held nightly, being attended by hundreds of working

men and their wives. As we strike on up Home Street and Leven Street, we reach the Barclay United Free Church, a magnificent place of worship, erected in 1862-1863 by Mr. J. Pilkington at a cost of £10,000. It was long the scene of the labours of the late Dr. J. H. Wilson. We now skirt the rolling downs of the *Bruntsfield Links*, where the game was played as early as the fifteenth century, and during the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries it was a scene of great activity, where grave Senators of the Courts of Justice and staid clergymen and professors immersed in profound thought were to be seen "driving their ba's frae whins or tee"; and the splendid new "Intermediate School" just erected by the Edinburgh School Board. On the crest of the hill is *Warrender House*, the residence of the late Sir George Warrender, to whose ancestor the estate in 1714, after his term of office as Lord Provost had expired, was presented. The house is of very ancient date. A little farther on is

St. Margaret's Convent, opened in 1835, and dedicated to St. Margaret, the saintly queen of Malcolm III. The convent belongs to the Sisters Ursuline of Jesus, an order whose work amongst the poor has gained them the love and devotion of thousands.

We now return to the place whence we diverged, and press onward up Bruntsfield Terrace, passing Bruntsfield School, and at the intersection of the Colinton Road the three churches, Christ Church (Episcopal), Morningside Congregational, and Morningside United Free Churches. About one hundred yards along the Colinton Road we catch a glimpse of the venerable pile of *Merchiston Castle*, where John Napier, the inventor of logarithms, had his home. Returning to Bruntsfield Road, we press onward due south, past the *Morningside Parish Church*, erected in 1837, into the outer wall of which has been built the "Bore Stone" wherein was embedded the shaft of the Royal Standard of James

Braid Hills Golf Course

IV., when his great army was encamped on the Boroughmuir. The lines of Scott will recur to the mind of the reader :—

"Highest and midmost, was descried
The royal banner floating wide;
The staff, a pine tree, strong and straight,
Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,
Which still in memory is shown,
Yet bent beneath the standard's weight
Whene'er the western wind unroll'd,
With toil, the huge and cumbrous fold,
And gave to view the dazzling field,
Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,
The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold."

We must remember that all this district was up to the nineteenth century included within the Boroughmuir. We now pass through the thickly populated district of Morningside, which is being occupied partly by villas and partly by tenements for those who have been aptly styled "the three room and a kitchen classes," or, in other words, those who have to keep up appearances,

but have not much whereon to keep them up. The route all the way out to the Braid Hills Golf Course is a succession of charming bits of landscape, now lying nigh at hand under "Pentland's towering tap," anon farther afield towards the undulating uplands of Linlithgowshire. The *Braid Hills Golf Course* is an admirable one, and though on holiday seasons apt to be unpleasantly crowded, still the game one gets, rewards any exercise of patience in waiting our turn. The Hotel is excellently appointed and managed, so that visitors staying there really feel they are at home.

We return to Edinburgh by the *Blackford Glen* and the *Rustic Bridge* amid scenery as romantically beautiful as the most fastidious taste could desire, the "glen" being characterised by many of those features we desiderate in exclusively Highland landscapes. A stream wimples its way down towards the sea in manifold sharps and trebles, and to lie by its side at the foot of the whin-clad slopes is a delightful "occupation"

Edinburgh from Blackford Hill

during the heat of summer. Blackford Hill is the property of the city, having been purchased by the Corporation in 1884, and thrown open to the public as a park. We descend the hill, visiting by the way the *National Observatory*, one of the most completely equipped institutions of the kind in the kingdom, pass under the *Harrison Archway*, commemorative of Lord Provost Harrison, whose death in 1885 when Member for South Edinburgh created such widespread regret. We now pass by the old *Blackford House* hard by the railway station on the Suburban Railway, which gives access to the hill. We now keep on up Blackford Avenue—not failing to call in and get a drink of milk and munch a biscuit at worthy Mrs. Marshall's refreshment-rooms, a lady who has been so long associated with the hill that the late Sir George Harrison used to say she was a part of it. We enter Grange Loan, and proceed up the old Lovers' Loan, skirting the park walls of *The Grange House*, the

ancestral home of Sir Thomas Dick-Lauder of Grange and Fountainhall, a noble seventeenth-century mansion which has been modernised and spoilt. The place originally belonged to the monks of St. Giles, along with those of Holyrood, for here was situated the "grange" or granary whence the district received its name. The Dicks held the lands from the sixteenth century, and by a fortunate marriage between the heir and heiress of the Dicks and the Lauders, the property of the two became one. Farther up the Lovers' Loan we skirt the boundary wall of the Grange or Southern Cemetery, formed in 1847, and now one of the most exquisitely beautiful of all the resting-places of the dead. Here sleep the remains of Chalmers, Cunningham, the Dick-Lauders, the Nelsons (the publishers), Hugh Miller, Graham Spiers, Dr. Guthrie, Lord Dunfermline, and many others. Immediately opposite the gate of the cemetery is the Chalmers Memorial Church, of which the late Dr. Horatius Bonar, the eminent

hymn-writer, was long minister. We have completed our trip for the day here. The tram-car whirls us into town, and we retire to the seclusion of the sofa to dream and meditate upon all we have seen and heard to-day.

CHAPTER V

THE ENVIRONS OF EDINBURGH

Granton, Leith, Portobello, Joppa, Musselburgh, Inveresk, Dalkeith, Lasswade, Polton, Hawthornden, Roslin.

WE are now about to enter upon a series of short excursions, which, although directed towards objects of great historic or scenic interest, unfortunately consume a considerable amount of time in journeying.

Naturally our first visit is to the port of the Scottish metropolis, viz. *Leith.* This we reach either by train or tram, preferably the former under the present conditions, as we are not compelled to change cars at Pilrig owing to the inability of the two Town Councils to come to terms. Leith is almost as old as Edinburgh

for as early as 1143 David I. bestowed it under the name of "Inverleith" on the canons of Holyrood. In 1329 the citizens of Edinburgh obtained from Robert I. or the Bruce a grant of the harbour and mills of Leith for a payment of 52 merks sterling. From that date it remained in subjection to Edinburgh until the epoch of the Reform Bill of 1832, when the burgh was placed under its own Magistrates, and the port under Harbour Commissioners.

In the reign of Alexander III. the port belonged to the Leiths, a family who owned extensive possessions in Midlothian, including the lands of Restalrig, and took from it their patrimonial surname; but in the fourteenth century these possessions passed by marriage to the Logans of Restalrig, whose ancient stronghold was built on the crag which rises from the lake of Lochend, and from that time the Magistrates of Edinburgh and the Logans of Restalrig vied with each other which could vindicate the stronger title of

possession to the place. Notwithstanding its trade importance, Leith is still a quaint, old-fashioned burgh, full, as Wilson says, of crooked alleys and rambling, narrow wynds, scattered about in the most irregular fashion. There is, however, an air of substantial, business-like bustle and activity about its narrow, unpretending thoroughfares and dingy-looking counting-houses. Its merchants are too busy about more important matters to trouble themselves with such new-fangled notions, while their customers are much too knowing to be attracted by merely showy baits. The contrast indeed between the Scottish capital and its port is much the same as that which distinguishes the courtly West-End of London from Wapping or Whitechapel, and is probably, in all the most substantial sources of difference, in favour of the busy little burgh. Its merchants conduct a large and important share of the trade of the Baltic and the North Sea in their unpretending little offices, and have the satisfaction of knowing

that the trade is growing in volume every year.

The principal streets in Leith are the Kirkgate, Constitution Street, "the Shore," St. Bernard Street, Great Junction Street; but the best division for general purposes is into North and South Leith. We deal with the latter first, and begin by a walk down the Kirkgate from the Great Junction Street end. We pass on our way the fine old parish church of South Leith, the Church of St. Mary's, which retains traces of extreme age, although renovated more than once. It came into existence towards the end of the thirteenth century. The nave indeed dates back to the fifteenth century, the choir and transepts being later. The first minister after the Reformation was the celebrated David Lindsay, Moderator of the General Assembly in 1567 and 1582: he also accompanied James VI. to Denmark, and performed the Presbyterian ceremony at the marriage of the King to Anne of Denmark. When the Cromwellians

were holding Leith, the redoubtable Oliver himself is said to have occupied the pulpit on one occasion. In the grave-yard lie the remains of many illustrious residents of Leith—the "Fighting Bartons," the great sea rovers of the fifteenth century; Captain Gibson, leader of the Darien Expedition; and John Home, author of "Douglas." A little farther along the thoroughfare, but on the left-hand side of it, is the *Trinity House of Leith*, a building in the Georgian style, with Grecian portico and pilasters, which occupies the site of an older edifice erected in 1555. Evidence of this is found in the inscription which is built into the south wall facing St. Giles' Street, and reading in large letters: "In the Name of the Lord, y[e] Masteris and Marineris Byldys this Hous to y[e] POVR, Anno Dom. 1555"; while in the east wing of the Trinity House is also embedded a stone on which is carved a cross staff, an anchor, two globes, and other nautical instruments of the sixteenth century, with the

motto, "Pervia, virtute, sidera terra, mare," and beneath is the script: "Instituted 1380; built 1555, rebuilt 1816." Before the year 1797, the Society, which designated itself "The Corporation of the Shipmasters of the Trinity House of Leith," was only an eleemosynary association for the purpose of relieving seamen in distress. Since the close of the eighteenth century, however, the Government erected it by charter into a corporate body (says Irons), vesting in it at the same time powers to examine and, under its common seal, license persons to be pilots, also to exact admission fees from licentiates. The income of the Trinity House is about £2200. In the large hall, where the "Masters" meet, is a rare portrait of Mary of Lorraine, the foundress of the Trinity House. Turning into *Constitution Street via* Bernard Street, we note the *Leith Chamber of Commerce* and the beautiful Roman Catholic Church of *Maris Stella*, while the Exchange Buildings are a large pile in the Corinthian

style of architecture, eminently adapted for the end in view. We next note the *Parish Church of St. John's*, an edifice in the Early Pointed Gothic style, after designs by David Rhind, and adjoining it, constituting another example of the mixed Ionic and Doric styles, are the *Municipal Buildings* and *Town-Hall;* while the Leith Post Office stands at the corner of Constitution Street and Mitchell Street, a plain building in the Florentine Gothic style. Here we take a peep at Leith Links, with its memories of the bitter wars of the Reformation, as are suggested by the mounds known respectively as *Giant's Brae* and *Lady Fife's Brae*, where the English batteries were located. Around the links are grouped St. James's Episcopal Church, a fine building in the Later Gothic style, the High School, a two-storeyed building in the Grecian style, with cupola and clock, also *St. Andrew's U.F. Church* and the *Watt Hospital.*

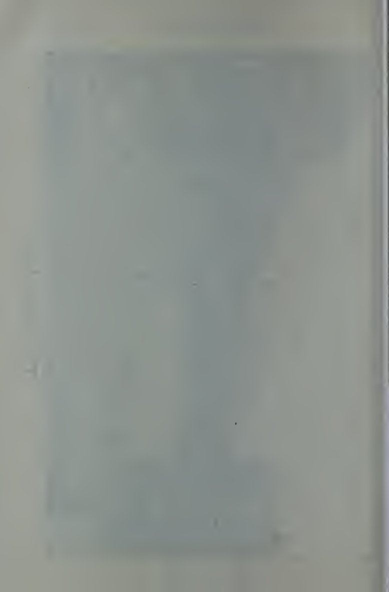
We now return to Constitution

Street until we strike into Great Junction Street, which serves to connect North and South Leith. Turning into Mill Lane, we pass from it into *Shirra Brae*, and finally into Coal Hill. These were of old fashionable localities in the days when many of the nobility preferred life at the "port" with security, to it in Edinburgh, with the chance of being involved in *tulzies* or quarrels for which one had neither interest nor inclination. In Mill Lane is *Leith Hospital*, Humane Society, and Casualty Hospital, all grouped together; while at Coal Hill we realise how intimately the family of the late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone was associated with Leith. His grandfather was, in the words of Peter Williamson's Directory for 1786, "Thomas Gladstone, flour and barley merchant, Coal Hill." The son of the latter was Sir John Gladstone of Fasque, whose youngest son was the great statesman, thrice Premier of Great Britain. There were recently those living in Leith

who well recalled the Gladstones when they resided in Leith. St. Thomas's Parish Church, with its manse, schoolhouse, and asylum, have been erected by the Gladstones to commemorate their connection with the district. They were built on a site which was formerly occupied by a very old mansion, said to have been the residence of George Logan of Restalrig, the successful wooer of that Tibbie Fowler who was the heroine of the song, "Tibbie's Tocher."

The "Shore" of Leith is the oldest part of the "port," and there are still many ancient residences in it and in the Tolbooth Wynd, which runs at right angles to it. The "Old Ship Hotel" and the "New Ship Inn" are both upwards of 200 years old, and have been identified with many of the stirring events in the later history of Leith. Over the entrance to the former is carved an ancient ship in full sail, while the latter has a heavily moulded doorway, over which is placed the Latin motto from

THE SHORE, LEITH



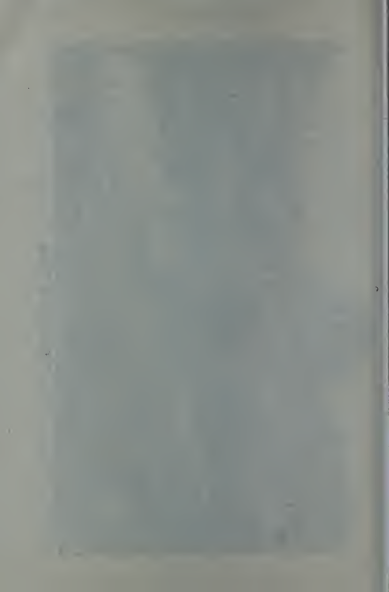
Psalm cxxi., which has been wittily adapted to meet the circumstances of the case. The original verse in the Vulgate is, "*Neque dormitet qui custodit te: Ecce non dormitabit neque dormiet qui custodit Israel,*" which has been changed to "*Ne dormitet custos tuus: ecce non dormitat neque dormit custos domus*"—"thy landlord never slumbers; he who keeps this house neither slumbers nor sleeps." In the Tolbooth Wynd was situated the old Leith Tolbooth, erected by order of Mary, Queen of Scots.

We now reach the Docks, the "Shore" facing what is known as "the Inner Harbour," and from here we can conveniently visit the whole succession of them, to wit, the *East Old Dock*, opened in 1806, and the *West Old Dock*, opened in 1817, the *Victoria Dock* in 1852. Then comes the *Albert Dock*, opened in 1869, aggregating 11½ acres, and the majestic *Edinburgh Dock*, opened in 1881, the most extensive of all, comprising an area of 28 acres; finally,

the *New Dock*, on which operations were commenced in 1896, and which was opened in 1904. No port is better supplied with all the latest and best means and methods for loading and unloading vessels, and despatching goods with the least possible delay. The Leith Dock Commissioners, in whom its management is vested, are highly to be commended for the way they have managed this great trust.

We now cross the Drawbridge at the mouth of the river and are in North Leith, but save St. Ninian's Church in Coburg Street, and the remains of the Old Citadel of Leith, represented to-day by the buildings called "Cromwell's Barracks," there is little of interest. As we walk along towards Newhaven we pass the *Leith Fort*, now an Artillery Exercise Ground. The walk to Newhaven is pleasant, and this little fishing township possesses strongly marked characteristics all its own. The women adopt a garb peculiar to themselves and their kinsfolk at

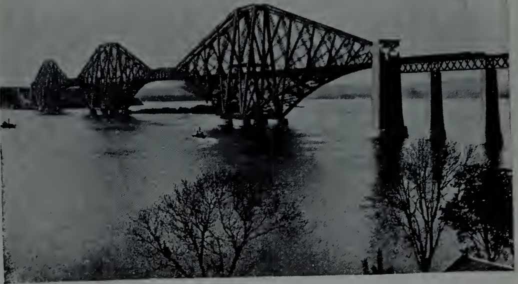
Cramond Brig



Fisherrow (Musselburgh). They intermarry among themselves, and are very exclusive. Newhaven dates back to the sixteenth century (1505), when James IV. was building here his navy (the *Great Michael*, &c.), and insisted upon manning the vessels with fishermen of Newhaven. The pier and the harbour for the fishing boats give an air of snug completeness to the little town, which is fully borne out by the calm self-confidence of the people.

We now push on to Granton by that delicious walk along the coast road, noting, as we do, the islands of the Forth, "those emeralds chased with gold," Inchkeith, with its lighthouse and fort, and Inchcolm, with the ruins of its ancient Priory. Passing Wardie, Trinity, and Granton in succession, we at last reach the great harbour, constructed by the Duke of Buccleuch in 1835, and which was feared would prove a serious menace to the prosperity of Leith. The danger is not yet altogether past. In the neighbourhood of Granton are

Caroline Park, formerly Royston Castle, the seat of Lord Royston, a well-known Lord of Session of the seventeenth century, and the ruins of *Granton Castle*, the earlier residence of the same family. Here we observe the vast new works of the Edinburgh and Leith Gas Commissioners, with the mighty gasometer they have recently constructed. This completes the walk for the meantime for some of our number. They catch the train at Granton, and are soon deposited at Princes Street, satiated with sight-seeing. Others of us, however, walk round the coast-line, past Cramond (the Gaelic *Caer-Almond*, the fort on the Almond), with its "Coble-Ferry" and the "Twa Brigs," near which took place the incident in the life of James V., the King of the Commons, known as "The Raid of the Gudeman of Ballangeich." The River Almond pours itself into the sea here opposite Cramond Island. We wander on round the headland, past Dalmeny Park, the residence of the Earl of



Forth Bridge

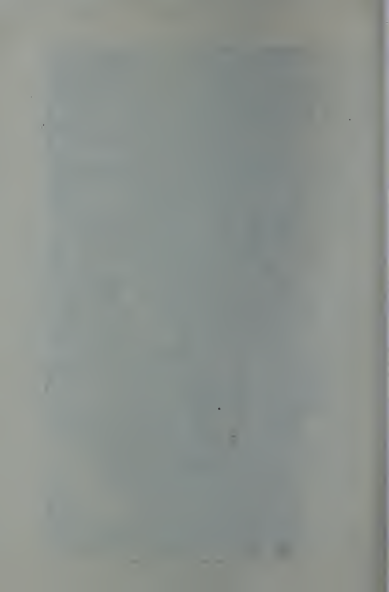
Rosebery, past the restored pile of Barnbogle Castle, past the beautiful Norman structure of Dalmeny Church, with its wondrous recessed doorway and its arcaded windows, and finally arrive at South Queensferry, nestling under the shadow of that stupendous feat in modern engineering, the Forth Bridge (begun 1883, completed 1889, opened March 1890). We are footsore and weary, but an hour or two at the Hawes Inn—known to readers of the "Antiquary"—restores one's vital powers, and the train soon whirls us back to town on the trail of our companions.

PORTOBELLO, JOPPA, AND MUSSELBURGH TO ROSLIN.

A cycle or motor run from Edinburgh to Roslin *via* Craigmillar Castle and the places named above is our mission on this trip. Our best route to Craigmillar is through the King's Park to Duddingston Manse, then turning at an acute angle of 45 degrees we skirt the Loch, then pass

Duddingston Station, and drive straight up the ascent to the grand old ivy-clad ruin which crowns the height. It belonged successively to the Prestons and Gilmours, and was the residence of Mary, Queen of Scots at the time when the Darnley tragedy was hatching, her retainers living in "Little France," a hamlet near by, where a plane tree on the road bears her name. Portions of the Castle, such as the donjon keep, which contains Queen Mary's room, are in excellent preservation. Leaving Craigmillar, we run past Niddrie, the seat of the late General Wauchope, and meet our companions, who came by train, at the Town-Hall in High Street. Portobello dates back to the middle of the eighteenth century, when an old sailor, who had been with Admiral Lord Vernon in the West Indies, and been present at the storming of Porto-Bello, christened his house Portobello Hut in commemoration of his hero. For a long time settlement was slow ; then a large brick-clay field was discovered in

THE SANDS, PORTOBELLO



1760, and thereafter prosperity attended the little village. Early in the nineteenth century it became the fashionable watering-place for the Edinburghers to go down to for sea-bathing. From that day to this it has steadily grown, until now it is a portion of Edinburgh, and ranks as a ward in the municipal districts. The great feature of Portobello is its excellent beach—even in the eighteenth century known as the "Figgate Whins Sands"—its noble esplanade, where one can walk dryshod even in the wettest weather; its pier, whereon in the summer time the band plays regularly; and its capital Corporation Baths, constructed in 1901. *Joppa* is but a part of Portobello, but is more residential than the latter in the character of its houses. Both places attract many visitors during the summer months. As we leave Joppa to continue our journey to Fisherrow and Musselburgh we pass the ancient *Joppa Salt Pans*, where the manufacture of salt has been carried on since 1792. The coast road forms

an excellent walk or ride in summer time. *Fisherrow* is our first stoppage. Here, as in Newhaven, we are aliens amidst an absolutely self-contained community. They desire to have no connection with the outside world save what is associated with the business of their lives—the sale of the harvest of the deep. Two bridges span the Esk, which is about 100 yards in width here. One of them—the foot-bridge—is unquestionably of Roman origin, though it has been modernised. Crossing this bridge, we find ourselves in Musselburgh, a quaint, romantic town replete with ancient associations. Many of the houses in the High Street are of great antiquity, and a walk down that fine old thoroughfare is like an incursion into the realms of long ago. D. M. Moir, the *Delta* of *Blackwood*, was in practice here as a physician, and a monument erected to his memory stands at the upper end of the High Street, not far from the station. There is a fine golf course at Levenhall, and the

Dalkeith Palace

"Musselburgh Races" are amongst the great sporting events in the year for Edinburgh men.

We pass from Musselburgh *via* Inveresk, where a Roman station existed, and where during the past 300 years a large number of remains have been unearthed. We also note the fine old Church of Inveresk, where Dr. Alexander Carlyle ("Jupiter Carlyle") was the minister from 1748 to 1805, and his tomb is to be seen in the churchyard.

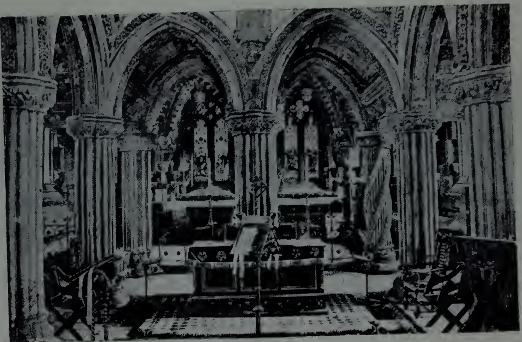
We now press onward *via Wallyford* to Dalkeith, skirting the policies of the Duke of Buccleuch most of the way. Dalkeith is another quaintly picturesque town, where one realises how time has slumbered in its quiet streets and ancient lanes. The great attraction here is *Dalkeith Palace*, the seat of the Buccleuchs. Standing upon a steep crag overlooking the junction of the North and South Esks, it commands a magnificent prospect of all the country round. It was built about 1690 by Anne, Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch,

wife of that luckless natural son of Charles II., who, having opposed his uncle James VII.'s succession to the throne, claimed it by virtue of his being a Protestant. The palace was designed by Vanbrugh, and is a copy of that of the "Loo" in the Netherlands. It contains many priceless objects of art, some of the paintings in the gallery being absolutely unique. In the town we note the ruins of the old Collegiate Parish Church, where in the unroofed choir is the burial vault of the ducal family. In the neighbourhood also is *Newbattle Abbey*, the seat of the Marquis of Lothian, erected on the site of the old Cistercian Abbey founded by David I. Newbattle is one of the most noteworthy mansion-houses in the district, from the immense number of rare paintings and books in the picture gallery and library. It is almost impossible, however, to secure admission to view them. From Dalkeith we proceed along the road to Hawthornden, passing Bonnyrigg, a mining village, and seeing in the

distance Dalhousie Castle, whence the Earl of Dalhousie takes his title, and also the square tower of *Cockpen Church*, a locality immortalised by the Baroness Nairne's beautiful ballad, "The Laird o' Cockpen." *Hawthornden* is one of the most striking pieces of scenery in Midlothian—for wealth of foliage, for vivid contrasts in colour, for sudden changes in the nature of the pictures presented to the eye, the landscape is one which can never be forgotten. The mansion stands on the south bank of the North Esk, and is chiefly celebrated as having been the residence of the poet William Drummond, known as "the Scottish Petrarch." Here Ben Jonson visited him, and the report of their conversation shows Ben to have had a sharp critical faculty and a somewhat jealous nature. Below the house are several artificial caves, where, during the Wars of Independence, many patriots lurked, issuing when opportunity presented itself to strike a blow for freedom. Robert Bruce

was said to have resided in them, and one of the caves is still called the King's Bedchamber.

We now walk through the exquisite glen up to Roslin, reaping the harvest of a quiet eye at well-nigh every step. The banks of the river are densely wooded, and the song of the birds, joined with the sigh of the summer breeze and the low murmur of the hidden stream, produce a sense of woodland peace and felicity rarely met with elsewhere in measure so rich. *Roslin Chapel* (founded in 1446 by William St. Clair, Earl of Orkney and Roslin) is one of the most exquisitely beautiful as well as highly ornate specimens of Florid Gothic in the country. The structure is said to exhibit no fewer than thirteen distinct types of Gothic arch. The interior is even more richly carved than the exterior, the pillars being marvels of intricate art. One of them, the *Apprentice's Pillar*, according to the legend, was completed by a youthful apprentice in the absence of his master in Rome,



Roslin Chapel: The Nave

who was so overcome with envy at the excellence of his pupil's work that he slew him. The chapel was considerably injured at the time of the Revolution, but has been restored, and is now used as a place of Episcopal worship. *Roslin Castle* is in parts a much more ancient edifice than the Chapel, although it was largely rebuilt by the same nobleman as founded the latter. It has been in its day a place of great strength, surrounded by a deep moat, and only to be reached by a drawbridge. The situation is very picturesque, the frowning pile, like an eagle on some inaccessible eyrie, being perched on a steep, beetling crag overhanging the river, which flows round two sides of it. The stream here is contracted by huge masses of red sandstone, over which it brawls and foams, forming thereby the linn whence the place takes its name. The scenery here is beautiful beyond description, the lovely Vale of Esk having formed the theme of poets' lays from Drummond to Scott.

A little farther south-east lies Lasswade, another charming retreat, where Sir Walter Scott began his married life, and where his early literary work took shape. Some think it is the prototype of Gandercleuch in the "Tales of My Landlord." De Quincey also resided here in his latter years, and in his Autobiography speaks of the "rich beauty of Lasswade." In the neighbourhood is Melville Castle, the seat of Lord Melville, "the bonny woods of Melville Castle" being famed alike in song and story.

We now set our cycles homeward, but in place of proceeding directly from Lasswade, let us ascend the Loan, and passing through Loanhead and Straiton, where the great Clippens Oil Works carries on its operations, we pass through Pentland, and come under the shoulder of Cairketton, the last of the grassy Pentland range; and so by Hillend and Lothianburn, by the Braid Hills and Morningside, we return home, having in good sooth seen some of the fairest landscapes in

broad Scotland. As we attain the summit of the hilly road which skirts the Braid Hills Club-House, and behold in front of us the glorious landscape of the city spread out before us, with its background of the silver streak of the Forth and the green Fifeshire hills, the lines recur to us which Drummond of Hawthornden translated from the Latin of Dr. Arthur Johnstone :—

> "Installed on hills, her head near starry bowers,
> Shines Edinburgh, proud of protecting powers.
> Justice defends her heart ; Religion east
> With temples ; Mars with towers doth guard the west ;
> For sceptre nowhere stands a town more fit,
> Nor place where town, World's Queen, may fairer sit.
> But this thy praise is, above all most brave,
> No man did e'er defame thee but a slave."

And in fitting juxtaposition with this may go Robert Fergusson's fine lines

wherewith he concludes his pithy vernacular poem, "Auld Reekie":—

"Reekie, farewell; I ne'er could part
From thee but wi' a dowie heart.
Oft frae the Fifian shore I've seen
Thee towering on thy summit green;
So glower the saints when first is given
A fav'rite keek of glore and heaven:
On earth no more they bend their e'en,
But quick assume angelic mien;
So I on Fife would gaze no more,
But gallop to Edina's shore."

ADDENDA 1921.

It is only a comparatively few years, fifteen to be exact, since the late Mr Oliphant Smeaton, M.A., wrote this book, but already, and in spite of the *Great War*, which put a stop to most things except itself, great and far-reaching changes have come about. Fortunately these can be dealt with adequately in the very short extra space at our disposal.

Usher Hall.—The late Mr Andrew Usher, an Edinburgh citizen, quite a number of years ago left a handsome legacy to the Corporation of Edinburgh on behalf of the citizens. The amount was £100,000, and the object Mr Usher had in view was the fostering in the citizens of an appreciation of good music. The capital sum was allowed to accumulate, partly because it was not found adequate to build a

hall suited to the requirements of the city, and also because there was great difficulty in fixing on a site. But at last a central site in Lothian Road was agreed upon and a handsome hall with suitable organ built.* It has been found to be a great boon to the city. Organ recitals and good concerts are frequently held in it.

SCOTTISH ZOOLOGICAL PARK. — Ideally situated on the southern slopes of Corstorphine Hill it is well sheltered from north and east winds. The grounds extending to 74 acres, together with an old mansion-house and gardens were acquired by the Zoological Society of Scotland with the object of forming a National Zoological Park. Work was commenced early in 1913 and the opening was in July 1914, just on the eve of the Great War.

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*Memorial stones were laid by H.M. King George and Queen Mary on 19th July, 1911.

The laying out of the ground was entrusted to Dr. Scharff, of Dublin, and the aim was to provide conditions and surroundings as near to nature as could be attained.

Within easy reach of the centre of the city either by car or by rail from Waverley Station, it is yet apart from city sights and sounds, and quite in the heart of nature. Here we have glades and gentle slopes carpeted with virgin turf, shrubberies, copses, and furze-covered knolls, fine old trees, and rocky outcrops giving a sterner aspect to nature's beauties.

Fortunately the Park was well stocked with birds and animals at the offset, and though during the war these could not be materially added to, they were so well cared for and in such favourable surroundings that the death rate was remarkably low. There were also considerable natural increases. The Report of the Society for the year ending March 1921, shows that many interesting and important

specimens had been added to the stock.

The Park is open to the public daily from 9 a.m. till sunset, and on Sundays after 2 p.m.

THE CITY AND COUNTY PRISON.—The massive castellated pile of buildings on the southern slope of the Calton Hill and which strangers arriving in Edinburgh by rail from the south invariably mistake for the Castle, has now served its *days and generations* in this capacity, and is to be turned to other, and let us say, worthier uses. After extensive alterations it is to house various Government Departments which are at present located here and there in different parts of the city.

Meantime a new Prison is springing up and though not completed, is already occupied. The spirit of a new and more enlightened and humanitarian age has dictated alike the type of building and the situation.

At Saughton, a western suburb within the extended city area, the new buildings form a striking contrast to the old.

Everything is spacious, light, and airy, and what might almost be termed palatial. Dark cells with iron-barred slits for windows have given place to airy if not large rooms with full-sized windows, commanding extensive views over the surrounding country, and including from some of them inspiring views of the slopes of the Pentlands.

Each room is supplied with a comfortable folding bed, a round table, and a stool. There is *electric* light controlled from outside, and books are provided from the Prison library, including fiction as well as more serious literature.

But perhaps the most important innovation is that the prisoners are not confined to the buildings but are as far as possible employed in the

open air. The buildings are surrounded by extensive grounds, and in the fields, all prisoners who have been accustomed to such work or are able and suited for it are put to work with very satisfactory results. But the prisoners do much more than supply farm labour, they actually do the work of masons, plumbers, joiners, etc., and have erected the prison buildings, doing large part of the work of some of the main buildings and the entire work of building the warders' houses which are in groups of twos and fours.

The Prison forms a regular township, the buildings being grouped round a centre square, the building in the centre square being reserved for obstreperous prisoners or those incarcerated for the most serious crimes. The division of the buildings into separate blocks admits not only of separation of the sexes but of the classification of prisoners and differentiation of treatment.

BORSTAL INSTITUTION. — A special department of the Prison buildings is set aside for this purpose.

Here lads who have become convicted of crimes, and are suitable subjects, are detained for two or three years during which they are taught useful trades under ordinary apprenticeship conditions, while their general education is also attended to. There are about 80 of these lads in the Institution at present. They are said to be making good progress and to display a genuine interest in their work. The Prison to them is not a place of punishment but a place for equipping them to become good and useful citizens, and altogether the outlook for them is made very hopeful.

What we have said of the Borstal Institution is true of the whole Prison in that reform rather than punishment is the chief object aimed at, and the best that is in men and women is appealed to instead of the worst as was so often the case under the bad

old prison system now happily done away with.

Since 1914 there has practically been a cessation of building and there is now a great scarcity of houses. When conditions become more normal much activity is expected in the erection of both house and business property and this will entail the laying out of many new districts.

Travelling facilities, restricted during the war so far as the railways are concerned, have scarcely yet become normal, but the services of motor buses have developed and extended enormously.

There is now quite a fleet of cars, plying from Princes Street and Waverley Bridge as centres, and conveying passengers expeditiously and pleasantly all over Midlothian and to the Counties beyond. The following places are now linked up with Edinburgh by this means:— Loanhead, Lasswade, Roslin, Peni-

cuik, Dalkeith, Gorebridge, Bonnyrigg. Rosewell, Musselburgh, Tranent, Haddington, Broxburn, Uphall, Pumpherston, Bangour, Bathgate, Winchburgh, Linlithgow, Cramond, South Queensferry, Kirkliston, Whitburn, Mid and East Calder. Other routes will no doubt be opened up. Corporation buses are also available for many Suburban districts.

The Corporation Tramways are still nearly all run by *Cable* haulage, but it is in contemplation to transform to Electric as soon as labour conditions are better. Indeed it has been decided to proceed with the route from Pilrig without delay, and the routes taken over from Leith are already Electric.

At REDFORD, COLINTON, the War Office has erected large Military Barracks. The situation is ideal, at the foot of the Pentlands. In the immediate vicinity there is ample scope for the manœuvring of troops, either infantry or cavalry.

ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL has had a small but beautiful addition to it—the Thistle Royal Chapel. A legacy left by the late Earl of Leven and Melville provided the necessary funds, and the result is a little gem of architecture showing beautiful wood carving and sculpture. As its name implies it was built specially for the use of the Knights of the Order of the Thistle and in it their installation ceremonies are held.

But the great outstanding change, first in importance though not in time is *the extension of the city boundaries*. In 1920 an Amalgamation Act was passed which at one stride increased the city's area from under eleven thousand to over thirty-two thousand acres, and its rental valuation from just over three and a third to nearly four and a half million pounds sterling.

Having taken in Leith the city now ranks as one of the large seaports of the Kingdom.

It has a sea frontage, from Fisherrow in the east to and including Cramond in the west, of about eight miles, a greater length of seaboard than any other port in Britain, and its position on the Firth of Forth gives facilities for development and expansion which are unsurpassed anywhere.

The extended boundary now takes in to the north and north-west—Leith, Cramond, Barnton, and Turnhouse; to the west and south-west—Corstorphine, Colinton, Juniper Green, and a considerable area of the Pentlands, including the village of Swanston (famous as the home of R. L. Stevenson), Howden Glen, Torphin, and Capelaw Hills, and the heights of Allermuir and Caerketton; to the south and south-east—Liberton, with parts of Newton and Inveresk Parishes, Niddrie, Burdiehouse, Straiton, Newcraighall, and several rural though comparatively populous centres.

We have said that the area has been increased threefold, but it will be seen

that the rental value has only increased by something like one-third. The population has increased in much the same proportion as the valuation, and it is expected that the Census just taken, June 1921, will show in Greater Edinburgh a population of little short of 450,000.

It is interesting to note that Edinburgh judged by acreage is now considerably larger than Glasgow, and indeed is the third largest city in Britain, being only surpassed by London and Birmingham. It is true that a large part of the added area is sparsely populated, and in respect of this the *City Fathers* have taken in hand greater responsibilities than would have been entailed by the addition of such a populous burgh as Leith only, but the burden is taken up, nothing doubting, and it is safe to say that the future will probably justify what has been done.

Edinburgh occupies a unique position. Its long coast line on the Firth

of Forth gives unrivalled facilities for shipbuilding and for sea-borne trade.

It is in the proximity of extensive coalfields, and is in a rich agricultural area. It is shortly to become a great centre for the distribution of electric power at low cost. It has already a variety of industries and the advantages it has to offer are sure to attract many more. There is therefore every likelihood of rapid growth, and the ancient capital of Scotland may at no very distant date rank in population, trade, wealth, and importance littte if any behind Glasgow, Liverpool, or Manchester.

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