

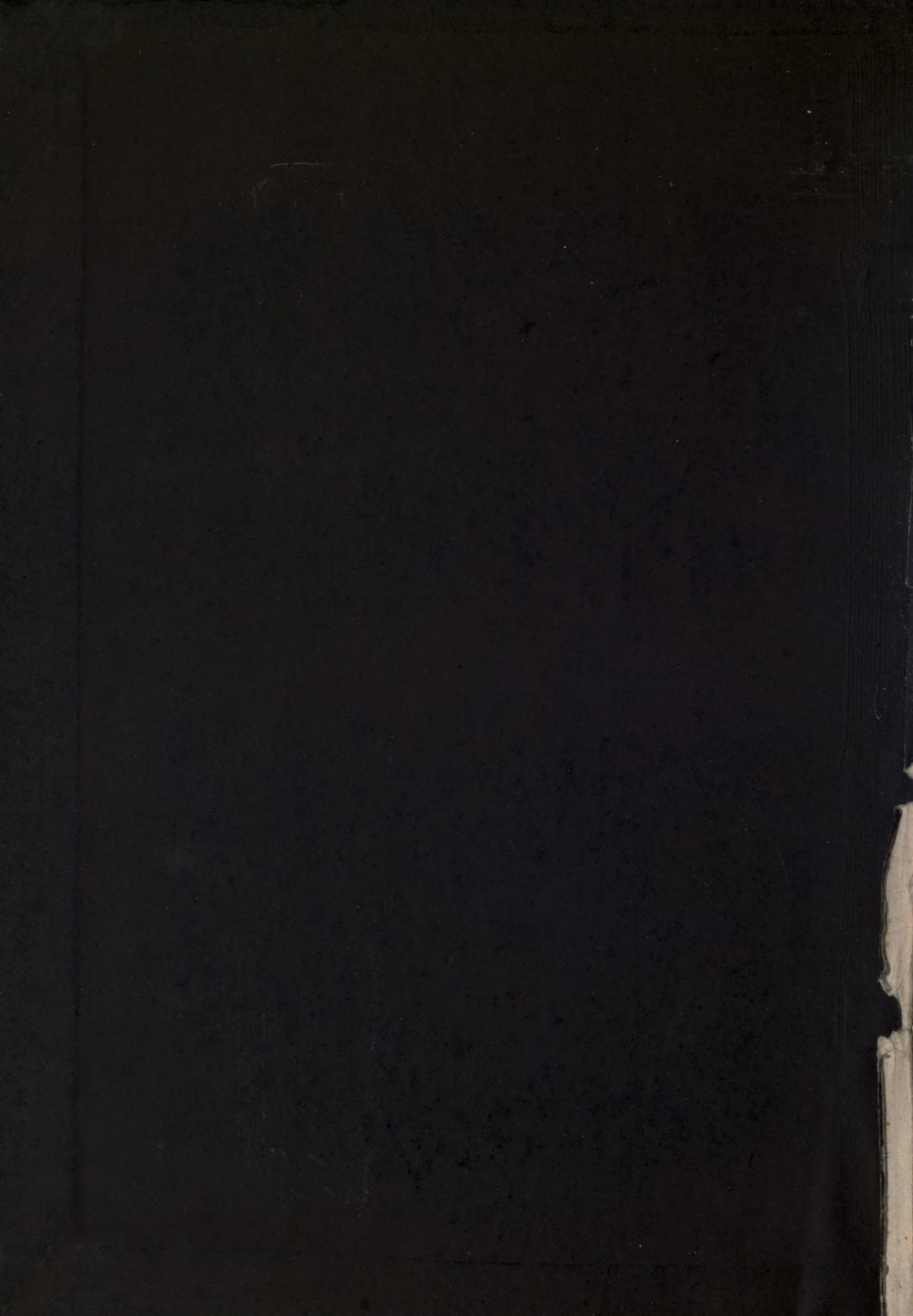
Edinburgh

Past

And

Present









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EDINBURGH : A GLIMPSE FROM THE WATER OF LEITH NEAR BONNINGTON.

EDINBURGH  
PAST AND PRESENT.

By J. B. GILLIES.

WITH NOTES OF THE COUNTY, HISTORICAL, DESCRIPTIVE, AND SCIENTIFIC,

By REV. JAMES S. MILL, FLORA MASSON, AND DR. GEIKIE.

*With 150 Illustrations.*



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# Edinburgh Past and Present.

## Public History of Edinburgh.

### CHAPTER I.—FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO FLODDEN.



PATRIOTIC citizens of Edinburgh, or “brither Scots” ambitious of a high pedigree for the metropolitan city, will find in Stow’s *Summarie of Englyshe Chronicles* what should content them. 989 years B.C., we are told, “Ebrauke, the sonne of Mempricius, was made ruler of Britayne; he had—as testifieth Policronica—Ganfride, and other twenty-one wyves, of whom he receyved twenty sonnes and thirty daughters; whyche he sent into Italye, there to be married to the blood of the Trojans. In Albanye (now called Scotlande) he edified the castell of Alclude, which is Dumbrityn; he made the castell of Maydens, now called Edenbrough; he made also the castell of Banburgh in the twenty-third yere of his reign. He buylded Yorke citie, wherein he made a temple to Diana, and set there an arch-flame; and there was buried when he had reigned forty-nine years.”

It is not necessary, however, to believe all this in order to be assured of a remote antiquity for “the gude toon.” It is sure enough that the Castle Rock must have been a stronghold far back in the prehistoric period. Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord, has had successors in all lands, and a natural fortress so conspicuous as that which dominates Edinburgh would certainly be occupied for offence or defence as soon as the shores of the Firth of Forth were peopled. So it is possible to maintain that the very earliest date ever claimed for the origin of the city may not be early enough.

The national records of Scotland were almost destroyed by Edward

I., and what remained of them met the same fate under Cromwell; but it is doubtful whether these would have shed more light upon the earliest history of the city than may be obtained from other sources. What we really know for certain is, that the territory in which Edinburgh and its castle stand belonged at the beginning of the Christian era to the Picts, who have left their mark in Scotland in such a way that nobody can dispute the first proposition made concerning them by Jonathan Oldbuck in Sir Walter's novel, "There was once a people called the Piks." Their name and works are still familiar to the common people in the north of Scotland, and especially in Orkney, where Pechts' or Pytes' houses are so often dug up. And there is good reason to believe that not only the Pentland Firth and its neighbourhood, but also the Pentland Hills and their neighbourhood are indebted to these Caledonian aborigines for the names they still inherit. If the Picts did not build upon the Castle Rock as soon as they set foot upon it, they belied their whole character and habits; for, if there was one thing that distinguished them more than another, it was their predilection for masonry. The "bruchs" of Orkney and the round towers of Brechin and Abernethy remain as tokens of building ingenuity and practical skill, if not of high art, on the part of the Scottish aborigines. So we are disposed to believe there is some foundation for the story attached to the old name of the castle, *Castrum Puellarum*, notwithstanding that Mr. Oldbuck scouted it as "a childish legend invented to give consequence to trumpery womankind." No better explanation of the name has been given than that which assigns it to the place where the daughters of the Pictish kings or chiefs were kept in safe custody till they got husbands to take care of them. Long before the castle and town received their modern name, they were known as *Castrum Puellarum*, and for many years after, this still remained the classical or cosmopolitan appellation. Father Hay, Canon of St. Genevieve, at Paris, and who was to have been Abbot of Holyrood had not the Reformation intervened, tells his countrymen that the *Castrum Puellarum* was a nunnery, which continued till the time of St. David, who thrust out the nuns and put canons in their place, as "fitter to live among soldiers."

The Picts were driven from the Lothians and its castle, *circa* 58 A.D., by the Romans. There is no sufficient evidence to support Dr. Daniel Wilson's supposition that Edinburgh was a Roman *colonia*; but the Romans left traces of their occupation in a causeway on the north side of the Castle Rock, and another at North Back of Canongate, connecting with the great thoroughfare from Inveresk to Cramond, near that part of it still existing at Portobello, and

known as the Fishwives' Causeway. Roman urns and coins have also been found during excavations in different parts of the city.

The Picts and other Celtic tribes did not allow the Romans to possess their territory in peace. Until they withdrew entirely from the island, guerilla warfare was incessant. When the Romans retired, the Saxons advanced, and added the whole lowlands of Scotland, from the Tweed to the Forth—what had been the Roman province of Valentia—to their kingdom of Northumbria. About 617 A.D., Edwin of Deira fortified the rock more elaborately than before, and gave his name to it, and to the burgh. Seventy years later, the Picts recovered possession, but were again beaten, and the place held by the Northumbrian Saxons till 956, when it finally became a part of Scotland. Edinburgh and its Castle were cradled in warfare, and the period in modern times during which they have been free from war's alarms is a very small epoch of their dual life.

As we are not writing the history of Scotland, we pass over the records of the early Scottish kings till we come to Malcolm Canmore, the first of them who had much to do with Edinburgh. At the beginning of his reign, Malcolm's palace was at Dunfermline, but having cleared the Lothians and the border country of the Southron enemy, Malcolm made Edinburgh his capital. This was a notable event, not only for Edinburgh, but for Scotland. About the same time that the new metropolis was inaugurated, the Court and the kingdom were established as part of the fraternity of Christendom. Malcolm was contemporary with William the Conqueror and William Rufus, and his Court and country had the benefit of a considerable immigration of disaffected Saxons and disappointed Normans, who were at least more civilised than the Scots, and gave them impetus in their new career of rudimental civilisation. Malcolm's wife, Margaret, was, however, the most important agent in the transactions of the new era. Edgar Etheling, the heir to the throne which William ascended as conqueror, brought himself and his sisters Margaret and Christian to Scotland for safety. Malcolm was then a widower, and prevailed upon Margaret to be his second Queen. Her grand-uncle Edward had been a "saint," in the technical sense of the word, and Margaret, if we are to credit the monkish chroniclers, intended to carry on the business by becoming a nun; and only consented to become wife to the Scottish king because of the importunity of her brother, Edgar. To make amends for this backsliding from her intended religious seclusion, Margaret seems to have become,—many centuries before the time,—a female preacher. She not only lectured the king for his good, and admonished his semi-pagan courtiers, but

she put the Scottish clergy through a severity of Lenten discipline to which they had been unaccustomed. As is not uncommon with ladies who attain the odour of sanctity by elaborate devotional ceremonies, the good Queen had also a decided predilection for costume and courtly display. Judging from the description given of the dresses provided by Margaret for the Scottish courtiers of the period, Lord Hailes surmises that tartan was then introduced into Scotland for the first time! But Malcolm loved the camp more than the Court, and during his frequent wars Margaret occupied Edinburgh Castle; and there she built a beautiful little chapel, which, amidst all the vicissitudes of the place, still exists, in a renovated condition. (This chapel is to be distinguished from the building known as St. Margaret's Church, which was erected after her death, and which has long ago disappeared. It was situated on the north side of the large quadrangle; the site is now covered with barracks.) At this same residence she died, and her clerical biographers heap miracle upon miracle around her deathbed. Some time before her departure she bethought herself that St. Katherine might be of service to her in her sore straits, and that lady, on being appealed to, immediately set out with a sacred oil from Mount Sinai. But, resting herself at Liberton, after her long journey, she unfortunately spilled the precious liquid on which the Queen's recovery depended. Future generations, however, got the benefit of the accident, for the petroleum well which still exists at Liberton sprang up on the spot where the balsam was lost. The news of the death of her husband and her son Edward at the siege of Alnwick Castle is said to have been the immediate cause of Margaret's death. She was buried in the Church of the Holy Trinity, which she had founded at Dunfermline, and which she visited so often during her life that the part of the Firth which she commonly crossed still gets the name of Queensferry, and the roadstead is called St. Margaret's Hope. The bones of the Queen are said to have been removed from their resting-place by the Abbot of Dunfermline, and carried to the Escorial in Spain, and the skull to the Scots College at Douay. Of all royal personages, with the exception of Queen Mary, Margaret is the most memorable in Scottish and Edinburgh history. She appears to have been a really pious woman, exerting a wholesome influence on a very imperfectly Christianised and civilised people; but the monks, in order to prove her saintship, have so smothered her memory with lying legends that there is difficulty in knowing how much to believe.

The next conspicuous figure in the history of Edinburgh is that of Queen Margaret's youngest son, David I.—that "sair sanct for the Croon," as James VI. called him, when he thought how convenient it would have been, instead of

pawning his jewels with George Heriot, to have in the royal treasury the revenues of the royal lands which had been so lavishly settled upon religious houses. David was as much of an ascetic as his mother, but he did not succeed, like her, in getting the ecclesiastics to follow his example. On the contrary, his extravagant endowment of monasteries, and churches, and priests, fostered the pride and luxury, sensuality and rapacity of the hierarchy, till these became proverbial, and the people were prepared to welcome the Reformation. David founded the Abbeys of Holyrood House, Melrose, Dryburgh, Newbattle, Cambuskenneth, Kelso, and Jedburgh. The Churches of the Castle and of St. Cuthbert's, with their dependencies, were gifted by David to his new monastery of Holyrood. He also built for them a mill, which formed the nucleus of the old village of Canonmills. The canons had the further privilege given them, under the Charter, of erecting a burgh between the Abbey and the town, with right of supreme rule, of trial by combat and by ordeal of fire and water. The new burgh was the Canongate, for centuries the Court quarter of Edinburgh and the residence of the nobility.

Holyrood was the favourite abbey of the royal saint, having been founded as a thank-offering for a deliverance from danger in the hunting field. The king was hunting in the "gret forest, full of hartis, hyndis, toddis, and sic like manner of beistis, throw the vail that lysis to the eist fra the Castell, quhare now lysis the Canongait," in the fourth year of his reign, when he made a narrow escape from being gored by a stag. The king, in his own pious imagination, or persuaded by his ghostly advisers, came to the conclusion that his deliverance was due to the miraculous interposition of a cross between himself and the threatened danger, and the Abbey was erected on the spot where the event occurred.

The Castle was the chief residence of David I., Malcolm IV., Alexander II., and William the Lion. In the reign of the latter the Castle was surrendered to the English as ransom for the king—captured by treachery at Alnwick—but was restored twelve years after as the dowry of Ermengarde de Beaumont, cousin of Henry of England, on her marriage to William. Alexander II. was the first to convene a Scottish Parliament at Edinburgh, in 1215. He founded eight monasteries in Scotland; one of which, Blackfriars, stood nearly on the site of the Old Infirmary, approached from the town by Blackfriars Wynd, now Blackfriars Street. Edinburgh Castle was assigned to Margaret, daughter of Henry III. of England, after her betrothal to Alexander III., in the nonage of that prince. Her account of it is that it was "a sad and solitary place, without verdure, and, by reason of its vicinity to the sea, unwholesome." The poor

lonely young queen was soon comforted with the company of her husband, who resided in the Castle for the greater part of his long and happy reign.

The death of the Maid of Norway, granddaughter of Alexander III., and heir to his crown, was followed by a long War of Independence with the three Edwards of England. Edward I. contrived to have himself chosen as arbitrator between the competitors for the vacant throne of Scotland, and obtained possession of Edinburgh Castle and other places of strength in that capacity. In the summer of 1292, he was in Edinburgh Castle as Lord Paramount of Scotland, and received the submission of the principal abbots, and of William de Dederik, alderman of Edinburgh, on behalf of the city. After that, the Castle was given to Balliol, whom Edward had preferred to the throne; and, on his revolt, the Castle was besieged and taken in June, 1296, the garrison being compelled to surrender by the want of water—the wells in the castle and at the foot of the rock failing by reason of the drought. The garrison was butchered by the besiegers, under Edward's orders. Along with most of the other castles of Scotland, Edinburgh Castle was taken by Wallace; but again fell into the hands of the English after his death, and was held by them till 1312.

Robert Bruce, the younger, had by this time recovered every strong place in Scotland with the exception of Edinburgh. In the spring of the year, Sir Thomas Randolph, Bruce's nephew, invested Edinburgh Castle. The place was far too strong to be carried by direct assault, and no artillery at command in those days could make any practicable breach. To starve out the garrison was a process too slow for the ardour of the besiegers. And so Randolph willingly listened to a proposed plan of capture which might well have seemed desperate. One of his soldiers, named William Frank, whose father had once been constable of the fortress, informed Randolph that when he was one of the garrison he had been accustomed, with the aid of a short rope ladder, to descend and reascend the rock during night, in order to pass an hour or two with his sweetheart in the town. What he had formerly done for love, he now offered to do for honour and patriotism, and volunteered to guide a small surprise party on the first convenient opportunity. Randolph resolved to be of the party himself, and chose as his companions, Sir Andrew Gray, Frank, and thirty trusty men-at-arms. On a dark and stormy night, 14th March, led by Frank, the scaling party climbed the cliffs on the west side of the Castle, looking to St. Cuthbert's Church, and were nearly at the top, when a sentinel, exclaiming "I see you," pitched a stone over the wall. As it bounded over the party, they kept close, apprehending that they had been discovered. But as it soon appeared that the man had been merely amusing

himself, and saw nothing, they persevered, and several of them were over the outer rampart before the alarm was given. It was then too late. Randolph and his brave followers gave no time for a rally; the Scottish standard was once more displayed over the Castle walls. The king could not spare soldiers from the field to garrison Edinburgh, and so the Castle was dismantled, that it might not afford shelter to the enemy, and remained in that forlorn condition for more than twenty years.

The next conflict in which Edinburgh Castle figured was in 1335. Guy, Count of Namur, was marching north from Berwick, where he had landed with an army of Flemish mercenaries, to the help of Edward. When he had reached the Boroughmuir, the Earls of Moray and March were there before him. A desperate battle ensued, which ended in the rout of the Flemings, part of whom made their way to the shelter of the Castle Rock; another large party fled by St. Mary's Wynd, and were there attacked and cut up by a body of Scots under Sir David de Anand. Some of them escaped to the Castle Rock beside their compatriots, and the fragment of the army then remaining made a rampart of their dead horses. Next morning they capitulated, and were permitted to return, on promising not again to bear arms against David II., in whose minority the battle took place.

The year following, the Castle was again fortified by Edward, but to little purpose, for the garrison had to keep close within walls while armed Scots were scouring the country, and Alexander Ramsay, with his headquarters in the secret caves beneath Hawthornden House, was carrying on hostile expeditions not only against the English in Scotland, but against the enemy in their own north country of Northumberland. Edinburgh had its full share of fighting about this time. Besides Ramsay, Douglas, the Black Knight of Liddesdale, had his following of sworn foes to the invader camped at Pentland Muir, and in one sudden foray upon the city, he left 400 English soldiers dead upon the streets.

In 1341 the Castle was again regained for the patriot forces by stratagem. A master mariner of Dundee, Walter Curry by name, carried on board his ship to Leith Roads a small cargo of wines and provisions, along with an undeclared cargo of 200 resolute Scots. Having cast anchor in the Roads, Curry obtained audience of the Governor, and, representing himself to be master of an English vessel desiring to trade, he was appointed to deliver certain quantities of wines and provisions next morning. Attended by a dozen armed men disguised as sailors, Curry entered the Castle, and overturned his casks and hampers so as to prevent the closing of the gates. The guard was slain; and, at a preconcerted signal, Douglas and his men rushed from their concealment in the neigh-

bourhood, and after a fierce fight, the Castle was taken possession of in the name of David II., and never again was occupied by Englishmen till Cromwell's time. The Governor and six esquires were all of the garrison saved alive; the rest, in revenge, were put to the sword, or driven over the Rock. The English were thereafter entirely expelled from Scotland, but unfortunately the Scottish leaders could not have enough of fighting, and in the disastrous defeat of the raid upon Durham, David was taken captive, and was not suffered to return to his capital till the merchants and burgesses of Edinburgh, along with those of Aberdeen, Perth, and Dundee, had given security for his ransom.

On his return to Scotland, David mostly resided in Edinburgh Castle, where he erected an extensive building, afterwards known as "David's Tower." The Castle was now so strong that it successfully resisted all the efforts of Henry VI. of England to capture it in 1400. David's Tower remained till it was battered down in the siege of 1573, when Kirkaldy of Grange vainly attempted to hold the Castle for Queen Mary. In this Tower David died, on 22nd February, 1370; he was buried in the Church of Holyrood Abbey. Thus ended the direct line of the Bruce.

Under the Stuarts, Edinburgh became more indubitably the capital. During the long wars of the Independence, the Monarch and Parliament could not meet in security in a place so soon and so easily reached by an army from England. It was found expedient to have not only the Tweed, but also the Forth between the Executive of Scotland and their "auld enemy of England." The burghers of Edinburgh had no inducement to build handsome dwellings creditable to themselves and to the capital of the country. The more wealthy had the privilege of erecting superior domiciles within the walls of the Castle. Those who were beyond that circle were content with houses such as the crofters in the West Highlands of Scotland now inhabit. When these were destroyed by an invasion it did not much matter. The invaders could not carry away the stones; these were soon put in their place again, and there was no difficulty in finding turf or straw or heather for a roof. And to compensate for any further loss they might have sustained, they commonly followed the enemy into his own country, and brought back richer spoil than they had lost; a raid into England was always more productive than one into the poorer northern country.

With the reign of Robert II., the first of the Stuart kings, Edinburgh began to profit architecturally by its alliance with France, which now became more intimate. In architecture, costume, domestic economy, and language, the influence of the more civilised French nation became considerable, and, indeed,

has not disappeared to this day. Many words in familiar use in Scotch households and in the mouths of the common people of Scotland are of obvious French derivation. We are indebted to our old French allies for a very useful word—*tulzie*—describing an almost daily occurrence in Edinburgh long ago, when a hostile meeting between individuals often led to a pitched battle on the streets between the households, clans, or partisans of the original belligerents. Notwithstanding all the progress of Edinburgh as a metropolitan city and royal residence under the Stuarts, the *tulzies*, both of nobles and of common people, continued during the whole dynasty, and were hardly out of memory at the beginning of the present century.

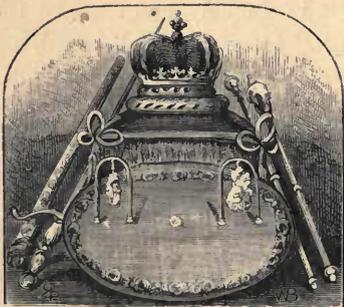
It is on record that Robert II. held his Court in Edinburgh in 1383, but the very next year the town was again in the hands of the English, and the first Church of St. Giles was destroyed, along with the whole town. De Kenne, the admiral of France, was sent to the aid of King Robert, but there was no proper lodging for the lords and knights of the Court of St. Denis, and they had to find quarters as they best could in the villages round about. They got little thanks for their proffered help. According to Froissart, the Scots “dyde murmure and grudge, and sayde, Who the devyll hath sent for them? Cannot we mayntayne our warre with Englande well ynoughe without their helpe? They understand not us, nor we theym; therefore, we cannot speke togyuder. They wyll annone ryffle and eat up alle that ever we have in this countrey, and doo us more dyspytes and damages than thoughe the Englyshemen shulde fyght with us; for though the Englyshe brinne our houses, we care lytell therefore; we shall make them agayne chepe ynough.” The French alliance was, however, more grateful to the King, and Robert III. received Charles’s ambassadors in 1390, at the Court held in the Castle, entertained them honourably, and renewed the treaty of offence and defence against the English. Henry IV. of England, ten years after this, of new presented the claim of his predecessors to feudal superiority over Scotland, and summoned King, nobles, and prelates to meet him at Edinburgh on 23rd August, 1400, to do homage. He arrived at Leith on the 21st, and called on the Duke of Rothsay, the governor, to surrender the Castle. Rothsay replied that he would be glad to meet him where he pleased, with a hundred nobles on each side, to determine the quarrel. Henry was not disposed to run any risks, when he had, as he thought, an army powerful enough to conquer any that Scotland could raise. So he sat himself down before the Castle, where his numerous host only proved an encumbrance. The weather was cold and wet; there was no proper shelter for the soldiers, and no means of sufficiently providing them with food. So they marched home again, those of

c

them who were able, and who were not picked off by the Scots, who always followed hard at the heels of retreating invaders.

James I. was not much at Edinburgh. On his return from his long captivity in England, he found so much occupation in bringing his refractory nobles, and especially the Highland Chiefs, into subjection, that he spent most of his time north of Forth. One romantic incident, in which he was concerned, took place in Edinburgh. Alaster Macdonald, the Lord of the Isles, finding all his attempts to establish an independent authority to be in vain, and reckoning upon the chivalrous nature of the Poet-King, made a secret journey to the metropolis, and divesting himself of all his ornaments and all his clothing, except a plaid wrapped round his naked body, suddenly appeared in the church of St. Giles, while James was at his devotions, and signified his humble submission by holding his sword by the point, and presenting the hilt to his sovereign. He received pardon, but was detained a prisoner. After the assassination of James at Perth, the conspirators, being apprehended, were brought to Edinburgh for trial, and the ringleaders were put to death with barbarous cruelty. The old Earl of Athol was tortured for three days. On the second day he was perched upon a pillar at the cross, with a hot iron coronet placed on his head, in derision of his design to place his family on the throne; on the third day he was executed and quartered, and his head exposed on a pole at the cross. Sir Robert Graham, the most active of the murderers, was also subjected to protracted tortures before being put to death.

A Parliament was summoned to meet in Edinburgh a month after the regicide, when James II., not yet seven years old, was brought from the Castle,—which had been his dwelling from birth,—and marched in state procession to Holyrood Abbey, there to be crowned. His was the first coronation of a Scottish King in Edinburgh. For other two years James continued to reside in the Castle under the guardianship of Chancellor Crichton; but the Queen-mother contrived to smuggle him away with her to Stirling, when he came under the power of Sir Archibald Living-



THE SCOTTISH REGALIA.

stone, the leading figure of the Queen's party. Ultimately, the young King was permitted to choose his own residence, and elected to return to Edinburgh

Castle, where he enjoyed rather more liberty, but was still kept under the control of his rival guardians. At variance between themselves, Crichton and Livingstone were agreed in their deadly hostility to Earl Douglas, and the determination to crush the dangerous power of this ambitious family. On the death of Earl Archibald, who was too strong and too experienced to be easily subdued by men greater in office but less considerable in rank and resources than himself, Crichton and Livingstone prevailed upon his son William, a youth of sixteen, and his younger brother, David, to come to the Castle as companions to their youthful sovereign. The ingenuous youths, though cautioned against treachery, suspected nothing until, when seated at the royal table, the head of a black bull—the signal of doom—was placed before them. Their attempts at escape were vain, and notwithstanding the tears and remonstrances of the young King, they were put through a form of judicial trial, and forthwith beheaded in the court of the Castle. The following rhyme, expressive of popular indignation at the dastardly deed, has been handed down by tradition :—

“Edinburgh Castle, toun and tour,  
God grant you sink for sinne ;  
And that even for the black dinnour  
Earle Douglas got therein.”

The history of Scotland informs us how this treachery contributed to the exaltation of the Douglas family to a greater height of power and arrogance than ever. Crichton defended the Castle from the Douglases for nine months, and was able to make terms for himself, though three of the Livingstones were executed in the Castle where the young Douglases had been so foully slain.

It was in the reign of James II. that the English received a severe defeat in the battle of Sark, and it shows the importance to which Edinburgh had now attained as a city, that her chief magistrate, Patrick Cockburn of Newbigging, was one of the commissioners appointed to treat with the English for renewal of a truce. The Provost was at the same time appointed Governor of the Castle. In ordinary circumstances, a defeat of the enemy was not followed by proposals for a truce, but James was in haste to bring home his bride, Mary of Guelders, and this could not safely be attempted while England was hostile and had command of the seas. Mary arrived, with a splendid retinue, and was crowned and married in Holyrood Abbey with due pomp and ceremony. Mary's name is more intimately associated with the history of Edinburgh than that of her royal husband ; it was she who founded Trinity College Church and Trinity Hospital. Her bones were interred under the centre of the Lady Chapel, and when the



INTERIOR OF TRINITY COLLEGE CHURCH.

church was demolished in 1840, in the formation of the North British Railway, were found in a wonderful state of preservation, and were honourably reinterred at Holyrood Chapel, in presence of the Lord Provost, Magistrates, Town Council, and other prominent citizens.

It was during this reign that King Henry VI. of England found refuge and hospitality, in his exile, at the hands of the citizens of Edinburgh. He acknowledged, in the heartiest manner, his obligations to "the provost, ministers, and burgesses" of the city for their humanity and politeness, and, as a token of gratitude, granted the citizens the same liberties of trade in all the ports of England as were enjoyed by the merchants of London. As the line of Lancaster never recovered the throne, the grant became useless, except as a testimony to the sympathy and kindness of the citizens to the unfortunate.

The next queen crowned at Edinburgh was Margaret, Princess of Denmark, who landed at Leith, in July, 1471, to be the consort of James III. She was even more popular than Mary of Guelders, for she brought with her the handsome tocher of Orkney and Zetland, till now appendages of the kingdom of Scandinavia. So the rejoicings were on a magnificent scale, the citizens vieing with the Court in their loyal demonstrations. Ten years later, the king was a prisoner in the Castle, permitted to move about freely within its walls, and to discharge the functions of royalty, but under the constant surveillance of the barons, who had risen against him in resentment for his promotion of low-born favourites to the honours they deemed their exclusive privilege.

Previous to his own durance, James had ordered the secret murder of his own brother, the Earl of Mar, on suspicion of contriving his death by witchcraft, and had imprisoned his other brother, the Duke of Albany, in the Castle. Albany and his valet made their escape over the rock, with the aid of ropes secretly conveyed to them from a French vessel in Leith Roads. His friends were permitted to send him, from the French sloop, two small casks of wine, in one of which was contained a letter describing and partly containing the means of their escape. Albany and his servant found their guards nothing loth to take a liberal share of the wine, and, having succeeded in intoxicating them, despatched them with their daggers. The servant descended the cliff first by means of the rope, but it was too short, and on letting go, he fell and broke his leg. Albany had to return to his room for the sheets of his bed to lengthen the rope, and having reached the level safely, he carried his servant on his back to the shore, and they were taken off by the skipper of the French sloop, on making the preconcerted signal. Albany was afterwards invited from France by Edward IV. of England, to accompany him on his invasion of Scotland, and

was promised English aid to his ascension of the throne. He soon found, however, that, unpopular as the king was, there was no likelihood that the people would accept in his place a monarch supported by England. So he acted as mediator between the Scottish forces and the Duke of Glo'ster—afterwards Richard III.—who was in command of the English army, and returned without accomplishing much beyond temporarily reconciling the king to his brother Albany. A peaceful deputation from the English army on the Borough Muir met with the Scottish nobles in the Tolbooth, and agreed upon the terms to be observed between Albany and the king, and the latter was then set at liberty by the captain of the Castle. The citizens of Edinburgh agreed, at the same time, to repay Edward IV. certain sums which had been advanced to James as the dowry of the King of England's daughter, on her proposed marriage to the Duke of Rothesay, James's eldest son.

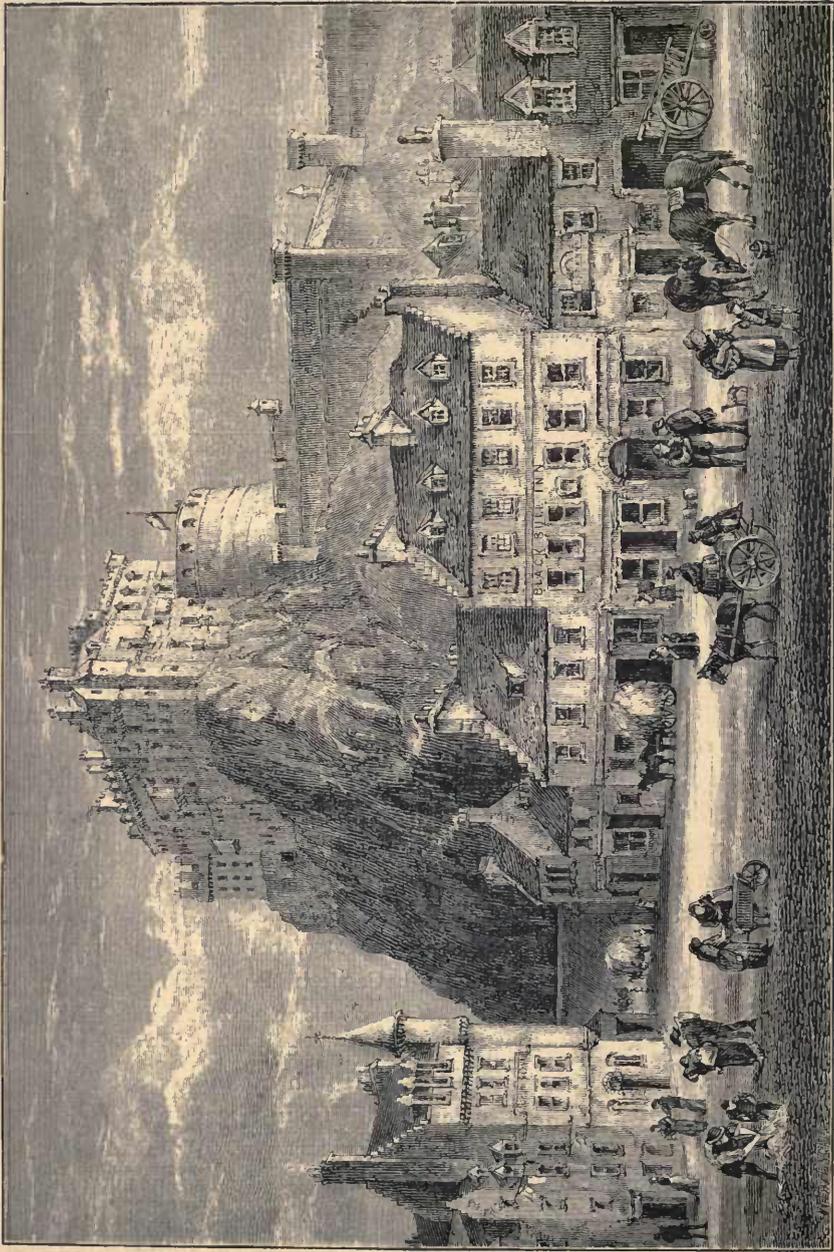
The king testified his gratitude by granting to the city (1492) a deed conveying so many important privileges that it has become known in municipal history as the Golden Charter. By this and a subsequent charter granted immediately after, the Provost was made Hereditary High Sheriff within the City, an office which the Lord Provost still enjoys as "Lord Lieutenant of the City of the County of Edinburgh." He had power given him, along with the other magistrates, to hold criminal courts, and to make bye-laws for the good government of the city. The municipality was also empowered to take custom of several sorts of merchandise exported and imported at Leith. Another mark of royal favour was the gift of a banner to the craftsmen, with their heraldic insignia embroidered by the fair hands of the Queen herself. This famous standard, known by its colour as the Blue Blanket, was unfurled at Flodden, and has witnessed many a stout battle by the burghers on their own behalf, or on behalf of their city, the whole artificers of the burgh being bound to follow it, and fight under the Convener of Trades, in defence of their own rights as well as those of their king and country. James VI. was of opinion that the standard gifted by his predecessor was seen quite too often, for, in the *Basilicon Doran*, the book of instructions written for the benefit of his eldest son, Prince Henry, he complains of the craftsmen that "if in anything they be controuled, up goes the Blue Blanket." The old flag is still in possession of the Convener of Trades, though a good deal the worse of the wear, and requiring to be tenderly handled on the few occasions when it is brought into the light of day. The banner is blue silk, with a white St. Andrew's Cross, over which is a crown, and below a Thistle. The legend is: "Fear God and honour the King, with a long lyffe and a Prosperous Reigne. And we that is Trades shall ever

pray to be faithful, For the Defence of His Sacred Majestie's Royal Person till Death." James III. resided more at Stirling than at Edinburgh, but his Parliaments were generally held in the latter city, and he did more for its prosperity than any of his predecessors, by the charter referred to and the important privileges therein conferred.

The assassination of James III. led to the invasion of the Firth of Forth by an English fleet, which committed ravages on the Scottish shipping, and intercepted commerce with France and the Low Countries, till Sir Andrew Wood, with an inferior force, attacked and defeated the fleet, which, to the number of five large vessels, he captured and brought into Leith.

While James III. had conferred substantial commercial and municipal advantages on Edinburgh, his son James IV. gave it distinction as a Court and a scene of knightly courage and prowess. According to Pitscottie, "the fame of his justing and turney, spread throw all Europe, quhilk caused many errand knyghtis cum out of vther pairtes to Scotland to seik justing, becaus they hard of the kinglie fame of the Prince of Scotland. Bot few or nane of thame passed away vnmached, and oftymes overthrawne." The principal jousting place was the south side of the Castle Rock, on the site of what is called King's Stables.

James IV. was not merely the patron of tournaments, "champion of the dames," and reckless warrior described by the old chronicles. He was a wise prince, with statesmanlike views of domestic and foreign policy, a lover and encourager of science, poetry, and art. Poets and literary men were as welcome to his Court as the swashbucklers and Quixotes of chivalry. It was under his reign that Scotland obtained for the first time what was worthy of being called a fleet. He carried his taste for the beautiful even into the uncongenial field of war; the bronze cannon founded by his master gunner, Robert Borthwick, were works of art. Bothwick's foundry was in the Castle, and James took direct personal interest in the operations. The fine peal of bells in the tower of the Kirkwall Cathedral were cast at Edinburgh Castle by Borthwick. James intermeddled with all kinds of knowledge. One of his experiments was whimsical, though it appeared to his contemporaries to be quite a rational inquiry. He sent a dumb woman to Inchkeith, to be there alone with two infants committed to her charge, in order that the learned men of his Court might be resolved of a long disputed question as to which was the original language. We are told that, in course of time, the children began to speak "*vera guid Ebrew.*" The authority for this statement is not unimpeachable. The only thing it proves is that the Gaelic-speaking philosophers could not have been in the ascendant then at the Court of Holyrood. If the philosophy of the Court of James IV. was of dubious merit,



GRASSMARKET AND THE CASTLE.

there was no doubt of the eminence of its literary men, especially the poets or "makaris." William Dunbar, the author of the exquisite epithalamium, "The Thistle and the Rose," held a position similar to that occupied in England by the Poet-Laureate; he was the literary master of the revels, and the fertile author of dramas performed for the delectation of the King, his courtiers, and his frequent noble guests from other countries. Gawin Douglas, the third son of Earl "Bell-the-Cat," and the only one who, in the opinion of his father, disgraced himself by learning letters, was Provost of St. Giles during this reign. He dedicated his apologue, "The Palace of Honour," to the

"Maist gracious Prince, our Souerain, James the Feird,  
Supreme honour, renoun of cheualrie."

Among others of his poetical productions was a translation of the *Æneid* into the Scotch vernacular,—a work which indicated some growing appreciation of literature in the nation. Walter Kennedy is best known by his friendly "Flyting" with his brother poet, Dunbar, and his "Passioun of Crist." Passion plays were popular in the pre-Reformation times, and on the eve of the Reformation were accompanied or superseded by plays lashing the vices of the monks and other ecclesiastics in a manner which could only have been ventured upon under the protection of royal patrons and acknowledged poetical license.

Perkin Warbeck, the pretended Duke of York, son of Edward IV., visited Edinburgh in 1496, and was received with great cordiality by the King, who made a match for him with his own kinswoman, the beautiful Lady Catherine Gordon. James did not, however, carry his friendship for Warbeck, as the latter had hoped, to the extent of aiding him on the field of battle. James was betrothed to Princess Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII., and set about making great preparations for giving her a right royal welcome to her future abode. The first thing was to build a palace at Holyrood, for though the Court had been removed thither from the Castle, the apartments of the Abbey did duty for Court rooms, and James resolved that he and his Queen must now have a palace of their own. The only part of this early building now remaining is that which may be traced on the walls of the Courthouse on approaching the square from Canongate; the marks of the arches are still visible. Dunbar was one of the envoys sent to the Court of England to bring home the young bride. We have a full account of the home-coming and nuptial rejoicings from the pen of John Young, Somerset herald, one of Margaret's attendants; and a very interesting picture it is of the wealth and refinement of the Court of Scotland under James IV. The King met his bride (7th August, 1503) at

Dalkeith Castle, and having spent the day in her company, returned to the capital. The young Queen—she was only fourteen years of age—made her

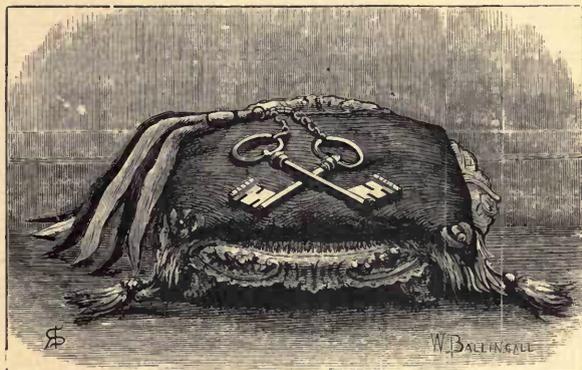


OLD WELL, WEST PORT.

public entry next day, attended by the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Durham, the Earl of Surrey, and other nobles and retainers. King James, richly arrayed in cloth of gold, met her near the city, attended by the nobles of the Court, and preceded by the Earl of Bothwell, bearing the sword of state gifted to him and consecrated by the Pope, Julius II. The King, on meeting the Princess and her cavalcade, dismounted, “kysed her in her litre, and mounting on the pallefroy of the Qwene, and the said Qwene behind him, so rode thorowe the towne of Edinburgh.” They entered the city by the Grassmarket, where they were met by the monks of the Grey Friars Monastery, which stood in that great public square. The grey brothers carried their relics in procession, and gave them to the royal couple to kiss. An embattled gateway had been

erected at the foot of the West Bow, with windows at each side of the mural barrier, and angels presenting themselves at these openings, “singing joyously for the comynge of so noble a ladye.” Another angel presented her with the keys of the city. The secular clergy of St. Giles next stepped upon the scene, and gave their majesties the privilege of kissing the arm-bone of the patron saint, after which—to wash the taste of two courses of musty bones out of their mouths—they were conducted to the Cross, where a fountain flowed with wine for royalty, clergy, nobility, and commonalty,—fill and fetch more. Here there was rather a medley of metaphorical and classical and historical personages,—Paris and the three rival goddesses; Mercury, the Virgin, and the angel Gabriel; the four Virtues; Justice treading on Nero; Force bearing a pillar, and having Holofernes beneath her, armed; Temperance holding a horse’s bit, and treading on Epicurus; and Prudence triumphing over Sardanapalus. Tabret players performed their part as the royal procession moved from the West Bow to Holyrood, all the bells rang, and the citizens, looking out of windows and from outside stairs and balconies gaily decorated, contributed the music of their cheers.

At Holyrood Abbey they were received by the Archbishop of St. Andrews and the chiefs of the hierarchy, led to the High Altar, where *Te Deum* was sung, and then through the cloisters into the Palace. The poor King and Queen had not got to the end of it all even yet; for in the long gallery of the Palace were the noble ladies of the realm, each of whom had to be kissed by the Queen on presentation by the Bishop of Moray. "After she had kyssed them all, the King kyssed her for her labour, and so took her again, with low cortesay and bare hed, and brought hyr to hyr chammer, and kyssed hyr agayn, and so took his leve right humble." The marriage was celebrated next day with all magnificence and popular rejoicings, and interchange of courtesies between the Scotch and English



KEYS OF THE CITY.

nobles, many of whom had their next meeting, nine years later, on the field of Flodden.

The Battle of Flodden cast its shadow over Edinburgh, both before and after the event. For vivid pictures of these scenes there is nothing to surpass Sir Walter Scott and Professor Aytoun. But, instead of quoting the well-known lines of these patriotic bards, it may be interesting to give here the narrative of Pitscottie, on which Scott and Aytoun constructed their ballad rhymes:— "In the meantime, they were taking out the artillery, the King himself being in the Abbey, there was a cry heard at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, about midnight, proclaiming, as it had been, a summons, which was called by the proclaimer thereof, the summon of Pluto, desiring all earls, lords, barrons, gentlemen, and sundry burgesses within the town, to compear before his master within forty days; and so many as were called, were designed by their own names. But whether this summons was proclaimed by vain persons,

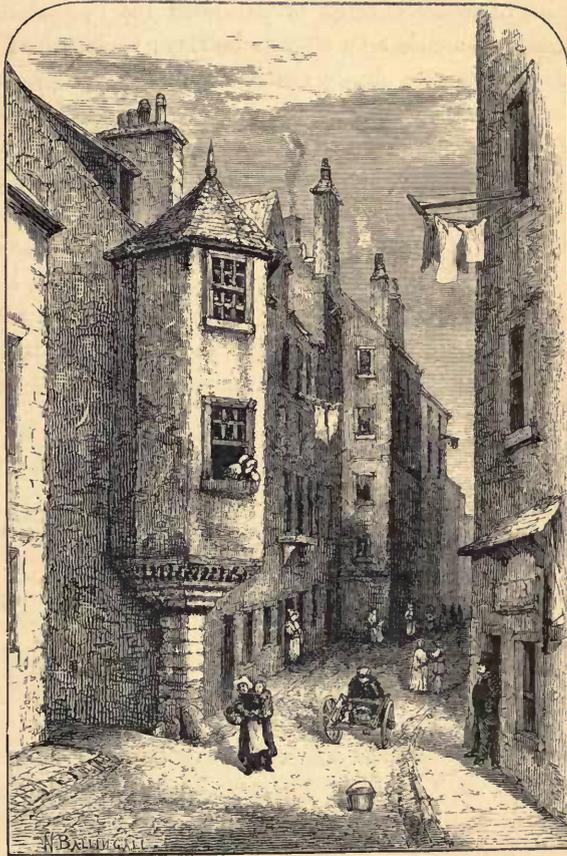
night-walkers, for their pastime, or if it was a spirit, I cannot tell. But an indweller in the toun, called Mr. Richard Lawsoun, being evil-disposed, ganging in his gallery-stair, forment the Cross, hearing this voice, thought marvel what it should be, so he cried for his servant to bring him his purse, and took a crown and cast it over the stair, saying: 'I, for my part, appeal from your summons and judgement, and take me to the mercy of God!' Verily, he who caused me chronicle this was a sufficient landed gentleman, who was in the town in the meantime, and was then twenty years of age; and he swore after the field there was not a man that was called at that time that escaped, except that one man that appealed from their judgement."

The Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh marched to Flodden, with the Blue Blanket before them and the burghers behind them, and hardly a man of them returned. They had made provision, however, for the good government of the city in their absence, and the acting magistrates proved themselves, by their constancy and courage, equal to the terrible responsibility thrown upon them. After the first news of the disaster had reached the city, they issued the following proclamation:—"For sa meikle as thair is ane greit rumber now laitle rysin within this toun, tueching our Soverane Lord and his army, of the quilk we understand thair is cumin na veritie as yet, quhairfore, we charge straightlie, and commandis that all maner of personis, nyhbours within the samen, have reddy their fensible geir and wapponis for weir, and compeir thairwith to the said president's, at jowing of the comoun bell, for the keeping and defens of the toun against thame that wald invade the samyn." Women were, at the same time, enjoined not to be seen on the street clamouring and crying, but rather to repair to the church, and offer up prayers for the national welfare. All inhabitants capable of arms were summoned to the defence of the city, and a new city-wall to enclose the then fashionable Cowgate, was extended to the High Riggs (Lauriston), and round by Bristo Port, to St. Mary's Wynd and the Netherbow Port. Twenty-four men were appointed as a permanent watch; this institution continued under the name of the City Guard till the present century. The English army did not, however, attempt to follow up its victory; they had also suffered severely; and Henry VIII., having a French war on his hands, could not face a Scotch campaign.

## CHAPTER II.—FLODDEN TO THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

UNFORTUNATELY, when Scotchmen, in those olden times, were not fighting their old enemy, England, they—especially the nobility—fell to fighting among themselves. It was the Queen who gave the occasion this time. Within two years after her husband's death, she married Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus; and the Earl of Arran thereupon marched to Edinburgh, with many armed retainers, and claimed to supersede the Queen in the Regency, as being next in blood relationship to the king. Angus immediately followed with 500 of his clan. Arran had his headquarters in the Archbishop of Glasgow's house in Blackfriars Wynd (afterwards Cardinal Beaton's, and recently removed in the formation of Blackfriars Street); and Angus, who was in his town house at the West Bow, sent his uncle, Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, to tell the Archbishop, Arran, and the rest, that

he was willing to be judged by the law of the land, but would not submit to the violence of a rival and an enemy. The Archbishop answered for



HOUSE OF CARDINAL BEATON,  
AND THE COWGATE, LOOKING EAST.

the party, declaring that "upon his conscience" nothing else was possible but that Angus must at once go to prison. As he smote his breast, to emphasise the protestation, the armour which was covered up by his ecclesiastical robes rattled at the blow, whereupon Gawin remarked that his "conscience clattered." Angus hearing the result of his embassy, marched down the High Street, and barricaded the closes leading from the Cowgate, so that there might be a fair, straightforward fight in the High Street. A pitched battle then took place, the windows of the High Street crowded with spectators, many of whom cheered or execrated the combatants, as if it were an amphitheatre spectacle on a Roman holiday; while others screamed and wept. The Hamiltons were finally routed by the Douglasses, and Arran himself made a narrow escape down a close on the north side of the High Street, and across the Nor' Loch to what is now Princes Street. More than a hundred men were killed in this fray, most of them Hamiltons. It was a battle, but the citizens of Edinburgh, well accustomed to civil broils, gave it a more modest appellation,—it is spoken of in the municipal and national records as "Cleanse the Causey."

Some of the citizens seem, about this time, to have thought that there had been enough of fighting, for John, Duke of Albany, the king's nearest male relation, was invited by the council of the nobles to come over from France and govern during the minority of the young king; and on his arrival

"He was ressaueit with greit honour, and convoyit to Edinburgh with ane greit cumpany, with greit blythnes and glore, and thair wes constitute and maid governour of this realme; and sone thairefter held ane Parliament, and ressaueit the homage of the lordis and thre estaittis; quhair thair wes mony thingis done for the weill of this cuntrey. Evill doaris wes punnesit; among the quhilkes ane Petir Moffet, ane greit rever and theif, wes heidit, and for exampill of vtheris his head wes put on the West Port of Edinbrugh."

These good intentions were soon frustrated, chiefly by the restless and bitter jealousies of the rival nobility. Lord Home, to whom Albany was indebted for his elevation to the Regency, was tried, with his brother, on trumped up charges of treason; one of them being that he had caused the death of James IV. after his escape from Flodden. The brothers were beheaded, and their heads fixed on the Tolbooth. James V. resided in the Castle during his minority, for security, but took advantage of periods of truce between the turbulent nobles to make excursions to Craigmillar, Dalkeith, and other places.

The difficulties of a regency in such circumstances at last became so intolerable that James was made King, with full powers, at the age of twelve. Pitscottie tells us the result: "The King and the lordis remained in Edinburgh and Halirudhouse the space of ane yeir, with great triumph and merrines, quhill

at the last thair vaiked ane benefice quhilk pat thame all at variance for the dispositioun of the same." And so the same old game was resumed. Angus constituted himself the Governor of King and kingdom; appointed his uncle Archibald to be Provost of Edinburgh; refused to bring to trial open assassins who were his friends; kept the King in the Castle and the Queen-mother at Holyrood, debarred from moving abroad except by his permission.

Various unsuccessful attempts were made to rescue the young King from the Douglasses. Among others, the Earl of Lennox made a bold effort, and came as near to Edinburgh as the village of Newliston. Angus met him there with an inferior force, but his brother, Sir George Douglas, rang the bells and summoned the burghers to his aid. At the same time he brought James out of the Castle, and compelled him to put himself at the head of this citizen army. When they reached Corstorphine, they heard the roar of the artillery, and James did what he could to delay the march, hoping that Angus might be defeated before his reinforcements came. Whereupon Sir George turned upon him and said: "Your Grace need not think to escape us; if our enemies had hold of you on one side, and we on the other, we would tear you to pieces ere we would let you go."

When at Falkland, James finally escaped from the durance of the Douglasses to Stirling, and afterwards returned to Edinburgh, where, in 1532, three notable events occurred. First of all, "in this zeir was ane greit objuratioun of the favouraris of Mertene Lutar in the Abbey of Halyrudhous." Sir David Lindsay's satire upon the monks and Popish clergy had been published two years before this, and had given dire offence; but the poet was a favourite with James, and the aforesaid "objuration" was all the revenge they were permitted to indulge at the expense of Lindsay and others who were beginning to favour the Reformed religion. The same year, nearly the whole city was destroyed by fire; on this occasion, it was not the English who were the incendiaries; the conflagration arose by an accident. The third memorable event of this year in Edinburgh annals was the muster of the nobles and their retainers, to the number of about 12,000, for the expedition to the Borders in which Johnnie Armstrong and other Border thieves of less note in Teviotdale and Annandale were captured and hung.

In 1532 the College of Justice was established by James, after the model of the ancient French parliaments. Edinburgh being now the recognised seat of the Supreme Law Courts of the country, became at once the legal and royal centre of the kingdom; its metropolitan character was no longer shared by Stirling or any other town. Probably, it was in recognition of the distinction thus conferred upon the city that the Town Council, the same year, volunteered

to provide King James with three hundred men-at-arms at any time when he should require their services "against his ancient enemies of England." It was also in 1532 that the High Street was paved for the first time, by a Frenchman named Merlin. He was so proud of his achievement that he begged to be interred beneath his own work on the High Street. His request was granted, and the citizens commemorated his name in the close known as "Merlin's Wynd," on the site of what is now the South Bridge.

James had a full measure of that spirit of gallantry which belonged to his father, and instead of carrying on his marriage projects at the Court of France in a diplomatic way, he conceived the design of visiting his intended, *incognito*, but the ship in which he embarked was driven back by a storm. He did not abandon his expedition, but he set sail next time from Leith with seven vessels, carrying a large and noble retinue. When he arrived at Paris, he transferred his affections to the beautiful Princess Magdalen, the only daughter of Francis I., and their marriage was celebrated with great pomp in the Church of Notre Dame. James, after spending nine months at Paris, entertained with tournaments and fêtes of all sorts, returned to Leith on the 19th May, 1537. The young Queen was of an amiable disposition, prepared to love the Scottish people for their monarch's sake. On landing at Leith, she knelt and kissed the ground, praying for all good to her adopted country. The royal pair were received with great enthusiasm; their public entry into the capital was signalled with magnificent ceremony on the part of the municipal authorities, and the hearty acclamations of the multitude.

In less than two months the people of Edinburgh and the whole nation were mourning the death of the good Queen whom they had so warmly welcomed. The general grief was so profound that the Court and the citizens, as well as the King, clothed themselves in mourning—the first time in the history of Scotland that such a fashion had been followed. Scotland had good reason to mourn. The Princess Magdalen had been educated by her aunt the Queen of Navarre, and was believed to be favourable to the principles of the Reformation. James's second wife, Mary of Guise, to whom he was married not long after, was a bigoted Papist. The marriage was negotiated by Cardinal Beaton, who took care to recommend to the King a partner more likely to maintain the privileges of the Church than Magdalen was. The second marriage took place at St. Andrews, the Archbishop's seat. James, though a Romanist, had hitherto shown no disposition to be a persecutor; but in the year after his second marriage persecution began. A monk of the Blackfriars' Monastery was burned at the stake for free expressions in a play he had written for performance before

the Court. Thomas Forrest, the Vicar of Dollar, was also burned for heresy on the Castle Hill, along with another Protestant of low degree. These were tragedies for which the Queen and her ghostly advisers were responsible. James committed several acts of cruelty at his own hand. Lady Glamis, the Earl of Angus's sister, was burned alive on a false charge of attempted poisoning of the King, and this horrid execution was carried out in view of her husband then confined in the Castle. Angus fell over the Castle Rock next day, and was killed, while attempting his escape. The son of Lord Forbes also suffered on the Castle Hill the less cruel death of beheading, but with equal injustice, for the charge of conspiring against the King's life was supported by very meagre and doubtful evidence. James died at Falkland, and was buried in Holyrood Chapel, beside his first bride, leaving an infant a week old as heir to the Crown—the renowned Mary Queen of Scots.

Cardinal Beaton, alarmed at the prospect of the proposed marriage between the child and Edward VI., forged a will in which he was appointed by the late monarch to be Regent of the Kingdom, and proclamation to that effect was made at the Cross of Edinburgh. The Parliament, however, made peace with Henry VIII. on the basis of the projected marriage, and committed Cardinal Beaton prisoner to Dalkeith Castle. A Papal Legate soon made his appearance at Edinburgh to oppose the match, and promised, on the part of the Pope, all needful aid if Henry were provoked to make war with Scotland. The Legate was handsomely entertained, and was afterwards loud in his praises of the "magnificent civilities of the Scottish nation." The Legate's powers, before he left Scotland, were devolved upon Cardinal Beaton, who soon obtained his liberty, and, regaining his former power, prevailed to cancel the marriage engagement with England. This was a bad job for the Edinburgh merchants, who had availed themselves of the peace to send twelve large vessels to English ports with valuable cargoes. Henry declared war as soon as he heard of the breach of promise, and the vessels, crews, and cargoes fitted out by the Edinburgh merchants were seized. The war came nearer home to the city immediately after, for a fleet of 200 English vessels appeared in the Firth of Forth, disembarked 10,000 soldiers at Granton, then called Royston, and seized Leith. The Cardinal, who had so boldly provoked Henry when danger was distant, now fled to Stirling, and left the city to take care of itself. The Earl of Hertford, who was in command of the English armament, demanded the surrender of the infant Queen, and being refused, marched upon the defenceless city. The Provost went to meet the English army, and offered to deliver up the town on condition that it should not be burned, and that the citizens should

be allowed to carry off their goods and chattels. Hertford would agree to nothing but absolute surrender of the young Queen, and the city and its inhabitants to be at his mercy. The citizens, hearing the answer to their embassy, declared they would run any risk rather than submit to such ignominy, and were putting themselves in a posture of defence outside the walls, when their Provost, Archibald Douglas, deserted them, as the Cardinal had done before. They then retired within the city, chose a new Provost, threw up temporary ramparts, and stood their ground against the assault of the enemy, compelling them to retire to Leith and bring up their battering train. The principal citizens abandoned the city during the night, carrying their valuables with them. Next day the English army entered the city by the Water Port, marched up the Canongate, and after battering the Netherbow Port for twenty-four hours or more, forced it open, and made great slaughter of the inhabitants. They proceeded to lay siege to the Castle, but the big guns of the garrison made better play than the English artillery, and the cannonade was soon silenced. The English in revenge set fire to the city, time after time, and in different parts, for three successive days, till the city was almost a heap of ruins. Among other buildings, Holyrood Abbey was almost completely destroyed, along with the Chapel, of which the choir and transept were reduced to ashes, the nave only being left standing. This was the last and most disastrous burning of Edinburgh. The destruction was so complete that, with the exception of part of the Castle, of St. Giles' Church, the Magdalene Chapel, and Holyrood, not another building remains in Edinburgh of older date than this year, 1544. Leith shared the same fate before the army re-embarked; and the division which marched southwards fired Craigmillar Castle, Roslin Castle, and every abbey, town, and village between Edinburgh and Dunbar. It is no wonder that the Earl of Huntly, who at first favoured the match of the young Queen with Edward VI., changed his mind, because, as he said, he did not like the manner of the wooing. The Scotch, in part, recouped themselves for their loss a few weeks later, by two separate and successful raids across the Tweed.

After Henry's death, the same year, the Earl of Hertford, who had now become Duke of Somerset and Lord Protector of England, returned to the Firth of Forth with a large fleet and army. An engagement took place at Pinkie, when the Scots suffered a severe defeat, the Provost of Edinburgh and hundreds of the citizens being among the slain. Leith was captured, but the attack on Edinburgh was repulsed, and the English fleet returned, after pillaging and burning some of the fishing villages on the shores of the Forth. The Scots, soon after, paid off the enemy, by a smart defeat at Ancrum Moor; and there

being now no English party in the kingdom, the young Queen was sent to France for her education, accompanied by the "Four Maries,"—Seaton, Beaton, Fleming, and Livingston; and a French armament of 120 sail, with 9000 troops, landed at Leith. The French Ambassador, who accompanied the fleet, made the most advantageous proposals of renewed friendship between the two nations, to be guaranteed by the marriage of Mary with the Dauphin of France.

Leith was well fortified by the French, who long made it their headquarters. The first offensive movement was upon the island of Inchkeith, which had been garrisoned by the English. After a fierce struggle, in which 300 English were slain, the garrison surrendered to the combined assault of the Scotch and French troops, and the Firth was cleared of the enemy. When the English were disposed of, strife arose between the Scots and their French allies. A French soldier and a native quarrelled in the High Street of Edinburgh, and as the two combatants were joined by their respective compatriots, a general *melée* took place between the citizens and the French soldiers, in which the Provost and other gentlemen of high degree were slain. The Frenchman who began the fray was speedily hanged, but the ancient friendship between the two nations was not strengthened by this untoward event.

The Queen-mother, having obtained the consent of her daughter and the influence of the French Court, was proclaimed Regent, in place of Arran (who now got the French title of Duke of Chatelherault, still belonging to the Hamilton family), and she was installed, with great ceremony, at what was now called the Palace of Holyroodhouse. The Queen, distrusting her adopted nation, now inclining to the Protestant religion, inaugurated her administration by giving the most important offices in the State to Frenchmen. This intensified the jealousy arising from the occupation of Leith, and partly of Edinburgh, by French soldiers, and complaints were so freely expressed that, at the Parliament which met at Edinburgh in June, 1555, an Act was passed "anent the speaking evil of the Queen's Grace, or French men."

A still more formidable danger for the Queen's Grace arose in the person of John Knox, who had returned to Scotland from the French galleys, with his bold spirit fired rather than dismayed by his imprisonment. He was not long on Scottish soil till he preached against the mass as idolatry, and drew upon himself a summons to appear before a Convention of the Clergy in the Church of the Blackfriars at Edinburgh, on the 15th May, 1556. The bishops who had consented to the demand of the friars to cite Knox to appear had no expectation that he would venture himself into their hands. But he came, Erskine of Dun and other gentlemen with him. The clergy, not having made sure previously of

the Queen's support, were afraid to proceed, and, under pretence of informality in the citation, deserted the diet. Knox followed up his victory by preaching in the Bishop of Dunkeld's town house to a larger audience than had met him before in Edinburgh, for eleven successive days, forenoon and afternoon. Soon after this, Knox accepted the invitation of the English congregation at Geneva to be their pastor. As soon as the clergy found he had left the kingdom, they renewed their summons, and on his non-appearance, adjudged his body to the flames and his soul to damnation. Both body and soul being out of their reach, they had his effigy burned at the Cross.

Before leaving Scotland, Knox wrote a letter to the Queen-regent, urging her to consent to reformation or at least to toleration of the persecuted Protestants. Earl Glencairn delivered it personally, but all the notice Her Majesty took of it was, after glancing it over, to hand it to the Archbishop of Glasgow, with the words, "Please you, my lord, to read a pasquill."

The Queen-mother had secured her position as Regent with the goodwill of many of the Protestants as well as of the Catholics, because the patriotic sentiment was with her and against England. She was foolish enough, after Knox's departure, to attempt the formation of an army, to be paid for by taxes upon the nation, and to be entirely under her own orders. This scheme was adopted by the advice of the French courtiers, and gave deadly offence, not only to the nobles, who with their clans, had hitherto formed the national militia, but to the whole people. Three hundred of the nobles and gentry met at the Abbey Church, and sent the Lairds of Calder and Wemyss to the Queen with a remonstrance so resolute that Her Majesty and Council had no alternative but to yield. A subsequent attempt of the Queen to support the declining interest of the Papacy by committing Scotland as an ally of France in its war against England also failed, and the Protestants became the more determined to resist every device of the enemy; they found Rome to be more dangerous to their liberties than England, and were neither to be cajoled nor intimidated into longer submission.

The iconoclasts began their work in the year 1556, when the statues of the Trinity, the Virgin Mary, and St. Francis in St. Giles' were destroyed. Two years later, a popular outbreak of a still more formidable character took place on occasion of the grand annual procession of the patron saint. As "every dog has his day," so every saint had his day in those times, and the day of Saint Giles was the 1st of September. On that day, of 1558, somebody had stolen the image of Saint Giles, which was wont to be carried in the place of honour in the procession, and it was carried by a mob, in great glee, to the Nor' Loch, where fornicators were ducked, and being thus ignominiously treated,

was afterwards publicly burned. The ecclesiastics demanded a new image of the Provost and Magistrates, at their own expense, if the other could not be restored; but the civic dignitaries, who had hitherto sided with the Court and clergy against the people, refused, and vindicated what had been done as the right Scriptural treatment of idols. Another and smaller image of the saint was then taken from the Grey Friars, and the procession was marshalled with greater pomp than ever before, the Regent gracing the occasion with her presence. When the procession had returned to the Cross, the Queen went to her dinner, and as soon as she was out of sight, the mob rushed at "young Saint Giles," as the small image was derisively designated, pulled him down from his shrine, and battered his head on the causeway till his stump only was left. Meanwhile, as Knox tells in his "History," with hearty enjoyment of the scene, "down go the crosses, off go the surplices, round caps, and coronets, with the crowns. The grey friars gaped, the black friars blew, the priests panted and fled, and happy was he that got first to the house, for such a sudden fray came never among the generation of Antichrist within this realm before."

It was now war *à outrance* between the Queen-regent and her French counsellors on the one hand, and "the Congregation" on the other. The last synod of the Roman Catholic Church was held in the Blackfriars on the 2nd of March, and was dissolved on the 2nd of May—just in time, for it was on the same day that John Knox arrived at Leith, to remain in Scotland for good and all. Not many days after, the place where the synod met was wrecked by the mob. Greyfriars' monastery was also gutted, and the altars and images of St. Giles, Holyrood, St. Mary's, and Kirk of Field Churches were demolished. Meanwhile, a truce was concluded between the Lords of the Congregation and the Queen's party, at the Quarry Holes, a waste place at the head of the Easter Road. It was a sort of armed truce. The Protestants retained possession of St. Giles' Church for worship; the French soldiers promenading the area during service, while John Willocks, the preacher, denounced them for their profanity. The Congregation grew stronger and stronger, and the Queen's party weaker and weaker, till at last the Queen had to leave Holyrood, and seek protection among her French auxiliaries, who occupied and had fortified Leith. The Congregation met in the Tolbooth, and suspended the Queen from the regency. This resolution was followed up by an assault upon the French at Leith, which was repulsed, the assailants being driven back within the city walls. The Congregation was worsted in another encounter of their undisciplined ranks with the trained soldiers of France, at Restalrig, and the Queen returned victoriously to the city.

Elizabeth, who had hitherto declined to help the Congregation otherwise than secretly, now came openly to their aid, and the Scotch-English army took up a position, first at Restalrig and afterwards at Pilrig. The first general assault on the Leith walls was made from this side, but failed on account of the scaling ladders being too short. The besiegers next erected batteries on Leith Links, which did great execution. The mounds on which these batteries were erected are still traceable, the largest of them being near the Leith High School. At this time the Queen-regent lay dying in Edinburgh Castle. She deceased on the 10th of June, 1560, after seeking reconciliation in a Christian spirit with the leaders of the Congregation. The war happily ended in the departure of both the French and the English armies, and the demolition of the fortifications at Leith. The Reformation was then—August, 1560—confirmed by Parliament, and Sir James Sandilands sent to France to inform the young Queen of their proceedings. Mary did not pretend satisfaction, but merely authorised the convening of a regular Parliament, and intimated her intention of soon returning to Scotland. Lord James Stuart, her natural brother, was thereupon sent to the Queen with a cordial invitation to return to her native land as reigning sovereign.

Mary landed at Leith on the 19th August, 1561, and was conducted in state to Holyrood Palace. The spectacle was considered very grand indeed by the



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Scottish people, who assembled in great numbers at the metropolis, but the Queen's French attendants, and the Queen herself, were not impressed with it as a pageant. The Trades and other Corporations of Edinburgh, with their banners and bands of music, lined the road from Leith to Restalrig, and on to Holyrood, but the Queen, it is said, sighed as she remarked to her attendants, "They mean well, and we must be content." What she said on the following morning, after the whole musicians of Edinburgh had serenaded under her window all night, is not recorded.

If her patience gave way, she could not be greatly blamed. There was no doubt, at all events, of the hearty goodwill of the populace, who were enchanted with the beauty and grace of their young Queen, and, notwithstanding her religion, were disposed to think the best of her when they found that Lord James was her chief counsellor in State affairs. The Town Council entertained Her Majesty to a banquet on the 1st September, the sum of 4000 merks (£225, 5s. 6d. sterling) being raised for the purpose by a tax upon the inhabitants. Approaching from the Castle, where she had been

staying on return from an excursion to the North, she made a public entry of the city. Fifty black slaves, gorgeously arrayed, received her at the west gate; twelve of the principal citizens, in black velvet gowns, bonnets, and hose, with coats and doublets of crimson satin, supported a canopy over her head; and immediately on her entering the gate, a comely boy, descending as if from a cloud, presented her with the keys of the city, a Bible, and a Psalter. The banquet followed, and among the masks, and pageants, and mysteries performed for her delectation, was one showing the doom of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, contrived by some of the more zealous Reformers as a picture lesson for her instruction and warning.

For some time the difference in religion between the Queen and the mass of her subjects caused little friction. Though the Queen and her courtiers had mass in their private chapel at Holyrood, there was no such service elsewhere in the city. The Reformation had taken such firm hold that even the Arms of the City had been reformed by order of the Town Council, 24th June, 1562, the idol being taken out and a thistle substituted. The Queen remained on good terms with the municipality, granted them the grounds of Blackfriars for an hospital to the poor, the Kirk of Field and pertinents for a public school, and the grounds of Greyfriars for a cemetery. At her first Parliament, on the 26th May, 1563, her appearance in the procession up Canongate and High Street, and afterwards in the Tolbooth, where the meeting took place, was hailed with fervent acclamations of loyalty. The Queen's personal attractions almost reconciled the Congregation to her religion. The same feeling did not extend to her domestics. During her absence in Stirling, they were interrupted in their worship by certain zealous Reformers; and at Easter, 1565, when a priest, named Tarbat, was returning from mass, he was imprisoned in the Tolbooth, and being taken therefrom by the mob, was pilloried at the Cross, with his priestly garments on and the chalice fastened in his hand. Next day he was again pilloried for four hours. The Queen sent for her friends and their retainers to march upon and punish the rebellious city, but, on the humble apology of the magistrates, who protested that the mob had taken the law into their own hands, she contented herself with degrading the Provost and ordering the election of another.

The Queen's marriage with Darnley took place in July, 1565, in Holyrood Chapel, after the banns had been published in the Canongate Kirk, and on the 25th of the same month he was proclaimed (titular) King at the Cross of Edinburgh. Darnley being a Catholic, the alliance was regarded with disfavour by the Lords of the Congregation, and John Knox, before the marriage

solemnities were completed, warned them of the consequences if they consented to their Queen marrying a Papist. Mary sent for the bold preacher, and demanded what business he had with her marriage; and when Knox was proceeding to answer her question by explaining what he understood was required of him as a Gospel minister, she interrupted him with the further demand, "What are you in this Commonwealth?" To which the undaunted Reformer replied, "A subject born within the same, and albeit I be neither lord nor baron, to me it appertains no less to forewarn of such things as may hurt it." He was ordered to quit the presence, and to wait Her Majesty's pleasure in the adjoining room. The male courtiers holding aloof from him as if he had the plague, Knox addressed himself to the Queen's Maies and other maids of honour in those words: "O fair ladies, how plesing war this lyfe of yours if it sould ever abyde, and then, in the end, that we might pas to hevyn with all this gay gear. But fye upon that knave Death, that will come whidder we will or not." The ladies were beguiled into friendly conversation with the grim divine, whose talk, though uncourtly in its matter, was much more interesting than the vapid discourse of the young patricians of Scotland or France, and they had not wearied of each other's company when the message came for Knox, that he might go home till the Queen had considered further about his case. In the end, Mary was persuaded by her Council that it would be better to leave the popular preacher alone. But, as Knox himself says in his "History," "that storm quietit in appearance, but nevir in the hart."

Not long after, the Queen being in Stirling, her domestics at Holyrood Palace had mass celebrated with more than usual publicity and ceremony, and several zealous Protestants forced their way into the chapel and demanded of the priest how he "durst be so malapert." Mary had them indicted for "hamesucken," and the Protestants, fearing it would go hard with their co-religionists, and that the conviction would be followed by hostile action against themselves, requested Knox to invite leading members of the Congregation to be present on the day of trial. Mary obtained from her Privy Council an opinion that this circular letter was treasonable, and Knox appeared at the Palace on his trial, before the Queen and nobles, while a great multitude thronged the Palace yard. Repeated efforts were made to draw from the prisoner a confession of fault, but in vain, and in answer to the Queen, who took a prominent part in examining and accusing him, he said, "I affirm again that the pestilent Papists who have inflamed your Grace against those poor men are the sons of the devil, and therefore must obey the desires of their father, who has been a liar and a manslayer from the beginning." "You forget yourself;

you are not now in the pulpit," said the Chancellor. Knox replied, "I am in a place where I am demanded of conscience to speak the truth; and therefore the truth I speak, impugn it whoso list." The nobles being called on for their judgment, with the exception of the Court minority, acquitted the accused. Mary returned to the Chamber on hearing of it, and the votes were called over again, but this attempt to overawe was resented, and the nobles stuck to their verdict. "That nicht," says Knox in his History, "was nyther dancing nor fiddeling in the Court; for madam was disappointed of hir purpose."

Knox had warned Mary, at his previous interview with her, that perhaps those who favoured her marriage would, "in the end, do small comfort to herself." His foresight appeared in the event. The honeymoon was hardly over when jealousies and quarrels became of daily occurrence. Darnley's resentment finally rested upon David Rizzio, the Queen's secretary, musician, and favourite; and finding many of the nobles also incensed against the low-born foreigner because preferred to themselves, he had no difficulty in persuading them to join him in the murder of the poor Italian. The scene is one which is made familiar to all visitors to Holyrood by the arrangement of the private stair and the reputed blood-stains on the floor; so that the details need not be dwelt upon. Darnley's part in the business was to lead the assassins to the supper room where the Queen, Rizzio, and other favourites were regaling themselves. He held the Queen, while Ruthven, George Douglas, Morton, and others dispatched their victim with their daggers. Ruthven had risen from a sick-bed to take his part in the murder, and being clad in complete armour, felt fatigued by his exertions; when it was all over, begging the Queen's pardon for the liberty he took, he asked some of the servants to fetch him a cup of wine. Ker of Faldonside, a rough, reckless Borderer, held his pistol to the Queen's breast, threatening to shoot if she made any cry of alarm. When all was over, Mary dried her tears and said: "I will now study revenge." She was kept prisoner in her own apartments for several days, while Darnley, as King-consort, dissolved the Parliament. The report reached the city that the Queen was a captive, and the Provost and magistrates, and other armed citizens rushed to the rescue. But Darnley, speaking from the window of the royal chambers, assured them the Queen was well and at liberty, whereupon they retired. Mary did not forget her vow of vengeance, and she began by operating on the fears of her foolish, fickle husband, whom she persuaded to withdraw with her to Dunbar. She was brought back to the capital by an escort of two thousand horsemen, and took up her residence in "my Lord Home's lodging, anent the Salt Trone." Afterwards, she removed to the Castle, where her son, James VI., was born. Two of the

minor conspirators against Rizzio were hanged and quartered, Thomas Scott and Henry Yair, and their heads set, one on the tower of the Palace, and the other on the Nether Bow Port. The other conspirators escaped or were pardoned.

Whether the murder of Darnley, which soon followed, was part of the revenge Mary vowed over the corpse of Rizzio is a question which has long been



A PEEP INTO QUEEN MARY'S ROOM.  
HERE, ON THE 19TH OF JUNE, 1566, JAMES I. OF ENGLAND  
WAS BORN.

hotly debated, and which is probably best answered by the Scotch verdict, "Not proven."

The circumstances were suspicious for the Queen before the murder, and still more after, in her marriage with the man who arranged and superintended the tragedy. Darnley, who had been in the West visiting his father, in the house off High Street, Glasgow, known as "Darnley's Cottage," and had been suffering from small-pox, was conducted, by arrangement with the Queen, to Kirk o' Field, as a more healthful situation for an invalid than Holyrood. She visited Darnley early on the night of the murder, kissed him affectionately, put a ring on his finger, and having bade him good-night, returned to the Palace, with Bothwell for her escort. Bothwell remained at the Palace, joining in the festivities there for some time.

At a late hour of the night he returned to the Kirk o' Field, to finish the preparations, and to see that his cousin, John Hepburn, was ready to fire the train. The loud explosion, about two o'clock in the morning, alarmed the town, and great multitudes

gathered at daybreak. Bothwell was already there with a guard, preventing any one from approaching Darnley's body, which was carried to Holyrood, where it was deposited by torchlight, during night, in the royal vault in the Chapel Royal.

With the connivance of the Queen, Bothwell was now permitted to garrison the Palace, the City, and the Castle, with his retainers and friends, and soon the shameful divorce of his Countess was followed by the shameful marriage with the Queen. Ultimately the horror and indignation of the people reached such a pitch that Mary feared to remain longer in the palace, and fled first to Borthwick Castle and then to Dunbar. The Privy Council summoned the lieges to liberate their Queen from the hands of Bothwell, and Mary surrendered to Earl Morton at Carberry Hill, near Musselburgh, on the 15th of June, 1567. She was brought back to Edinburgh, and lodged in the Black Turnpike, the town house of the Provost, Sir Simon Preston, a building which stood immediately to the west of the Tron Church, on part of what is now Hunter Square. She was subjected to open insult and reproach by many of the common people. In front of the window a banner was displayed, with a painting of the murdered Darnley, and the words, "Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord." At last the burghers were marshalled under the Blue Blanket for her protection, and she was safely lodged in Holyrood. On the same night she bade a last farewell to Holyrood, which she had entered for the first time, six years before, with a nation's acclamations.

On Mary's imprisonment in Loch Leven Castle, the Earl of Moray was appointed Regent during the minority of James VI., and duly proclaimed at the Cross. His reign was so useful and benignant, that he was popularly known as "The Good Regent." But before he had continued in his office for three years, he was assassinated by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. A monument erected to his memory has recently been restored in the Moray Aisle of St. Giles' Church. Earl Lennox succeeded Moray as Regent, and summoned a Parliament to be held in Edinburgh. Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange still kept possession of the Castle in name of the Queen, and had also garrisoned St. Giles' Church, and established a small battery on the roof of the Church, beside the tower. The Parliament, unable to reach their usual meeting place, assembled in the Canongate, and a battery was erected for their defence on the Dow Craig, the precipitous rock on which the Calton Jail stands. Ultimately, Kirkaldy found it expedient to concentrate his forces for the defence of the Castle, and the Parliament reassembled in the Tolbooth, after erecting mounds of turf for protection from the Castle ordnance. With the aid of a body of troops and artillery from England, Morton, who was now Regent, besieged the Castle, which

was surrendered after a close siege of thirty-three days. Kirkaldy was hanged and quartered.

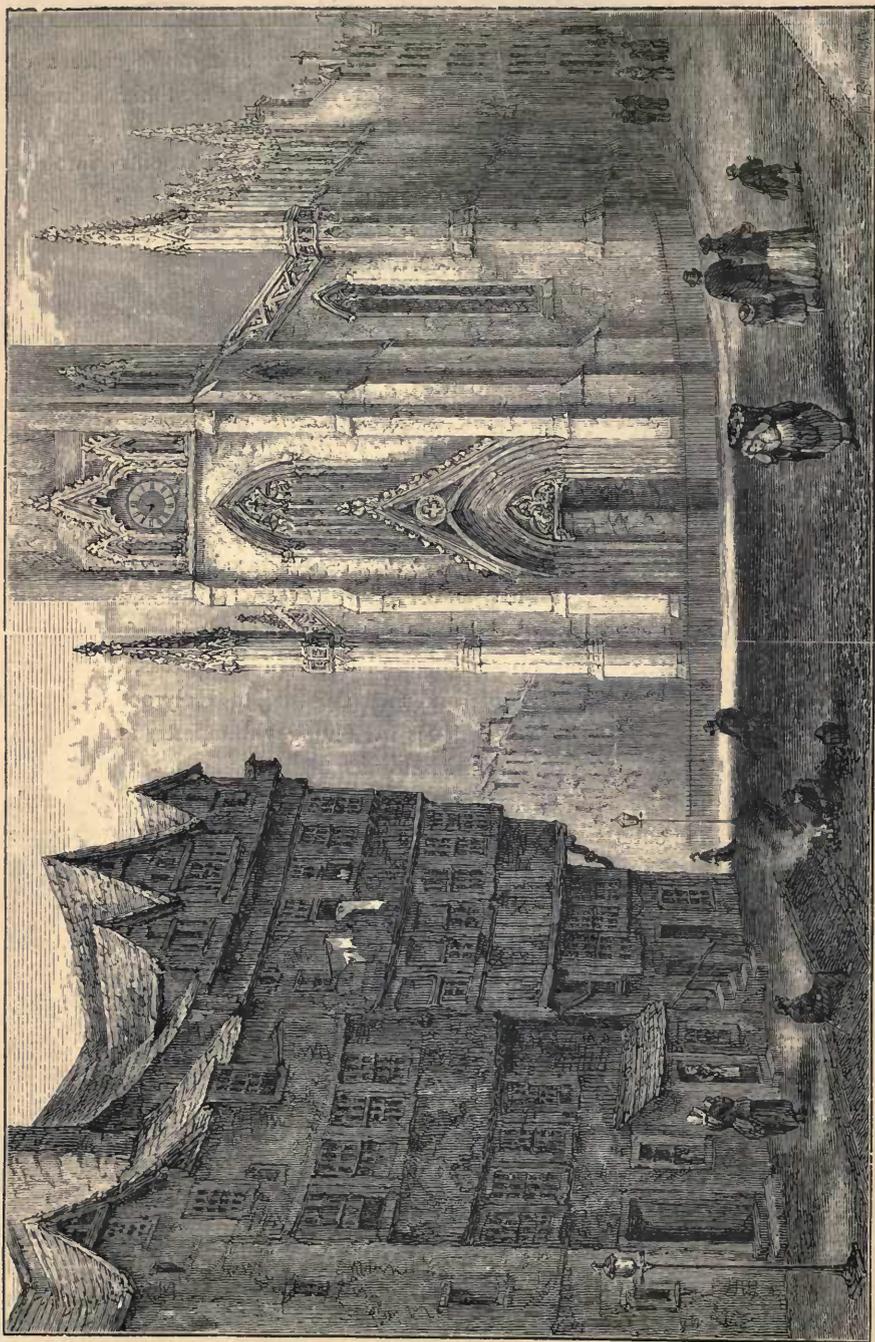
It was during this siege that the most famous of Edinburgh's citizens, and the most illustrious of Scotland's sons, departed this life. And one of the things which most burdened him on his dying bed was the course of action Kirkaldy had taken. To Lindsay and to his colleague in the ministry, James Lawson, Knox committed this message : "You have been witnesses of the former courage and constancy of Grange in the cause of God ; but now, alas ! into what a gulf has he precipitated himself ! I entreat you not to refuse the request which I now make to you. Go to the Castle and tell him, John Knox remains the same man now, when he is about to die, that ever he knew him when able in body, and wills him to consider what he was, and the estate in which he now stands, which is a great part of his trouble. Neither the craggy rock in which he miserably confides, nor the carnal prudence of that man (Maitland) whom he esteems a demi-god, shall preserve him ; but he shall be disgracefully dragged from his nest to punishment, and hung on a gallows in face of the sun, unless he speedily amend his life, and flee to the mercy of God. That man's soul is dear to me, and I would not have it perish, if I could save it." The ministers obtained admission to the Castle, and personally delivered the message to the Governor, who at first seemed affected by it, but having consulted with Maitland, returned them a very unpleasant answer. Knox was much grieved on hearing of it, and said that he had been earnest in prayer for that man, and still trusted that his soul would be saved, although his body should come to a miserable end. When Kirkaldy was lying under sentence of death, Lindsay attended him, at his earnest request. When on the scaffold, Kirkaldy asked him to repeat Knox's last words about him, and said that he hoped they would prove true. John Knox, after being repeatedly condemned for heresy and high treason, imprisoned as a galley slave, afterwards outlawed and a price set on his head, tracked by assassins, and his life actually assailed both by pistol and dagger, died peacefully in his bed, was honourably interred in the churchyard of St. Giles', in presence of all the nobles in the city, and as many of the citizens as could leave their dwellings. As his remains were lowered into the grave, the Regent Morton said,—and it was the truest epitaph ever uttered : "There lies he who never feared the face of man." St. Giles' churchyard extended from the Church southwards to the Cowgate, and is now covered by the Parliament Square and buildings. As nearly as can be learned, the grave of the Reformer is at the spot in the Square, near the monument to Charles II., marked by a stone with the initials I. K.

Although the young king was kept at Stirling for safety, the citizens of Edinburgh found means of manifesting their loyalty; they sent him valuable presents, and a hundred young men of good family and well accoutred, to be his bodyguard. When in October, 1579, he made his first public entry into the city, on occasion of the meeting of Parliament, a reception was given him such as to demonstrate the gushing loyalty of the citizens, and to flatter the king's budding vanity as a scholar. At the West Port he was received by the magistrates under a purple velvet canopy, and the allegory of Solomon's wise judgment was enacted before him, after which the sword and sceptre were presented. At the next gate, at the foot of the West Bow, the keys of the city were presented by a cherub. At the Tolbooth, three ladies, personifying Peace, Plenty, and Justice, addressed him in the Greek, Latin, and Scotch languages. Religion next appeared, in sober costume, and addressed the Scottish Solomon in Hebrew. On her invitation, he entered St. Giles' Church, and heard a sermon. On leaving the church, after service, His Majesty found Bacchus on the high platform of the Cross, dispensing draughts of wine to all and sundry; and as he passed to Holyrood, escorted by 200 horsemen, the houses on both sides were hung with tapestry and painted devices, and the streets were strewed with flowers.

James showed little gratitude to the municipality and citizens of Edinburgh for their handsome entertainment of himself. Whenever any unexpected expense fell upon him which he could not conveniently meet, the gude toun was required to provide what was needful. The bodyguard of volunteers they had provided for him when in danger from enemies at Stirling was held by the sovereign to be a permanent and compulsory service on their part, and was increased in number from 100 to 160. When distinguished foreign visitors arrived at Court, the city, by orders of His Majesty, had to lodge and entertain them, in spite of their vigorous remonstrances. We are not told what the royal guests thought of being compelled to "sorn" upon unwilling hosts; but James was troubled with no qualms. Even on the occasion of his marriage, when most bridegrooms like to appear possessed of some generosity, the city was commanded to entertain the royal bride and her retinue from the time of her arrival at Leith till the Palace was got ready for her reception. And when the King returned from Denmark with his bride, the citizens, in obedience to a royal command, fitted out the vessel which was to bring them home. The reception given to the royal pair was in the same



KNOX'S GRAVE.



HEAD OF THE WEST BOW

pedantic style as before described on the public entrance of the King, and on a more expensive scale. At the solemnisation of the marriage in St. Giles' Church, the Council presented the Queen with a rich jewel the King had pawned with them in security for a loan. They consented to take His Majesty's promise for payment, not because they were such fools as to trust him, but because they could not help themselves. If it had been absolute want that had tempted His Majesty to these meannesses there would have been some excuse; but not long after, James was so flush of money that he compelled the Council to take a loan of £40,000 from him at 10 per cent. interest, while they were able to borrow any money they wanted at 5 per cent. The very dowry of the Princess Elizabeth (afterwards Queen of Bohemia) was paid by the poor citizens of Edinburgh. In return for the great honour conferred on them in admitting the magistrates to the christening of the Princess, the King obtained from them an obligation that 10,000 merks would be paid to her by the city on her wedding day; and the money was actually paid in due course.

It was a good thing for the city and for the kingdom that the Edinburgh ministers were not so obsequious as the municipality. While the Town Council elected and deposed their Provosts, and burdened the city with pecuniary exactions at the will of the Court, Robert Bruce and the other ministers upheld their own dignity and the rights of the people. Twenty-four of the most influential friends of the ministers being ordered to leave the town, and proceedings being at the same time threatened against the ministers, a Convention of the Presbyterian nobles and citizens was intimated from the pulpit of St. Giles'. Bruce and others presented a petition to the King agreed upon at the Convention. All the answer they got was a demand who they were who durst convene in defiance of his proclamation. Lord Lindsay, roused to indignation, replied, "We dare do more than that, and will not suffer the Protestant religion to be overturned." This scene occurred in an upper room of the Tolbooth, and the deputation returned to the neighbouring church to inform the people waiting them that the petition had not been received. The news was received with shouts, "To arms!" "Bring out Haman!" "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" and had not the ministers, the Deacon-Convener, and afterwards the Provost, come promptly upon the scene and so far pacified the people, they would have broken up the door of the chamber where the King sat quaking, and roughly handled the Lord's Anointed. James having escaped to Holyrood, while the fright was still upon him, sent word to the ministers that he would receive any petition presented in a dutiful manner. The petition was again tendered, asking for the repeal of the Acts against the Kirk and banishing unoffending citizens; also that professed

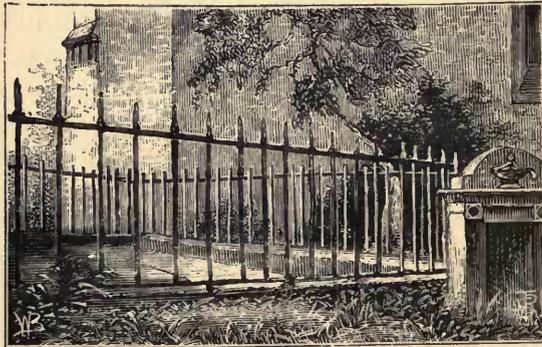
Papists be not suffered at Court. James, instead of receiving the petition, set out quickly for Linlithgow, and proclaimed Edinburgh a rebellious city, from which the Lords of Session and other officers of justice were forthwith to depart. The ministers invited their friends to Edinburgh, and wrote Hamilton to organise a defensive association. Hamilton showed the letter to the King, who thereupon commanded the magistrates of Edinburgh to apprehend the four city ministers. The ministers fled to England, but John Welch, son-in-law of Knox, occupied the pulpit, and denounced the King as a tyrant in no measured terms. James summoned the magistrates to Perth, to answer for high treason; and after terrifying them with various threats of exemplary vengeance, he finally deemed it more profitable to accept a peace-offering of 20,000 merks, the houses belonging to the four ministers, and an obligation that these ministers should not be permitted to return to their ministry in the city. It probably contributed to the assuagement of the King's wrath that while at open enmity with the city he had not the same facility for borrowing from them and sorning upon them. The Queen was very fond of jewellery, and though George Heriot, the Court jeweller, was very accommodating, and gave credit freely to a monarch with expectations of a richer kingdom than Scotland, James was constantly running into debt with any of the citizens who had money or goods to spare. On the death of Elizabeth in 1603, James attended public service in St. Giles' previous to his departure for England, and took an elaborate and affectionate farewell of the people, promising to come back and see them every three years. He did not return for fourteen years, and then he took advantage of the friendly welcome given him to press his Episcopal schemes upon the Parliament then convened.

The next royal visit to Edinburgh was that of Charles I., in 1633, when the usual grotesque combinations of classic and patriotic spectacle were presented, with the addition of an erection at the Trone, representing Parnassus and its inhabitants. The Nether Bow was hung with paintings by Jamesone, styled the Scottish Vandyke. Charles sat to Jamesone for his portrait, and rewarded him with a diamond ring from his finger. Charles was crowned King of Scotland in Holyrood Chapel.

Charles had not the same personal acquaintance with his Scottish subjects as his father, but had an equal impression of his own authority as king by Divine right. And so it happened that the popular disaffection which had several times alarmed his father, broke out in inextinguishable fury when Charles renewed the attempt to force Episcopacy upon the nation. On Sunday, 23rd July, 1637, the Dean of Edinburgh presented himself in what was now called the Cathedral of St. Giles, arrayed in his surplice, to begin the service according to Laud. The

Archbishops, Privy Council, Lords of Session, and a great multitude of people were present. The Dean had only begun a sentence in which he referred to "the Collect for the day," when Jenny Geddes, an old woman who kept a vegetable stall near the Tron, exclaimed: "Colic, said ye; deil colic the wame o' ye, fause thief; wud ye say mass at my lug? Tak' that!" And lifting the stool on which she had been sitting, she sent it flying at the head of the Dean. It was like a match to a train of gunpowder. Missiles and execrations from all sides were levelled at the Dean, and at the Bishop, who came forward to pacify the multitude. The women were more demonstrative than the men. One of them made a rush at the Dean, crying out, "Fy, if I could get the thrapple out of him!" and one of the commonest appellations addressed to the very reverend Dean was "ill-hanged thief." The Archbishop of St. Andrews was not more successful. There was no abatement of the tumult till the magistrates descended from their seats, and, partly by coaxing and partly by force, got the most unruly to retire. The Dean then proceeded, but the crowd outside bawled out, "Pape! Pape! Antichrist! pull him down!" threw stones through the windows, and rattled at the doors in such fashion that not much good was got of the service by anybody. The Bishop was pelted with stones as he drove off in his carriage, though he pitifully protested that he had "not the wyte of it;" and stones flew about so plentifully from morning till night that the day was long remembered as *Stony Sunday*. Jenny Geddes struck the first blow in a battle which lasted for fifty years, and ended in the banishment of the Stuart dynasty from these realms.

The pride of Charles and Laud could not tolerate the defeat of their design by a choleric green-wife, and on the 22nd February of the year following, a proclamation was made at the Cross that the service-book must be used in all the churches. An open protest was read by some of the Church Commissioners, and the Solemn League and Covenant followed, signed by most of the nobles and the great mass of the



STONE ON WHICH THE COVENANT WAS SIGNED.

people, on a flat grave-stone, still standing, in Greyfriars Churchyard. In 1641 Charles again visited Edinburgh, but the rebellion by this time had become

chronic, and he returned without gaining the advantage he expected from his personal appeals to friends and opponents. The Covenant was renewed in what is still called Covenant Close, and Leslie, who was appointed General of the Covenanting forces, obtained possession of the Castle, at the first summons. The doings of the Covenanters at Dunse Law and elsewhere belong to Scottish history. It may simply be mentioned here that Edinburgh raised and supported 1200 men in the Covenanting army.

On the execution of Charles, his son was proclaimed Charles II. at the Cross, on the understanding that he would swear the Covenant at the first opportunity.



MORAY HOUSE.

Montrose, who had been a Covenanter of the same complexion as Charles, sought to gain power for himself and the King by the aid of the Highlanders and Irish, but failing in the attempt, was taken, and hanged and quartered at the Cross. The King, who was ready to sign any number of covenants, in the autumn of the same year (1650) landed at Leith, and made a public state entry into the Capital. He did not remain long, for Cromwell was at Dunbar, and shortly obtained a complete victory over the Scottish royalist army there. He took possession of Edinburgh and of the Castle, after two months' siege. Cromwell took up his residence in Moray House, and his headquarters

were in Dunbar's Close. The Parliamentary soldiers were kept in excellent discipline. In Nicoll's Diary it is related that on the 27th September, 1650, "by orders of the General Cromwell, there was three of his awin sodgers scurgit by the Provost Marschellis men, from the Stone Chop to the Neddier Bow and bak agane, for plundering of houses within the town; and ane uther sodger maid to ryde the meir at the Croce, with ane pynt-stop about his neck, his handis bund behind his back, and musketis hung at his feet, the full space of twa hours, for being drunk." The wooden mare—an immense hobby-horse, about as high as the old Guard House in the High Street, stood at the west end of that building for such purposes as this, until both were removed in 1785. The citizens had little complaint to make of the Ironsides, except that through the carelessness

of some who were quartered in the Palace, the whole of that ancient building, except the north-west towers, was destroyed by fire. The rest were mostly accommodated in the suburban kirks, where they preached on Sundays sometimes; but finally they were provided for chiefly in Heriot's Hospital, then nearly finished. Oliver was popular on the whole, during his stay in Edinburgh, so much so that the Town Council were about to erect a colossal statue in his honour in Parliament Square, and had actually landed a block of stone at Leith for the purpose when the news came of the Protector's death, and the design was abandoned. The figure of Charles II. occupies the place which was at first assigned to the memory of a better man. The Restoration was celebrated in Edinburgh by free draughts of wine to the citizens from the gurgoyles of the Cross, the magistrates leading the revels, and as the manner was, breaking each glass in which they had drunk the King's health. The bells were rung and the cannons fired during the day, and bonfires blazed at night.

The first public act in Edinburgh, after the King's restoration to the throne, was the holding of a Parliament, which ordered honourable burial in St. Giles's Church to the remains of Montrose, established Episcopacy at the bidding of the King, and passed various enactments of a tyrannical nature against the Covenanters. The magistrates of the day were the most servile who ever sat in Common Council in the city. They not only accepted the most arbitrary commands of the Court party, but on the occasion of the Coronation, carried their flunkeyism so far as to drink the King's health on their knees at the Cross and other parts of the city.

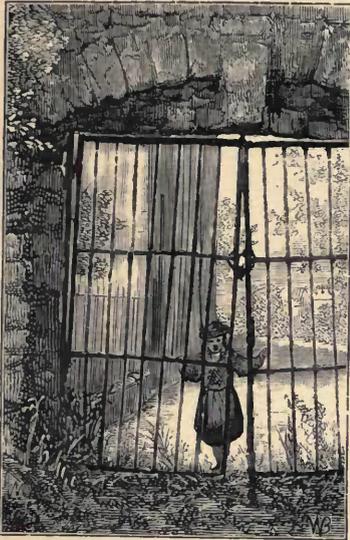
The first victim of the persecution was the Marquis of Argyle, who was beheaded by the Maiden, and his head placed on the same spot from which the head of Montrose had lately been removed. Lord Warriston and many others of humbler rank were executed at the Cross and Grassmarket for no offence but that of preferring their own religion to that which the King had prescribed for them; and the Bishops, especially the traitor Archbishop Sharp, were the most blood-thirsty of the persecutors. Sharp was shot at in 1688, while in his coach at the head of Blackfriars' Wynd. He escaped, but the Bishop of Orkney, who was beside him, was wounded. The Archbishop, six years after, thought he recognised in a preacher named Mitchell the man who had attempted his life. He was apprehended, and there being no evidence of the alleged crime, was tortured to compel a confession. This expedient having also failed, he was sent to the Bass, and, after two years' imprisonment there, brought to the Grassmarket and executed.

During the same year, some ten or twelve witches and wizards were burned

on the eminence at Greenside where Free Lady Glenorchy's Church is built. Major Weir of the West Bow was among the number; his black staff, which used to run his errands, was burned along with him, and seemed to suffer more than himself—so it was said.

The year following, the prisoners taken at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, to the number of about 1200, were enclosed like cattle in a pen, in an enclosure at the south-west corner of the Greyfriars' Churchyard. For weeks they were kept

there, with only the wet ground to lie upon, no covering from the weather, and four ounces of bread daily for their rations. Most of them were finally permitted to depart, on giving an obligation not to take up arms again, but four hundred were detained, and of that number 257, all who remained, were shipped as slaves to Barbadoes, and perished on the rocky shores of Orkney in a storm, the captain refusing to allow the hatches to be lifted off to give them a chance for their lives.



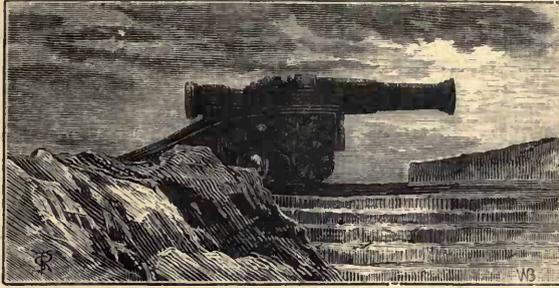
COVENANTERS' PRISON.

In 1680, royalty again took up its abode at Holyrood Palace, in the person of the Duke of York, afterwards James VII. (of Scotland). He was accompanied by his wife and his daughter (afterwards Queen Anne). The Duke did his best to make himself agreeable, and his daughter, whose gifts in

that way were more conspicuous than his own, helped him to gain the affections of the nobility, gentry, and principal inhabitants. Holyrood became gay once more with balls, plays, and masquerades; and a tennis court, the first known in the city, was erected close to the palace, on the south side of Queen Mary's bath-house. The Duke, like his brother Charles, was fond of walking exercise, and until recent years, part of the parade ground east of the Palace was known as the Duke's Walk. He became also very fond of the national game of golf, which he practised on Leith Links.

The Duke remained in Edinburgh till 1682, and Mons Meg was burst in firing a salute on the occasion of his departure. He had other memories to take with him besides the loyal devotion of the magnates. It had been the custom of the mob to burn the Pope in effigy on Christmas Day, and the

magistrates, rightly judging that this would give offence to the Duke, forbade the demonstration. The students publicly pledged themselves to burn His Holiness, duke or no duke, and when the military were called out to quell the tumult,



MONS MEG.

the populace came to the rescue, and added another burning to the day's proceedings ;—they made a bonfire of the Provost's house at Priestfield.

### CHAPTER III.—WILLIAM OF ORANGE TO PRESENT DAY.

KING JAMES VII. was duly proclaimed at the Cross on the death of his brother ; but the disposition soon manifested by the new monarch to favour the Romish religion led to frequent disturbances in the city. Some of the Court party on returning ostentatiously from mass were mobbed, and when one of the rioters had been sentenced to a public whipping down the Canongate, the mob rose, rescued the prisoner, and thrashed the executioner. The riot was with difficulty suppressed by the aid of the soldiers. The King would take no warning, however. Soon after this, Holyrood Chapel was fitted up for Romish worship, and a number of priests and Jesuits sent from Whitehall to perform daily service. They came into collision with the people, of course, and there were more hangings and whippings to terrify them into submission. The effect was the opposite of what was intended. As soon as the happy news of the landing of William reached Edinburgh, the mob attacked the chapel. It was defended by regular soldiers, who fired on the multitude, killed twelve of them, and wounded many more. But the mob was only the more enraged, and being re-enforced by the city-guard, they overpowered the soldiers, and thoroughly wrecked the whole Romish furniture and upholstery of the chapel. The

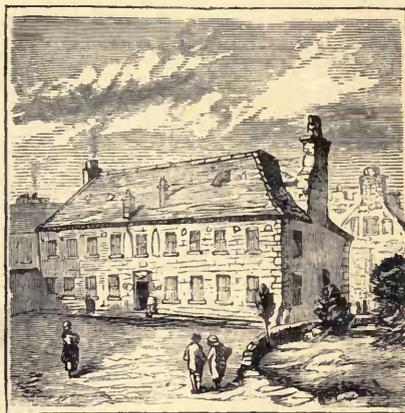
students celebrated the victory by marching to the Cross, with the College mace in front of them, and again burned the Pope in effigy.

The Castle was held by the Duke of Gordon for James, and the Convention of Estates, which had met in the city and declared itself favourable to William, summoned him to surrender. He refused. Meanwhile, Viscount Dundee presented himself before the Convention, and demanded that all strangers should be removed from the city, as there was, he alleged, a plot of the West Country Whigs to assassinate himself and the late King's Advocate (known in Scottish history as the "Bluidy Mackenzie"). The Convention replied that the Whigs would be very useful, so long as the Castle was held by the Popish Duke of Gordon; and so Dundee, summoning his followers, some fifty or sixty horsemen, made his escape from the city by Leith Wynd and the Lang Gait (now Princes Street), to Stirling. On his way, he ascended part of the Castle Rock at the west side, and urged the Duke of Gordon to hold out, in the hope of speedy relief. Gordon, however, judged it prudent soon after to surrender.

The chief Edinburgh incident in the reign of William was the unfortunate scheme of a Scotch trading colony on the Isthmus of Darien. On 26th July, 1698, 1200 young Scotsmen embarked at Leith Roads on board of five frigates, purchased at Hamburg, and on their arrival at their destination, founded a town called New Edinburgh, and built a fort which they called St. Andrews, the land being purchased from the native chiefs. These emigrants were followed by other two expeditions, of 1300 and 300 men respectively. William Paterson, the projector of this enterprise, was the founder of the Bank of England, and afterwards of the Bank of Scotland. It is highly probable that his Darien Scheme would have been as successful as the other two institutions mentioned, but the colony was ruined by the jealousy of England. Darien was never a Spanish settlement, but the Spanish Government pretended that it was; and when the Scotch settlers had defeated the first Spanish expedition sent against them, the Spanish ambassador in London readily obtained from the English Government instructions that no assistance or provisions were to be supplied from the English provinces in the West Indies or North America. The Spaniards then assembled overwhelming forces, and the Scotch, enfeebled by disease, and unprovided with the means of defence, capitulated with the honours of war. The old Darien House, erected as the offices for this promising adventure, stood until a few years ago between Bristo Street and Forrest Road. Part of it was latterly used as a bedlam; the unfortunate Robert Fergusson, the poet, died in one of its cells. Scotland, and specially Edinburgh, remained for many years in a dangerous mood for the Government, the selfish injustice and cruelty of the King and English statesmen

in the Darien matter rankling in their minds, and having much to do with the popular support to the rebellions of 1715 and 1745.

One of the earliest fruits of the irritation appeared on the occasion of a trial in 1702, when a vessel belonging to the East India Company was seized by the Scottish Government, on entering the Firth of Forth, by way of reprisal for the detention of a vessel of the Darien Company in the Thames. In course of the trial, the captain and crew were convicted—not very clearly, it would appear—of piracy and murder committed on the crew of a Scotch vessel in the East Indies, and were capitally sentenced. It was reported that some members of the Privy Council were making influence to obtain a reprieve for the convicts, and the populace became greatly excited. The coach of the Lord Chancellor was stopped



THE OLD DARIEN HOUSE.

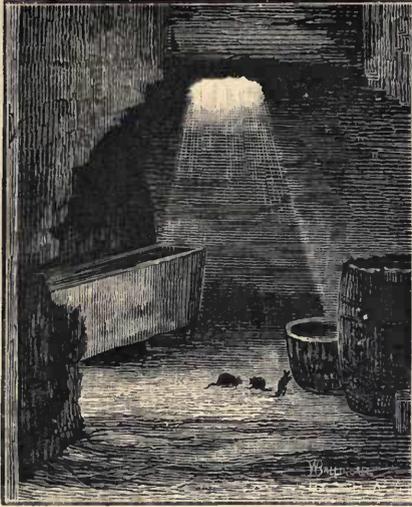
at the Tron, he himself dragged out and roughly handled, and with difficulty rescued. The English seamen were publicly executed.

Three years later, 1705, the proposals often before made for a union of the two kingdoms took shape, and in the following year the Articles of Union were published. During the months following, till the adoption of the Treaty in the beginning of 1706, Edinburgh was in a continual ferment. The Duke of Queensberry had to be guarded by a double file of musketeers regularly as he left the Parliament House for his carriage at the Cross, and three foot regiments were on constant duty in the city. Notwithstanding these precautions, frequent acts of violence occurred, and the important transaction had to be completed under cover of night, and remote from observation. The Commissioners began to put their signatures to the Treaty in a summer-house behind Moray House (still existing, close to South Back of Canongate), but being discovered there, had to fly, and at last put the finishing stroke to their work in an underground shop opposite the Tron Church, long known as the Union Cellar. On the 22nd of April, 1707, the Scottish Parliament met for the last time in the old Parliament House, and as it adjourned, Seafield, the Chancellor, said: "There's an end of an auld sang."

The next popular rising in Edinburgh was, in several respects, the most

remarkable in its history. The story of the Porteous Mob in 1736 is fully and graphically narrated in the text and the notes of Scott's "Heart of Midlothian," and need not be here detailed at length. John Porteous, the captain of the town-guard, had charge of the arrangements for the execution of a smuggler, Andrew Wilson. "Thae cursed horse-leeches of the Excise" having come in

with the unpopular Union, smuggling in Scotland was considered rather an act of patriotism than an offence. It was regarded as outrageous foreign tyranny that "an honest man could not fetch sae muckle as a bit anker o' brandy frae Leith to the Lawnmarket, without being rubbit of the very gudes he'd bocht and paid for by a host o' idle English gaugers." Wilson had moreover made a chivalrous and successful attempt to secure the escape of a comrade. Accordingly, popular sympathy was strongly manifested with the sufferer, and the hangman and the town-guard were pelted during the execution. Porteous and the guard retaliated by firing on



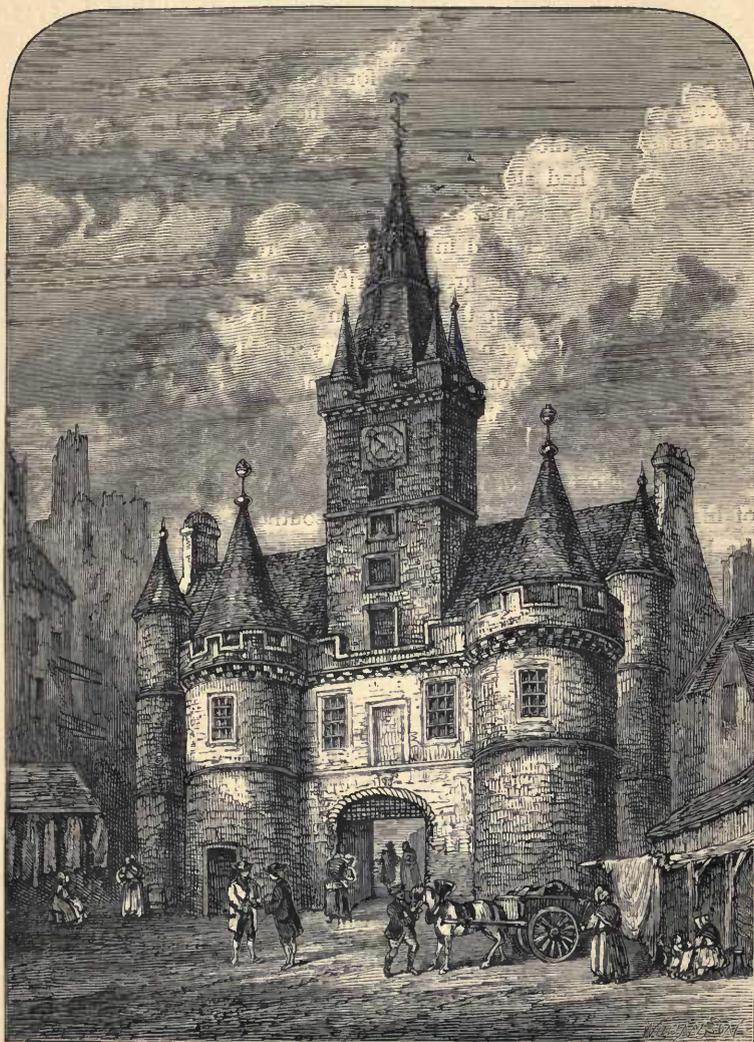
CELLAR IN WHICH THE UNION WAS SIGNED.

the multitude, killing six persons and wounding more. He was found guilty of murder, and sentenced, but was reprieved by Queen Caroline, who was acting as Regent in the absence of her husband, George II., in Hanover. The populace were resolved that no English queen or king should deliver the obnoxious prisoner. A well-matured plan was carried out, by which the Tolbooth was forced open, Porteous seized and taken to the ordinary place of execution, where he was hanged on a dyer's pole. The Castle and the guard-house were blockaded, the city ports taken possession of, and the whole plot managed with such skill and secrecy that the most searching inquiries of the civic and Government officials failed to obtain any clue to the ringleaders. At the instance of the Queen, a bill was brought into Parliament to imprison the Lord Provost for a year, to disqualify him for ever for any public office, to demolish the Nether Bow, and disband the town-guard. But the Scottish members, who were not so docile at Westminster as their successors have become, opposed this measure so stoutly that it had to be abandoned, on

condition that the city provide a solatium of £2000 to Captain Porteous's widow.

The civic authorities took effectual precautions against rebellion in 1715, and no serious trouble then arose. It was very different in 1745. Considerable preparations were made now, as before, for the defence of the city, and the city-guard, along with some volunteers, joined the regulars at Corstorphine and Coltbridge, to oppose the rebel army on its march from Stirling. But neither citizens nor soldiers had stomach for fighting in such a cause, and they fled as soon as the Highland host came in sight. Just as they reached the city in their flight, the citizens had assembled in St. Giles' Church to consider whether they would fight or surrender. The great majority were for submission to the Prince, but while they were debating the terms on which they would capitulate, the controversy was settled by an advance party of Highlanders under Lochiel, surprising the Netherbow Port, and seizing the guard-house, with its arms and ammunition. Charles soon followed, and marched round by Sciennes Hill and Duddingston to the Palace, so as to keep out of range of the Castle guns. (Big guns had a very short range in those days.) Arrived at Duddingston, he left most of his army encamped there, on the southern slopes of Arthur's Seat, while he himself, with Lochiel and some picked troops, marched through the Hunter's Bog to the Palace. He was met at the Duke's Walk by multitudes of the citizens, who—especially the fair sex—gave him a cordial welcome. Next day James VIII. was proclaimed from the Cross, and many of the leading citizens attended the Prince's levee at the Palace, in the evening. A loan was exacted from the city for the equipment of the army, to be repaid when the King enjoyed his own again; and the Prince soon after marched to Prestonpans, where he defeated Sir John Cope, and returned to Holyrood in triumph. The Castle, however, still held out for King George; and the minister of St. Cuthbert's, the Rev. Neil M'Vicar, in presence of a congregation of Jacobites as well as loyalists, prayed as usual for King George, and also for the Prince, in these terms: "As for this young man who has come among us seeking an earthly crown, we beseech Thee to take him to Thyself, and give him a crown of glory."

Prince Charlie's occupation of Edinburgh was soon followed by the arrival of the Duke of Cumberland in pursuit of the rebel army, aided by a body of several thousand Hessian troops, whose good behaviour made them much more popular in Edinburgh than the English troops. It is said that these Hessians were the first to introduce the snuff known as black rappee to the favourable notice of the citizens. The brothers Gillespie, two enterprising Edinburgh



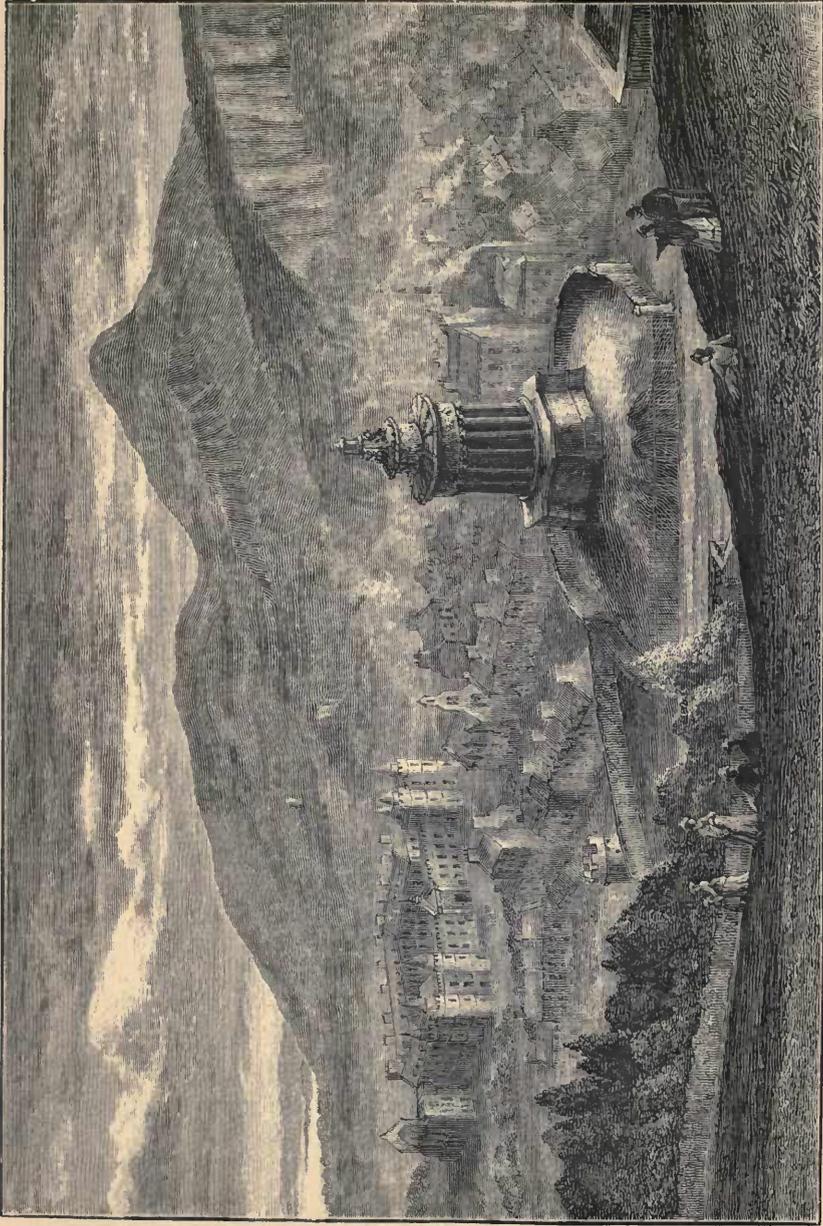
THE NETHERBOW PORT.

merchants, prompt to meet the demand, established a manufactory of the new black snuff, and thereby made a fortune, which was afterwards beneficially returned to the city in connection with Gillespie's Hospital. On the termination of the rebellion, Archibald Stewart, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, was tried for high treason, but a jury of his countrymen unanimously refused to pronounce him deserving of punishment merely because he could not infuse into the citizens a loyalty to the Hanoverian Government which most of them did not possess.

Edinburgh has not seen war since the '45. The nearest approach to it was when Paul Jones sailed up the Firth with three ships of war commissioned by the Americans. His intention, as he afterwards confessed, was to carry off what vessels he could take out of harbour, burn the rest, and fire the city. Great defensive preparations were made at Leith, but their efficiency was not tested; the Seceder minister of Kirkcaldy, Mr. Shirra, prayed the pirate down the Firth, in a sudden and violent gale, which arose while the good man was leading the devotions of the Kirkcaldy people on the Links.

Another incident which, in some measure, recalled the presence of Prince Charlie's Highland army was the revolt of the Seaforth Highlanders, quartered in the Castle in 1778. Being ordered to embark at Leith for India, they refused, unless they were paid arrears and bounty due to them, and a proper understanding was reached as to the period of their service. So the whole battalion, 500 in number, marched from Leith Links, pipers playing and plaids flying for colours, to Arthur's Seat, where they pitched their camp on the high ground near the summit. The Edinburgh people sympathised with them, and supplied them with provisions during the four days they occupied their airy quarters. They were threatened with force, and troops were assembled in Edinburgh to overpower them, but as it appeared that they had real grievances, moderate counsels prevailed, and on receiving a written assurance that their just demands would be met, they quietly marched to the transports waiting them at the shore. The year following there was another Highland mutiny on a small scale. Fifty Highland recruits, who knew no language but Gaelic, and had enlisted into a Highland regiment, were being drafted into a Lowland regiment wearing breeches. They refused, and on being attacked by troops from the Castle, defended themselves. Twelve of them, and three of their assailants were killed before the rest were overpowered. Three of the mutineers were afterwards sentenced to be shot, but on the circumstances being reported to the King, they were pardoned, and served with distinction in their own regiment.

With the exception of an anti-popery riot, during which the mob burned a



ARTHUR'S SEAT FROM THE CALTON HILL, BURNS'S MONUMENT IN THE FOREGROUND,  
HOLYROOD PALACE AND CANONGATE IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE.

*land* in Leith Wynd, where the Romish bishop resided, there was no notable *emeute* in the city till the period of the Friends of the People, as they were called. In 1794, Muir, Skirving, Margarot, and Gerrald, as ringleaders, were tried and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. All of them were young men of high character and good standing, and their trial was a mockery of justice. Margarot, who was an Englishman, protested against the unfairness of his judges. Addressing Braxfield, who was Lord Justice-Clerk, he inquired what had become of the Lord Justice - General, who was to have presided, and added, "If he is absent to-day, the Lord Justice - Clerk may be away to-morrow, and some of the lieges may be left to be tried by the macers of the Court." Braxfield replied, "There's aneugh to try you, at ony rate, Mr. Margarot."

One of the last expiring efforts of lawlessness in Edinburgh was on New Year's morning of 1812. It had long been the custom of the



NEW YEAR'S EVE AT THE TRON CHURCH.

mob in Edinburgh to assemble at the Tron Church on the eve of the midnight introducing the New Year, and to disperse thereafter on first-footing expeditions. On the last night of 1811, among those who had met for this purpose there was a band of roughs, armed with bludgeons, who attacked indiscriminately all whose

appearance gave promise of plunder. One of the police was killed by these desperadoes, and several citizens received injuries from which they died. This outrage produced a sensation which seems to have had a beneficial effect upon the manners of the city. Three of the youths concerned in the murder of the policeman were hanged on a temporary gibbet on the spot where the crime was committed; and there have been no such wild revels on the streets of Edinburgh since that time, if we except the mob of 1820, which, sympathising with Queen Caroline, broke the windows—to the value of £10,000—of those who did not join in the illumination rejoicings because of the Queen's legal victory over her royal husband. There was rather a revulsion in favour of law and order: several regiments of Volunteers, horse, foot, and artillery were raised from time to time during the French War.

In 1822, George IV. visited Edinburgh, and though, two or three years before, his treatment of his wife had made him very unpopular, his royal presence and the active efforts of Sir Walter Scott fanned the dying embers of loyalty, and procured for him a magnificent reception, which is duly chronicled in the Leith chapter of this work.

In 1824, a succession of great fires took place in Edinburgh, the first of which—in June—destroyed the east corner of Parliament Square, many tenements in High Street, and several closes between High Street and Cowgate. In November, half-a-dozen closes and a great part of Parliament Square were destroyed by another fire. The spire of the Tron Church was also caught by some flying embers and consumed, being constructed of wood covered with lead. Four hundred families were burned out.

In 1828, William Burke, whose name has given a word to the language, was executed in presence of an immense crowd, for a series of murders committed for the purpose of selling the bodies to Dr. Knox for his dissecting room.

The passing of the Reform Bill, in 1832, was nowhere celebrated with greater rejoicing than in Edinburgh, where a long procession to the King's Park, and a popular demonstration there, had the concurrence of many thousands of the citizens and of the surrounding population. In 1834, Earl Grey, the most influential promoter of the Reform Bill, was entertained at a banquet in a pavilion on the Calton Hill, when about 3300 persons dined. James Abercromby and Francis Jeffrey, both Liberals, were the first members for the city under the new Act. Sir John Campbell succeeded Jeffrey in 1834, on the elevation of the latter to the bench. Thomas B. Macaulay was elected to succeed Abercromby, on his being created Lord Dunfermline. He was turned out by Mr. Charles Cowan, in 1847, on account of his unpopularity as a defender of the grant to

the Romish College of Maynooth and his contempt for what he called "the bray of Exeter Hall." In 1852 he was again returned member for the city, along with Mr. Cowan.

In 1842, Queen Victoria, with her royal consort, Prince Albert, paid her first visit to Scotland, arriving by royal yacht at Granton Pier, on Thursday morning, the 1st September. Arthur's Seat and the eminences on both sides of the Firth were blazing with bonfires as the royal squadron passed to its anchorage the night before, and an immense crowd had gathered in the morning on the expected route of the procession. By some mistake, the Lord Provost and magistrates were not at their post at Canonmills, to present the keys of the city, as had been arranged, and there was much joking and ballad-singing at their expense. One verse may be quoted as a specimen:—

"Awa to Da'keith ye maun hie  
To mak yer best apology,  
An' the Queen 'Il say, Oh fie, oh fie!  
Ye were lazy, lazy loons in the morning.

*Chorus.*

"Hey, Jamie Forrest, are ye waukin' yet,  
Or are your bylies snorin' yet?" &c.

The enthusiasm of the people made amends for the apparent neglect of the civic magistrates, and on a subsequent day Her Majesty made a special visit from Dalkeith Palace, and received the keys in full ceremonial at the Cross. The first Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway was opened in the year of the Queen's visit. The North British Railway was opened from Edinburgh to Berwick, in June, 1846. The Caledonian Railway from Edinburgh to Carlisle was opened in February, 1848.

On the 18th May, 1843, the Disruption of the Church of Scotland took place in St. Andrew's Church, and the formation of the Free Church of Scotland in Tanfield Hall, Canonmills, now occupied as stores. The same hall witnessed the union of the Secession and Relief Churches into the United Presbyterian Church, in the year 1847. Tanfield Buildings were originally built as an oil-gas manufactory. The speculation failed; coal-gas, which was introduced into the city in 1817, being found more suitable and economical.

For the ordinary term of a generation past Edinburgh has shared in the happiness said to belong to the people who have no annals. Were the record to be continued beyond the last date mentioned above, it would be chiefly a narration of social and architectural progress such as, for the purpose of this work, is sufficiently dealt with in the chapters which follow. The progress of

Edinburgh in population and in prosperity, if not marked by the leaps and bounds of some commercial cities, has been remarkably steady and rapid. Including Leith, which, though a separate municipality, is really a part of the city, the census shows the following results during the past ten decades of this century:—

1801, . . . . .	82,560.
1811, . . . . .	102,987.
1821, . . . . .	138,235.
1831, . . . . .	161,909.
1841, . . . . .	166,450.
1851, . . . . .	193,929.
1861, . . . . .	201,749.
1871, . . . . .	241,259.
1881, . . . . .	286,383.

The increase in wealth and rental value has been in much greater proportion than that of the population. Successive City Improvement Schemes have demolished innumerable tenements of old houses, and the new houses by which the city has been chiefly extended are of the better class. Indeed, in some parts of the Old Town the clearances have been so sweeping that it seemed as if Old Edinburgh were to be improved off the face of the earth. Many of the most interesting architectural relics of Edinburgh delineated in these pages by our artist were drawn just a few days before they for ever disappeared.

# Domestic History of Edinburgh.

## CHAPTER IV.—LAW AND ORDER.



IN this section of our work we gather together, from many different sources, a *vidimus* of the progress of Edinburgh in the social amenities, in literature and the arts. It would be very interesting to set down in detail the gradual advances of a city which, while one of the last of the European capitals to enter upon the march of civilisation, now occupies first rank in everything which belongs to high culture and luxurious refinement. To do this would require a volume. It is possible within our present limits only to present a broken panorama of sketches which will convey some idea of life in Edinburgh, from its origin to the position now claimed for it as the Modern Athens.

The first condition of progress in civilisation is the establishment of law and order, and it was not for many centuries after Edinburgh was of fame as the capital of Scotland that anything like tolerable security for life and property was enjoyed. Constant invasions from England, followed as constantly by retaliating expeditions to make up for the losses sustained, created habits of lawlessness and recklessness. When people get into the way of exacting their own revenges and righting their own wrongs, they are apt to lose patience with the slow processes of municipal law or the *jus gentium*. Moreover, until the Stuart dynasty was happily disposed of, the law and government of Scotland, though, according to Buchanan, models of constitutional freedom, could seldom be put in motion except on the rare occasions when King, nobles, clerics, and commons were of one mind. The King was often less powerful than individual nobles in his Court, and when the Commonwealth, collectively or in detail, was oppressed by one of the great men who aspired to rule, the only hope of redress was by

working on the jealousy of a rival tyrant. According to Buchanan's History, one half of the Scottish kings, from Fergus II. to James VI., died a violent death, and poor James got such a fright from the "raids" of his rebellious nobles and people against his sacred person that he shuddered to the end of his life at the sight of a naked sword, and could think of no way of securing the throne but employing the Bishops and the military to deprive his people of all liberty except doing what he commanded them.

From the time that Edinburgh became the capital of Scotland, it was inevitable that it should be conspicuous among the burghs for "tulzies" or brawls. The nobles and chiefs who came to Court, from time to time, with their clansmen in greater or smaller force, were not restrained from settling their differences by the sanctity of the royal presence. And more especially when they met in the streets, and the ready gibe or insult passed between the rival clansmen, the sword or dirk was out and, as the clansman's rallying cry passed from mouth to mouth, the hostile tribes mustered in force, and an engagement ensued on the "croon o' the causey," which the magistrates had no power to quell, even if they had thought it worth while to interfere to save the lives or limbs of some of the swashbucklers from the country, who were the plague of the city. In the previous chapter several of these encounters have been chronicled. Some of these raids and tulzies by rival barons were equal to insurrections; as when the Earl of Angus and his retainers in 1524 forced their way to the Cross, and held possession of the city for several hours, notwithstanding that the cannons of the Castle were fired against them. Again, in 1528, Angus rode into the city, at the head of a hundred horsemen, "aganis the tyme of the Parliament, to have prevenit the Kingis coming;" and the Provost,—who was generally appointed because he was "a good man of his hands," and a good military leader,—with the aid of his friends and the citizens, drove him out again, after a stout battle, in which many fell. In 1567 there was the affray between the Laird of Airth and the Laird of Wemyss and their followers, in which many were shot. In 1570 there was the encounter between "the Hoppringillis and Elluottis," wherein, "hade nocht the toun of Edinburgh raid thame, thair had been greit slauchter done." Not to mention minor brawls in which only a few were engaged, we may further note the encounter at the Salt Trone in 1595, between the Earl of Montrose and Sandilands, in which guns and swords were used in great numbers, and the parties were separated only after many were slain and hurt; the fight in 1596 between Johnstone of Westerhall and Somerville of the Writes, which "cleansed the calsy for quarter of an hour;" the combat between the Kerrs and the Turnbells in 1601; and the tulzie

at the Trone in 1605, between the Lairds of Edzel and Pitarrow and their followers.

Single combats and assassinations are too numerous to mention, and abductions of women are also so common in the civic records that enumeration would be monotonous. The daughter of one John Carnegie, on a Sunday in 1593, was forcibly carried off from her father's house, while Lord Hume kept armed possession of the High Street till the deed was done. In 1595, a bold suitor carried off a widow from her house in Edinburgh, but the town was raised by the ringing of the common bell ; he was pursued, and his victim rescued.

Litigants had not, in those days, the pride which Peter Peebles had in being brought before "the Fifteen." The Master of Ruthven, being prosecuted in 1552 by Charteris of Kinclavin, was stabbed in the street by the defendant. In 1592, Sir James Sandilands of Calder, having a litigation with Graham of Hallyards, one of the Lords of Session, slaughtered him in Leith Wynd. This mode of settling lawsuits became so common that Acts of Parliament were passed in 1555, and ratified in 1584 and 1594, enacting that "because of the odious crymes of slaughters daylie committit, and specialie the slaying of parties persewand and defendand thair actionnis," in addition to the other penalties, if the defender should slay the pursuer, decree should go against the former in terms of the summons, and if the pursuer should slay the defender, the heirs of the latter should have absolvitor.

It might be supposed that there would be peace in the city at least during the meetings of Parliament, the fountain of law and order. On the contrary, this occasion was looked forward to with apprehension ; the law-makers were the law-breakers, and the city had to take special precautions at these times. Thus we read, in the Council Register of 1561, that the Parliament being about to assemble, to preserve peace in the city, sixty hagbutters were not only ordered to be raised, but the whole inhabitants were commanded to be ready with arms at ringing the common bell. And, as a further security, the citizens, by a deputation from the Council, applied to the Earl of Arran for his horse-guard, which, being complied with, the Council voted each of them five shillings a-day.

It must not be supposed that the *mêlées* which kept the city in a stir were solely or even chiefly the doing of litigants and courtiers, whose occasions brought them thither. The citizens of Edinburgh, up till the end of the last century at any rate, were by no means a peaceable people. The mob, in 1558, which ducked St. Giles as an adulterer, has been already referred to. Curiously enough, two years later, there was a great riot in Edinburgh, headed by the Trade Corporations, to prevent the carting of the deacon of the fleshers for adultery, as

ordered by the magistrates. In order to accomplish their purpose, they broke open the jail and liberated the prisoner.

The Corporations having set so bad an example, it is not to be wondered at that we read in the Council Register, a few months later, that on a Sunday (11th April, 1561), the apprentices of Edinburgh rose in rebellion, marched into the city with banners displayed, surrounded the Tolbooth where the magistrates were sitting, and finally assaulted them in the execution of their office.

A still more serious tumult occurred the month following. The citizens of Edinburgh, for generations, had been accustomed to popular revels in the month of May. The chief attraction of the Maying was what was called "making a Robin Hood." We have no clear account of the details of this play; but it appears that the whole inhabitants turned out upon the occasion, elected one of their number to represent Robin Hood, another to be Little John, and so on. They marched in military array to the place of amusement, and indulged in high jinks of some sort, probably imitating Robin Hood's contempt of the powers that be. It was commonly on a Sunday that these revels took place, and for this and other reasons, the magistrates, urged thereto by the Protestant clergy, and fortified by a statute of Queen Mary prohibiting the game, endeavoured to put an end to it. They so far succeeded, but the mob, enraged by their disappointment, rose in insurrection, seized the city gates, and robbed strangers coming into town. One of the ringleaders was tried before the Lord Provost and two bailies, "quha with schort deliberatioun condemmit him to be hangit for ye said cryme." The mob rose again, forced open the Tolbooth, set at liberty the criminal and all the prisoners, and broke in pieces the gibbet erected at the Cross for the execution. Next, they went for the magistrates, who fled from the Council Chambers to the Tolbooth for shelter. This being done, "thair wes nathing ither but the one partie schuteand out and castand stanes furth of the said tolbuyt, and the ither partie schuteand hagbuttis in the same again." While the bailies were thus in great tribulation, an appeal was made to the deacons of the trades to come to their rescue. But the deacons had long been of opinion that the magistrates took too much upon them, and as they went to their accustomed tavern for their "four hours," they sent word: "They will be magistrates alone; let them rule the multitude alone." The poor bailies, finding themselves in evil case, next sent to the Constable of the Castle, who came down and mediated between the parties, with the following result, described in so racy a manner by the old city chronicler, that we must not spoil by modernising it:—

"That thi said provost and baillies sall remit to the said craftschilder, all actioun, cryme, and offens that thai had committit aganes thame in .any tyme bygane; and band and oblast

thame never to pursew thame thairfor ; and als commandit thair maisters to resauve them agane in thair services, as thai did befor. And this being proclamit at the Mercat Croce, thai scalit, and the said provest and baillies come furth of the same tolbouyth."

Readers of the Waverley Novels, and of the illustrative notes, will remember how that down to the period of Sir Walter Scott's boyhood, street "bickers"—pitched battles with stones—among boys of different schools or districts, were quite common in Edinburgh, sometimes resulting in serious consequences. This was an old institution in Edinburgh. The death of Lord Herries is said by Calderwood to have taken place on Sunday, 20th January, 1582, suddenly, when he had gone to an upper chamber in a friend's house, "to see the boyes bicker."

In 1586 a mob of youths, "craftmen's sons," assaulted the house of one of the bailies, with intent to murder him. In 1598 a bailie was actually murdered by one of the High School boys, who shot him while he was endeavouring to force an entrance into the school during a "barring out."

If the civic authorities were little regarded by the people, it was not because they did not assert themselves. So early as 1498, there is an order by the Council on all the citizens to be provided with weapons in their booths in case of *tulzies* in the streets, so that they may come to the help of the magistrates and their officers. In 1524 and 1529 the Act was renewed, because, as the preamble of the 1529 Act says, "In tymes past there hes bene slauchteris and murtheris committet within the toune, in defalt of the officeris and nichtbouris that ryse nocht to resist and pvnis the same, to the greatt sclander and defamatioune of the toune." Up to the end of the sixteenth century one such Act followed another, and the penalty for *tulzies* was increased from scourging to banishment, and from banishment to hanging. For the better prevention of night riots and robberies, the inhabitants were ordained in 1554, to hang out lanterns or bowets on the streets and closes from five till nine in the evening. The Privy Council also frequently interposed to strengthen the hands of the magistrates, and in 1567, after the fray between the Laird of Airth and the Laird of Wemyss, issued a strict proclamation against the wearing of guns or pistols, under pain of death.

One perennial source of disturbance was the swarming of stout "masterful" beggars from all parts. The king and the bailies gave regular license and badges to respectable beggars, but the "outland beggars" continued to infest the city for generations, notwithstanding the severest measures taken with them. The recognised beggars were chiefly the king's "bedemen," who, in return for their prayers on his behalf, were provided, on the anniversary of every royal birthday, with a web of blue cloth for a new gown to each, a roll of bread, a stoup of ale, and a leather purse containing as many pennies as the king had

passed years of his life. This annual alms was distributed to the honourable fraternity of *Blue Gowns*, at the close of service held in St. Giles Church, and latterly in Canongate Church. The practice was kept up till the beginning of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The privileges of this class of beggars were fully recognised in town and country, and they found it their interest, as pensioners, to be on their good behaviour. But the unlicensed mendicants were a serious nuisance. The preamble of an Act of the Privy Council, in 1551, describes them as "having their resets in some parts of the Cowgate, Canongate, Potterow, West Port, Pleasance, and Leith Wynd, where they ordinarily convene every night, and pass their time in all kind of riot and filthy lechery." By day, they are said to present themselves in great companies in the principal streets; to "lie all day on the causey of the Canongate, and with shameful exclamations and cursings, not only extort almous, but by their other misbehaviour fashes and wearies His Majesty's subjects, sae that hardly ony man can walk upon the streets, nor yet stand and confer upon the streets, nor under stairs, but they are impeshit by numbers of beggars." The penalties enacted, and often enforced, were, burning on the cheek, scourging, fines, putting in shackles, banishment to Barbadoes or Carolina, and death itself. Yet, all the time of the Stuarts, beggary continued to thrive. So long as war and insurrection were so much the occupation of the nation, it could not be otherwise.

While touching on the police of the city, another aspect cannot be omitted, though there is no temptation to dwell upon it. A truth's a truth: Edinburgh, in past times, was not a savoury city. Not only was it destitute, like most other cities, of any trace of the modern arrangements suggested indoors and outdoors for decency, but it seems to have had a bad pre-eminence in its absolute disregard of public health and decorum. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, Dunbar, in his "Address to the Merchants of Edinburgh," gives this pungent description of the state of things:—

"May nane pass throw your principal gates,  
For stink of haddocks and of scates."

Several ordinances of the Provost and bailies require the inhabitants to keep their swine from wandering and foraging through the streets and vennels; and on occasion of royal progresses and other high days, this was peremptorily insisted upon, under severe penalty, for the "commoun proffeitt and honesty of this burch." These animals were commonly kept beneath the outside stairs which abutted on the street. The magistrates made no objection to that; they

only required that they should not be allowed to have the freedom of the burgh in wandering where they pleased. The Privy Council found it necessary to come to the aid of the magistrates in preventing the streets and closes being covered with middens, and in 1619 they appointed "every neichbour of the toun to keipp the streittis fornent his awin dwelling clean." But down till the middle of last century, it was the regular practice for the inhabitants, as soon as the clock struck ten, to throw all their household nuisance out of the window. Any passenger who had occasion to walk abroad at that time was expected, as he walked, to call out "Haud yer haun," or take his chance of the showers that were flying. One easily understands how Edinburgh should have been so often visited and ravaged by *the plague* during several centuries.

It must be remembered that while the magistrates often enacted excellent police regulations, there were, until the nineteenth century was somewhat advanced, no sure means of seeing that these regulations were enforced. The town-guard, or "toon rats" as they were latterly called, was the only body on whom the magistrates for three centuries could depend to carry out their municipal will. That venerable corps was enrolled in the year of Flodden, 1513, and continued till 1817. The guard consisted latterly of about 200 old soldiers, most of them over sixty, utterly unfit for ordinary police duty. The gude toon had been so long accustomed to war's alarms that their only notion of keeping the peace or administering city affairs was military. The one municipal regulation from which for centuries there was no escape was that made 19th August, 1524, by which "the provest, baillies, counsall, and committee ordains all the nychtbouris of this burgh, craftismen, and vtheris till forgather in thair best array bodin for weir, at Monenday or ony vther day neidful, till pass with my Lord Provest to make the Kingis Grace service, and to convene at the Nether Bow, vnder the pane of ane vnlaw, and forgather hastelie betwix the Tolbuith and the mele mercatt at the clynk of the commoun bell, till awayt vpon my Lord Provest for the stanching of truble, gif it sall happin, vnder the pane of ilk persoun that beis away of escheit of all thair guidis."

The town suffered also, as a municipality at least, from chronic impecuniosity. Several of the monarchs, and especially James VI., threw upon the city heavy charges which should have come out of the royal pocket or the national exchequer. For example, when the old Tolbooth was found, in 1561, to be in a ruinous condition, and the municipality were required by the Queen to repair it, and provide Parliament and Court-houses for the whole kingdom, their Records are full, for months, of contrivances for raising money or materials for the purpose. The Master of the Works is ordered "gyf the tymmer of the Auld Tolbuith



OLD TOLBOOTH (SOUTH FRONT.)

will serve for the wark o' the New Tolbuith, to take the same as may serve." This led to a furious complaint by the tenants of the neighbouring booths that the Master of the Work was "takand away the jeistis above their buthis, quhilk jeistis had been bocht be thame, and led thair, and was thair awin propir guddis." Afterwards, as there was no money to pay for stones, an order is given to take the stones of the chapel in the Nether Kirk Yard. Next come forced taxation, borrowing money on the town mills, and threats from the builder to give up the work, "becaus he had oft and diverse tymes requyrit money, and could get nane."

Even the town pipers, in old times, could only get their fee by an ordinance (15th August, 1483) handing them over to the lieges:—"The quhilk day the provest, baillies, counsale, and deikynis of the toune ordanis that the commoun pypeirs of the toune be feyit for the honour of the toune, on this wyse: that thai sall pass to all honest persounis of substance that may sustene the same, and tak thair meitt of ilk ane of thame ane day of bouyt, and hip nane; and gif thai tak wedge, that thai sustene thame selff thairvpon that day; and at the persoun that gevis thame not thair meitt gif to thame ixd. on the day, that is, to ilk pyper ijd. at the leist."

#### CHAPTER V.—SOCIAL HABITS AND RECREATIONS.

WHEN inquiring into the domestic and social habits of the citizens of ancient Edinburgh it is natural to begin with their house accommodation. Up till the reign of Robert II., the first of the Stuarts, there was nothing in Edinburgh to dignify with the name of architecture, for not much of St. Giles' Church was built by that time, and St. Margaret's Chapel, besides being a small affair, was not in the city proper. The Abbey of Holyrood was then, and for long after, outside of the city, and the Scotch nobility had not begun to build houses for themselves in the capital. When houses a little better than the original one-storey thatched huts began to be built, the first advance was a strongly-built ground flat, with a frail superstructure of timber, having a balcony or open gallery in front, something like the covered passages of Chester, but not so deep. This balcony long remained a feature of Edinburgh houses, and was sometimes placed over an arcade of stone or wooden pillars in front of the ground flat. The last example of these arcades and balconies remained in Lawnmarket and Cowgate, and have recently been removed. The next stage of progress exhibited houses of three storeys, of which the lower was of stone, and the two upper

storeys of wood. About the middle of the sixteenth century, the constant wars with England drove many into the city for security, and in order to keep within the protection of the walls, flat was piled upon flat, in the style of the houses in Paris, from which, and from the Low Countries, the Edinburgh builders got any notion of architecture which they had.

The French ambassadors, and others who occasionally visited the Court of their ancient ally, have left on record their disgust at the miserable poverty of the accommodation afforded them in the chief city of Scotland. In the reign of David II., when there was a large embassy accompanied with a body of soldiers, in prospect of war with England, many of the French nobility and gentry were obliged to seek quarters elsewhere—some of them as far away as Dunfermline—because there was no house accommodation fit for them—no proper beds, no tapestry or other covering for the walls, and no decent food. As the nobles began to erect houses for themselves, for the convenience of attending the Court, matters began to improve. Some of the houses of the nobility were handsomely and artistically decorated, their tables were furnished with silver plate, their households clothed in brave attire, and entertained with sumptuous fare; French wines, especially, were cheap and abundant, and used freely by the craftsmen as well as by the merchants and nobility. When the Patriarch of Venice arrived in Edinburgh, as Papal Legate, to prevent, if possible, the contemplated marriage of Queen Mary with Prince Edward of England, among other “magnificent civilities” which he said he received, a banquet was given him by the Earl of Murray, of which Leslie, in his History of Scotland, gives the following account:—“Although he had great store of all kind of silver work, yet nevertheless, for the greater magnificence, he set forth a cupboard furnished with all sorts of glasses of the finest chrystal that could be made; and to make the said Patriarch to understand that there was great abundance thereof in Scotland, he caused one of his servants, as it had been by sloth and negligence, pull down the cupboard cloth, so that all the whole chrystal suddenly were cast down to the earth and broken; wherewith the Patriarch was very sorry, but the Earl suddenly caused bring another cupboard better furnished with fine chrystal nor that was; which the Patriarch praised, as well for the magnificence of the Earl as for the fineness of the chrystal, affirming that he never did see better in Venice, where he himself was born.” No doubt the Legate was trying to make himself agreeable; nevertheless, the nobles, at anyrate, must by this time have learned to emulate their peers in more wealthy countries.

Indeed, by the year 1457 luxury had made such progress as to bring down upon the citizens of Edinburgh an Act of Parliament requiring them, “that they

make their wives and daughters gang correspondant for thair estate ; that is to say, on thair heids short curches, with little hudes ; and as to thair gownes, that nae women weare mertrickes nor letteas, nor tailles unfit in length, nor furred under, bot on the Halie-day." Queen Mary gave an impulse to luxury of dress and of house accommodation. She brought with her from France arras hangings, carpets, and various kinds of household furniture previously almost unknown in Scotland, and her courtiers so soon learned to dress in French fashion that the Reformers of the Church felt called upon to denounce the innovation. Sir David Lindsay had previously lashed the fashionable follies of the dress of his period in a satire which contains these lines—

" That every lady of the land  
Sude have hir taille so syde trailland ;  
Quhare ever they go it may be sene  
How kirk and calsay they soup clene."

Edinburgh, as has already appeared in our Historical Sketch, had its public amusements and recreations from a very early date, in the form of Robin Hood PLAYS, and such like. The performance of "Mysteries," or sacred plays degenerating into profanity and buffoonery, was also common ; and so were the Saturnalia of the Abbot of Unreason. It was not till about the middle of the sixteenth century that anything like the regular drama found a footing in Edinburgh, and the first playground was in the open air, in the valley between Greenside and the Calton Hill. There several of Sir David Lindsay's plays were acted in presence of great crowds, and M'Crie attributes the rapid spread of the Reformation partly to the preparation which the minds of the people had received from such spectacles. That they were popular may be supposed from the length of time some of the plays occupied in the performance. On one occasion, we are told, the Queen-regent sat patiently nine hours on the bank, to witness "The Pleasant Satire" of Sir David Lindsay. The Reformers rather encouraged the drama, so long as the plays were of this character, but they soon set their faces against it as an evil influence. James VI., in 1592, took a company of English players under his patronage, and there is reason to believe that Shakespeare was one of the company who performed at the Tennis Court, Holyrood, in 1601. There is no doubt he was in Edinburgh about that time, on his way farther north. Ben Jonson was also at Edinburgh in the winter of 1618-19, on the occasion of his visit to his brother poet, Drummond of Hawthornden.

Not till after the Restoration is there any further record of theatricals in Edinburgh, but the Tennis Court was again fitted up for the purpose during the

residence of the Duke of York at Holyrood, and, for the first time in Scotland, women were among the actors. In 1714 the tragedy of Macbeth was performed in the Tennis Court.

The first theatre in the city proper was fitted up by a Signora Violante, an Italian, at the foot of Carrubber's Close, in the year 1727. The Presbytery did all they could to discourage the innovation, and the magistrates forbade the performance, but the Signora was a determined woman, and obtained from the Court of Session a suspension of the magistrates' interdict. The house in Carrubber's Close was afterwards reconstructed by Allan Ramsay, but in his hands it was by no means a success. From this time, every two or three years Edinburgh was visited by some strolling company, the place of performance being the Tailors' Hall in the Cowgate.

The first house built solely for the representation of stage plays was in Canongate (Playhouse Close), in 1746, where Home's tragedy of Douglas was brought out, and patronised by numbers of the



PLAYHOUSE CLOSE.

“Moderate” clergy as well as the public. Home was tried by his presbytery, and cut short the trial by resigning his pastoral charge. The Canongate Theatre having been opened in the year of the Rebellion, and before angry passions had subsided, was the scene of several performances not contemplated in the programme, and which nearly ended in real tragedies. On the anniversary of the battle of Culloden, 1749, certain military gentlemen called out to the orchestra to play *Culloden*. There was an immediate storm of indignation, and the musicians were demanded, from all parts of the house, to play “You're welcome, Charlie Stuart,”—which they did. Several of the officers attacked the orchestra sword in hand, and drove them from the stage. They

were immediately assailed in turn by missiles of all descriptions, the occupants of the galleries breaking up the seats and pitching them at the officers. The latter left the stage only to attack the gallery, sword in hand; but the occupants barricaded the doors, and the Highland chairmen, hearing what was going on, made such a serious rear attack with their poles that the zealots for the Hanoverian dynasty had to surrender at discretion.

In 1769 a new theatre was erected in Shakespeare Square, at that time part of the Orphans' Hospital Park, where George Whitefield used to preach. The

building remained till 1859 when it was demolished, to provide a site for the new General Post-Office. This theatre was also the scene of a memorable row, in 1794. Several Irish medical students led a demonstration in favour of the French Republic. The loyal majority thereupon insisted that the orchestra should play "God save the King," and that the whole audience should stand with hats off. The musicians performed their part, but the young Irishmen and others would neither stand nor uncover. On the following Saturday both parties returned, armed with heavy sticks, to settle their differences. The loyal party were chiefly led by officers of the Argyll Fencibles, and Sir Walter Scott, then a youth, who had just passed advocate, was also conspicuous on the same side. No life was lost, but many of the combatants were seriously injured, and carried the marks and other consequences of the fray to their dying day. Mrs. Siddons acted in this theatre, and attracted immense crowds; among others, many clerical members of the General Assembly: when that Court was in session, its hours of business were regulated to suit the hours of the play. The Adelphi Theatre was erected originally as a circus in 1790, at the head of Leith Walk, where the Theatre Royal now is. There are now three theatres in Edinburgh, and a circus. In a past generation it was claimed for Edinburgh that the habitués of the theatre were more intelligent critics than in any other part of the three kingdoms, not excluding London. However that may be, there is not much scope for criticism, now. What is called the legitimate drama is hardly known now in Edinburgh; spectacles, ballets, and pantomimes are almost the only performances at any of the theatres.

The opera is more popular among the upper classes than the theatre, and the concert, now as ever, has special attractions for Edinburgh audiences. The Scotch have always been a musical people. Not to speak of the early songs and ballads, of which we have traces as far back as the reign of Alexander III., in the fifteenth century, the rules of composition and the science of music seem to have been well known in Edinburgh. James I. was not only a poet but accomplished in the art of music, in the theory, as well as in his performance on the harp. James IV., at his first marriage in Holyrood, "played of the clary-cordes, and after of the lute." The bagpipe was a familiar instrument in the Lowlands and in England before it was known in the Highlands, and the city of Edinburgh had its official pipers. The instrument they used was not, however, what is called the great Highland bagpipe, blown by the mouth; it resembled the Irish bagpipe. James I. gave some attention to church music, before the Reformation; he introduced organs and improved the choral service. After the Reformation, the Protestant clergy were still more zealous, now that the praise

was to be offered, not by choral deputies, but by the whole congregation. In 1590, a collection of "Godly and Spiritual Sanges" was printed at Edinburgh by Andro Hart, in which profane songs, much in the mouths of the people, were adopted as regards the music, and altered as regards the words. The Psalter was printed, set to music, and, as books were dear, one copy was made to supply four persons. The soprano and alto staves were printed as usual, but the tenor and bass parts were printed upside down, so that the two female singers could look on together on one side of the choir table, and the tenor and bass singers could look on together on the other side of the table. The mass of the people, it would appear from tradition, were capable of singing in parts, and sang together, in full harmony, the 124th and other psalms suitable to public occasions. There was a lamentable decline in musical taste and performance, so far as psalmody is concerned, until some forty years ago, when attention was again directed to that important part of Divine service.

But the Concert has long been known and appreciated in Edinburgh. In the "Transactions" of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland there is preserved a "Plan of a Grand Concert of Music, performed at Edinburgh on St. Cecilia's Day, 1695." The orchestra consisted of thirty performers, of whom nineteen were amateurs and the others professionals. Concerts were held frequently before and after this date, and in March, 1728, a Musical Society was instituted for the performance of weekly concerts. These were held in St. Mary's Chapel, a building long since demolished; but in 1762, a concert room was erected at the foot of Niddry Street. The plans were drawn by Sir Robert Milne, the architect of the old Blackfriars Bridge, after the model of the opera-theatre in Parma. It was a handsome building, as may still be seen by any one curious enough to inspect it. It was afterwards transformed into the "Free Masons' Hall," and that designation may be seen on the Cowgate front by the passenger who looks down upon it from the South Bridge open arch. Handel was the favourite composer in the days of St. Cecilia Hall, and gradually the amateur element disappeared, and the performances were left to professionals. After the weekly concert in St. Cecilia Hall was given up, subscription concerts were held in Corri's Rooms (the Adelphi), in the Assembly Rooms, George Street; then weekly, for some years, in the Waterloo Rooms; and now in the Music Hall frequently during the winter season.

**DANCING**, which naturally follows music, must have made early progress as an art in Scotland, for various kinds of dancing are referred to in James I.'s "Peblis to the Play;" and in the "Complaynt of Scotland," printed at Edinburgh in 1548, there is a description of a dance in a ring, where "evyrie

ald scheiphyrd led his vyfe be the hand, and evyrie zong scheipherd led hyr quhome he luffit best." Thirty different dances are named in the "Complaynt," and the author says, "It was ane celest recreation to behold ther lycht lopene, galmondng, stendling, backward and forduart, dansand base dancis, panuans, galzardis, tardions, braulis and branglis, buffons, vitht mony vthir lycht dancis, the quhilk are ouer prolix to be rehersit." Queen Mary introduced balls and masquerades at Holyrood, and the Duke of York, in 1681 and 1682, renewed these revels. A regular Assembly was first established in Edinburgh in 1710, in what is now known as the Old Assembly Close, in the High Street. Afterwards, in succession, the Assemblies were held in the West Bow, Bell's Wynd, Buccleuch Place, and George Street. Very strict discipline was maintained in the Bell's Wynd Rooms, about the middle of last century, by the Hon. Miss Nicky Murray, sister of the Earl of Mansfield. The gentlemen had to settle with a partner for the year, by ballot, and until the lady directress set the ball a-going, the ladies and gentlemen had to seat themselves and keep themselves at opposite ends of the room.

The gentlemen at least compensated themselves for the dull decorum of their dancing parties by ruder sports elsewhere—cock-fighting, horse-racing, tennis, football, golf, and archery. Tennis was played in Edinburgh in a court built for the purpose near Holyrood. It was always an aristocratic game, and after the return of the Duke of York to England it ceased to be known. Football and golf are very old games in Edinburgh. The latter is a peculiarly Scotch game, suggested, probably, by the numerous downs or "links" of short, springy turf found in most parts of the country near the shore. So popular were both of these sports in ancient times, that they were prohibited by Act of Parliament in the reign of James II., because they interfered with the more necessary festival of "weapon-schawing." For generations football went out of fashion, until it was, of late years, reintroduced from England in a more scientific form than of yore. But golf has always been popular, and in 1744 received a local habitation and a name in Edinburgh as The Company of Golfers, under the patronage of the Town Council, who at that time presented a silver club to be annually played for by the members of the Company. Golf is a good old-gentlemanly game, by which citizens beyond their prime may "nobly rax their leather wi' sma' fatigue;" and it was so highly appreciated that until the early part of the present century it was quite a common thing for merchants in the Lawnmarket, High Street, and Bridges to shut their shops for an hour or two in the forenoon to have a turn round the Links at their favourite pastime. The one Company of Golfers has now increased into many,—too many for the comfort and safety of the south-side

inhabitants, who are exposed to considerable risks while crossing Bruntsfield Links, now in the midst of a large population.

Occasionally "the roaring game" of curling is seen upon Duddingston Loch during a long frost; but this national sport has always found more scope for its exercise in the country than in the town. There is an Edinburgh Skating Club.

Archery was little known, or practised to little purpose in Scotland previous to the reign of James I. But that monarch, during his captivity in England, had leisure to reflect upon this and many other things for the benefit of his country. On his return he procured an Act of Parliament enjoining all his subjects, from twelve years of age and upwards, to apply themselves to this exercise; bow butts were ordered to be set up in every parish, and a bowmaker was established in the principal town of every county. A fine of a wedder was imposed upon every one who did not attend the archery meetings. The ancient records of the Royal Company of Archers having been accidentally destroyed, the precise date of the institution of this ancient corps is not known, but it is believed to have been organised by James I. as his bodyguard, and it still claims and is allowed the privilege of acting as the royal bodyguard within six miles of the capital.

There are traces of horse-racing in Scotland as early as 1550. The Edinburgh Races were for many years held on Leith Sands, where the new docks now are. In 1816 they were removed to Musselburgh Links, where the turf affords better racing ground. There is better sport at Musselburgh, probably, than at Leith in olden times, and certainly more gambling. But the old Leith Races bulked more largely in the city life. They were under the direct patronage of the Magistrates and Town Council, and one of the city officers, surrounded by a detachment of the city-guard, marched down Leith Walk with the purse presented by the city on the top of a long pole ornamented with streaming ribbons. A great crowd always accompanied this procession, and those of the inhabitants who could not join in, made a point of being at the north end of Moultrie's Hill—now Little King Street,—to see the holiday-makers return in the evening. There was unlimited license for drinking booths on the sands on these occasions, and so the home-coming was a sight. The revellers were of Dr. Johnson's mind, that when a man got drunk it was shabby to slink home without affording his friends any diversion at his expense.

Cock-fighting was long a favourite pastime in Edinburgh. A regular cockpit was erected on Leith Links in 1702, where the public were admitted to see the matches at prices designed to permit all classes to enjoy the spectacle. But the passion for cock-fighting was so general that the magistrates had to interdict the practice on the streets because of the disturbances thus occasioned.

## CHAPTER VI.—DRINKING CUSTOMS.

HARD drinking has long been a conspicuous feature of Edinburgh life, though, happily, not to the same extent now as in bygone years. Last century was the period when tavern dissipation was most prevalent in Edinburgh. It is true that in much earlier times there were enactments against late carousings in public-houses; as in the time of James VI., when the Council enacted that all persons be prohibited from being in such places after ten at night, under penalty according to the degree of their offence, and that vintners who keep house open so late be fined 10d. each. But this does not necessarily imply any great excess, for the magistrates in those days interfered with much that their successors consider beyond their province; and this ordinance itself mentions as one of the reasons for putting a stop to late revels that these are a "great hindrance to sober persons in their worshipping of God, in secret and in their families." As an example of the like paternal care by the magistrates for the morals of the citizens, we may add that about the same time they ordered, under penalty, that every house in the city should have a Bible, and that all the shops in the city should be shut on Wednesdays and Fridays, when all should go to church, under accumulating penalties for first, second, and third offences. Commercial morality was also guarded by penalties such as would be "eye-openers" to defaulters in the present generation. "Dyvours" (insolvent debtors) had not only to undergo the ordeal of the pillory in a public place during business hours, but after passing through this experience, were required to wear a yellow bonnet, that all men might know what they were, and give them a wide berth in business matters. So late as 1742 the Edinburgh Town Council forbade standing on the streets on the Lord's Day, or taking diversion by walking before, between, or after sermons.

It is not very easy to account for the fact of conviviality, private and public, becoming so much more common in the eighteenth century, the very period when the city began to acquire reputation as the home of letters. One reason probably was the recoil from the Puritanic regime of the seventeenth century, encouraged by the free manners of the "moderate" clergy. When we read of that jolly old pagan, the Rev. Dr. Carlyle of Inveresk, joking about an "occult quality" which his pious parishioners called "the grace of God;" and when we read of his description of a "constitution which could stand the conviviality of the times," we cannot wonder that it should have been, "like priest like people."

There is a well authenticated story told of a young parish minister of those times, who, late in the evening after his ordination dinner, suggested that it was time for him to go, in order that he might have family worship. The idea was received with shouts of laughter—"Bring in the Jeroboam, and we'll teach him something else than that." Jeroboam, in the clerical slang of the period, was the name for a jar or greybeard of whisky, because it "made Israel to sin." Another source of excessive drinking was the absurd extent to which the practice of proposing toasts and sentiments was carried at fashionable dinner and supper tables. When the tables were cleared for the wine, there were rounds of toasts, each lady being required to name an absent gentleman, and each gentleman an absent lady. There was no escape for any; if not prepared for a toast, a sentiment had to be given, and those who had no imagination, or no familiarity with the stock phrases produced on such occasions, shrank from dinners as from social torture. Cockburn tells of a dominie, who, finding no evasion for him, gave as a sentiment, "The reflection of the moon in the *caum* bosom of the lake."

But a still more powerful incentive to drinking was the introduction, about this time, of the club system as a mode of social intercourse. Most of these clubs, even where commenced under better auspices, degenerated into drinking parties. They were very numerous. The Cape Club was one of the earliest, being formed in 1763. Then followed the Antemanum Club; the Pious (pie-house); the Spendthrift Club (which originally supped and drank at a cost of five pence each); the Boar Club; the Hell-fire Club (a vile association of profane young men); the Sweating Club; the Dirty Club; the Black Wigs; the Odd Fellows; the Bonnet Lairds; the Caledonian Club; the Union Club; the Lawnmarket Club.

But the clubs had their regular times of meeting, and the drink appetite was not to be satisfied with indulgence only on stated occasions. Taverns were in request at all hours of the day. The "Meridian" was a settled institution, which, so far as it pertained to the writers and writers' clerks of the Court of Session, is thus described by Sir Walter Scott—

"They might be seen to turn fidgetty about the hour of noon, and exchange looks with each other from their separate desks, till at length some one of formal and dignified presence assumed the honour of leading the band; when away they went, threading the crowd like a string of wild fowl, crossed the square or close, and following each other into the coffee-house, drank the meridian, which was placed ready at the bar. This they did, day by day; and though they did not speak to each other, they seemed to attach a certain degree of sociability to performing the ceremony in company."

The judges on the bench, as well as the officials before it, had their meridian

refresher, in the shape of a bottle of port and a biscuit placed beside them, and which they disposed of, in open Court, in the proportion of Falstaff's halfpenny worth of bread to his gallon of sack. And at night, as all readers of "Guy Mannering" are aware, the conviviality of the senators of the College of Justice was unbounded. A client of Lord Newton, when he was at the bar as Mr. Hay, called upon him one day at four o'clock, and being informed that he was at dinner, said he thought five had been Mr. Hay's dinner hour. "So it is," said the servant, "but it's his yesterday's dinner he's at." Of another Saturday night party of lawyers, it is recorded the host was seen at eleven o'clock on Sabbath forenoon, showing out his guests as people were going to church, carrying a lighted candle in his hand, and admonishing his friends to "tak' care; there's twa steps."

The Parliament House has long had a good deal to do with leading the fashion in Edinburgh; and so it may be understood that other professions, merchants, and trades were equally loose in their social habits. A visitor to Johnnie Dowie's tavern, a famous howff in Libberton Wynd, entered a small room where he saw a heap of living humanity snoring upon the floor, and on asking who they were, was quietly told by Johnnie, "Juist twa-three o' Sir Willie's drucken clerks,"—that is, clerks in Sir William Forbes's bank. Dowie's tavern, sometimes known as "Dowie's College," was the most famous of its day. By some accounts it was here that Burns had the revel with Willie Nichol and Allan Masterton, which he celebrated in the song—"Willie brewed a peck o' maut." The society the poet found in Edinburgh confirmed him in his unhappy predilection for jovial meetings. He had previously indulged in drinking in the name of good fellowship; and now in Edinburgh he found it placed under the sanction of law, literature, and even divinity. The nobles of the land as well as the common people found their chief enjoyment in the public house. Lord Cockburn has a graphic description of a convivial meeting between the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Advocate Dundas, and other Midlothian magnates, who met together in a low public-house for a jollification. Cockburn was brought to the place as a boy, with a relative, and he thus describes the scene—

"We found them roaring, and singing, and laughing, in a low-roofed room scarcely large enough to hold them, with wooden chairs and a sanded floor. When their own lacqueys, who were carrying on high life in the kitchen, did not choose to attend, the masters were served by two women. There was plenty of wine, particularly claret, in rapid circulation on the table; but my eye was chiefly attracted by a huge bowl of hot whisky punch, the steam of which was almost dropping from the roof, while the odour was enough to perfume the whole parish. We were called in and made to partake, and were very kindly used, particularly by my uncle, Harry Dundas. How they did joke and laugh! with songs, and toasts, and disputation, and no want

of practical fun. I don't remember anything they said, and probably did not understand it. But the noise, and the heat, and the uproarious mirth—I think I hear and feel them yet. My father was in the chair; and he having gone out for a little, one of us boys was voted into his place, and the boy's health was drank, with all the honours, as "the young convener. Hurra! hurra! may he be a better man than his father! hurra! hurra!" I need not mention that they were all in a state of elevation; though there was nothing like absolute intoxication, so far as I could judge."

The lowest depth of this debauchery has yet to be stated. Ladies, recognised as such by birth and station, had their tavern orgies as well as the gentlemen. Oyster cellars were places of more licentious behaviour than even the taverns. Johnnie Dowie and other popular hosts, would often take it upon them to refuse more drink to those whom they thought had enough, and would even order them off the premises when milder remonstrances were unavailing. When that happened, the toppers who were cut short in their career betook themselves to the oyster cellars, the equivalent of the "shebeens" under the Forbes Mackenzie Act, and in these "laigh shops," the customers could drink themselves into any degree of intoxication they pleased. It was to these low places that the "fast" ladies of those days repaired for their indulgence, and freedom of speech and action were common there between the sexes, in broad contrast to the pedantic proprieties of Lady Nicky Murray's public assemblies. Robert Chambers preserves an anecdote of a party of three ladies, who had a merry-meeting one night in a tavern near the Cross, where they sat till a very late hour. It was bright moonlight, which guided their unsteady steps and aided their confused vision. They got on pretty well till they came to the Tron Church, where the moonshine threw the shadow of the steeple directly across the street from one side to the other. The ladies, mistaking this for a river, sat down on the margin, took off their shoes and stockings, *kilted* their lower garments, and proceeded to wade through to the opposite side. So far as can be traced, drunkenness was more common in those times among the aristocracy than among the masses, who had not the presumption to become "drunk as a lord," except upon special occasions. Even at the high-class concerts, such as were held in St. Cecilia Hall, for hours after the performance the company sat proposing and drinking toasts. Still more singular, the members of religious societies often—some of them, habitually—finished their business with a social glass. Meetings of kirk-session or kirk-managers, were sometimes held in a public-house. Up to the beginning of the present century, the managers of that excellent institution, the Edinburgh Destitute Sick Society, concluded their business with a prayer meeting, and after that adjourned to a public-house for a few glasses of toddy. Dr. Abercromby, who was a little in

advance of his day as a philanthropist, on one of these occasions said : "Brethren, I like all your proceedings, and especially your prayer meeting, but I don't like this house you go to, afterwards ;" whereupon one of the brethren replied : "Oh, but, Doctor, we'll change the hoose." It never occurred to him that the Doctor could object to an orthodox dram ; he supposed that the Doctor might have some favourite howff of his own, where the drink was better. The anniversary of George III.'s birthday, during the sixty years of his reign, was celebrated by the Town Council of Edinburgh in the Parliament House, where 1500 leading citizens assembled, in by no means orderly fashion, to testify their loyalty by deep drinking, the bill being paid out of the city funds. Cockburn says that they "persevered to a late hour, roaring, drinking, toasting, and quarrelling ;" and that "they made the court stink for a week, with the wreck and the fumes of that hot and scandalous night." Though not in such a deliberate and demonstrative way, there was also a good deal of steady drinking among the working classes, in a way which would now be thought preposterous. Elderly Edinburgh citizens can remember when it was an ordinary thing for the youngest apprentice in a large workshop to have it for his almost exclusive occupation to carry gills of whisky and pots of ale to the journeymen and older apprentices, during the whole working day. And sometimes they would agree to knock off work, for an hour or two in an afternoon or evening, to have a *gaudeamus* in a big semi-circle round the fire. It is difficult for people who observe the amount of drinking which still prevails to believe that matters were ever worse. But temperance reformers should admit the undoubted fact of improvement, for it is an encouragement for them to persevere.

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#### CHAPTER VII.—LITERATURE AND ART.

ANY taste of literature received in the other towns of Scotland, had its principal origin in the Universities. Edinburgh is not indebted for entrance on its literary career to its university, which was not founded for more than a hundred years after St. Andrews and Glasgow, and more than sixty years subsequent to Aberdeen. The Reformation and **THE ART OF PRINTING** have the chief credit of starting the Scottish metropolis upon the path which was to lead her to a prominence in the republic of letters, remarkable in view of the early poverty of its people, and its remoteness from the prime centres of art and scholarship.

It is true that James I., whose captivity in England proved eventually a blessing to himself and his country in many ways—made some attempt to commend the sweets of philosophy to his turbulent nobles, by settling some learned monks in Edinburgh and elsewhere. And the citizens of Edinburgh co-operated with their accomplished monarch, by building for their reception a magnificent convent, which partly served the purpose of a Pro-University till the dissolution of the religious houses at the Reformation. (The house occupied by these friars of orders grey was on the south side of the Grassmarket, almost opposite the foot of the West Bow, and the gardens belonging to it were soon after converted into the burial-place known as Greyfriars Churchyard). But the friars were unable to make literature or philosophy attractive to the young Scottish nobility, and no attempt whatever was made to instruct the common people, except such of them as gave themselves to the service of the Church.

The first printers in Edinburgh were Mr. Walter Chepman and Mr. Andro Myllar. Chepman's name is best known, because he was the partner who provided the capital for the concern, and because, as Dean of Guild in the city, and a trusted officer at the Court of James IV., he was a prominent citizen and public man. Myllar was the practical printer. He had learned his business at Rouen, which, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, was the place where nearly all the liturgical books of the cathedral cities of England were printed on account of the English booksellers. He had himself printed a book there in 1505, now in the National Library at Paris. The patent granted by James IV. to his "lovitis servitouris Walter Chepman and Andro Myllar, burgessis of our burgh of Edinburgh," and "geven under our prive Sel at Edinburgh, the xv. day of September, and of our Regne the xxti yer" (1507, about thirty years after Caxton's printing-press had been established at Westminster), sets forth that these individuals "hes at our instance and request, for our pleasure, the honour and proffit of our Realme and Liegis, takin on thame to furnis and bring hame ane prent, with all stuff belangand thairto, and expert men to use the samyne, for imprenting within our realme of the bukis of our Lawis, actis of parliament, croniclis, mess bukis and portuns efter the use of our Realme, with addicions and legendis of Scottis sanctis, now gaderit to be ekit thairto, and al utheris bukis that salbe sene necessar," &c.

The first publication that issued from the press of Chepman & Myllar was a series of small quarto books, among which were "The Maying and Disport of Chaucer," "The Buke of Gude Counsale to the King," "The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy," &c. The type of these works and of the Aberdeen Breviary, printed 1509 and 1510, is of the Norman character, square black letter, but

mixed, as if the greater part of the fount had been imported from Rouen and supplemented by a rude type-casting machine by Myllar himself. The press was in the Cowgate, at the foot of Blackfriars Wynd. James IV. was a steady patron of the press. He was no mean scholar himself; spoke six languages, had a considerable library of printed and written books, and kept scribes to transcribe for him books of which he desired copies. He, and his successor, James V., exempted Chepman from the paying of stent, and granted him other special marks of favour, honorary and lucrative. Chepman, on his part, was grateful to his royal patrons, and in the last year of James IV. erected an aisle on the south side of St. Giles, and there endowed an altar for a priest to officiate and pray for the salvation of the souls of the king, the queen, for himself, his wife, and his deceased wife and other relations. Fifteen years later, he endowed a mortuary chapel in the lower part of the cemetery of St. Giles, the priest being enjoined to offer prayers as before, also for the soul of the reigning king, and "especially for the repose of the souls of the King, and nobles, and his faithful subjects who were slain at Flodden."

With the exception of the "Office of our Lady of Pity," printed by John Story, no books appear to have been printed in Edinburgh between 1510 and 1530, when Ballanden's translation of "Hector Boece" was, as the colophon indicates, "imprented in Edinburgh be Thomas Davidson, dwelling forment the Tryne Wynde," apparently in the former premises of Chepman & Myllar. By this time there were several printers in different parts of Scotland, but Davidson was appointed King's Printer, and solely authorised to print the Acts of Parliament. Lekpreuik was the next printer of note who established himself in Edinburgh, and from that time forward the number steadily increased. Basindane was the first who printed a Bible in English, in 1576. It was the Genevan translation, and was dedicated to James VI. Mannenby, in 1578, was the first who used Greek types. Henry Charteris, in 1582, printed for the University, but James Lindsay, in 1645, was the first who styled himself "Typographus Academicæ." Ruddiman, in 1715, is another Edinburgh printer, famous for his learning as well as for his proficiency in the typographic art. In 1728 he was appointed, in conjunction with James Davidson, a bookseller, to be joint printer to the University.

Smellie's printing office was the most famous of all during the last century. It stood in Anchor Close, where also were the headquarters of the "Crochallan Fencibles," a convivial club of which Smellie was the originator. In this establishment Burns corrected the proofs of the Edinburgh edition of his poems; and here also were printed the first editions of many of the works of Dr. Blair,

Dr. Robertson, Adam Ferguson, David Hume, Adam Smith, and Henry Mackenzie. James Ballantyne's printing office, where the Waverley Novels were printed, was in Paul's Work, the site of which, near the foot of Leith Wynd, is now occupied by the North British Railway.

Printing has been a leading industry of Edinburgh for now many years, and since the beginning of the present century a large proportion of the books



ANCHOR CLOSE.



PAUL'S WORK.

published in London are printed in this city. In 1763 there were four printing houses in Edinburgh; in 1790, twenty-one; in 1800, thirty; in 1805, forty, with 120 printing presses. Now there are considerably over 100 printing houses, and any one of the largest of these produces more printed matter than the whole of the 120 hand presses going in 1805. The number of persons in Edinburgh employed in printing offices, including compositors, machine minders, and folding girls (but excluding binders), is about 2800, of whom nearly 300 are female compositors.

**PUBLISHING** was originally part of the printing profession, but in course of last century became, in Edinburgh, so large an undertaking as to demand separate attention. The first publisher of note in Edinburgh was Allan Ramsay, the genial author of "The Gentle Shepherd." Allan was a barber originally, or wigmaker; but naturally gravitated, by force of inclination and circumstances, into bookselling and publishing. His shop was the sign of the Mercury, on the north side of High Street, opposite Niddry Street. His first adventure, as a

publisher, was an edition of James I.'s "Christ's Kirk on the Green," to which he added two cantos of his own. His own pieces he published as they were written, in pennyworths, and afterwards collected into a volume; in both forms they were very popular, especially "The Gentle Shepherd," which appeared in 1725. Allan gave a good deal of attention to the collection of old Scotch songs and ballads, and published two series of them under the title of "The Evergreen" and "The Tea-Table Miscellany." It gives one an idea of the morals of the period when songs so many of which are obscene, should have been recommended to family perusal under sanction of the tea-table. Allan was a prosperous man, and built himself a house, with a commanding view, on the north slope of the Castle Hill. His application for the site was poetical; he asked for as much ground as to put up a cage for his bird. His only unfortunate speculation was the theatre in Carrubber's Close, which was shut up by the magistrates in about a year after it was opened.

Ramsay's shop was latterly in the east front of the Luckenbooths, a pile of buildings standing in High Street, parallel to St. Giles' Church, and here he was succeeded by William Creech, whose name—"Creech's Land"—was given to the tenement.

Creech, who was a liberally educated and travelled man, conducted business here for forty-four years with energy and success. He published the Edinburgh edition of Burns' poems, and the poet and he were on familiar terms. On the occasion of a visit of Creech's to London, prolonged more than usual, Burns wrote his humorous poem, "Willie's Awa." Two or three verses will show, allowing for a little poetic license, the kind of position Creech occupied in Edinburgh.

"The brethren o' the Commerce Chaumer \*  
 May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour;  
 He was a dictionar and grammar  
   Among them a';  
 I fear they'll now mak' mony a stammer—  
   Willie's awa.

"Nae mair we see his levee door  
 Philosophers and poets pour,  
 And toothy critics by the score;  
   In bloody raw!  
 The adjutant o' a' the core,  
   Willie's awa.

"Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,  
 Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace;

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\* The Chamber of Commerce of Edinburgh, of which Creech was secretary.

Mackenzie, Stewart, sic a brace  
 As Rome ne'er saw ;  
 They a' maun meet some ither place,  
 Willie's awa."

The poet did not always feel so amiably towards the bibliopole. Creech was a miser, and is said to have been the only Lord Provost of Edinburgh who ever saved money off the official salary. He had not the heart to part with money till he was compelled, and it was his dilatoriness that kept the poor poet dangling in Edinburgh longer than was good for him, financially or morally. He did not get a settlement till he had written Creech a "keen frosty letter," as he describes it to a friend, to whom also he gives expression to his feelings in the characteristic words: "But what am I that I should speak against the Lord's anointed bailie o' Edinburgh." Creech was the publisher of the *Mirror and Lounger*, which continued from 1779 to 1787. He himself contributed short extracts to magazines and newspapers, which were afterwards collected into a volume entitled, "Creech's Fugitive Pieces." There is no literary merit in these productions, but they are interesting as pictures of the society of the period. He was one of the originators of the Speculative Society, which still exists in connection with the University. He died in January, 1815, in his seventieth year.

Archibald Constable was "the Napoleon of Letters" in Edinburgh. He was original and large-minded in his conceptions, enterprising in business, and liberal beyond all precedent in his dealings with authors. He began business as a bookseller in a small shop on the north side of High Street, in 1795, and, in November of that year, issued the first of a series of sale catalogues of rare and curious books, which attracted to his shop all the genuine book-hunters and literary men of the day. His first periodical publication was a quarterly *Farmer's Journal*, commenced in 1800. Next year, he became proprietor of the *Scots Magazine*, commenced in 1793. In October, 1802, he leaped into fame as the publisher of the *Edinburgh Review*, from that day to this, in the front rank of literary and critical journals. In 1805, he commenced the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*, which still exists; and, in the same year, in conjunction with Longman & Co., of London, he published "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and "Sir Tristrem." In 1807, he bought "Marmion," before a line of it was written, for £1000. In 1808, there was a quarrel between Constable and Scott, but the latter found himself in the wrong, and afterwards resumed the connection. So, in 1814, Constable brought out the first of the "Waverley Novels." In 1812, he had purchased the copyright and stock of the "Encyclopædia Britannica"; and in 1823, he removed his establish-

ment to 10 Princes Street. In 1826 he failed for over quarter of a million, owing to the suspension of his London agents, and to his own generosity in relieving the Ballantynes (and Sir Walter Scott) of the heavy stock accumulated in their hands. At the time of his bankruptcy he was projecting a series of volumes, "Constable's Miscellany." They were published in due course, but Mr. Constable died soon after their commencement, in the year 1827, at the age of fifty-three.

"Constable's Miscellany" was the first venture on a large scale to cultivate a taste for reading beyond the liberally-educated classes. In 1832, a much longer stride in the same direction was made by the publication of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, conducted by the brothers William and Robert Chambers. Thrown on their own resources as boys, the two brothers achieved an honourable independence, William supporting himself and saving money on a weekly apprentice wage of four shillings. Both were literary men and business men, but the business management gradually fell more into the hands of the elder brother, and the literary work into the hands of Robert. Before he was out of his teens, Robert brought out a small periodical called the *Kaleidoscope*, which was printed by William at an old press he had bought for a few shillings, and the larger types for which were made by himself with a penknife. Robert's next work was "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley," which was printed, bound, and published by William. Then followed the popular "Traditions of Edinburgh" and many other works, chiefly of local and national interest. The printing and publishing establishment of Messrs. Chambers is now one of the largest in the kingdom. William Chambers was elected Lord Provost of Edinburgh in 1865, and died in May, 1883, three days before St. Giles' Church had been reopened, after an internal restoration which he had carried out at the expense of over £30,000. William Chambers, in 1859, presented Peebles, his native town, with an extensive reading room, library, and museum. Robert Chambers died in 1870.

After Constable's bankruptcy, the *Edinburgh Review* and the "Encyclopædia Britannica" passed into the hands of Adam Black, who also subsequently acquired the copyright of the Waverley Novels from Cadell. The Encyclopædia was first published in 1771, in three volumes, under the editorship of William Smellie. It was the firm of Adam and Charles Black who gave it the importance it now enjoys. Adam Black was Lord Provost of the city from 1843 to 1848, and Member of Parliament for a few years, in succession to Lord Macaulay.

Thomas Nelson did for theological what Constable and Chambers did for secular literature. The works of the Puritan Divines, of Paley, Robert Newton, and other evangelical writers, were published by him at prices unprecedentedly low. The firm, now presided over by his sons, William and Thomas, continues

to give considerable attention to religious literature, but has become still more noted for the elegance of its publications, in printing, illustration, and general style. Old Mr. Nelson began his business as a bookseller in an old shop overhung and overshadowed by a tenement at the head of the West Bow, with a projecting wooden front. The business is now conducted in extensive premises at St. Leonard's, giving employment to some six hundred workpeople.

A mere enumeration must suffice for other Edinburgh publishing houses. Bell & Bradfute, the oldest of them, still exists, chiefly as a law-publishing concern. William Blackwood, who started the magazine which still bears his name, was an apprentice with Bell & Bradfute. He started *Maga* in 1817, at No. 17 Princes Street, now occupied by Andrew Elliot, bookseller. Oliver & Boyd are best known by their *Edinburgh Almanac*. T. & T. Clark are of repute as publishers of theological works, including many translations from German authors. Maclachlan & Stewart are medical publishers. Their shop, opposite the College, was that in which Blackwood commenced business. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier publish standard religious works, and many popular stories of a wholesome character. Gall & Inglis are publishers of Sabbath-school and other works. W. & A. K. Johnston are of repute as map publishers. Nimmo, Hay & Mitchell produce British classics in a popular series.

The *old* bookselling trade began with Constable and William Laing, the father of David Laing, LL.D., the most accomplished antiquarian scholar and editor of the century, and librarian of the Signet Library, from 1837 till his death in 1878. Ogle & Murray followed the Laings, as old booksellers, in 49 South Bridge. The oldest establishments of this kind now in Edinburgh are Stillie's in George Street, and Stevenson's in Frederick Street; Thin's, in South Bridge and Greyfriars' Place, is the largest.

Edinburgh is indebted to Oliver Cromwell for its first newspaper. When Cromwell had fortified Leith, he settled Christopher Higgins in that town, in 1652, and Higgins immediately commenced the reprint and republication of "A Diurnal of Some Passages and Affairs," for the information chiefly of the English soldiers. *Mercurius Politicus*, also a London Paper, began to be printed in Leith, in 1653, and on the following year it was transferred to Edinburgh, where it was continued till 1660, when it was transformed into the *Mercurius Publicus*. The first purely Scotch newspaper appeared in Edinburgh on the 31st December, 1660, under the title of *Mercurius Caledonius*. The *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, deceased in 1885, was established in December, 1718, by Daniel Defoe; and the *Caledonian Mercury*, in 1720. This paper had a long existence—nearly a century and a-half. The principal newspapers remaining in

Edinburgh, are the *Scotsman*, established in 1817; the *Daily Review*, in 1861; and the *Evening News*, in 1873.

Edinburgh was long of starting on the race in the domain of **THE FINE ARTS**, but her progress of late years has given her pre-eminence over places once far a-head of her. James I. is said to have numbered painting among his other accomplishments, and James III., though his partiality for foreign favourites led to their destruction by the jealous barons, has this to be said of him, that several of these favourites were men whom he cherished for their distinction in the arts, such as Cochrane, the architect. The buildings of James V., and the numerous portraits of his daughter, Mary Queen of Scots, taken during her reign, show that architecture and painting, and to some extent, sculpture, were beginning to be understood by the Court. George Jamesone, a native of Aberdeen, who died at Edinburgh in 1644, was the first Scottish painter of any note. He studied his art under Rubens, and is commonly called the Scottish Vandyke. Charles I., and many leading men of the period, sat to him for their portraits. From Jamesone's time to the present, there has never failed to be some Scotchman professing the art of portrait-painting, but, until the middle of last century, none of them acquired fame. When the portraits of the Scotch Kings were ordered to be painted for the long gallery, Holyrood, by the Duke of York, De Witt, a Fleming, was entrusted with the job. The man's "time for laying on the paint" was never paid for; so there was no damage to native art, which must have been at a very low ebb if it was incompetent to match these fancy portraits of the kings. Allan Ramsay, son of the poet, was a good painter; George III. sat to him for his portrait. Alexander Runciman, who studied in Italy, returned to Scotland in 1771, and was the first who made his mark as a historical painter. He was succeeded in the Mastership of the Art Academy of the Board of Trustees by David Allan, who also distinguished himself in the higher walks of art. In 1756, the most eminent of Scottish portrait-painters, William Raeburn, was born at Stockbridge, in a house near what is now called, after him, Raeburn Place. He was knighted by George IV., who also appointed him Royal Limner for Scotland. Raeburn's pencil was as prolific as it was masterly, and we are indebted to him for portraits of many famous Scotsmen, valuable as historical memories and as works of art. Thirty years later, the greatest of Scotch *genre* painters, Sir David Wilkie, was born at Cults, in Fifeshire. His subjects were chiefly social, with touches of quiet humour, racy of the soil; but he also gave to his country and the world magnificent historical pictures, such as "John Knox Preaching." His early studies were directed at the Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh, and he spent several years in study at Rome, Madrid, and other

parts of the Continent. When studying at Edinburgh he resided in Paul Street, now demolished. He died in Gibraltar Bay, 1841, and his funeral at sea is the subject of one of the most striking pictures of J. W. M. Turner.

Stockbridge was a nursery of artists. Besides Raeburn, David Roberts, whose magnificent illustrated work on the Holy Land is so well known, began



PAUL STREET.

his career as a painter here. And here also resided—at 5 Mary's Place—David Scott, without doubt the greatest genius, as an artist, Scotland can boast of. Except by his book illustrations, he is not known to the masses of his countrymen. His works were historical and imaginative, and such as demanded heroic treatment. He judged it impossible to do justice to such subjects except upon a scale accordant with their grandeur. So consistently and persistently did he carry out his principle, that he spent most of his life painting canvases so large that no ordinary picture gallery could contain them. His country is the richer for his enthusiasm and self-denial, but he himself was steeped in poverty, not leaving behind him as much as pay his doctor's bill. He died in

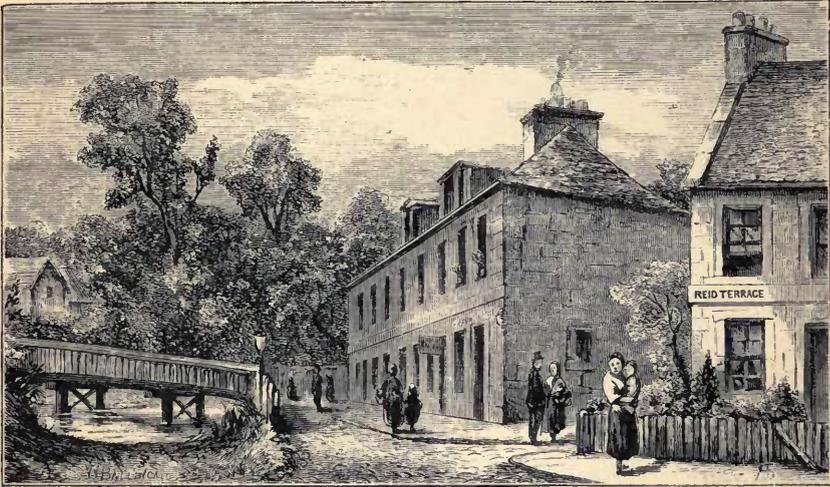
1849. His greatest work, "Vasco de Gama doubling the Cape of Good Hope," hangs in Trinity House, Leith. An illustrated biography of Scott has recently been published. One of the reasons why Stockbridge can show such a long array of artists may be that the locality itself is very picturesque, as may be seen in our illustration of the Water of Leith and St. Bernard's Well. Stockbridge has another distinction. It was the suburb which took the lead in showing how working men, by industry and frugality, might acquire suitable dwelling-houses of their own, as our engraving shows.

The Art Academy above referred to, took rise in a singular way. To soothe the exasperation of the Scottish people at the Union and the betrayal of the Darien colonists to English merchant jealousy, a Board was established in 1727 to promote manufactures and fisheries in Scotland. The trustees thought themselves entitled under their Act to encourage art, and appointed a master, in 1760, to instruct the youth of both sexes in drawing, thus laying the foundation of the School of Design, which still exists under their management. Another important step in the promotion of art was taken in 1809, when annual Exhibi-



WATER OF LEITH AND ST. BERNARD'S WELL.

tions were held by the Edinburgh artists. In 1819 the "Institution for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts" was formed, and the artists agreed to have their annual Exhibition under the auspices of the Institution; it was accommodated in the Royal Institution Building, opposite Hanover Street, built by the Board of Manufactures out of their savings, in conjunction with the "Institution." But the artists had no control in the management of their own exhibition, and so they formed the Scottish Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, in May, 1826, and opened an Exhibition of their own the year following. After a good deal of trouble, through which they were skilfully piloted by Henry (afterwards Lord) Cockburn, the Academy was by Royal



MODERN DWELLINGS OF THE PEOPLE.

Charter transformed into the Royal Scottish Academy in 1838. In 1850, the present home of the Academy, in the National Galleries, was inaugurated by the late Prince Consort, who laid the foundation stone. A Government grant of £30,000 was received towards the cost of the building, and the "Board" contributed £20,000. The East Galleries accommodate the annual exhibitions of living artists. The West or National Gallery, contains the permanent collection of works of art, including the diploma works of the Academicians.

There is a Statue Gallery in the building to the north, known as the Royal Institution, and which also contains rooms for the Royal Society and Antiquarian Society. The Antiquarian Museum is in the same building. Among its other

curiosities are the maiden, or Scotch guillotine, John Knox's pulpit, and Jenny Geddes's stool.

A handsome building for a Scottish National Portrait Gallery is at present in course of erection at the east end of Queen Street. A good nucleus of portraits of national interest has already been obtained.

George Watson was the first President of the Scottish Academy. He was succeeded by Sir William Allan, the first President of the Royal Scottish Academy. Then followed Sir John Watson Gordon, Sir George Harvey (the eminent delineator of Scottish Covenanted history), Sir Daniel Macnee, and Sir William Fettes Douglas.

The Albert Institute of the Fine Arts was established in 1876, in premises in Shandwick Place. The Institute consists of professional and amateur artists. The Scottish Society of Water-Colour Painters consists of forty members. The Associates are unlimited in number, and include ladies.

The Scottish School of Painting has taken high rank in portraiture and in landscape. Except for one or two creditable examples by Herdman, no one has followed Sir George Harvey in the historical line,—at least none of the Scotch artists remaining at home. Orchardson and others give the benefit of their historical studies to the Royal Academy Exhibition in London. There is a large contingent of Scottish artists in London. If, some year, there were no contributions from the Faeds, Pettie, Calder Marshall, Lawson, Erskine Nicol, Peter Graham, Macbeth, Archer, Macwhirter, and Cameron, the Exhibition would miss some of its most admired works.

We cannot better close this chapter than with the following picturesque word-sketch of Edinburgh in its Augustan age, written for the first issue of this work by George Gilfillan :—

“In the beginning of the eighteenth century, we can note, apart from distinguished natives, one immortal stranger pacing its streets and marking its bulwarks well, seeking to number the martyrs in the bypast persecution, but failing in the attempt, and referring us to ‘the roll of their number kept under the altar and before the throne’—Daniel Defoe namely, the most ingenious and creative spirit then extant in Britain. On him, as on a stepping-stone, we pass to Allan Ramsay, the poetic periwig-maker, who may be called emphatically the *Auld-Reekie* Laureate, and who, in his best poem, goes no farther from her than the Pentlands and Habbie's Howe. Then we see, somewhat earlier, but still contemporary, Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, the heroic patriot, who may be taken as a worthy representative of the Scottish Parliament and its many illustrious men. Ruddiman too, and Pitcairn, were eminent among scholars. Then we meet two

very distinguished poets, one born in Edinburgh, and the other educated there, and who sailed thence to London with 'Winter' in his pocket,—Robert Blair of 'The Grave,' and James Thomson of 'The Seasons.' Nearer the middle of the century we find poor Robert Fergusson, who was *intus et in cute* an Edinburgh bard, in which city too he now reposes, with one bright smile from 'blithe-hearted Burns,' in the form of an epitaph resting like unsetting sunshine on his grave; and Hamilton of Bangor, who there joined the ranks of Prince Charlie, and became volunteer laureate to the Jacobite cause. Nor let David Mallett (or Malloch) be quite forgot, who, having been born in Crieff, and having studied in Aberdeen, acted as a tutor in Edinburgh ere he went to London, to make and lose a tiny and dubious fame; while with greater respect we name Armstrong, author of the 'Art of Preserving Health,' who studied Medicine in Edinburgh, although it was in Liddesdale that he received the boons of birth and genius. Farther on we light on a glorious cluster of celebrities, among the finest Edinburgh has yet seen:—David Hume, Hugh Blair, William Robertson, Adam Smith, author of the 'Wealth of Nations' (whose grave is near to Fergusson's, in the Canongate churchyard), John Home, John Erskine, John Logan, Dr. Webster, and others almost as renowned; with Robert Burns shooting across like a comet, Henry Mackenzie appearing like a young star, Jupiter Carlyle hovering on the skirt of the horizon; not to speak of the transit at one time of Samuel Johnson, the most celebrated, and at another, of the greatest man then living, Edmund Burke. To this period too belong Lord Kames, Lord Hailes, Lord Auchinleck, and the immortal *Bozzy* in the upper stratum of Edinburgh society, and Gilbert Stuart and William Smellie in the lower. About this time too some ladies of undying repute, as authors of such melodies as 'Auld Robin Gray' and the 'Flowers of the Forest,'—Lady Anne Barnard (Lindsay), Jane Elliott, and Mrs. Cockburn, come into delightful though momentary view. And the list at this point may be fitly closed by the names of Adam Fergusson the Roman historian, and Lord Monboddo, whose strange theories, after a century's sterility, seem now showing some symptoms of vitality, shooting root downwards and bearing fruit upwards.

"About the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, more if not brighter spirits appear in the Scottish Metropolis. Dugald Stewart is still in the Moral Philosophy chair, and yet to be long there. Professor Playfair is in the middle of his useful career. Henry Mackenzie has laid aside the pleasing and pathetic pen with which he wrote his novels, but is still alive and active. Sir John Leslie is preparing his great work on Heat, and is soon to be appointed Playfair's successor in the chair of Mathematics.

Dr. Thomas M'Crie is preaching in Edinburgh, and already collecting materials for his 'Life of Knox.' The Edinburgh Reviewers—Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Brougham, Dr. Thomas Brown, Francis Horner, and the rest,—are cultivating the Muses on a little oatmeal, moistened by not a little usquebaugh. Walter Scott is getting up his 'Border Minstrelsy.' Leyden is gulping down languages like Behemoth rivers. Thomas Campbell is completing the incubation of his 'Pleasures of Hope.' Hector MacNeil is resting under the little laurels of his 'Will and Jean' and 'Mary of Castlecary.' Dr. John Jamieson has come from Forfar to preside over an Anti-Burgher congregation in Nicolson Street, and to issue his stupendous 'Dictionary of the Scottish Language.' Mrs. Grant of Laggan is publishing her 'Letters from the Mountains.' James Grahame is singing with sweet though rather sepulchral notes his 'Sabbath' and 'Birds of Scotland.' Mrs. Hamilton is brimful of her exquisite novel, 'The Cottagers of Glenburnie;' and Mrs. Brunton has secretly prepared a surprise for the world, and her husband too, in her stirring and animated 'Self-Control.' In the Edinburgh pulpit, Dr. John Inglis, Dr. Brunton, and other magnates, are propping up the Established Church, while in the Relief body Struthers of College Street is gathering together such crowds as have rarely been seen in Edinburgh before, and are not to be seen again till the advent of Chalmers, and is, by his sermon on the battle of Trafalgar, to electrify his audience as much as the news of the great victory had done, while Alison and afterwards Morehead and Sandford are sustaining the credit of the Episcopalian Church. But the period between the year 1815 and 1830 or 1835 may perhaps be called the culmination of Edinburgh's intellectual glory. During that time was commenced the immortal series of the Waverley Novels, in lieu of, but a vast stride before, Scott's highly popular Poems. The *Edinburgh Review* is in undiminished force. John Wilson has arrived, and is forcing his way toward the immense popularity he is soon to gain. In the Chairs of the University, Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Thomas Brown, Leslie, Pillans, and Dalzel are teaching. Andrew Thomson is thundering stately in the pulpit, and Chalmers is preaching occasionally, as no one but himself can preach, and is by-and-by to be Divinity Professor. James Hogg is in Gabriel's Road meditating the 'Queen's Wake.' Edward Irving is studying in Bristo Street for the ministry. M'Crie is issuing the 'Life of Andrew Melville,' and attacking 'Old Mortality' with merciless power. *Blackwood's Magazine* has started, and is attracting to itself such spirits as Thomas Pringle (at first) and J. G. Lockhart, Maginn, Galt, Croly, Delta, and Christopher North, who also in 1820 mounts the Moral Philosophy Chair, and takes to him his great power, and reigns for more than thirty years; while a

profunder, if not so brilliant a man, has been obliged to retire upon the Chair of History, whence he by-and-by emerges on that of Logic, as the full-fledged and unique Sir William Hamilton. Meantime the Bar is radiant with Jeffrey, Cockburn, Cranstoun, John Clerk, Moncreiff, and Murray; and the Bench with President Blair, Hermand, and Hope; and the Medical Schools are resplendent with Munro, Hope, Christison, Lizars, Liston, and Robert Knox. In lower but still lofty literary regions William Knox is singing his Hebrew songs, 'most musical, most melancholy.' The two Chamberses are laying the slow but sure foundations of their extensive fame and usefulness. Miss Ferrier is writing her 'Marriage' and 'Inheritance,' and Mrs Johnstone her 'Clan Albin.' Robert Pollok has come to town from the Mearns, near Paisley, and is publishing his highly popular and promising poem, 'The Course of Time'; and Thomas Aird has startled the literary world by his strange and powerful 'Devil's Dream' and 'Demonic,' holding out a grand hope that has, alas! not been thoroughly realised. In the Dissenting pulpit, besides old Dr. James Peddie and Dr. Hall, two men, very different, but both of no ordinary powers, have appeared in Dr. John Brown and Dr. John Ritchie. In the newspaper press, the *Weekly Journal*, the *Caledonian Mercury*, and above all the manly and liberal *Scotsman*, have made their mark. And this last may be considered the *avant-coureur* of *Tait's Magazine*, which comes to the aid of the Liberal interest in 1832, and rallies round it, besides its energetic publisher, such writers as William Weir, Roebuck, Fonblanque, Mrs. Johnstone, Bowring, Professor Nichol, Robert Nicoll, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, and the wondrous De Quincey. Besides, the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, edited by Henry Glassford Bell, is for some years a very meritorious publication; and so is, in another sphere, the *Edinburgh Christian Instructor*, edited by Dr. Andrew Thomson; and so are the various journals and encyclopædias under the eye of the indefatigable Sir David Brewster and of Professor Jamieson, and the *Journal of Phrenology* edited by George Combe. In this list there are no doubt many omissions, but the above is, we hope, a fair enough general estimate of Edinburgh celebrities during the period referred to. Artists, sculptors, and architects are so numerous that we can only mention a very few—(among the past) such as Sir David Wilkie, the Hogarth of Scotland, the bold and picturesque Raeburn, Thomson of Duddingston, in the sublime style, the Grand Monarque of Scottish painting; Sir William Allan, Sir John Watson Gordon, David Scott with his Dantesque imagination and sombre grandeur; David Roberts, Horatio Macculloch, D. O. Hill, Sir George Harvey, Adam, Playfair, Bryce, Handyside, Ritchie, and M'Callum; (and among the present) Sir J. Noel Paton with his boundless fancy

and delicate finish; Sir Daniel Macnee, Herdman, Drummond, Waller H. Paton, Hugh Cameron, G. Paul Chalmers, Smart, and the bold inimitable Sam Bough; Anderson, Morham, Matheson; Sir John Steell, Brodie, Mrs. D. O. Hill, Hutchison, and David Stevenson.

“Returning from this excursus we find ourselves again at the College. Changed it is from the days when we could pass over from tracing Sir John Leslie in his giant leaps from system to system of the stellar universe, to the class where Wilson was painting scenery with the potent dash of a Salvator Rosa, and analysing the human heart and its intricacies of passion and motive with the clear vision and minute anatomy of a Fielding or a Shakespeare; and thence again to the ‘large upper room’ where Chalmers was discoursing with all the vehemence of the pulpit on theism and anti-theism, Clarke, Hobbes, and Butler, and sometimes snatching up his ‘Astronomical Discourses’ and reading a passage from them with the fire and freshness with which he had given it originally, fifteen years before, in the Tron Church of Glasgow; and thence once more to the hall where Sir William Hamilton was spreading out his enormous treasures of knowledge to an audience, few if fit. It seemed almost as if Plato and Aristotle, and Chrysostom and Copernicus, had come down from the higher spheres and alighted beside each other!

‘Such spells are past, and fled with these  
The wine of life is on the lees.’

But still the College can boast of ingenious, learned, and celebrated Professors, among whom we name, because they are best known to us, the elastic, eloquent, eccentric, endless Blackie; the strong, plodding, invincible Masson; the profound and clear-headed Tait; the massive and erudite Flint; not to speak of Sir Robert Christison, Sir Wyville Thomson, Hodson, Balfour, Calderwood, Lister, Spence, Sellar, Geikie, and others. Let us be permitted to step back out of the circle of the present Professors to others of the past—to one ‘dearer than the rest,’ the great-souled John Goodsir, and to the eminent Professor Sir James Y. Simpson, Bart., and also to drop a word of sorrow as we recall the untimely fate of the late accomplished and gifted Secretary to the University, our special friend, the poet Alexander Smith.”

## Buildings and Institutions.

### CHAPTER VIII.—THE CASTLE AND THE PALACE.



THE beauty of Edinburgh has been so often told, in prose and verse, that there is some danger of provoking the retort that there has been more than enough of it. Natives need not be blamed, at all events, for they are less conscious of its outward attractions than travelled and cultured strangers, who have more points of comparison in forming their estimate. And after all that may be set down to the credit of Edinburgh citizens—and it is much—for the embellishment of their fair city, its commendation arises more from its natural than its acquired grace. Boasting in such a case is therefore excusable, because it is rejoicing in the delights the Creator has left on this fallen earth to be a memory of the Paradise that is lost, and a promise of the Paradise that is to be regained. It is a fair question whether the site over which Edinburgh has spread itself was not as beautiful before ever a hewn stone was placed upon it. The contour of the Castle Rock, and the everlasting hills which so fitly frame the city, were the same then as now, and fresher in their verdure; and there was then in abundance the one thing Edinburgh lacks now to perfect its beauty,—water in the valleys which separate its hills. In addition to the lochs that remain—Duddingston and Lochend; and the lochs that have been restored—St. Margaret's and Dunsappie—there was, so late as the last century, the beautiful stretch of the Nor' Loch, skirting the whole north side of the town, from the west extremity of the Castle Rock to Halkerston's, and originally to Leith Wynd. There was also, some time earlier, the Boroughloch, now transformed into the Meadows; and in still more remote times, the South Loch, in the valley which has become the Cowgate. It is only about forty years since another—Canonmills—loch was drained. How these

numerous sheets of water must have lightened up the landscape will impress the imagination of any one who has looked from the top of Snowdon, or the Quiraing, upon the many little lakes and lochans which refresh the eye from these commanding heights. But Nature still loves the spot, and maintains its pre-eminence. It is Nature that supplies the background for the picture every where, and the foreground too sometimes. No art will ever abolish the Castle Rock or the Calton Craig, which rear their precipitous fronts in the very heart of the city. And no Vandal hand is ever likely to interfere with the public and private gardens which so intersect the whole city as to make it the beau-ideal of *rus in urbe*. It is this setting of Nature's providing which permits to be seen in full symmetry buildings which in other cities are hid, and their fair proportions marred, by their close surroundings. On the other hand, Art has succeeded in bedecking Nature; quite a feasible task when following the lines which Nature herself has laid down. This Art canon has been, for the most part, obeyed by those who have had the destiny-picturesque of Edinburgh in their hands, though the Earthen Mound still exists as one conspicuous example of how *not* to do it.

There are two good reasons for not commencing this section of our work with a general description of the city. One is, that word-description is always and inevitably a poor resource for conveying a topographical picture to the mind. A glance at one of the general views of Edinburgh in the present work will do more in that way than any amount of word-painting. The other reason for silence is supplied in that saying of the Preacher: "What shall he do that cometh after the king?" If any man could conjure up a *tableau vivant* of Edinburgh it was the Wizard of the North, and here is what he has to say:—



THE OLD TOWN.

“Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,  
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed  
When sated with the martial show  
That peopled all the plain below,

The wandering eye could o'er it go,  
 And mark the distant city glow  
 With gloomy splendour red ;  
 For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,  
 That round her sable turrets flow,  
 The morning beams were shed,  
 And tinged them with a lustre proud,  
 Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.  
 Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
 Where the huge Castle holds its state,  
 And all the steep slope down,  
 Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
 Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
 Mine own romantic town !  
 But northward far, with purer blaze,  
 On Ochil mountains fell the rays,  
 And as each heathy top they kissed,  
 It gleamed a purple amethyst.  
 Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;  
 Here Preston Bay and Berwick Law :  
 And, broad between them rolled,  
 The gallant Frith the eye might note,  
 Whose islands on its bosom float,  
 Like emeralds chased in gold."

Take another example, contrasting Edinburgh past with Edinburgh present—

" . . . Caledonia's Queen is changed,  
 Since on her dusky summit ranged,  
 Within its steepy limits pent,  
 By bulwark, line, and battlement,  
 And flanking towers, and laky flood,  
 Guarded and garrisoned she stood,  
 Denying entrance or resort,  
 Save at each tall embattled port. . . .  
 Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow,  
 Dun-Edin ! Oh, how altered now,  
 When safe amid thy mountain court  
 Thou sitt'st like Empress at her sport,  
 And liberal, unconfined, and free,  
 FLINGING THY WHITE ARMS TO THE SEA,  
 For thy dark cloud, with umbered lower,  
 That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower,  
 Thou gleam'st against the western ray  
 Ten thousand lines of brighter day."

And here again, in the same poem, as if the poet's, like the lover's, heart could not be restrained from pouring out its homage—

## EDINBURGH BY MOONLIGHT.

" You might have heard a pebble fall,  
 A beetle hum, a cricket sing,  
 An owlet flap his boding wing  
 On Giles's steeple tall.  
 The antique buildings, climbing high,  
 Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky  
 Were here wrapped deep in shade ;  
 There on their brows the moonbeam broke,  
 Through the fain wreaths of silvery smoke,  
 And on the casements played,  
 And other light was none to see,  
 Save torches gliding far."

The chief historical events connected with **THE CASTLE** have been already dealt with, and what now remains is an outline of what it is, and what it contains. The Castle, as was previously indicated, has been the parent of the city, and, before there were walls to the city, the wealthier inhabitants had dwellings within its ramparts, to which they betook themselves when enemies appeared. As our history has shown, if it has any claim to be called the Castle of the Maidens, it has none to be called a Maiden Castle, for it has been taken and retaken times without number; built, pulled down, and rebuilt, till now there is little of the original remaining. The only constructed part of the Castle older than the fifteenth century is the little Norman chapel of Queen Margaret. With the further exception of the south and south-east of the Great Quadrangle, no part of the Castle buildings is older than the time of the Regent Morton, who reconstructed the front; after David's Tower, the Constable's Tower, and other prominent features of the fortress had been destroyed in the siege which compelled Kirkaldy of Grange to surrender.

Queen Margaret's Chapel stands near the highest point of the Castle. It is a very small structure, of Norman architecture, and is the most ancient building in the city. The nave is not quite 17 feet long by 11 broad. It was partially restored in 1853, under direction of Mr. Billings, the eminent architectural antiquary; and Mr. William Nelson has undertaken a more complete work of restoration, at his own expense.

Mons Meg stands hard by,—an old piece of ordnance cast by an ingenious blacksmith near Castle Douglas, and used by James II. at the siege of Thrieve Castle, a few miles from that town. It was used by James IV. at the siege of Dumbarton in 1489, and at Norham Castle in 1497. Its active career terminated

in 1682, when it burst on being fired in honour of the Duke of York. In 1754 it was removed to the Tower of London, but brought back, through the influence of Sir Walter Scott with George IV., in 1829. It is 13 feet long, and 20 inches in diameter.

It was also through the exertions of Sir Walter that THE REGALIA of Scotland were sought for and found, nearly on the spot where they now are,



CHEST IN WHICH THE REGALIA WERE FOUND.

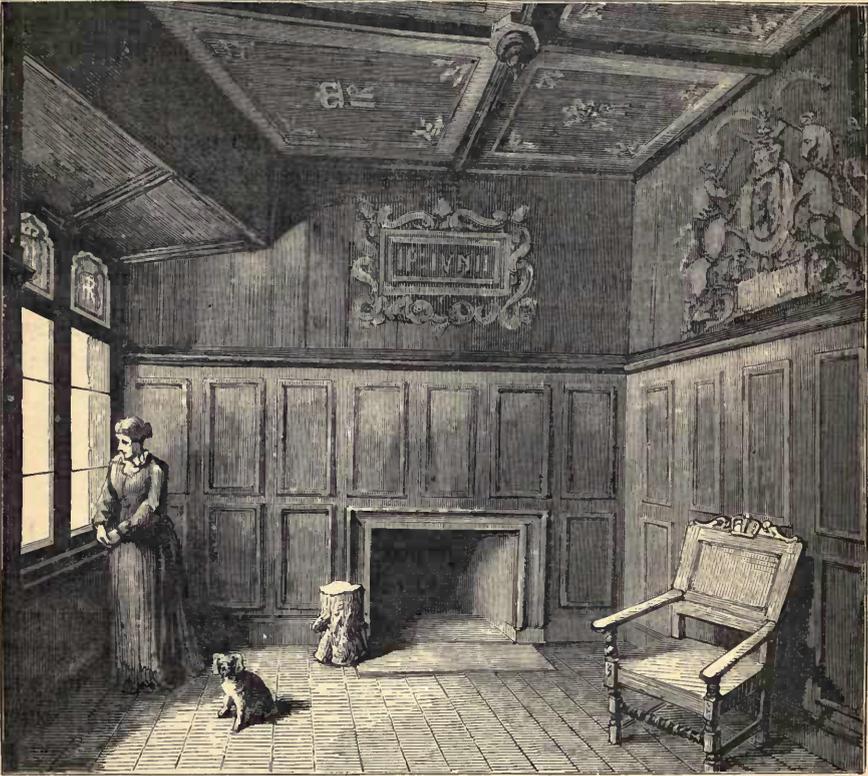
and arrangements made for their display to the public. The crown has upon it the initials of James V., but the greater part of it is believed to be old enough to have been on the head of Robert Bruce. Charles II. was the last monarch who was crowned with it. The sceptre is 34 inches long—of silver, double gilt—and has figures of the Virgin, St. Andrew, and St. James; it was made for James V. The sword was presented to James IV. by the then reigning Pope.

The buildings on the south and east of the Great Quadrangle formed the Palace of the Scotch monarchs before Holyrood House was appropriated for that purpose. What is called Queen Mary's Room enters from near the Regalia Room. It was here that James VI. was born in 1566, and the initials of his royal parents—H. and M.—with the date, commemorate the event. The original ceiling and part of the wainscoting is preserved. The following remarkable conversation is said, in the "Memoirs" of Lord Herries, to have taken place between Mary and Darnley, when the latter came at two o'clock afternoon to visit his spouse and newly-born son :—

" 'My Lord,' said Mary, 'God has given us a son.' Partially uncovering the infant's face, she added a protest that it was his and no other man's son. Then turning to an English gentleman present, she said, 'This is the son who, I hope, shall first unite the two kingdoms of Scotland and England.' Sir William Stanley said, 'Why, madam, shall he succeed before your majesty and his father?' 'Alas!' answered Mary, 'his father has broken to me,' alluding to his joining the murderous conspiracy against Rizzio. 'Sweet madam,' said Darnley, 'is this the promise that you made, that you would forget and forgive all?' 'I have forgiven all,' said the Queen, 'but will never forget. What if Fawdonside's [one of the conspirators] pistol had shot? [She had felt the cold steel on her bosom.] What would have become of him and me both?' 'Madam,' said Darnley, 'these things are past.' 'Then,' said the Queen, 'let them go;' and so ended this singular conversation."

The Great Hall of the Palace is on the south side of the quadrangle, a

magnificent apartment, 80 feet long, 33 broad, and 27 high, lighted by tall, mullioned windows on the south, and having an open timber roof. It was used as the Parliament House previous to the erection of the building at St. Giles' which bears that name, and the last State occasion on which it was occupied was when a banquet was given to Charles I. during his visit in 1633. The Hall has



QUEEN MARY'S ROOM.

been a good deal injured in its accommodation to the purposes of a military hospital, but is to be restored through the munificent patriotism of Mr. Nelson, as soon as the invalid soldiers have been otherwise comfortably provided for. There are vaults below these buildings cut out of the solid rock. They appear to have been intended for prisoners, and were used in that way so recently as the

beginning of the century, for soldiers captured in the war with France. The barracks on the other side of the quadrangle, under the direction of Mr. Billings, were constructed so far in castellated fashion; but the great barracks on the west side of the Rock are ugly beyond human ingenuity to improve. On this side of the Castle is the Armoury, and behind that the sally port, now built up, at which Viscount Dundee had an interview with the Duke of Gordon, on leaving Edinburgh to raise the Highlands. The Half Moon Battery is the most conspicuous part of the Castle in front, facing eastwards, and from this platform the time-gun is fired daily by electric communication with the Royal Observatory on the Calton Hill. The approach to the Castle is by a drawbridge over the old moat, and on, past the guard-house, to the portcullis gateway, below what was once the State Prison.

The Castle Esplanade, as it now exists, has been formed by travelled earth, brought chiefly from the excavated foundations of the Royal Exchange buildings. The approach to the Castle was formerly much narrower. It has been the scene of several Protestant martyrdoms, as well as of other executions. Forrest, the Vicar of Dollar, was burned here at the stake during the regency of Mary of Guise. A monument to the Duke of York, son of George III., and commander of the British army, stands here; also a monument to the memory of officers and soldiers of the 78th Highlanders who fell in the Indian Mutiny campaign in 1857-58; and another to Colonel Mackenzie of the 93rd.

When the Castle itself was not large enough to shelter as many of the citizens as were thought worth protecting in time of war, its ramparts were extended by a WALL encircling the city. The first of these was erected in 1450, at the cost of the inhabitants. This wall began at the north-east corner of the Castle Rock, at the place popularly known as Wallace Tower (properly Wellhouse Tower),—a fortification erected to guard the well from which the garrison drew its chief supply of water. The wall ran eastwards as far as to Ramsay Gardens, and then turned abruptly southwards till it came opposite to the Castle entrance, with a gate to open or shut communication between the city and the fortress. There was no wall between the site of Ramsay Gardens and Leith Wynd, the Nor' Loch being considered sufficient protection on that side. From the gate leading to the Castle the wall descended in an almost easterly direction to the first bend in the West Bow, where there was another gate, and on, by South Gray's Close Port, to the Netherbow Port, separating the city from the Canongate. The next extension of the wall took place in 1513, by which time the fashionable quarter of Edinburgh had overflowed from Canongate to Cowgate, leaving an important suburb open, as was feared, to the inroad of the English army after Flodden.



CASTLE AND ALLAN RAMSAY'S HOUSE.  
PRINCES STREET GARDENS, AND THE CHURCHES OF ST. CUTHBERT'S AND ST. JOHN'S,  
FROM THE HEAD OF THE MOUND.

The second wall was erected with great expedition in consequence of this alarm ; and now the wall was carried from the south-east part of the Castle Rock to the



NORTH BRIDGE IN 1876.

West Port, up the Vennel (where a portion of it and a tower are still extant), east to Potterrow, Bristo, and Cowgate Ports, and then up St. Mary's Wynd to the Netherbow Port. In 1540 the houses on the west side of Leith Wynd which had done duty for a wall there were pulled down, and a wall erected in their place ; and finally, in 1620, part of Lauriston, known as the High Riggs, was also brought within the mural defence.

Subsequent extensions of the city took place without regard to walls. In 1767 a commencement was made with the extension of the city to Bearford's Park and Moultrie's Hill (New Town) encouraged by the erection of the North Bridge. The erection of the South Bridge in 1788

gave an impetus to building in the direction of Newington ; and the opening of Regent Bridge encouraged the erection of houses around the Calton Hill.



NORTH BRIDGE IN 1778.

The Dean Bridge served the same purpose for the north-west portion of the city ; and now the steady increase of population, the new tramway car routes,

and the Suburban Railway are anticipating or closely following the migration from the over-crowded centre to the airy circumference.

**CASTLEHILL.**—An oratory or palace of Mary of Guise stood upon the Castlehill till it was removed to make way for the Free Church Assembly Hall. This hall has an entrance from Castlehill, but its principal front is to the north.

It is approached through the quadrangle of the Free Church College, erected from designs by Mr. Playfair. The hall was built on the model of Tanfield Hall, which, though not constructed for purposes of audience, was found to have remarkably good acoustic properties. The experiment was a success, and the Free Assembly Hall, while one of the largest in the city, is a place very comfortable for speakers and for hearers. On that account, the use of it was given, by request, to Mr. Gladstone on the occasion of his election campaign of 1885.

The Assembly Hall of the Established Church is on the opposite side of the Castlehill. It occupies a prominent site, the front of it commanding the vista of the Lawnmarket. The hall, except on the two Sundays of the General Assembly in May, serves the purpose of a church for the Tolbooth congregation. There are committee rooms and other church offices on the ground floor. The conspicuous feature of the edifice is the tall and handsome spire.

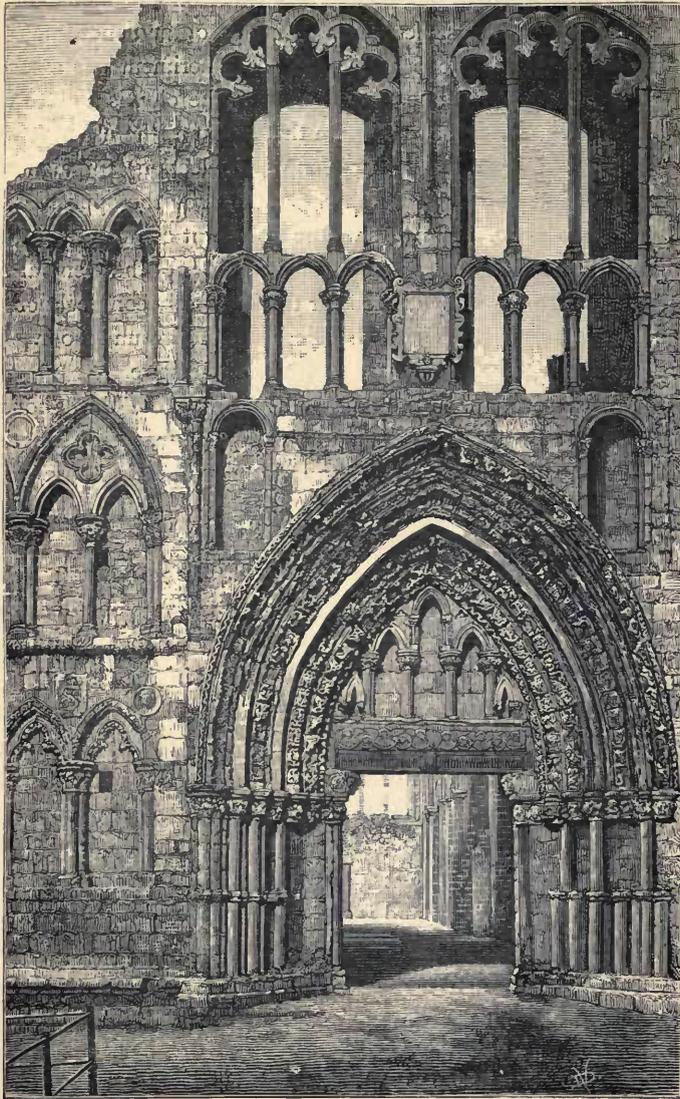
The other houses of note on the Castlehill are the old town house of the Gordon family on the south side, close to the Esplanade, the distributing reservoir for the old town of Edinburgh,\* and Allan Ramsay's house, referred to elsewhere.

**HOLYROOD ABBEY** was the next nucleus of the city, after the Castle. While the latter was gathering under its shadow houses which gradually extended eastwards, the monks of Holyrood Abbey began the Canongate, and the Palace drew to the same neighbourhood nobility and gentry in such numbers that the Canongate reached to Netherbow Port; on the demolition of that barrier in 1764, Canongate became an integral part of the city. By the Municipal Extension Act of 1857, its burghal distinction ceased.

The Abbey was founded in 1128, and had a number of endowed chapels; James IV. was the first of the Kings to erect a palace beside it, "the Palace of Holyroodhouse." The North-West Tower, in which are Queen Mary's apartments, was erected by James V., and is the oldest part of the Palace now remaining. The greater part of the building, as it now stands, was erected by orders of Charles I., from plans by Sir Wm. Bruce, a native architect of repute. Robert Milne was the builder, as he has placed on record by cutting his name on the north-west pillar of the quadrangle. The front of the Palace is 215 feet long, and the quadrangular court about 100 feet square.

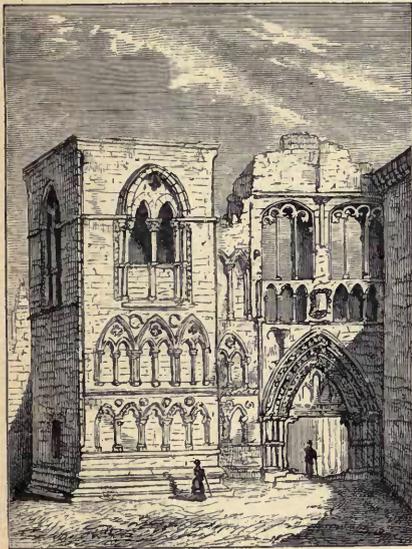
The largest room in the modern palace is the Picture Gallery, which is

\* Water was introduced into the city by pipes for the first time in 1621. The supply, which is derived from the Pentland and Moorfoot Hills, is now in the hands of the Corporation.



FRONT OF HOLYROOD ABBEY.

reached by the first door on the left, after entering by the front gateway ; this apartment is 150 feet long, 24 broad, and 20 feet in height. A hundred portraits of old Scottish kings adorn the walls. They were painted by James de Witt, a Flemish artist, who undertook (1684) to picture 110 kings, and provide his own paint and canvas, within two years, for £240. They were dear at the money, had they been paid for, which, unfortunately for the poor painter, they were not. Hawley's dragoons, when quartered here, revenged themselves for their defeat by the Scottish rebels, by slashing a good many of the portraits ; these "braves"



GATEWAY OF HOLYROOD ABBEY.



STAIRCASE, HOLYROOD.

had also burned Linlithgow Palace, the night before, on their retreat from Falkirk. This apartment is the same in which Prince Charlie gave his grand ball to the citizens of Edinburgh. It is used now for the levees of the Lord High Commissioner to the Established Church General Assembly, and for the election of Scotch Representative Peers.

The most interesting of the suite of apartments, known as Queen Mary's Room, is her private Supper Room, where she was wont to have her favourites to pass a social evening. Rizzio was almost always of the party, and it was here that he was stabbed, as he crouched behind Mary, and clung to her gown for protection. The assassins entered by the private stair on the east side of the

tower, and ascended to Darnley's rooms, where they finally settled the plan of their attack. Rizzio's life was in him when he was removed out of the Queen's presence, but he was stabbed again and again, as he was dragged through the royal apartments to the stair where he was finally despatched. Queen Mary's dressing-room and bedroom are adjacent; in the latter is a bed said to have belonged to the Queen. In Queen Mary's Audience Chamber, the bed is preserved on which Charles I. reposed when in Holyrood. The next royal occupants were Prince Charlie, and, after the battle of Culloden, the Duke of



DOORWAY AT WHICH RIZZIO WAS MURDERED.

Cumberland. It has been a handsome piece of furniture. It was in this audience chamber that John Knox had the several interviews with Mary, so graphically described in M'Crie's *Life of the Reformer*.

The ruinous Chapel Royal is all that remains of the great Church of the old Abbey. The monastery and its church were often burned and damaged by English invaders, and as often partially restored. The transept and choir have disappeared, and the walls of the nave were partly broken down by the weight of heavy flag stones, by which, last century, an attempt was made to repair the roof. The east window is very fine; it is of much later date than the original

church. The principal features of the western front, are the tower and the highly ornate and massive doorway. The most ancient part of the building is the built-up doorway at the east end of the south aisle, and what remains of the wall beside it. This doorway led to the cloisters, which extended for a good way farther east; the domestic buildings occupied the site of the palace itself. The royal vault is at the south-east corner of the chapel. Darnley was buried here, but his remains were removed by James VI. to Westminster. It is not certain what relics of our ancient royalty now remain here, the mob which purged the Chapel of Romish furniture in 1688, having also rifled the vault of its contents. But there is in the Advocates' Library, a MS. giving a curious account of an inspection authorised to be made, and showing that about that time the remains of James V. were found to be embalmed and coffined. The document reads thus:—

“Upon ye xxiv of January MDCLXXXIII. by procurement of ye Bischop of Dumblayne, I went in ane vault in ye south-east corner of ye Abbey Church of Halyrudehouse, and yr. were present, ye Lord Strathnavar and E. Forfare, Mr. Robert Scott, minister of ye Abbey, ye Bishop of Dumblayn, and some uthers. Wee viewed ye body of King James ye Fyft of Scotland. It lyeth within ane wodden coffin, and is coveret wyth ane lead coffin. There seemed to be haire upon ye head still. The body was two lengths of my staf, with two inches more, that is twae inches and mare above twae Scots elne; for I measured the staf with ane elnwand efterward.

“The body was coloured black with ye balsom that preserved it, which was lyke melted pitch. The Earl of Forfare tooke the measure with his staf lykeways. There was plates of lead, in several long pieces, louse upon and about the coffin, which carried the following inscription, as I took it from before the bishop and noblemen in ye isle of ye church :



QUEEN MARY'S BATH-HOUSE.

“ILLVSTRIS SCOTORVM REX JACOBVS EJVS NÖMINIS V. ETATIS  
SUE ANNO XXXI REGNI VERO XXX MORTEM OBIIT IN  
PALACIO DE FALKLAND 14 DECEMBRIS ANNO DNI. MDXLII  
CVJVS CORPVS HIC TRADITVM EST SEPVLTVRE.”

North-west of the Palace grounds is Queen Mary's Bath, a small house of curious construction, quite old enough to have been used as tradition affirms. There is a spring below the floor.

The Tennis Court, an adjunct of the palace, stood a little to the south-east of the Bath House. It was used as a Tennis Court by James IV., but the game was never very popular. The place was fitted up as a theatre by James VI. and by James VII.

In the square in front of the palace there is a handsome stone fountain, elaborately carved, on the model of one which stood in the court of Linlithgow Palace. The royal stables and guard-house are on the west side of the square.

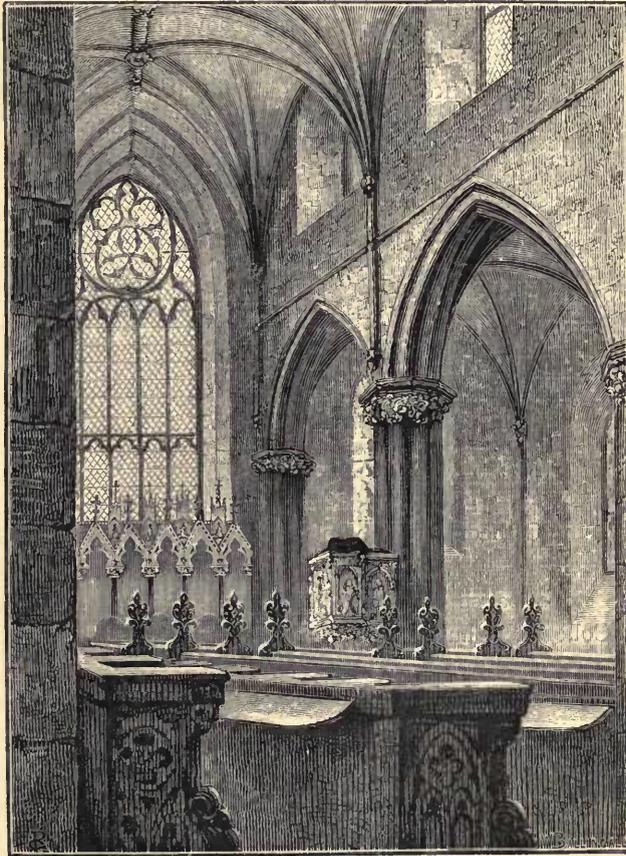
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#### CHAPTER IX.—ECCLESIASTICAL BUILDINGS.

EDINBURGH has always been well supplied with churches. Including Leith, it has now 182 Protestant places of worship, 4 Roman Catholic, and a synagogue. Of the Protestant Churches 44 belong to the Establishment, 46 to the Free Church, 33 to the United Presbyterian Church, and 22 to the Episcopalians.

**ST. GILES' CHURCH** was probably erected in the early part of the fourteenth century, for we find David II. referring to it as the parish church, in a charter of 1359, conveying the lands of Upper Merchiston to the chaplain officiating at the altar of St. Katherine. The work of beautifying and extending the church went on, at intervals, up to 1511; the fines imposed by the crafts on defaulting brethren were applied to this purpose, and private citizens of means manifested their piety in the same way. In 1566, James III. turned the parish church into a collegiate church, and in its palmy days there were more than forty altars, served by priests to whom endowments had been left for the purpose. Walter Chepman, the first Scotch printer, endowed one of these chaplainries, and another in a little chapel at the lower end of the churchyard beside the Cowgate. This little chapel was called Holyrood. Chepman also

erected the aisle which still bears his name. The Preston aisle is the oldest, and was erected by the Town Council and burghers, as a memorial of the piety of William Prestoune of Gourton, who, according to an Act of Council dated 1454, "made diligent labour by the King of France, and many other lords of



RENOVATED CHOIR, ST. GILES' CHURCH.

France, for getting the arm-bone of Saint Gele, the which bone he freely left to our mother kirk of Saint Gele of Edinburgh, without making condition." The Preston Arms may still be seen in the roof of the aisle. The Preston family anciently possessed the Castle of Craigmillar, and their device may still be seen upon its walls,—a press and a tun (barrel). The Moray Aisle takes its name from the Regent Moray, who was buried here, and had a monument erected to

his memory, with a Latin inscription by George Buchanan. The present monument is a facsimile of an older one destroyed in 1829, during what were then called improvements; the brass plate, with the inscription, is the original. The remains of the Marquis of Montrose, after having been mangled and exposed to public gaze, were, at the Restoration, gathered together, and honourably interred near this aisle. The Albany Chapel is believed to have been erected by the Duke of Albany, son of Robert II., who starved to death his nephew, the Duke of Rothesay, in Falkland Palace. The object of the erection was probably to provide a place, with an endowment to a chaplain, where prayers might be offered for the victim and for the pardon of the murderer.

Among other memorials recently erected in different parts of the interior, there are mural brasses with the names of Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld and also Provost of the Collegiate Establishment; John Craig, John Knox's colleague; Alexander Henderson; Archbishop Leighton; Principal Carstairs; Jenny Geddes; and Dean Hannay, who so narrowly escaped collision with Jenny Geddes's stool. A bronze bust of the late Dean Stanley has been erected near the Royal pew. It is a replica of the original, sculptured for the Queen by Miss Grant, daughter of the late Sir Francis Grant, *P.R.A.*, placed in St. George's, Windsor. A sculptured figure of Dr. William Chambers, the restorer of the Cathedral, is to be placed in a small apartment on the north side of the church.

The first stone parish church erected as the nucleus of what afterwards became the Collegiate Church of St. Giles, consisted of a nave and chancel in Norman architecture, immediately to the east of the tower, occupying only a portion of the centre of the present nave. Part of this original building still remains; it was constructed so solidly that all the burnings of English armies failed to obliterate it. The present tower and lantern were re-erected, in 1648, on the model of the ancient one which had become ruinous. And no wonder, for Kirkaldy of Grange, when holding the Castle and upper part of the town for Queen Mary, hoisted up here several pieces of cannon, and transformed the venerable pile into a battery. There was no clock upon the tower till 1585, when the Town Council set up a clock, which they had purchased from the Abbey Church, Lindores, Fife. The first musical bells were erected in 1681, with part of the proceeds of a legacy left by Thomas Moodie.

The church is cruciform, the tower standing at the junction of the nave and the choir with the transept. At the south end of the transept was the "Old

Kirk," where the immortal Jenny Geddes struck the first blow in a battle which ended in the explosion of the Divine right of kings to persecute, and the full establishment of civil and religious liberty at the Revolution. Previous to the present century, St. Giles' Church was a more picturesque object externally than it has now become. Unfortunately, about the year 1630, the north front was disfigured by the erection of wooden booths between the buttresses. These tumble-down erections were known as the Krames, and were the favourite resort of boys and girls in quest of toys, which formed the principal stock in trade of the shopkeepers. In the beginning of this century, arrangements were made to have these abominations cleared away. But, instead of restoring the shell of the building to its integrity, the architect who had charge of the renovation advised facing the walls with the vapid polished ashlar front which now appears. This "restoration" was in 1829. About fifty years later, Dr. William Chambers offered to carry out a real restoration, so far as the interior is concerned. For many years, St. Giles' had been divided into four churches—the High, the Tolbooth, the New North, and the Old Kirk. When Dr. Chambers took in hand the work of restoration, there were still two churches accommodated in the building,—the High, and what had come to be called West St. Giles'. By public subscription a new church was provided for this congregation, on the south side of the Meadows, and Dr. Chambers then proceeded with his enterprise. The first thing done was to clear out the choir, and open up the old aisles already referred to. This part of the church was further adorned with a handsome pulpit in Caen stone, the panels carved with the "Works of Mercy." An elaborate rood screen was erected at the east end, and an ornate royal pew at the other end of the choir. The choir, it may here be remarked, was the parish church of Edinburgh when John Knox was minister, and here he delivered those animated and thrilling



JOHN KNOX IN ST. GILES'.

discourses, which, James Melville says in his Diary, "gart me sae to grue and trembel that I culd nocht hold the pen to wryte." The congregation

have provided themselves with an organ, and liberal citizens have filled in stained glass to the windows. The painting on the great east window, the gift of Sir James Falshaw—the only Englishman who has been Lord Provost of Edinburgh—represents the Crucifixion and the Ascension. The other painted windows chiefly represent the Life and Miracles and Parables of Christ, and scenes from the Acts of the Apostles. The window in the Moray Aisle represents the assassination of “the Good Regent.”

At the north end of the transept, in the vestibule, there are marble monuments in memory of the officers and soldiers of the 72nd, 78th, and 93rd Highlanders who fell during the mutiny in India. The old colours of many of the Scotch regiments have recently been brought together, and suspended in the west end of the nave. The inner doorway of the north transept has been finished with a handsome stone screen, representing the eight incorporated trades and their respective saintly patrons. Externally, the upper part of the west doorway is filled in with statuettes. The ancient cemetery of St. Giles' is obliterated; Parliament Square and the High Courts now occupying the site. The spot where John Knox is believed to have been buried is marked in the Square by a small flat stone, with the initials I. K.

Edinburgh and suburbs were well supplied with churches in pre-Reformation times. Besides St. Giles' there were **ST. CUTHBERT'S**, with its chapels, at Corstorphine; Liberton; St. Marie's, at the west end of King's Stables; St. John the Baptist, near the Convent of St. Catherine of Sienna; St. Roque's, near Greenhill; Newhaven; and St. Ninian's (near the present General Post-Office). The Church of St. Cuthbert's has a more venerable record than St. Giles' or any of the Edinburgh churches. It is believed to have existed from the eighth century, and having the spiritual care of the largest parish in Midlothian, there were, as we have seen, a good many chapels in connection with it. We know little about its early career, but old pictures of Edinburgh show it, at the edge of the Nor' Loch, as a rather handsome cruciform building with a fine tower. Later, this building was replaced by an ugly building, taken down in 1772. Three years later the present structure took its place. It is the largest church in Edinburgh, being furnished with two galleries, one over the other, and accommodating 3000 worshippers. As for architectural pretensions, it has none. Since the Reformation, St. Cuthbert's has been highly favoured with able ministers. One of the first of the Protestant pastors was Mr. Robert Pont, who had been a Lord of Session before he was appointed to the cure of souls. He was a zealous Presbyterian, and when James VI. tried to smuggle



HIGH CHURCH.

(FROM THE SOUTH. A.D. 1800.)

Episcopacy into the Scottish Church, Mr. Pont and other two ministers repaired to the Parliament House to protest in presence of the Estates; and finding the doors shut against them, they proceeded to the City Cross, publicly protested against the "Black Acts," as they were called, and then fled to England for safety. Neil M'Vicar was minister of St. Cuthbert's when Prince Charlie had possession of the city, in 1745. He was one of the few who continued preaching in town. His bold conscientiousness in conducting the service has been already referred to, and another characteristic story is worthy of record. An influential member of his congregation who had been subjected to church discipline, met him, and said to him angrily, that if it were not for his clerical coat he would give him a sound thrashing. The minister thereupon stripped his coat, threw it on the ground, and said, "There lies the minister of the West Kirk, and here stands Neil M'Vicar." According to the story, the challenge was not accepted. Mr. M'Vicar was the first minister who preached Gaelic in Edinburgh, and was instrumental in founding the first Gaelic Church. He was a special favourite with his compatriots, and his loyalty to the Protestant Succession was of essential service to the Government in the Forty-five. Mr. James Mackie, who became minister of St. Cuthbert's in 1753, was another noted loyalist. When at St. Ninian's, the rebel army turned his church into a powder magazine, and it was accidentally blown up, on the hasty retreat of the Highlanders. Mr. Mackie followed till he came up with several of the officers, to whom he said, "You have destroyed the house of God, and God will destroy yours" (the House of Stuart). When in London, shortly after, he was introduced to the King as a loyal subject, and asked "to see the King's bairns." The request was at once complied with, and the venerable man, attracted by the appearance of the young prince, afterwards George III., laid his hand on his head, saying, "Ye're a stoushy chield, man. Maybe ye'll be king yet, and I hope you'll be a gude ane." The Rev. Sir Henry Moncreiff, the leader in his time of the Evangelical party in the Church of Scotland, was minister of St. Cuthbert's for over fifty years. Latterly, St. Cuthbert's became a collegiate charge, and, still further to provide for the spiritual wants of the parish, new churches and chapels of ease were erected in the New Town, the South Side and the suburbs. Thomas de Quincey, the "English opium eater," is buried in St. Cuthbert's Churchyard.

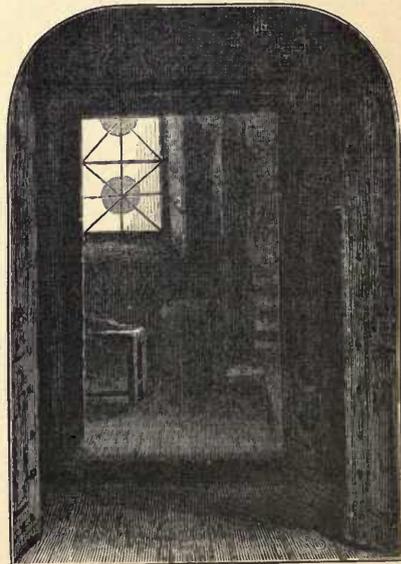
Next, in order of antiquity, comes **TRINITY COLLEGE CHURCH**, founded in the year 1462, by Mary of Gueldres, consort to James II. The original plan of this building was never completed; only the choir and the north and south aisles were finished. What there was of it was such a beautiful

example of decorated Gothic that, when the building had to be removed to make way for the North British Railway, the Town Council insisted that the stones should be carefully numbered as they were taken down, with a view to their re-erection. This was done, but a good many years passed, and a long law plea had to be disposed of before the re-erection could take place. And when the new Trinity College Church was erected in 1871-72, the apse was the only part of the building perfectly restored from the original, although the numbered stones, as far as possible, have been used for other parts of the building, and the whole design kept in perfect harmony with the old building. A tower and spire have been added. The remains of the foundress were discovered when the building was taken down, and were re-interred with honourable ceremony in Holyrood Chapel.



DE QUINCEY'S GRAVE.

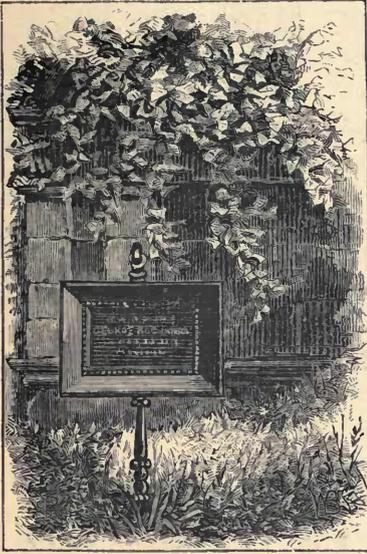
The **MAGDALENE CHAPEL**, near Cowgatehead, is all that remains of an old hospital for seven poor men and a chaplain, founded in 1504 by Michael Macqueen and his widow, and left in trust to the Corporation of Hammermen. The chapel is surmounted by a low, but elegant tower and spire; and in the windows of the small chapel there remain the only painted glass windows of pre-Reformation times in the city. John Craig, John Knox's colleague, preached here in Latin, soon after the Reformation, having almost forgotten his mother tongue during his long exile by Popish persecution. The General Assembly of 1578, when prelacy was abolished, was held here; and here also, in 1661, the headless body of the martyred Marquis of Argyle was laid for some days, previous to its removal to the family burying ground at Kilmun. The Magdalene



MAGDALENE CHAPEL.

Chapel now belongs to the Protestant Institute, and is part of the premises occupied by the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society.

**OLD GREYFRIARS' CHURCH** was founded in 1612. It had, at that time, a spire, which seems to have been afterwards used as the city magazine for



BUCHANAN'S GRAVE.

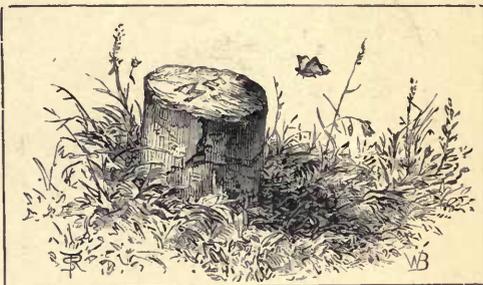
gunpowder. The magazine exploded on the 7th May, 1718, and the spire was destroyed. The Town Council resolved to employ the money which would be required for another spire, in planting a new church beside it, for the accommodation of the growing population. This was done, and the edifice was called New Greyfriars'. Old Greyfriars' met another misfortune in 1845, when it was almost completely destroyed by fire; it was restored and re-opened in 1857. It was in Old Greyfriars' Church that Alexander Henderson, in 1638, preached the sermon previous to the signing of the National Covenant. The parchment was partly signed in the church, and then taken outside and laid upon a flat grave-stone for signature by the multitudes who

flocked to the place eager to adhibit their names; some of them did so with their own blood. It was in this church that Principal Robertson, the historian, officiated for many years. He was the leader of the Moderate party of the Church of Scotland, in his time; and his colleague, Dr. Erskine, was a leading man in the Evangelical party. It not unfrequently happened that the preacher of the afternoon flatly contradicted the preacher of the forenoon. A typical instance of this has been recorded. One forenoon, Dr. Robertson declared that virtue was so attractive that if it could only appear in bodily shape all men would fall down and worship. On the afternoon of the same day, Dr. Erskine told his congregation that virtue had come down to earth in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that the multitude cried, "Away with Him; crucify Him!"

Old Greyfriars' Church was the first in the Church of Scotland to be supplied with an organ. The late Rev. Dr. Robert Lee had long controversy with the General Assembly of his Church upon his right to make the innovation. He

carried his point, and has since had many imitators. At the same time, he introduced a Liturgy of his own into the service.

**THE GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD** is consecrated ground in the highest sense; for hundreds of the persecuted and martyred Covenanters were interred here. The prisoners taken at Bothwell Bridge were incarcerated in an enclosure of the churchyard on the south-west corner. They were for long weeks exposed to all the vicissitudes of the weather without shelter, and on a starvation allowance of food. Many of them perished of want and exposure; and were unceremoniously buried near where they died. One of their leading persecutors is also interred here, Sir George Mackenzie, the King's Advocate, better known to Scotchmen as "the Bluidy Mackenzie."



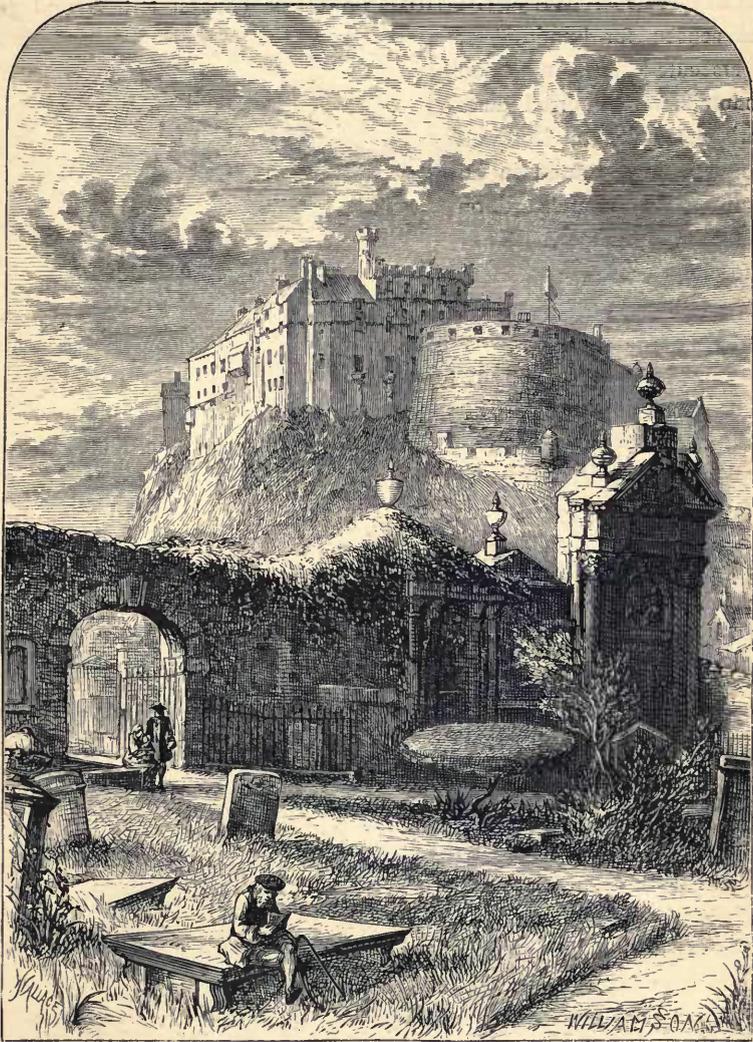
GRAVE OF THE REGENT MORTON.

Greyfriars' Churchyard was originally the garden ground of the Greyfriars' monastery which faced the Grass-market. The buildings were burned by the English in 1547, and were never restored. So, on the application of the magistrates, Queen Mary granted the use of the vacant ground to the city for a cemetery. Among the first laid in the new city cemetery was George Buchanan. The only mark of his grave is a little iron tablet erected by a patriotic blacksmith. The most notable monument is that known as "The Martyrs' Stone," erected on the east side of the grounds. It bears the following inscription: — "From May 27th, 1661, that the Most Noble Marquis of Argyle was beheaded, to the 17th February, 1688, that Mr. James Renwick suffered, were, one way or other, murdered and destroyed for the same cause about eighteen thousand; of whom were executed at Edinburgh, about one hundred of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers and others, noble martyrs for



MACKENZIE'S TOMB.

*As Bluidy Mackenzie  
Come out of the clauit  
Left the snuff and down the bar.*



GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD.

Jesus Christ; the most of them lie here." Besides those already mentioned, there have been buried in Greyfriars' Churchyard: Alexander Henderson, John Mylne (King's Master Mason), Principal Robertson, Dr. Blair, Allan Ramsay, Henry Mackenzie, Dr. M'Crie, author of the Life of Knox, and Patrick Tytler, the historian. At the Restoration, the inscriptions on the monument to Alexander Henderson were obliterated by order of Parliament. The marks of the bullets fired by the soldiers sent to execute the order may still be seen upon the stone. At the Revolution of 1688, the inscriptions were restored.

**CANONGATE CHURCH**—not the edifice but the congregation—dates back almost to the Reformation. Shortly after that event, Holyrood Chapel was repaired, after one of its frequent burnings by the English, and fitted up as a place of Protestant worship for the use of the parishioners of Canongate. It was so used until the Duke of York (James VII.) took up his residence at Holyrood, retook possession of it as a royal chapel, and fitted it up for Romish worship. The Protestant congregation having to provide another place of worship for themselves, obtained leave of James to employ for that purpose the bequest of a pious citizen, Thomas Moodie, who had left money to rebuild a church burnt by the English on Castlehill. The present nondescript structure was accordingly erected in the year 1688. It is built as a cross, and the only attempt at ornament is a stag's head and cross, in memorial of the legendary origin of Holyrood Abbey and Church. The first minister of the Canongate Church, when it met at Holyrood, was John Craig, who was called from that charge to be colleague to John Knox. Dr. Blair, the author of a once popular book of Sermons—rewarded by George III. with a pension of £200 a-year—was second minister of Canongate from 1743 to 1754. Principal Lee was minister of the First Charge from 1821 to 1825. He was succeeded by Dr. Gilchrist, a very dry preacher, but a man of learning, and a noted humourist. His colleague, the Rev. John Clark, equally defective as a popular preacher, one day asked Dr. Gilchrist, after sermon delivered to a good many empty pews, "What do you think, Doctor, would be a way to fill this Kirk?" "Deed," was the reply, "I canna think, unless the heritors were to buy a rope to *hing* me, and get a popular assistant to you."

It is in Canongate Churchyard that Robert Fergusson, the poet, is buried, on the west side of the church, not far from the street. Fergusson was a true poet, and his sketches of Edinburgh life are graphic and interesting. Unhappily, he early succumbed to the passion for strong drink, and this indulgence, acting upon an excitable temperament, drove him mad. In the twenty-fourth year of his age, he died in Bedlam, an old house in Bristo, which stood beside the



CANONGATE TOLBOOTH.

Darien House. When in Edinburgh, Robert Burns visited the grave and wept over the remains of his "elder brother in the Muses." Out of the first money he received for the Edinburgh edition of his poems, he paid for the stone which now marks the grave, and had the following lines inscribed upon it:—

"No sculptured marble here! no pompous lay!  
 No storied urn, or animated bust!  
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way  
 To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust."

Lord Provost Drummond, Professor Dugald Stewart, Principal Ferguson, author of "The Roman Republic," are also interred in the Canongate Churchyard. Adam Smith, author of "The Wealth of Nations," died at his house, Panmure Close, Canongate, now occupied as a foundry; he too was buried in the Canongate Churchyard.

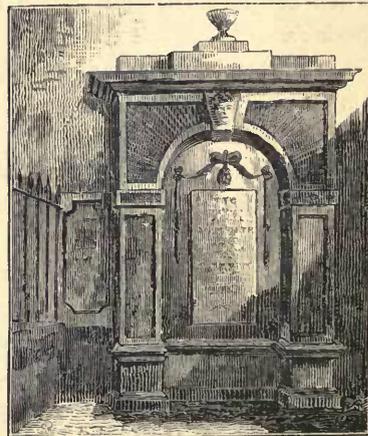


FERGUSSON'S GRAVE.

The TRON KIRK was provided for the congregation which assembled in "the Old Kirk," one of the four places of worship into which St. Giles' was divided after the Reformation, and the one in which John Knox preached last,



PANMURE CLOSE.



ADAM SMITH'S GRAVE.

because he had become too feeble to make himself heard in the choir division. Struthers and Hannay, the two Deans of Edinburgh during the period when Episcopacy was forced upon Scotland, were ministers of the Old Kirk congregation. In order to prepare the interior of St. Giles' for Cathedral service, the

partition wall of the Old Kirk had been thrown down, and the congregation had to look out for another place of worship. A site was fixed upon near the Salt Trone, a pillar with a weighing beam placed upon a short flight of steps, opposite the head of Blair Street, and in 1637—the year of Jenny Geddes—the erection was begun by Mylne, the mason who built the modern part of Holyrood Palace. But times were hard, and sufficient money to finish the work was not forthcoming till 1644. The church and spire were not finally completed till 1663. When the South Bridge was built, the Municipality took down a portion of the east side of the church, in order that the two bridges, North and South, might form a direct line, and in patching up the building afterwards, by no means improved its appearance. In the great fire of 1824, the Tron Kirk was partially destroyed, and the spire entirely consumed. The church was restored without much alteration, except as regards the spire, which is not equal in architectural effect to the one which was destroyed.

The Cowgate Roman Catholic Church demands a short notice. It is a large building, with a fine spire, and was erected in 1771 for Episcopal worship. The first minister was the Rev. Archibald Alison, author of "Essays on Taste," a work of some repute in its day, and father of Sir Archibald Alison, the historian. The congregation moved to St. Paul's, York Place, and was succeeded by a Secession congregation, and latterly by the Roman Catholic congregation of St. Patrick's.

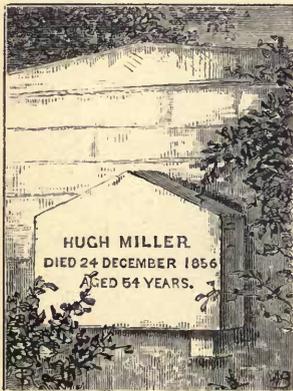
Of the other Edinburgh churches, it must suffice to say that St. Andrew's is that in which the Disruption took place; St. George's is the church of Dr. Andrew Thomson and Dr. Candlish; Nicolson Street Church, the place where Dr. Jamieson, the author of the Scottish Dictionary, officiated; M'Crie-Roxburgh Church in Davie Street, where the historian of Knox ministered; and that St. Mary's in Palmerston Place is the Cathedral of the Episcopalians in Edinburgh. It is a handsome structure, erected from designs of Sir Gilbert Scott, with funds to the amount of over £100,000 left by the late Misses Walker of Coates. A curious circumstance may be mentioned in connection with the Buccleuch Parish Church. Shortly after its erection as a Chapel of Ease in connection with the West Kirk, the burying ground (opened June, 1763) was consecrated on the sly, by Bishop Falconar, of the non-juring Scottish Episcopal Communion, in June, 1764, at the request of an individual not belonging to the West Kirk Session, but whose application to the bishop was at least connived at by five elders and one deacon who witnessed the ceremony. The rumour of this secret transaction having reached the ears of the Session, the elders and deacon were called to account. In course of the investigation they solemnly declared that

they had no hand in the affair, further than being present at the request of the individual formerly alluded to, for which they expressed their sorrow ; they added, that the majority of them knew not at first for what purpose they were convened. The Session then remitted the matter to the Presbytery, by whom they were censured and admonished. In this churchyard are the remains of Mrs. Cockburn, the author of the modern and popular version of "The Flowers of the Forest" (mistakenly attributed to Jeannie Elliot) ; Dr. Adam, for forty-three years Rector of the High School, having among his pupils, Jeffrey, Brougham, Scott, Francis Horner, and others. After the renovation of the church, the Marquis of Bute erected a stained-glass window as the memorial of an ancestress, Flora, daughter of Macleod of Raasay.

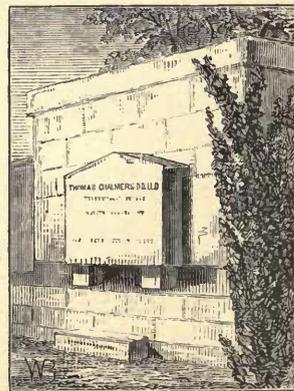


DAVID HUME'S GRAVE.

The other principal burying-grounds in Edinburgh are the Dean Cemetery, with the graves of Lord Jeffrey, Lord Cockburn ; David Scott and Sir William

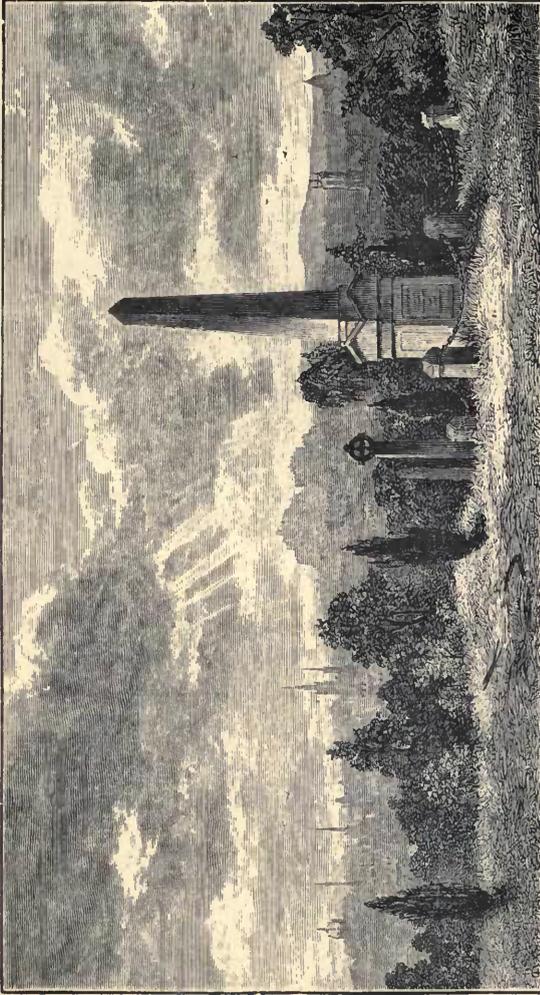


HUGH MILLER'S GRAVE.



CHALMERS'S GRAVE.

Allan, painters. Warriston Cemetery contains the dust of Sir James Y. Simpson



EDINBURGH FROM WARRISTON CEMETERY.

THE OBELISK IN THE FOREGROUND MARKS THE GRAVE OF SIR JAMES V. SIMPSON, BART.

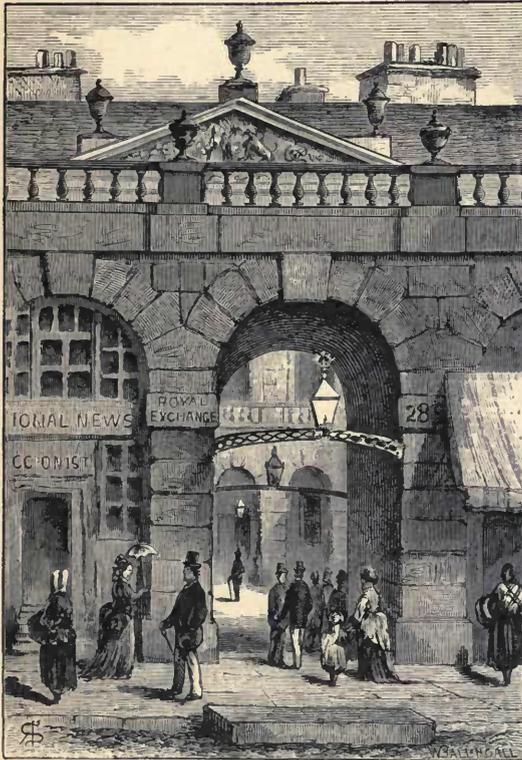
and Alexander Smith, the poet. The Calton Burying-Ground has conspicuous monuments to David Hume, buried there, and to Muir, Palmer, Skirving, Gerrald and Margarot, banished in 1794 for giving expression to liberal political opinions. In the Grange Cemetery are the remains of Dr. Chalmers, Hugh Miller, Dr. Duff, the missionary, and Dr. Guthrie, founder of the Ragged Schools.

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#### CHAPTER X.—MUNICIPAL INSTITUTIONS.

THE archives of Edinburgh were so often plundered or burned by English invading armies that there is now no record of the date when the city was constituted a royal burgh. It must, however, have had that distinction previous to 1128, for in that year, David I., in his charter of foundation of the Holyrood Abbey, mentions it as "*Burgo meo de Edwinesburg.*" It is generally supposed that it was this monarch himself who first gave the city this distinction. This conjecture is strengthened by the character of the City Arms, which embody a legend of sainthood. St. Giles, the Greek recluse who became patron saint of the parish church, had a tame hind for his companion, and this legend is commemorated in the supporters of the City Arms. The Burgh Records give a complete list of the Provosts of the burgh, from 1377 downwards, showing that for generations they have been men of mark. The first nobleman elected to the chief magistracy was Lord Hailes, in 1485. In respect of his title, he was addressed as "My Lord Provost." The subsequent occupants of the chair continued to enjoy the title, which, in 1667, was by Charles II. permanently conferred upon the city's chief, along with the privileges of the Lord Mayor of London. In 1513, the Earl of Angus (Archibald "Bell-the-Cat") was chief magistrate, and from time to time other members of the Douglas family occupied the position. 1513 was the year of Flodden. Angus, though now an old man, followed his sovereign, along with several of the magistrates and a large number of the burgesses, with the "Blue Blanket" flying. The old veteran tried with all his might to dissuade James from his rash resolution to force a battle with the English army, and the headstrong monarch replied pettishly that if he was afraid he could go home. Douglas, more in sorrow than in anger, withdrew, but two of his sons remained, and with other 200 of the clan perished on the field. Lord Home, Great Chamberlain of Scotland, had the chair in 1514; Lord

Maxwell in 1524 and 1528; Lord Lindsay in 1573 (one of the confederate nobles who compelled Mary to sign her abdication); Kirkaldy of Grange in 1569. The Prestons of Craigmillar were often elected, and other neighbouring lairds; the Earl of Dunfermline in 1605. The most distinguished of all the Provosts of Edinburgh was George Drummond, who was first elected to the dignity in 1725, and approved himself so highly as a public man that he was six times returned to the same office. When a youth, Drummond was the first to



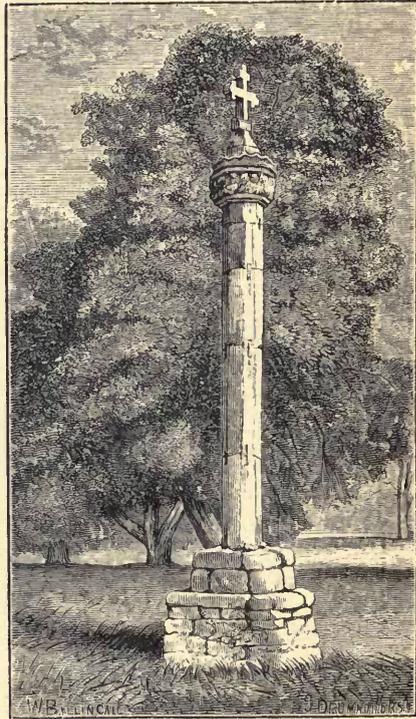
ROYAL EXCHANGE.

give notice to Government of the Earl of Mar's rebellion; he fought at Sheriffmuir, and sent to the Edinburgh magistrates the earliest notice of Argyll's victory, in a letter written on horseback, on the field of battle. He fought again for the Government at Prestonpans, in 1745. As Provost, the city was chiefly indebted to him for the erection and success of the Royal Infirmary; for the erection of the Royal Exchange, and the North Bridge. Among others, in recent times, who have achieved more than local fame, may be mentioned Mr. Duncan Maclaren and Mr. Adam Black, both of whom became members for the city; Dr. William Chambers, the publisher, who originated the

City Improvements Act, forming Chambers Street and other thoroughfares, and who, at his own expense, restored St. Giles' Church; and Sir George Harrison, who was elected M.P. for the South Division of Edinburgh, on retiring from the Provostship in 1885, but died before Parliament assembled. The Lord Provost has various *ex officio* functions and titles, among others that of Admiral of the Forth and Sheriff of the County of the City of Edinburgh. Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council have official robes, worn upon public occasions.

The Town Council met for many years in a part of St. Giles', and afterwards in the New Tolbooth. The square known as the Royal Exchange, with the Town Council buildings on the north side, was erected in 1753, at a cost of £31,457. The open area in fine weather, and the piazzas in rain, were intended for the accommodation of merchants, but merchants have never used them. There is a certain antique dignity about the premises, especially the staircase and the Council chamber; but they are certainly far inferior to similar buildings in other large cities, and the desirableness of erecting new municipal offices, including a Town Hall, has often been spoken of. The present Lord Provost, the Right Hon. Thomas Clark, publisher, has initiated a movement in this direction. The municipal offices are in different buildings, and the only large public hall in the city is that of the United Presbyterian Church. The Music Hall in George Street cannot seat over 1500, and the Free Assembly Hall does not hold many more. On occasions of great public demonstrations when thousands assemble, the Waverley (Vegetable) Market in Princes Street, or the Corn Exchange in Grassmarket have to be specially fitted up for purposes of audience.

The **MERCAT CROCE** is the most venerable of the municipal buildings. Its age, like that of the Castle and of the parish church, is uncertain. But it is mentioned in documents as ancient as the time of William the Lion, grandson of David I. The pillar is therefore at least as old as the beginning of the twelfth century. The pillar is a monolith, and originally was over thirty feet long. It has continued till this day, though in course of successive demolitions and removals and restorations, portions of it have gone to fragments, and its length has been greatly reduced. The Cross, as it now stands, is a copy, as close as possible, of the structure which was erected in 1617,



SHAFT OF THE CITY CROSS AS IT STOOD IN THE GROUNDS AT DRUM.

and demolished in 1756, on the absurd plea that it was an obstruction to the street. Sir Walter Scott thus commemorates the event :—

“Dun-Edin’s Cross, a pillared stone,  
 Rose on a turret octagon ;  
 (But now is razed that monument  
 Whence royal edict rang,  
 And voice of Scotland’s law was sent  
 In glorious trumpet clang.  
 Oh ! be his tomb as lead to lead,  
 Upon its dull destroyer’s head—  
 A minstrel’s malison is said).”

Sir Walter himself obtained possession of five of the medallions, three feet in diameter, which ornamented the tower. They had been first obtained by Walter Ross, and built into the front of Deanhaugh House, Stockbridge, whence Sir Walter procured them on the demolition of the house in 1814, and set them up at Abbotsford. In front of the greenhouse there he also erected the old fountain which flowed with wine at royal coronations, birthday anniversaries, and other occasions of public rejoicing. The shaft of the Cross, in 1756, was carried to the grounds of Drum, near Edinburgh, where it stood for nearly a hundred years. Through the exertions of the late David Laing and others, the shaft was brought back to the city, and erected upon a small pedestal within the railings on the north side of St. Giles’s Church.

In the present structure, as restored November, 1885, at the expense of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. for Midlothian, the octagonal tower forming the base is entirely new, though on the model of the last original, so far as can be ascertained. It is sixteen feet diameter and sixteen feet high, to the top of the parapet. At the angles of the octagon are eight Ionic columns, and from each of their capitals a bastion or rounded turret is corbelled out. The volutes of the capitals of these columns are placed diagonally. In the curtains or flat spaces of the parapet between the bastions are eight medallions or panels, having coats of arms sculptured on them, showing the City Arms, copied from the original panel, now at Abbotsford ; the Canongate Arms ; the Leith Arms ; the Arms of the University, or “Toun’s College” ; the Arms of the United Kingdom as quartered in Scotland ; and the Arms of Scotland, England, and Ireland. Between the Ionic columns are eight semicircular arches with key-stones, and in the tympanum of each is a small circular panel, bordered by a rich moulding. In the centre of that arch which constitutes the eastern face of the octagon, is an oak door, studded with copper nails, and having thistle ends to its ornamental iron hinges. By this door access is obtained to a stair which leads to an open

platform on the top of the octagonal structure, upon which about thirty people can stand. The platform is thirteen feet from the ground, and the parapet is three feet high. One band of carving, which consists of a series of flutes, is carried entirely round the Cross. Two other bands appear on the corbels of the bastions—one consisting of thistles and thistle leaves, and the other of an egg and dart pattern. At the springing of the arches an architrave moulding is carried completely round the building, interrupted only by the eight Ionic columns. From each bastion projects a gargoyle. Round the base are three steps, which add to the height of the structure. Rising from the centre of the roof of the platform is the old octagonal shaft, with its beautiful capital and unicorn on the top. The restoration was carried out under the direction of Mr. Sydney Mitchell, architect. The following is the text (and translation) of the inscription prepared for the Cross by Mr. Gladstone :—

DEO GRATIAS.

Vetustum Monumentum

Crucem Burgi Edinensis

Publicis muneribus ab antiquo dicatam

Ictu malé ominato A.S. MDCLVI.

Funditus eversam

Carmine tam eximio quam virili

A summo homine

Gualtero Scott

Et vindicatam et defletam

Proesulibus Municipii faventibus

Redintegrandam curavit

Gul. E. Gladstone

Stirpe oriundus

Per utramque lineam

Penitus Scoticâ.

A.S. MDCCCLXXXV. Die Novembris XXIV.

“This ancient monument, the Cross of Edinburgh, which of old was set apart for public ceremonies, but, having been utterly destroyed by a misguided hand A.D. MDCLVI., was avenged as well as lamented, in song alike noble and manful, by that great man Walter Scott, has now, by favour of the Magistrates of the City, been restored by William Ewart Gladstone, who claims through both parents a purely Scottish descent.”

Some of the memorable scenes which have occurred at the Cross of Edinburgh have already been recorded in the first chapter; to name them all would be to recall the principal events in Scottish history. After all—such is the power of popular legend and poetic genius—the description Sir Walter Scott gives of the vision on the eve of Flodden is more identified with the City Cross than any narrative of authentic history :—

They heard a faint, yet shrilly tone,  
 Like distant clarion feebly blown,  
 That on the breeze did die ;  
 And loud the Abbess shrieked in fear,  
 "Saint Withold, save us !—What is here ?  
 Look at yon City Cross !  
 See on its battled tower appear  
 Phantoms, that scutcheons seem to rear,  
 And blazoned banners toss !"

Then on its battlements they saw  
 A vision, passing Nature's law,  
 Strange, wild, and dimly seen :  
 Figures that seem to rise and die,  
 Gibber and sign, advance and fly,  
 While nought confirmed could ear or eye  
 Discern of sound or mien.  
 Yet darkly did it seem, as there  
 Heralds and pursuivants prepare,  
 With trumpet sound and blazon fair,  
 A summons to proclaim :  
 But indistinct the pageant proud,  
 As fancy forms of midnight cloud,  
 When flings the moon upon her shroud  
 A wavering tinge of flame ;  
 It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,  
 From midmost of the spectre crowd,  
 This awful summons came :—  
 "Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,  
 Whose names I now shall call,  
 Scottish, or foreigner, give ear ;  
 Subjects of him who sent me here,  
 At his tribunal to appear,  
 I summon one and all."

In the long roll which followed, there occurred, according to Pitscottie, the name of Richard Lawson, one of the few auditors of the fell summons. On hearing his name read out, Lawson exclaimed : "I appeal from that summons and sentence, and take me to the mercy of God and Christ Jesus His Son." Pitscottie adds that the same gentleman swore to him that all who had been named perished at Flodden except himself.

The Market Cross of the burgh of Canongate once stood in the middle of the street where the market was held, opposite Canongate Church. It has now been placed against the wall of the old Canongate Tolbooth. (It may be well here to remind the reader that the old "toll-booths" were what the words literally signify—booths or places for taking toll. There was usually, as in Edinburgh,

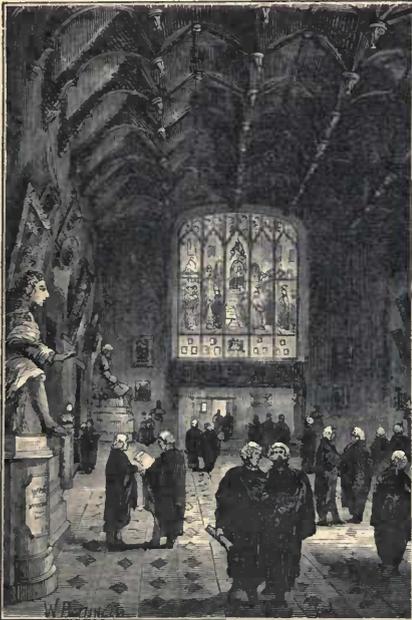
Canongate, and Leith, a prison attached to this municipal centre, and in course of time, this part of the building has got the name intended for the whole). Between the arms of the Canongate Cross are sculptured the stag's head with the cross between its horns, the armorial crest of the burgh. The mark of the staple by which "the jougs" (iron collar for pilloried culprits) were fastened to the pillar may still be traced. There were other two crosses in Canongate—St. John's Cross opposite St. John's Street, and the Girth Cross at the western boundary of the Sanctuary, near the Watergate. The sites of these two crosses are marked by circles of stones intersected by other stones in the form of a cross. There was another cross in the suburbs of Edinburgh—viz., the St. Leonard's Cross, at the head of St. Leonard's Lane. All trace of this has disappeared since Maitland wrote about it, and it seems to have been erected, not as a municipal structure, but as a memorial of a Borderer named Umfraville, who was killed there.

The **TOLBOOTH** of Edinburgh, bearing out what we have said about the origin of the name, is named in a Scotch Act of Parliament in the year 1561, the *Pretorium burgi de Edinburgi*. The second Parliament of James II. was held in the same *pretorium burgi*, and during the reigns of this monarch, of James III., James IV., James V., and James VI., this was the usual place of meeting. Following up the Act of Parliament above referred to, Queen Mary sent a letter to the magistrates requiring them to rebuild the Tolbooth, as it had become so ruinous as to be unsafe for use. The citizens considered this order so grievous that they delayed obeying as long as they durst, and only began to comply when the Court of Session, which then met in it, threatened to remove its sitting to St. Andrews, if not promptly provided with accommodation. The original Tolbooth was then either wholly taken down and rebuilt, or underwent very considerable repairs. About the same time an additional building, known as the New Tolbooth, was erected to accommodate Parliament and the Courts of Justice. Parliament met in this new building till the year 1640, when the Parliament House was erected, but the Courts of Justice and meetings of the Town Council were held in it long after that period. In 1640, the ground floor of the Old Tolbooth was converted into shops, and the three storeys above were reserved as the prison. The prison was a filthy place, and a miserable lodging for poor prisoners or debtors. The jailor had full control over the rations of the inmates, and no one was permitted to supply provisions except himself. The rich had as much to eat and to drink as they chose to pay for—as much strong drink as they could carry; the poor were sometimes half-starved. This ancient building, known since the publication of the Waverley Novels as "The Heart of

Midlothian," was demolished in 1817. The centre of the place where it stood is marked, on the pavement in front of Parliament Square, with paving stones arranged in the form of a heart. The great entrance door, with its massive lock and ponderous key, and also a part of the circular tower in which it was placed, forms part of the entrance to Abbotsford.

The new prison or Bridewell was erected on the Calton Hill, above the old Dow (Dhu) Craig in 1796. Another new jail was erected immediately to the east, for civil and criminal prisoners, in 1817; and in 1885 most of these buildings were removed and replaced by other buildings planned in accordance with modern requirements for light, air, and classification. There is no need to describe buildings of this sort. It is a pity that a prison should occupy one of the most conspicuous sites in Edinburgh. The municipal and county authorities have, however, done what they could to give some architectural effect to the buildings.

The **PARLIAMENT HOUSE** is not strictly a municipal building, but it may be conveniently referred to at this place. As already stated, it was erected



GREAT HALL IN THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

about 1640, at a cost of £11,600, which represented a good deal more value than the same figures now. It was a handsome building, in the old Scotch baronial style, and had a dignity about it to which the Greek front and piazzas erected in 1808 cannot make pretension. Modern Athens was Modern Bœotia in architectural taste at the end of last century and the beginning of this. Happily, the Great Hall has not been interfered with, except in the way of improvement. It is a magnificent interior, 122 feet long by 49 broad, with an open roof of carved oak, resting on quaintly sculptured corbels. The great south window is filled in with a stained glass representation of the institution by James V. of the "College of Justice,"

or High Civil and Criminal Courts. The hall is now used as a promenade or open consultation room for writers and advocates. The hall is adorned with



OLD PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

fine statues of Duncan Forbes of Culloden, Lord President of the Court of Session during the Rebellion of 1745; Lord Jeffrey and Lord Cockburn; also with statues and paintings of many others. The Outer House, as it is called, is a series of small courts, presided over by the five Lords Ordinary. The courts enter from the lobby at the south end of the Great Hall. The courts of the Inner House are on the east side of the Hall and Outer House, separated into First and Second Divisions. Each Division has a bench of four judges, the First presided over by the Lord President, and the Second by the Lord Justice-Clerk. The High Courts of Justiciary, Teinds, Exchequer, &c., are

accommodated in the building still farther east. Sir William Forbes's (afterwards the Union) Bank used to be in the south-east corner of Parliament Square, but now the whole side is required for the Courts.



UPPER HALL, SIGNET LIBRARY.

One of the most interesting parts of the Parliament House is the Advocates' Library, which contains over 150,000 volumes, and many hundreds of historical and valuable MSS., among which are many copies of the Solemn League and Covenant, with the signatures of the subscribers. This Library

has the privilege of receiving a copy of every book published in Great Britain; it is freely open to all for consultation in the Reading Room, and members of the Faculty of Advocates may claim the use of the books at their own homes. The Signet Library, belonging to the Writers to the Signet, has also a large and valuable collection of books; it is especially rich in history.

The goldsmith's booth of George Heriot, jeweller to James VI., and founder of the Hospital, was close to St. Giles's Cathedral, nearly opposite to the Signet Library door. It was a little place, with a founder's fire and bellows, damped down at night with a heavy flat extinguisher. In outward appearance it was little better than one of the krames on the other side of the church, but James VI., with all his absurd notions of the Divinity that doth hedge a king, was fond of popping in upon his jeweller at his place of business, and getting a glass of good wine, or anything else George might be pleased to give him.

An equestrian statue to Charles II. is placed in the centre of Parliament Square. Happily, the inscription is in Latin. In the square, to the west of the church, and in front of the County Buildings, it is proposed to erect a monument to the Duke of Buccleuch, who died in 1884.

Five of our **BANKS** may be regarded as municipal institutions, in the sense that they are the creation of Edinburgh enterprise. The Bank of Scotland was



BANK OF SCOTLAND



THE MOUND.

the first established in Edinburgh; it was incorporated by royal charter in 1695. Previous to this, there were no banks in Edinburgh; a few of the richer merchants having booths in Parliament Square and the West Bow had a monopoly of almost the whole banking business of Scotland, exchanging and lending money at a very high rate of interest. The head office of this Bank is in

Bank Street, with its entrance front to Bank Street, and a still more imposing architectural front to the New Town. The Royal Bank was founded in a close near the Cross in 1727, and now occupies the handsome building on the east side of St. Andrew Square, built for himself by Sir Lawrence Dundas, and afterwards occupied as the Excise Office. An equestrian statue is erected on the lawn in front to the fourth Earl of Hopetoun, who succeeded to the command of the British army on the death of Sir John Moore, at Corunna. The British Linen Company Bank was incorporated by royal charter in 1746. It was originally intended as a mercantile company for the promotion of the linen manufacture, but it gradually developed its banking business till that became its only department. This bank is housed in luxurious premises in St. Andrew Square, south of the Royal. Its front shows six tall Corinthian columns supporting finely-sculptured colossal figures of Navigation, Commerce, Industry, Architecture, Mechanics, and Agriculture. The National Bank, immediately to the south of the British Linen, was founded in 1825. The Commercial Bank was established in 1810. Its head office, a very handsome building, with a fine portico on massive pillars, and sculptured pediment, is nearly opposite St. Andrew's Parish Church. The Union Bank is partly an Edinburgh Bank, the establishment of Sir William Forbes having been merged in it; and its offices in George Street are on the scale of a central establishment. The Clydesdale Bank, at the corner of George Street and Hanover Street, has also a considerable office, though its headquarters are in Glasgow.

Of other public commercial establishments, we here note only the Chamber of Commerce, instituted in 1786, and with its hall in Melbourne Place; and the Scottish Trade Protection Society in Bank Street.

The Merchant Company and Trades' Incorporations fall to be noticed in connection with the educational institutions which now so largely occupy their attention.

There was no regular **POSTAL SYSTEM** in Edinburgh, or in Scotland, till the year 1635, when the Postmaster of England was instructed to arrange a mail to go and come between London and Edinburgh within six days. Seven years later, another mail was established between Edinburgh and Portpatrick, for the sake of communication between the Scottish troops sent to defend Ulster and their friends in Scotland. In 1669, a mail was run between Edinburgh and Aberdeen, and in 1678 between Edinburgh and Glasgow. The posts from Edinburgh to the provinces were at first by runners, then by horsemen. The first coach run in Scotland was between Edinburgh and Leith, in 1610; but a smart walker could easily outstrip the coach. The coach between Edinburgh

and Glasgow was drawn by six horses, and performed the journey to and fro in six days. In 1708 the whole business of the General Post-Office in Edinburgh was managed by four in-door officials, and three letter-carriers, and the place of business was a common shop, belonging to a family of the name of Main, claiming to be descendants of Jenny Geddes. In 1776, Peter Williamson established a penny post of his own for Edinburgh and Scotland, and it proved so great a success that the Government took it into their own hands, and gave him a handsome allowance for it. Peter had been kidnapped when a boy, and sent out to the plantations. He escaped from that slavery; and spent an adventurous life among the North American Indians. After many years' absence he returned home, opened a popular tavern known as "Indian Peter's Coffee



REGISTER HOUSE AND LEITH STREET.



POST-OFFICE AND WATERLOO PLACE.

Room," established the penny post, and afterwards the Edinburgh Directory, which has continued till to-day, in yearly succession. The first independent home of the Post-Office was in the first floor of a house near the Cross, in what is still known as Old Post-Office Close. In 1821 it was removed to the building in Waterloo Place now occupied as the New Waverley Hotel. On the 23rd October, 1861, the foundation stone of the New Post-Office, at the north-east end of the North Bridge—the site of the old Theatre Royal—was laid by the late Prince Consort, and the premises were opened for Post-Office and telegraph business in 1866. The building is in the Italian style, from designs by the late Mr. Robert Matheson, of H.M. Board of Works, Scotland. Its main front is to Princes Street, and is 140 feet long; the facade to the North Bridge is 180 feet. The south face of the building, overlooking the railway valley, is

125 feet high to the corner towers. The cost of the building and site was £120,000.

The REGISTER HOUSE is opposite the Post-Office. It was designed by Mr. Robert Adam, architect ; and is a handsome building, 200 feet square, with a quiet, classical dignity. The grand staircase and the great dome are the most conspicuous architectural features. Below the dome, there is an iron fire-proof chamber for the safe keeping of important documents. The New Register House, designed by Mr. Matheson, is a large, square building, behind the Old Register House. These buildings have numerous offices for the recording of Court of Session judgments, the registration of titles to land, for the work of the Registrar General, and for the preservation of important national documents, such as the records of the old Scottish Parliaments, and the Privy Council. The instrument by which the Court of Session itself was created, is among the documents lodged here.

The principal CLUBS in Edinburgh are the New Club (chiefly supported by county gentlemen), the Scottish Conservative Club, the University Club, and the Scottish Liberal Club. All these are in Princes Street ; and are handsome and well-appointed establishments. The United Service Club is in Queen Street, and the Northern Club in George Street.

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#### CHAPTER XI.—CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

IN proportion to its population, there is probably no city in the world so abundantly provided with institutions intended for the benefit of suffering humanity. Indeed, there is a prevailing impression in the community that too much charitable help is given ; and at any rate that the number and variety of the sources from which charity can be obtained encourages mendicancy and imposture. Unfortunately, this is more than an impression. It has been shown again and again that by the over-lapping of the different agencies, unscrupulous persons succeed in accumulating more by charitable doles than their more industrious neighbours obtain by honest labour. The Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, 69 Hanover Street, was organised for the purpose of investigating cases of real distress, and exposing impostors. It has probably achieved as much success in that way as its resources permit ; yet the evil still

continues. The churches which look after their own poor, and benevolent individuals interested in particular cases, are naturally indisposed to make public record of what they are doing; so that even should a complete Clearing House system be established for the Associations which exist, this would not put a conclusive end to regular mendicancy.

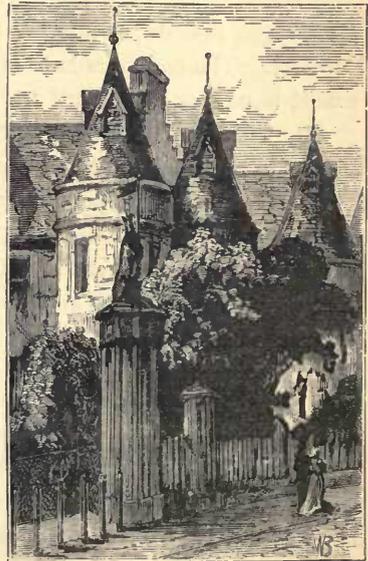
The greatest of the institutions for the relief of bodily suffering is the **ROYAL INFIRMARY**, which was first opened in 1729, in a small hired house. A charter of incorporation was obtained in 1736, and, chiefly through the energy of Lord Provost Drummond, as much money was obtained as to admit of the foundation of a large hospital in Infirmery Street, with 228 beds. A bust of Provost Drummond was sculptured by Nollekens, and placed in the hall of the Infirmery, as a memorial of his active benevolence. The bust has been placed in the lobby of the new hospital, and another



OLD INFIRMERY TOWER.

beside it of Lord Provost Boyd, the publisher, who exerted himself in raising funds for the present hospital. The Infirmery Street building was added to, from

time to time. First, the old High School, at the foot of the street, was added as a surgical hospital; afterwards, a new surgical hospital, a fever hospital, and a lock hospital were added. But some years ago it was found that further extension on the old site could not be carried out in accordance with modern discoveries in curative science. George Watson's Hospital and grounds were therefore purchased from the Merchant Company, the principal part of the Watson's Hospital being retained to accommodate the administrative department. The foundation stone of the New Infirmery was laid in October, 1870, by the Prince of Wales, and was opened in October, 1879. The buildings are in the Scotch baronial style, of the time of the later Stuarts, and the designs were prepared by the late David



NORTH-EAST TOWERS, NEW ROYAL INFIRMERY.

Bryce, R.S.A., a master of that style, and carried out under the supervision of his nephew, Mr. John Bryce. The building consists of the central block already referred to, and eight pavilions, four for the surgical and four for the medical house, connected by covered corridors. Abundant air-space and recreation ground are provided, the building occupying only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  acres in a site comprising  $11\frac{1}{2}$  acres. The grounds are also open to the Meadows on the south, and to Heriot's Hospital grounds on the north. There is accommodation for six hundred patients. The cost of the New Infirmary has been about £300,000.

In connection with the Infirmary there is a Convalescent Hospital at Corstorphine, and two funds to provide comforts for poor patients when dismissed. There are Convalescent Homes at Gilmerton for adults and for children, not connected with the Infirmary.

The **SICK CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL** stands immediately to the west of the Infirmary.

**CHALMERS' HOSPITAL**, at the corner of Chalmers Street and Lauriston, has accommodation of the same kind as in the Royal Infirmary. It was founded with funds left by George Chalmers, plumber in Edinburgh, who died 10th March, 1836, bequeathing the greater part of his fortune for this hospital. The management of the charity is in the Dean and Faculty of Advocates. Nearly 300 in-door patients are treated in course of the year, and nearly 3000 out-door. The managers have fitted up part of the hospital for patients able and willing to pay for their board and treatment.

The **ROYAL MATERNITY AND SIMPSON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL** is also in Lauriston, a little farther west. There are two "lying-in" institutions which give attention to poor married women at their own homes.

The **LONGMORE HOSPITAL**, in Salisbury Place, was founded in 1874, as a home for persons suffering from incurable disease. There are other three institutions for incurables in the city.

The **HOME FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN** is in North Mansionhouse Road, Grange.

There are nine **DISPENSARIES** in the city, general and special; and two training institutions for sick nurses.

In addition to the County Asylum for the Insane near Roslin, the Royal Edinburgh Asylum has extensive premises and recreation grounds at Morningside.

The **DESTITUTE SICK SOCIETY**, one of the most useful and best conducted Edinburgh charities, was founded more than a century ago. The visitors of this Society are all gentleman volunteers, who make full inquiry into each case.

Besides the extensive establishments for the City Workhouse at Craiglockhart ; and for the St. Cuthbert's Workhouse at Comely Bank, the following charitable and reformatory institutions may be enumerated, of those supported by voluntary contributions :—The Original Ragged Schools (Dr. Guthrie's), Ramsay Lane, Argyll House, and Leith Walk (about to be removed to new buildings at Liberton); the United Industrial Schools, Blackfriars Street; St. Cuthbert's Ragged Industrial School, Castlebarns; The Edinburgh Industrial Brigade (for assisting destitute boys in their efforts to obtain a livelihood when too old for the Ragged Schools); Night Asylum and Strangers' Friend Society, Old Fishmarket Close; House of Refuge and Night Refuge, Queensberry House, Canongate; Refuge for Lady Inebriates, Queensberry Lodge; Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society; Magdalene Asylum, Dalry; and other three or four similar institutions; Girls' House of Refuge, Dalry; Wellington Reformatory Farm School, Penicuik; Stockbridge Home for Protection of Children; Deanbank Institution for Training Girls; Paterson's Institution for Training Orphan Girls; Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, Mound; Soldiers' Home, Piershill; Society for Relief of Distressed Foreigners; Association for Improving the Lodging Houses of the Working Classes; Society for Supplying Cheap Coals to the Poor; Society for Relief of Indigent Old Men; two Societies for Relief of Indigent Old Women; Fund for Relief of Indigent Gentlewomen, &c. &c. Besides these, there are numerous "Mortifications" as they are called, under the management of the Town Council and other public bodies, providing that the yearly increment of the sums "mortified" shall be applied to the relief of certain classes of persons specified. A free breakfast is given every Sabbath morning to over a thousand persons in the Drill Hall, Forrest Road, and free dinners to children, and soup rations, are dispensed to the poor in various quarters of the city.

Of Religious Societies other than denominational, national, or auxiliary to national, we may mention the City Mission; the Medical Missionary Society and Training Institute; the Scottish Evangelistic Association; the Edinburgh Young Men's Christian Association; the Edinburgh Sabbath School Teachers' Union; the Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association; the Working Boys and Girls Religious Society; the Edinburgh and Leith Seamen's Friend Society; the Scottish Reformation Society; the Protestant Institute; the Gospel Temperance Union. The Edinburgh Total Abstinence Society and the Good Templar Association may also be mentioned in this connection.

## CHAPTER XII.—EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

THE late Lord Provost, Sir George Harrison, on being asked by a member of Government who was visiting the city what its chief industry was, replied, "Education." This witness is true. The remark applies, in a measure, to the whole of Scotland, which, with a population of 4,000,000, has 6500 university students; while England, with a population of 25,000,000, sends 5000 students to her two universities. Edinburgh is probably as much in advance of the rest of Scotland in this matter, as Scotland is in advance of England. If we inquire how this comes about, we must cry back to John Knox, and

The **HIGH SCHOOL.** There were schools in the principal towns of



OLD DOORWAY, HIGH SCHOOL WYND.

Scotland as early as the twelfth century—Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen, and Ayr. The schools of St. Andrews were under charge of a rector in 1233, and there were public schools in Montrose, somewhat later. In 1580, the magistrates of Canongate speak of a Grammar School existing in their burgh from "past the memorie of man." The Grammar School of Edinburgh was originally attached to the Abbey of Holyrood, and afterwards some of the monks were permitted to teach in the city. The earliest mention of the Grammar School in the Town Council records, is in 1519, when the Council enjoined all parents and guardians, under a heavy fine, to send their children to school. Adam Melville was headmaster in 1531; he is believed to have been of the same family which, fourteen years later, produced Andrew Melville, "the first Scotchman," as Dr. M'Crie says, "who added a taste for elegant literature to an extensive acquaintance with theology." About the middle of the sixteenth century, the magistrates removed

their Burgh School to Cardinal Beaton's House, at the foot of Blackfriars' Wynd, lately demolished. A few years later, the school was transferred to the first

building specially erected for it, at the head of the Old School Wynd, opposite Blackfriars. At the Reformation, our schools and universities, chiefly through the enlightened energy of John Knox, were placed upon a much more liberal footing, though the nobility, to the great indignation of the Reformer, plundered wholesale the capital funds from which it was intended the nation should be educated. The headmaster of the Edinburgh High School, when the Reformation was established by law, was William Robertoun, a man of slender literary attainments, and also of exceptionable character. Though a Papist, he was continued for some time in his situation, but ultimately he was required to stand



HIGH SCHOOL WYND.



OLD HIGH SCHOOL.

an examination before George Buchanan, the historian, and others. This he declined, and Queen Mary taking his part as a co-religionist, he was enabled to defy the magistrates for some time. Ultimately he agreed to retire on a pension, and Alexander Buchanan, nephew of George, was appointed his successor. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, school-boys fully shared in the excitement of their seniors arising from the national broils. Edinburgh mobs have always been turbulent beyond the average, and the boys of the High School caught the local fever badly. In 1595, during a barring-out, Bailie Macmorran, while directing a forced entrance of the school, was shot dead by a boy named William Sinclair, son to the Chancellor of Caithness. The Justiciary Records in which the trial of the youths was narrated have been lost, and all we know is that they were liberated. The old High School was replaced in 1777 by

another building which continued to be used till 1829, when the Calton Hill building was erected. This handsome structure was designed by Mr. Thomas Hamilton, an old High School boy, on the plan of the temple of Theseus at Athens, consisting of a centre and two wings, having a total frontage of 270 feet. Two lofty corridors, each supported by six Doric columns, connect the centre with the wings. The High School is the finest and most correct Grecian building in the city.

The last six Rectors of the High School have been : Dr. Adam, from 1768 to 1809 ; Professor Pillans, 1810 to 1820 ; Dr. Carson, 1820 to 1845 ; Dr. Schmitz, 1845 to 1866 ; Dr. Donaldson, 1866 to 1882 ; succeeded by Mr. Marshall, the present Rector. To name the distinguished pupils of the High School during the period covered by the mastership of the Rectors just named, would be to enumerate most of the Scotchmen who have taken a niche in the Temple of Fame in these years. The High School, which has been for centuries under the management of the Town Council, is now directed by the Edinburgh School Board.

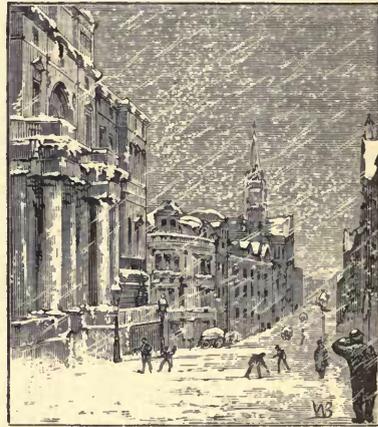
The **EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY**, though now the most important of the Universities of Scotland, is the youngest of them all. Immediately after the Reformation of 1560 was fully established, the citizens of Edinburgh resolved on the erection of a University, and obtained from Queen Mary a grant of part of the lands which had belonged to the defunct communities of Black and Grey Friars. The opposition they met with, however, from the Archbishops of St. Andrews and Glasgow, and the ecclesiastics of the see of Aberdeen, induced them for a time to relinquish their purpose ; and in the meantime, as already indicated, the Grammar or High School was erected. The building of the University was begun in 1581, the nucleus of the funds being provided in a bequest from Robert Reid, Bishop of Orkney, and President of the Court of Session, left to the Town Council for this purpose. The year following, James VI. incorporated the University by royal charter, and desired it to bear his name. The most that James did for the University was to confirm the grant of his mother, and to empower the Corporation to receive gifts for the maintenance of the institution ; nevertheless, his will for the naming of the University was obeyed, till a new generation arose. The site of the University buildings is the same which the present fabric partly occupies—"the haill bigging called the Kirk o' Field, with the kirkyeard." The Kirk o' Field occupied not only the present quadrangle and the buildings around, but also the space betwixt the east front of the College and the Old Royal Infirmary (now a Board School), all of which, including the street, was formerly garden ground. Though professedly gifted by

Mary and James, the Council had to pay £1000 Scots for it. Four years after, Darnley was murdered in this place. The work of teaching began in 1583, under Robert Rollock, professor in St. Andrews; and in 1584 other three regents or professors were associated with him, and he became the first Principal. Among other Principals who succeeded him may be mentioned Archbishop Leighton; William Carstairs, whose influence with William of Orange was of so much benefit to his country; Robertson, the historian; and Sir David Brewster. The present principal is Sir William Muir—a very popular appointment.



COLLEGE QUADRANGLE.

Among the professors have been men like Samuel Rutherford, the three Monros, Adam Ferguson, Dugald Stewart, Thomas Brown, Sir James Mackintosh, Dr. Chalmers, John Wilson, Sir James Y. Simpson, and many others of more than European fame. The patronage of the University was in the hands of the Town Council till 1858, and the institution was affectionately spoken of as "The Toun's College." To that popularly-elected body, interested in the selection of the best professors, the University owes much of its success. The appointment to most of the chairs now belongs to curators—four elected by the Town Council, and three by the University Court. The University continues to prosper greatly, the attendance of students being over 3300, and increasing year by year. There are forty-five professorships, besides assistant-professorships, and lectureships, and examiners. There are bursaries in connection with the University of the annual value of about £4000, and scholarships of the value of above £6000. All of the scholarships have been founded since 1858. The total income of the University, as given in the Calendar, is about £24,000 yearly.



COLLEGE AND SOUTH BRIDGE STREET.

The architect of the buildings in South Bridge was Mr. Adam. The foundation stone was laid in 1789, on the site of the old buildings, but the fine dome which was to have crowned the entrance has never been erected. The University library is accommodated in a fine hall, 200 feet long and 50 broad, on the south side of the quadrangle. It contains about 150,000 volumes, and 700 volumes of valuable MSS. The extended University buildings—close to the new Infirmary—were erected to accommodate the Medical School, which attracts about a half of the entire number of students. The medical students come from all parts of the world; less than half are natives. The new buildings were designed by Mr. Rowand Anderson, who has succeeded not only in adding a picturesque feature to the city architecture, but in providing probably the most



PARK PLACE, AND MUSIC CLASS-ROOM OF THE UNIVERSITY.

perfect suite of laboratories and class-rooms anywhere. The Natural History Museum belonging to the University is now accommodated in the Museum of Science and Art, in Chambers Street.

On the south side of the medical buildings is the Music Class-room of the University, with a splendid organ, and a valuable collection of musical instruments.

Park Place, a rather famous locality in its day, was removed to make room

for the medical school and music-room of the University. The houses were erected shortly after George Square, and were regarded as still more select residences. Sir Islay Campbell, President of the Court of Session, occupied No. 1, and on his death his son, raised to the bench as Lord Succoth, removed to the same house. Father and son were staunch Tories. Lord Armadale, another paper lord, was equally notable as a Whig; and the two houses were for long headquarters of the two political parties. A story which belongs to No. 3 will show that Whig as well as Tory could agree to quarter upon the public when there was a chance. Commissions in the army were given to influential families, even when there was no one in the family who could perform the duties. Thus children, and even ladies, became officers in the army, and drew the allowance. Lord Armadale, having a large family, made interest to have his share of what was going, and obtained a commission for his youngest boy. A few days after, a visitor called, and on being admitted, heard a loud squalling from the region of the nursery. "What's wrong?" he asked; and the servant replied: "Oo, naething; it's just the Major greetin' for his parritch!" Archibald Constable, the publisher, removed from Craigcrook to this house, and died here in 1827. Archibald Campbell Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was born in No. 2 Park Place, in December, 1811.

Next to the University and the High School, the most venerable of the Edinburgh educational institutions is **HERIOT'S HOSPITAL**. George Heriot went with James VI. to London, as king's jeweller, and died there in 1624. He remembered his friends in his will, but left the bulk of his property in trust to the magistrates and city clergy of Edinburgh, to found and endow a hospital "for the maintenance, bringing-up, and relief of so many poor and fatherless boys, freemen's sons of the town of Edinburgh, as the sum should be sufficient for." The residue of the estate available for the purposes of the trust amounted to £23,625. The money was invested so advantageously in land around the city, afterwards built upon, that after £27,000 had been spent on the building, the annual revenue, in course of time, reached to a good deal more than the original capital sum. The building was commenced in 1628, from the designs of William Aytoun of Inchdairnie; but the master mason, William Wallace, exercised his own taste in carrying out the smaller details. Each of the 200 windows, for instance, has ornamentation peculiar to itself. The Hospital is a square of 162 feet, and the open court within is 92 feet square. The general character of the whole is Scotch baronial, of a somewhat ornate type; the chapel is early Gothic. The Hospital was completed in 1660, and was taken possession of for a time by Cromwell as a hospital for his soldiers. At first only thirty boys were admitted,

but in the early part of the last century the number was increased to 120, at which figure it has stood ever since, with the addition of ninety-six non-resident pupils. The six oldest boys in the Hospital used to be known as the "muckle chields," and the next seven as "the casting votes," for they directed the frequent "bickerings," or stone battles, with outside boys, and held regular courts of their own for the trial and punishment of their schoolmates. They tried the watch-dog once, in burlesque of a political trial which they thought iniquitous, and sentenced the poor brute to be hanged for high treason. The "Herioties" were, if possible, even more turbulent than the school-boy youth of the city, and a pair of stocks was kept on the establishment for special offenders.

In 1835 it was found that there was an annual surplus of £3000 after meeting all the requirements of the charity, and, at the instance of Mr. Duncan M'Laren, afterwards Lord Provost and M.P. of the city, an Act of Parliament was obtained to extend the benefits of the institution by the erection of free day-schools throughout the city. This purpose was carried out, and sixteen out-door schools were erected, attended by about 5000 boys and girls. Seven of these schools were open in the evenings for gratuitous instruction to young men and young women.

In 1885 the Trust which, under Heriot's will, had been administered by the Town Council and Established clergy of the city, was committed by the Educational Endowments Commissioners to a body of twenty-one persons, of whom twelve (one a Dissenting minister) are elected by the Town Council, three by the School Board, two by the Established clergy, two by the University senators, one by the Royal Society, and one by the Chamber of Commerce.

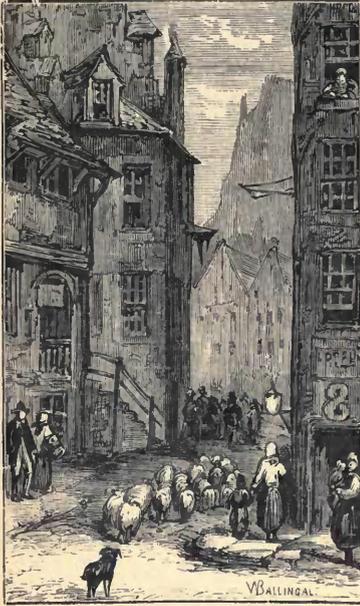
The principal change in the administration of the fund under the new regime is the contribution of a sum of not less than £4000 annually to the Watt Institution and School of Arts, now to be called the Heriot-Watt College, and to be conducted very much as a technical school. This sum may, and doubtless will be, largely augmented as the revenues of the trust increase. The trust has also to furnish the amount necessary to rebuild or extend the present College, repayable by a sinking fund extending over thirty years. This sum, it is estimated, will be upwards of £26,000.

**MERCHANT COMPANY SCHOOLS.**—A Guild or Fraternity of Merchants existed in Edinburgh long before THE MERCHANT COMPANY was incorporated, and there were protracted quarrels between the merchants and the craftsmen in regard to their respective rights; the former claiming higher privileges than the latter. James VI. tried to compose these differences, but without much success,

and, as a last resort, a royal decree appointed that craftsmen as well as merchants should be admissible as guild brethren. Possibly this may have had something to do with the resolution of the merchants to have an organisation of their own, but the ostensible reason of the formation of "The Company of Merchants of the City of Edinburgh" in the year 1681, was, as stated in their charter, the "improving of their trade and preventing all abuses therein, and especially for enabling them to prosecute the design of manufactories." The charter goes on to declare that "none shall have liberty to exercise the trade of the Company within the city of Edinburgh or privileges (*i.e.*, suburbs) thereof, unless they join the Company." The first meeting of the Company of which a record is retained was held in December, 1681, in the "High Council House," at which Sir James Fleming, Provost of Edinburgh, and eighty-four other merchants were present. Bailie George Drummond, merchant, was elected Master, along with twelve assistants and treasurer. From that time till now, these offices have been held by many of the most eminent citizens, and have often been the stepping-stones to still higher positions in the civic corporation.

In 1691 the Company purchased, as a meeting-place and offices of their own, the old mansion of the Earl of Haddington, President of the Court of Session and Secretary of State for Scotland, called "Tam o' the Cowgate" by James VI., and reputed, from his wealth and prosperity, to have found the Philosopher's Stone. The monarch asked him if the report was true, and the Earl told him it was quite true, and that the secret was this: "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day, and never trust anybody to do for you what you can do yourself." Another of James's courtiers, of whose sagacity he had a high opinion,—John, Earl of Mar,—had also the honour of being nicknamed by his royal master, who, on hearing of an alliance between the Haddington and Mar families, is reported to have said: "If Tam o' the Cowgate's son marry Jock o' Sclate's daughter, what's to become o' *me*?" The Earl's "Great Lodging," as it is called in the deed of purchase, stood on the ground on which the southern piers of George IV. Bridge now rest, and what is now Merchant Street was the bowling green attached to the house. The premises were large enough to permit of the company letting rooms to the Commissioners of Excise, and to one or two aristocratic tenants. The price paid for the whole by the Company was 12,100 merks, and when sold to the City Improvement Commissioners in 1829, £2541, 10s. were received for it. Close to Merchant Court, No. 8 Cowgate-head, lived Mrs. Syme, whose daughter, shortly after marrying Mr. Henry Brougham, removed to 19 St. Andrew Square, and there gave birth, in 1779, to

Henry Brougham, afterwards Lord Chancellor of England. The Company, in 1788, purchased property on the west side of Hunter Square. The hall for the



NO. 8 COWGATEHEAD.

general meetings was on the second floor of this tenement. In 1879 the Company removed to their present handsome and commodious premises in Hanover Street; the building was bought from the liquidators of the City of Glasgow Bank for £17,000. The hall is a handsome interior, and is adorned with a number of fine portraits by Raeburn and Sir John Watson Gordon.

Much of the earlier part of the career of the Company was taken up with defence of their rights against unfreemen and other offenders, and the relief of their poor. But as the constitution of the Company, with all its exclusiveness, made it nevertheless a more popular body than the close, self-elected civic corporation, the Merchant Company, previous to the Burgh Reform Act, rendered good service to the city by

taking an intelligent and liberal part in political, municipal, and social reform. A widows' fund, for the benefit of the relations of deceasing members, was founded in 1826-27, and has been very prosperous and useful. The capital fund amounts to over £100,000. The members of the Company are the leading merchants, bankers, and traders of Edinburgh and Leith, to the number of over 350.

But that which gives the Merchant Company its importance in Edinburgh, beyond all its other functions, is the management of the hospitals and schools under its charge. The first of these is the Edinburgh Educational Institution, or Ladies' College, at the west end of Queen Street. This institution was founded in 1695 by the Company and by the widow of James Hair, druggist, as a hospital for girls, under the name of the Merchant Maiden Hospital. The Governors were incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1707. The original hospital was in Bristo Street; but, in 1818, a new edifice, with an elegant Grecian portico, was erected opposite the West Meadow, at a cost of £12,250. In 1870 the hospital system of boarding was abandoned, the building was sold

to the Governors of George Watson's Hospital for a day-school for boys, and the premises at 70, 72, and 73 Queen Street were purchased for a Ladies' College, extending the benefits of a first-class education to as many beyond the original beneficiaries as the place would accommodate. There are now only twenty foundationers, whose board is paid by the Governors, and of that number not more than three-fourths are presented, the others obtain this privilege by competitive examination. Bursaries are also given to successful scholars.

George Watson, an Edinburgh merchant, afterwards accountant in the Bank of Scotland, died in 1723, leaving £12,000 for a hospital to maintain sons and grandsons of decayed merchants, primarily those connected with the Merchant Company. The hospital, erected in Lauriston, opposite Heriot's, was opened in 1741, and continued till 1870, when the number of foundationers was reduced to sixty, and they were boarded out,—one-fourth of the foundationers to be elected by competitive examination. As already stated, George Watson's Hospital was sold for the New Infirmary in 1871, and the Merchant Maidens' Hospital opened as George Watson's College for Boys. The advantages of this institution were so highly appreciated that a large extension of the premises soon became necessary. The Governors have also opened large premises in George Square, as George Watson's College for Ladies. The arrangements of this establishment are similar to those of Queen Street.

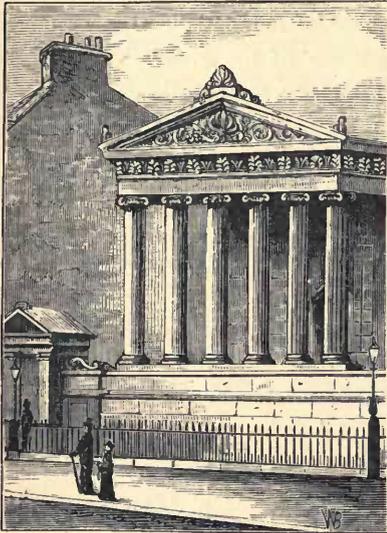
Daniel Stewart's Hospital, a fine building on the Queensferry Road, at the Dean, intended for the education of poor boys, has also been turned into a day-school, with this specialty, that provision is made for technical education. The number of foundationers is reduced to forty, half of whom are eligible from this and other Merchant Company day-schools.

James Gillespie of Spylaw, an Edinburgh tobacconist, in 1796 bequeathed the greater part of his fortune for the endowment of a free school and a hospital for the maintenance of old men and women. The hospital was erected on the west side of Bruntsfield Links in 1802, under the management of the Merchant Company. When the Company, in 1870, under the Provisional Order, opened up this and the other institutions under their care to a wider circle, the forty pensioners maintained in the hospital were boarded out, and the building was opened as a primary day-school for boys and girls.

The number of pupils at the several educational institutions of the Company exceeds 5000, and the salaries paid to teachers is about £30,000 a-year. Handsome bursaries and University scholarships are awarded by competition to clever pupils. The Company has also endowed a Professorship of Commercial and Political Economy and Mercantile Law in the University.

The INCORPORATED TRADES of the city soon followed the example of the Merchant Company in regard to the one hospital under their care. The Incorporated Trades of Edinburgh are a very ancient institution. The charter of the Hammermen, obtained from the Town Council, is the oldest which has been preserved. It is dated 1449, and was afterwards confirmed by royal charter. The incorporated trades are thirteen in number—goldsmiths, skimmers, furriers, hammermen, wrights, masons, tailors, bakers, fleshers, cordiners (shoemakers), websters (weavers), waulkers (fullers and hatters), and bonnetmakers. Originally there were fourteen incorporated trades, the surgeons and barbers being of the number. As in other countries of Europe in former days, and as in

Spain still, to some extent, surgeons in Scotland were also barbers; but in the Edinburgh Charter of Incorporation their superiority to other craftsmen is so far recognised that apprentices are required to be able “baith to wryte and reid.” The sole privilege conferred upon them was that of making and selling *aqua vite* within the city, thus anticipating by centuries the system proposed by advanced temperance reformers of the present day. In 1657 the surgeons and apothecaries were erected into a separate community, and laid aside the active exercise of the shaving business, which, however, they continued to superintend till 1722, during which time they had the appointment of the city barbers and hairdressers. The



SURGEONS' HALL.

surgeons were again incorporated by royal charter, 1778, under the title of “The Royal College of Surgeons.” The beautiful Grecian temple in Nicolson Street, erected for their museum, lecture-rooms, and other buildings, was founded in 1830; the design was by Mr. Playfair. The hall and other buildings of the Royal College of Physicians were erected in Queen Street in 1844, from designs by Mr. Thomas Hamilton. The interior, which is very handsome, and adorned with artistic sculptures, was completed from designs by the late Mr. David Bryce.

The Trades' Maiden Hospital was founded in 1704 by the Incorporated Trades, aided by the widow of James Hair, druggist, already mentioned. Forty-nine girls are maintained on the foundation. The first hospital was in an old

street obliterated in the formation of Chambers Street. The new hospital is Rillbank House, on the south side of the East Meadow.

The other Edinburgh HOSPITALS, in the local use of the term, are the Orphan Hospital, Donaldson's, John Watson's, Cauvin's, and Fettes College. Most of these are at present in a transition state, waiting definite rearrangements on the part of the Education Endowment Commissioners. The Orphan Hospital was established in 1735 in a building erected for the purpose near where the south front of the Post-Office stands. George Whitefield used to preach in the Orphan Hospital Park, when in Edinburgh. The present hospital, at the Dean, was erected in 1833, from the designs of Mr. Thomas Hamilton. About 120 boys and girls are received, most of them gratuitously, and some at an annual board of £14 and £16. John Watson's Institution stands a little to the west of the Orphan Hospital. John Watson left the residue of his estate, in 1759, to trustees, to be applied "to such pious and charitable uses within the City of Edinburgh as they shall think proper." The hospital or monastic system is now discredited, but in those days it was supposed there could not be too much of it; and so the trustees, left to their own discretion, obtained an Act of Parliament to establish another hospital for poor children. The present edifice was opened in 1828 for the upbringing of 100 fatherless children belonging to the professional classes.

Fettes College, one of the most ornate public buildings in the city, designed by Mr. David Bryce, externally in the style of the late French Gothic, was opened in 1870. The buildings, situated on Comely Bank estate, Stockbridge, accommodate 200 pupils, of whom fifty are foundationers. The funds for this institution, amounting to £166,000, were left by Sir William Fettes at his death in 1836, and were allowed to accumulate till 1864, when the college was begun to be erected at a cost of about a quarter of a million, leaving still a capital sum which yields about £6400 a-year. Fettes College, like John Watson's, has been used as a home for youths of the professional class.

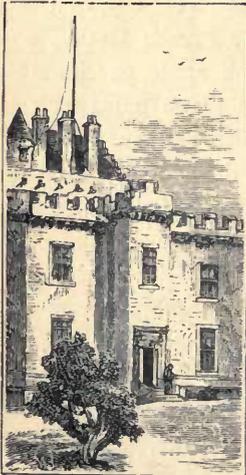
Donaldson's Hospital was founded by James Donaldson, proprietor of the now defunct *Edinburgh Advertiser*, who died in 1830, bequeathing the greater part of his estate, amounting to about £200,000, for the maintenance of poor boys and girls, on the plan of the Orphan Hospital and John Watson's Institution. The building is a magnificent specimen of Tudor architecture, designed by Mr. Playfair. It accommodates at present 218 children, of whom 120 are deaf and dumb. Cauvin's Hospital, Duddingston, was founded by Louis Cauvin, teacher of French in Edinburgh, and afterwards farmer at Duddingston, who died in 1825, having bequeathed his property for a hospital for the maintenance

of the sons of poor teachers, farmers, master printers, or booksellers. The Institution was opened in 1833, and the number of beneficiaries is eighteen.



EDINBURGH ACADEMY.

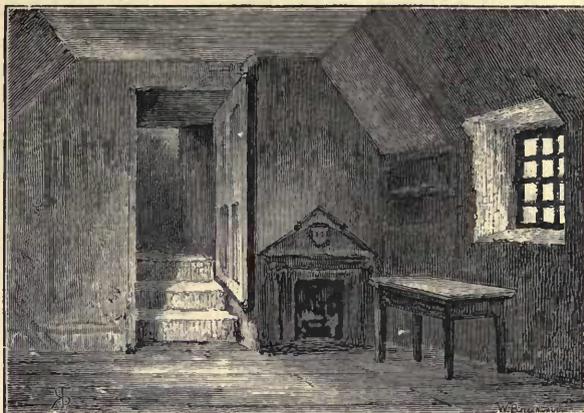
The Edinburgh Board Schools number eighteen; all are large, well-planned, and well equipped establishments. The offices of the Board are at 25 Castle Street.



MERCHISTON CASTLE.

Of the semi-public educational institutions, the Edinburgh Academy ranks first. It was incorporated by royal charter in 1824, and is domiciled in a fine building of appropriate academical character in Henderson Row. There are very many private schools in Edinburgh of a high class character, among which may be named,—The Edinburgh Collegiate Institution (Dr. Bryce); the Edinburgh Institution (Dr. Ferguson); Charlotte Square School (Mr. Oliphant); Craigmount (Mr. Anderson); and Merchiston Castle (Mr. Rogerson). The Watt Institution and School of Arts (Chambers Street) is about to receive a great impulse by the application of a large annual grant from Heriot's Hospital for its extension and remodeling as a technical school. There are Divinity Colleges and Training Institutions for Teachers in connection with the Established, Free, United Presbyterian, Congregational, and Episcopal denominations, but these

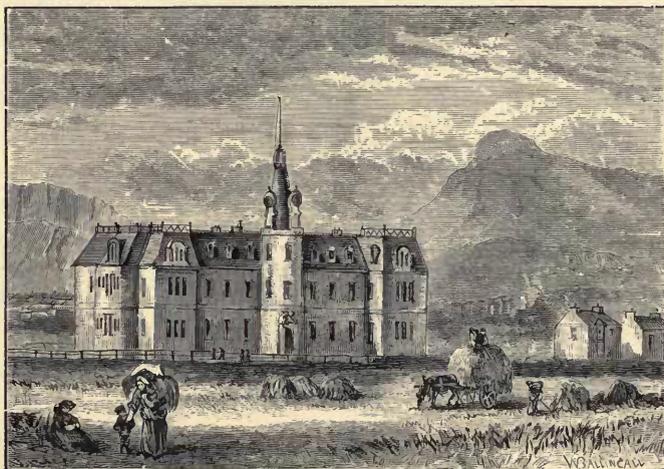
are Scottish rather than Edinburgh Institutions, and do not call for special notice here. The Extra-mural Schools of Medicine need not be enumerated, but it may be mentioned that there is a large Veterinary College in Clyde Street—



THE NAPIER ROOM.

under the charge of the Town Council, to whose care it was bequeathed by the late Professor Dick—and a New Veterinary College in Leith Walk.

The **ASYLUM FOR THE BLIND** was commenced in Edinburgh, 1793,



NEW ROYAL BLIND ASYLUM.

chiefly through the exertions of the Rev. Dr. Johnston of North Leith Parish Church, whose bust occupies a place of honour on the front of the building

in Nicolson Street. In 1876 a large building for the employment of blind females and the education of blind children was opened at West Craigmillar, and workshops in addition to those in the Nicolson Street Institution have been opened at Easter Road. Nearly 200 blind persons receive the benefits of these several branches of the one institution. There is a society in Edinburgh for giving higher education to the blind. It is affiliated to the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind in London, the object of which is to give a high musical and general education to the blind, to enable them to be self-supporting as teachers, vocalists, pianists, tuners, &c. One or two missionaries are also supported to teach reading, and evangelise among the adult blind.

The **INSTITUTION** for the Education of the **DEAF AND DUMB** is in Henderson Row, immediately west of the Academy. The foundation-stone was laid in 1810. The house generally contains between seventy and eighty inmates. A Ladies' Auxiliary to the parent institution was organised in 1836.

The **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND ART**, in Chambers Street, is a magnificent practical educational institution. It is a fine building in the



CHAMBERS STREET.

Venetian Renaissance style, erected from designs by the late Captain Fowke, R.E., architect of the South Kensington Exhibition Buildings. When completed, the front will be upwards of 400 feet long, 200 broad, and 90 feet high. The great central hall is 260 feet long, and 70 wide, and has openings into other halls or courts on all sides. The east saloon is assigned to the Natural History collection, the nucleus of which was furnished by the University Museum. A covered

way on the first floor connects the University and the Museum, for purposes of study. The contents of the other parts of the interior are frequently varied, to accommodate loan collections; but it may be said generally, that every branch of art and manufacture, in every stage of production, is here

represented. The last public act of the Prince Consort was to lay the foundation-stone of this building, on 23rd October, 1861.

There is an interesting museum, chiefly agricultural, in the premises of the Highland and Agricultural Society, in George IV. Bridge; and a botanical museum in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Inverleith Row. The Experimental

Gardens and the Arboretum, *en suite* with the Botanic, may also be fairly classed as educational institutions. The dramatic profession claim the theatre to be an educational institution. Whatever it may have been formerly, it can hardly be so regarded now in Edinburgh, where, as elsewhere, spectacle, especially when recommended by the personal attractions of female performers, is found to draw the public



OLD YEW TREE, BOTANIC GARDENS.

better than the old-fashioned regular drama. The theatres in Edinburgh are three in number: the Royal, at the head of Broughton and Leith Walk; the Lyceum, in Grindlay Street; and the Princess's, in Nicolson Street. There is also a Circus in Nicolson Street, and any number of penny gaffs in the neighbourhood of the Cowgate. The hall of the Catholic Young Men's Institute in St. Mary Street is licensed for theatrical performances, and is frequently so used.

Of **SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY INSTITUTIONS** the following enumeration must suffice:—The Philosophical Institution, Queen Street; the Edinburgh Literary Institute, South Clerk Street; and the Morningside Athenæum—each with reading-room, library, classes, and lectures; the Royal Society, Mound, 1783; Society of Antiquaries, 1780; Royal Physical Society, 1771; the Meteorological Society, 1855; the Geographical, 80 Princes Street, 1884; the Institute of Bankers; the Scottish Shorthand and Phonographic

Associations ; the Botanical Society, 1836 ; the Royal Caledonian Horticultural, 1809 ; the Scottish Horticultural, 1877 ; the Scottish Alpine Botanical, 1870 ; the Scottish Arboricultural, 1854 ; the Geological, 1834 ; the Royal Medical Society, Melbourne Place, instituted 1737 ; the Speculative Society, University, 1764 ; the Harveian Society, 1782 ; the Obstetrical Society ; the Medico-Chirurgical, 1821 ; the University Philomathic, 1858 ; the Diagnostic, 1816 ; the Dialectic, 1787 ; the Philosophical Society, 1871 ; the University Theological, 1776 ; the Juridical, 1773 ; the Scots Law Society, 1815 ; the Tusculan, 1822 ; the Edinburgh Architectural, 20 George Street ; the Edinburgh Photographic Society, and Edinburgh Photographic Club ; the Actuarial Society, 1859 ; the Mathematical ; the Bankers' Literary ; the Association of Science and Arts, 117 George Street ; the Watt Institution Literary ; the Watt Institution Agricultural ; the Edinburgh Agricultural ; the Edinburgh Subscription Library, 1794 ; the Mechanics' Subscription Library, 1825.

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#### CHAPTER XIII.—THE MONUMENTS.

TAKEN as an indication of the kind of men whom the citizens delight to honour, the public monuments of Edinburgh, as of most other cities, are not quite satisfactory. We could, for instance, have spared George IV. and Lord Melville, to make room for Sir William Wallace and John Knox. But there is a natural disposition to be tolerant of monuments to all sorts of men, if only they are such as to add to the architectural beauty of the city, and most of the Edinburgh monuments are of that character. An agreeable novelty has lately been introduced, of a monumental, but not of a memorial character. The colossal sculpture of Alexander taming Bucephalus, the model of which remained for about fifty years in Sir John Steell's studio, has been erected as an ornamental group on the west side of St. Andrew Square, looking along George Street. The Ross Fountain, with its artistic bronze figures and ornamental castings, in West Princes Street Gardens, is another example of the same kind of thing ; and so are the entrance pillars to the Meadows, north and east sides,—the latter erected by the Messrs. Nelson. Similar pillars are to be left at the west end of the West Meadows, as a memento of the International Exhibition there in the year 1886. It is to be hoped that this good fashion may continue ; as the donor's name

would remain associated with his gift, a wealthy citizen might thus secure a memorial for himself in a fairly modest way.

Princes Street and George Street are our two chief ornamental highways. The Scott Monument, as was fitting, occupies the most conspicuous site, between the Old Town, with "its ridgy back heaved to the sky," which Scott was so proud of, and the New Town, of which he was only less enamoured, "flinging its white arms to the sea." The great Gothic cross, with the Minstrel and his stag-hound under the canopy, is a composition harmonious to the subject. As Scott was steeped in the old legendary lore of his country, so was Kemp, the architect, saturated with Gothic feeling, which had taken possession of him, as he contemplated for years such masterpieces as Melrose Abbey. He knew by intuition what a monument for the Minstrel of the North ought to be, and all the world has confirmed his judgment. The structure has become, year by year, more



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MONUMENT.

complete as a stone history; for niche after niche has been filled with the creations of the poet's fancy, embodied in the art of the sculptor. The marble effigy of the poet himself is by Sir John Steell, and every sculptor of repute in Edinburgh, and a number beyond its precincts, have had the opportunity of translating the pen and ink sketches of the mighty "makar" into sculptured portraits. The monument stands 200 feet high, and there is a unique view of

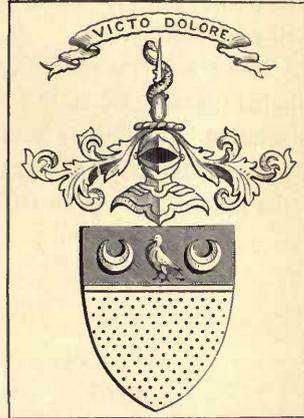
the city from the highest platform, approached by a stair. A Scott Museum is being collected in an apartment immediately above the central arch.

Burns's Monument, on the Calton Hill slope, opposite the High School, closely resembles the monument near the Brig o' Doon. It has also a museum of personal reminiscences of the poet, and a fine marble statue by Flaxman. The National Monument, on the summit of the Calton Hill, was intended to commemorate the many Scotchmen, great and small, who fell in their country's service during the long French war which ended at Waterloo. It was intended to be a reproduction of the Temple of Minerva at Athens, *as it was*. That project failed, but it is all the more like the Pantheon, *as it is*—a ruin; and more picturesque too, in that form. When you see, through the open colonade, the moon shining on Aberlady Bay, you feel thankful that the poverty, not the will, of the Scottish nation prevented the completion of a work which would have been quite too solid and crushing for the Calton Hill. One of the mighties in those wars of the Titans has a monument to himself on the crowning rock of the Calton. It would puzzle an architect to say what order of architecture Nelson's Monument belongs to, but, though not to be held up to admiration as a model, its mass gives it dignity, and there is a certain nautical, quarter-deck flavour about it which is appropriate. The upper stage of the tower, from its height, has been found suitable for the suspension of the time-ball which is dropped by the electric current from the neighbouring Royal Observatory, daily, at one o'clock. A monument to Professor Playfair stands in front of the New Observatory; and one to a still more famous Professor—Dugald Stewart—occupies the promontory in front of the Old Observatory.

Passing the monuments in the Calton Burying Ground, already referred to, the first we come to going west by Princes Street is the equestrian statue to the Duke of Wellington, in front of the Register House. The figures are in bronze, and it is a very animated group, designed by Sir John Steell. Next in order is a well designed bronze figure of Livingstone, the missionary traveller, from the studio of Mrs. D. O. Hill. It is rather small for out of doors, and is further dwarfed by the overshadowing presence of the Scott Monument. On the other side of the Scott Monument stands a bronze figure of Adam Black, Lord Provost and M.P., designed by Mr. Hutcheson. At the west end of the East Princes Street Garden is a colossal bronze of Professor John Wilson (Christopher North), by Sir John Steell; and on the other side of the Royal Institution, east end of the West Princes Street Garden, there is a marble figure of Allan Ramsay, opposite his own house in Ramsay Gardens. Above the pediment of the Royal Institution, facing Hanover Street, there is a colossal figure of the

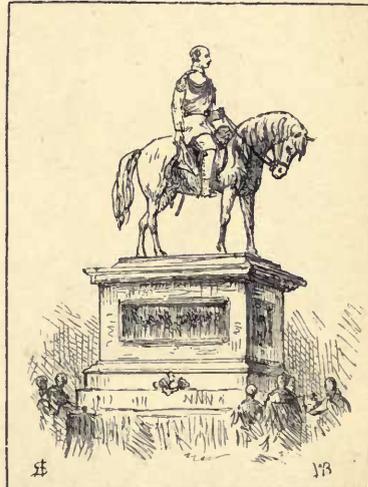
Queen, seated, with her royal robes and diadem. The sculptor is Sir John Steell. Following the upper promenade of the West Princes Street Gardens, the next figure which presents itself is a bronze of Professor Sir James Y. Simpson, by Mr. W. Brodie. Near it, and close to St. John's Episcopal Church, where he long officiated, there is a monument, in the shape of an Iona Cross, to the memory of the genial Dean Ramsay.

Taking the line of George Street, and beginning at the east end of St. Andrew Square, the first monument is an equestrian bronze of the Earl of Hopetoun, who succeeded Sir John Moore in command of the British Army, after his death at Corunna. The group is on the lawn in front of the Royal Bank. In the centre of St. Andrew Square there is a tall monument, an imitation of Trajan's Pillar, with a colossal statue at the top of the column, to the memory of Lord Melville, Navy Treasurer in William Pitt's Government. He was acquitted by his Peers of a charge of malversation of office, and his Tory friends



ARMORIAL BEARINGS  
OF SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON, BART.

erected this commanding column as a testimony of their faith in him. In George Street, at the intersection of Hanover Street, there is a figure of George IV. by Chantrey; and another of William Pitt, by the same artist, at the intersection of George Street and Frederick Street. At the crossing of George Street and Castle Street is a statue of Dr. Chalmers, Bible in hand, by Sir John Steell. Closing the west vista of George Street, in the centre of Charlotte Square, stands the Albert Memorial, an equestrian group, rising with the pedestal to a height of thirty feet. The design, and the central equestrian group, are the production of Sir John Steell, who was knighted by the Queen at the inauguration of the monu-



ALBERT MEMORIAL.

ment in 1876. The groups of figures at the four corners of the pedestal were sculptured by Mr. W. Brodie, Mr. Clark Stanton, and Mr. D. W. Stevenson.

Close to Charlotte Square, at the west end of Queen Street, an Eleanor Cross has been erected to the memory of a literary lady of good family, Miss Catherine Sinclair.

There are few monuments in the Old Town. The only one not already alluded to *in loco*, is the statue to James Watt, over the entrance to the Institution in Chambers Street which goes by his name. It is proposed to erect the monument preparing for the late Duke of Buccleuch on an Old Town site,—the square between St. Giles' Church and the County Buildings.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—MINOR ANTIQUITIES.

OLD Edinburgh is being fast improved off the face of the earth. Within the



RIDDLE'S COURT



BAILIE MACMORRAN'S HOUSE.

past sixty years, two City Improvement Schemes, on a large scale, have swept

away the greater part of the Old Town of Edinburgh. Only "bits" remain, and these are disappearing gradually. In this chapter, by pen and pencil, we chronicle a few that remain, and some which have been recently removed.

We begin with the great central thoroughfare of the Old Town, stretching from the Castle to Holyrood, under the names of Castle Hill, Lawnmarket, High Street, and Canongate.

**RIDDLE'S CLOSE**, the first below the West Bow, and on the same side of the street, has two courts, in the first of which David Hume resided when he began his "History of England." Afterwards he resided in James' Court opposite, then in the Canongate, and finally in South St. David Street, at the corner of St. Andrew Square. In the inner court of Riddle's Close there is an old house, partly occupied by the Mechanics' Library, which belonged to Bailie Macmorran, when he was shot at a barring out by scholars in the High School. The affair is described in the sketch of that Institution.



LADY STAIR'S CLOSE.

**LADY STAIR'S CLOSE** was named after Elizabeth, Countess of Stair. Her house was on the first floor, a short way down the close, on the left, with the date 1622 over the door-way, and the initials of Sir William Gray of Pittendrum and his wife, by whom the tenement was built. As the Dowager

Countess of Stair, her ladyship was long a leader of fashionable society in Edinburgh. But she will be better remembered in connection with the vision she is represented as having seen in Sir Walter Scott's story, "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror."

**ADVOCATES' CLOSE**, No. 357 High Street, opposite St. Giles's, is so named because of the number of advocates who resided there, within hail of the Parliament House. Andrew Crosbie, the Counsellor Pleydell of "Guy Mannering," was one of the residents of this alley, and it was here that Dandie Dinmont, with his terriers at his heels, vainly sought for the counsellor on a Saturday night.



ADVOCATES' CLOSE.

**WARRISTON CLOSE** is a little farther down, on the same side of the street. Sir Archibald Johnston of Warriston, one of the leading men of the Covenanters, dwelt here, and many others of noble or gentle blood. The old houses in this close are almost entirely removed to make way for the large printing and publishing establishment of Messrs. W. & R. Chambers.

**WRITERS' COURT**, close to the Royal Exchange, is the place to which Colonel Mannering and Dandie Dinmont found their way, when Pleydell's domestic signified that her master was engaged in the "high jinks" appropriate to Saturday night. Clerihugh's Tavern, in Writers' Court, was a favourite resort for the Parliament House habitués, who desired to get drunk in good company. It was also the meeting place of the celebrated Mirror Club, to which Henry

Mackenzie and others of literary proclivities belonged.

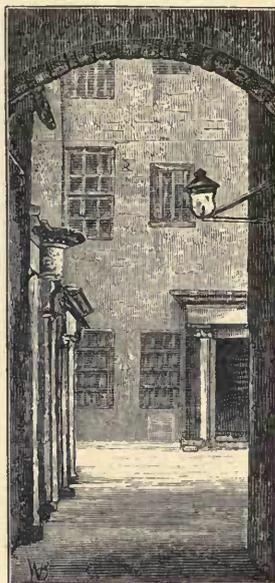
**CRAIG'S CLOSE**, No. 265, contained the premises which were used as a printing office, first by Provost Creech, and afterwards by Constable.

William Smellie had his printing office in **ANCHOR CLOSE**, No. 243, and here Burns corrected the proofs of the Edinburgh edition of his poems. The original editions of works by Dr. Blair, Dr. Robertson, Adam Ferguson, David Hume, Adam Smith, and Henry Mackenzie, were printed in this establishment, and all of those noted men of letters must have frequented

the place. The *Scotsman* printing office occupies the site of Smellie's



WARRISTON CLOSE.



WRITERS' COURT.

house. The tavern where the Crochallan Fencibles held their symposia was in Anchor Close (see page 80).



CRAIG'S CLOSE.



CARRUBBER'S CLOSE.

The "laigh shop," or cellar, 177 High Street, opposite the Tron Church,

is believed to be the place where the Commissioners under the Treaty of Union finally met in secret, to put their names to the popularly obnoxious document.

**CARRUBBER'S CLOSE**, No. 135, for many years after the Revolution of 1688, contained the only place of worship for the nonjuring Episcopalians. The old St. Paul's Church, a very humble building, is now replaced by a modern edifice. It was in this close that Allan Ramsay opened his unfortunate theatre.



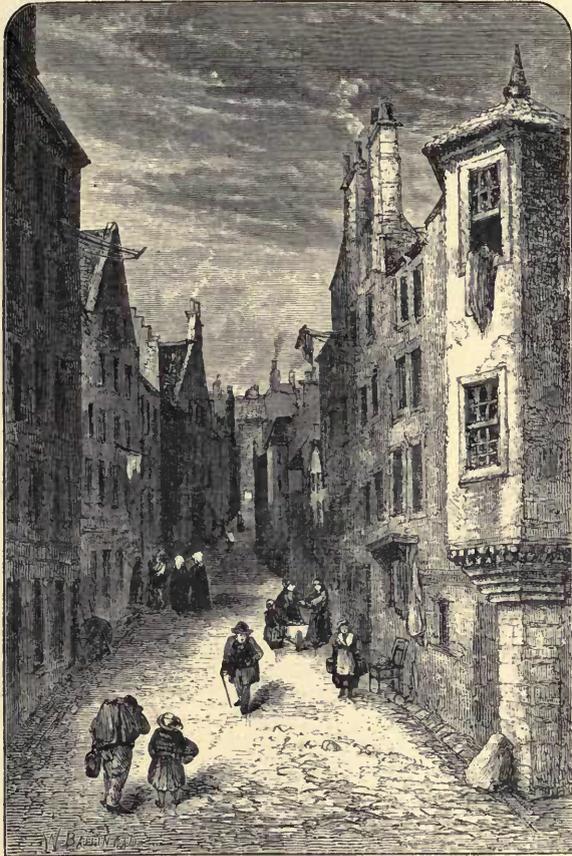
THE MINT.

**BLACKFRIARS' WYND**, on the opposite side of the High Street, has been widened and renamed Blackfriars' Street. It derives its name from having been the city approach to the monastery of Dominicans, or Black Friars, which stood on the site where the old High School was afterwards erected. The widow of the Lord Lovat executed on Tower Hill, and other people of consequence,

lived in this wynd. Cardinal Beaton's house, at the foot of it, with windows looking into Cowgate, has been recently demolished. The old Scottish Mint, another fine old building near the Cardinal's house, has also been razed to the ground.

Happily, **JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE** is still in existence, and well cared for. It is the property of the Free Church of Scotland, and all the rooms are kept or restored nearly in their original condition. The house is a fine specimen of the old domestic architecture of Edinburgh, and has been supplied with furniture and mementoes of the period, so as to give it somewhat of the character of a museum. The room where the Reformer was shot at, the "warm studie of dayles," and the chamber where he died, are all to be seen very much as the great Reformer left them. There is a curious old effigy stuck on the outer wall of the building, popularly supposed to be a portrait of Knox preaching, but really a rude representation of Moses with the two Tables of the Law.

**TWEEDDALE COURT** is nearly opposite John Knox's House. It was named after the second Lord Tweeddale, who resided in the house at the foot of the Court, now occupied by Oliver & Boyd, publishers. Early in the century, it was the office of the British Linen Company's Bank, and the scene of a



BLACKFRIARS' WYND.



JAMES BALLANTYNE'S HOUSE,  
ST. JOHN STREET.



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.



ROOM IN WHICH JOHN KNOX DIED.

memorable and mysterious murder. Begbie, one of the bank porters, was stabbed in the Court in broad daylight, and the assassin, who was never tracked, escaped with £4000 stolen from his victim.



KNOX'S STUDY.



TWEEDDALE COURT.

WHITEFORD HOUSE, opposite the House of Refuge (Queensberry House), stands upon the site of the town residence of the Seaton, Earls of Winton, where Lord Darnley lodged in 1564, and Manzeville, the French ambassador, about eighteen years later. In the "Abbot," Sir Walter gives a minute description of the solemn quadrangle, "all around which rose huge black walls, exhibiting windows in rows of five storeys, with heavy architraves over each, bearing armorial and religious devices," while in the interior, were displayed "suits of ancient and rusted armour, interchanged with massive stone scutcheons," &c.



WHITEFORD HOUSE.

SEATON'S CLOSE, No. 267, in the Canongate, is named after the same family, which has made some figure in Scottish history. Winton House, the ruins of Seaton Church and of Seaton Palace—especially "the Roundle,"—and

the ruins of Niddry Castle, in Linlithgowshire (where Queen Mary first halted after her escape from Loch Leven), remain to show the importance of the family.



BELL OF SEATON CHURCH.



THE ROUNDE.



TABLET FORMERLY AT NIDDRY CASTLE.

**MORAY HOUSE**, on the south side of Canongate, a short way east from St. John Street, was erected early in the seventeenth century, and belonged to the noble house of Moray for more than two hundred years. It is now occupied by the Free Church as a Training College for Teachers. Cromwell had his quarters here in 1648, and in 1650 the Marquis of Lorne was married here to the eldest daughter of the Earl of Moray. It was the day when the Marquis of Montrose was led up the Canongate to be beheaded by the Maiden, at the Cross; and it is recorded, as an example of the barbarous sentiment of the times, that the wedding-party came out upon the stone balcony, which still exists, to see the melancholy procession. The summer-house in which the Union Commissioners began to sign the Treaty, and were not able to finish because of discovery by the mob, is in the south-east corner of the garden ground; in repairing it for preservation, some of the old architectural features have been lost.

The **WHITE HORSE INN**, on the north side of Canongate, near the Sanctuary Cross, remains in all its picturesqueness of outside stairs, projecting turrets, dormer windows, open court in front, and stables behind, to show us what was the character of a good inn of the seventeenth and eighteenth

centuries in Edinburgh. It was, as represented in "Waverley," the headquarters of the officers of the rebel army in 1745, when the Pretender occupied Holyrood Palace. The inn of similar name, where Dr. Johnson put up on his arrival in Edinburgh, was near the Netherbow, and was demolished in 1868.



WHITE HORSE INN AND CLOSE, CANONGATE, NEAR HOLYROOD.

For nearly half-a-century after the '45 there was no better hotel in Edinburgh than the White Horse. Indeed, the innkeepers of Edinburgh had the same contempt for the word "hottel" that Meg Dodds had, and did not trouble themselves to court the patronage of strangers. The steady local customers who regularly frequented the hostelry and were content if the drink was good, were much more favoured by the host than land-loupers from the south or elsewhere, who refused to drink more than was good for them. After the White Horse Inn,

the Black Bull, in the Pleasance, near Cowgate Port, was the chief hostelry for many years. Though now sadly dilapidated, and divided into many small



WHITE HORSE INN, NETHERBOW.

houses for the poorest of the people, it can still be seen that, whatever its internal arrangements, it was a handsome building externally. It was the place from which most of the stage coaches departed, and to which they returned. The Black Bull in Greenside succeeded to this distinction, until the railway system revolutionised hotel accommodation and everything else connected with travelling. At the present day the hotels in Princes Street, and other principal streets, are unsurpassed for extent and luxuriousness of accommodation. The following lively description of an Edinburgh Inn in 1775, evidently refers to the Pleasance Black Bull. It is taken from a volume of letters by Mr. Topham, an intelligent Englishman, written during the winter of 1775-1776, and published in 1776 by "J. Dodsley in Pall Mall":—

"On my first arrival, my companion and self, after the fatigue of a long day's journey, were landed at one of those stable keepers (for they have modesty enough to give themselves no higher denomination) in a part of the town which is called the Pleasance; and on entering the house, we were conducted by a poor devil of a girl, without shoes or stockings, and with only a single linsey-woolsey petticoat, which just reached half-way to her ankles, into a room where about twenty Scotch drovers had been regaling themselves with whisky and potatoes. You may guess our amazement when we were informed, 'that this was the best inn in the metropolis—that we could have no beds, unless we had an inclination to sleep together, and in the same room with the company which a stage coach had that moment discharged'! Well, said I to my friend, there is nothing like seeing men and manners, perhaps we may be able to repose ourselves at some coffee-house. Accordingly, on inquiry, we discovered that there was a good

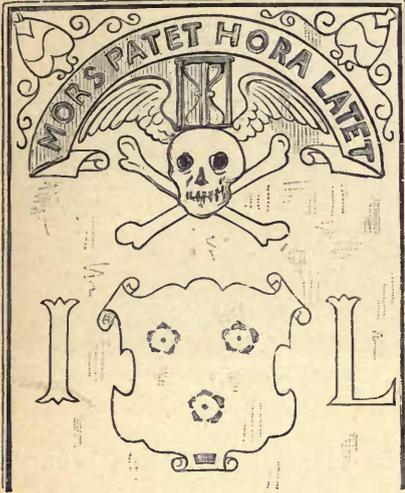


CAIRN AT ST. BENNETT'S.

dame by the Cross, who acted in the double capacity of pouring out coffee, or letting lodgings to strangers, as we were. She was easily to be found out; and with all the conciliating complaisance of a *Maitresse d'Hotel*, conducted us to our destined apartments, which were indeed six storeys high, but so infernal to appearance, that you would have thought yourself in the regions of Erebus."

Until lately, there were, in the Sciennes district, some remains of the old Convent of St. Catherine of Sienna, which gave its name to the locality. All that remains now is a few stones in the back garden of a house in St. Catherine's

Place, and a tablet, with inscription, in the front plot. Mr. George Seton, advocate, has made a cairn of a number of the stones within his grounds at St. Bennett's, Greenhill. Between these two places, in Whitehouse Loan, there



THIS SAINT WHOS CORPS LYES BU  
RIED HEIR  
LET ALL POSTERITIE ADMEIR  
FOR VPRIGHT LIF IN GODLY FEIR  
WHEN IUDGMENTS DID THIS LAND  
SURROUND  
HE WITH GOD WAS WALKING FOUND  
FOR WHICH FROM MIDST OF FEIRS [?]  
HE'S CROUND  
HEIR TO BE INTERRD BOTH HE  
AND FREIND BY PROVIDENC AGRIE  
NO AGE SHAL LOS HIS MEMORIE  
HIS AGE 53 DIED  
1645.

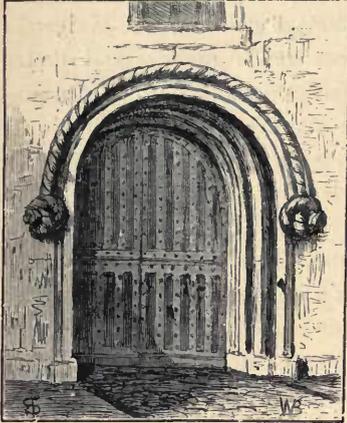
Plague in the year above referred to; and having himself fallen a victim to the fatal epidemic, was buried within the enclosure, which then probably formed a conspicuous object on the old Borough Muir.

Not far from here, on part of the old Borough Muir, now feued for houses by Sir George Warrender, there was, till lately, a curious knoll, from which James IV. is said to have surveyed his army before setting out for Flodden.

is a modern convent, St. Margaret's, with not much architectural pretension, except a rather tasteful doorway. Beside Ashfield Villa, at the north-eastern extremity of the Chamberlain Road, leading from Greenhill Gardens to Merchiston, is a small unroofed enclosure, which appears to have been used as a place of burial during the last visitation of the Plague in the year 1645. The entrance door is surmounted by a pedimental stone, bearing the letters I·L and E·R, with the date 1645; and on the inner side of the west wall is a large incised slab measuring 6 feet 8 inches by rather more than 3 feet. The upper portion of this slab, containing the shield of arms, appears in the annexed Engraving; the lower portion is occupied with the inscription, which we also give.

According to local tradition, the monument commemorates John Lawson of Greenhill, Treasurer or Chamberlain of Edinburgh, who, with his friend Hugh Wright (after whom "Wright's Houses" is said to be named), was most devoted in his attention to the sufferers from the

Also in this quarter of the city we come upon the house—west end of Churchill, Morningside—where Dr. Chalmers died. The room where he was



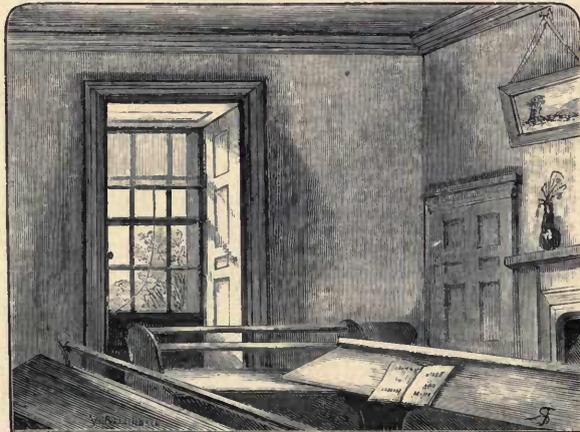
ENTRANCE TO ST. MARGARET'S CONVENT.



KNOLL NEAR BRUNTSFIELD HOUSE.

found, apparently sleeping peacefully, on the morning of his death, is on the ground floor, to the right of the entrance door.

It is interesting to trace the movements of our great national poet, **ROBERT BURNS**, throughout what he calls "Edina, Scotia's darling seat." Baxter's



ROOM IN WHICH DR. CHALMERS DIED.

Close, No. 469 Lawnmarket, was the first place where he took up his abode during his visit in 1786. John Richmond, a law clerk from Mauchline, had

lodgings in Mrs. Carfrae's house, the first floor of the first stair to the left, and Burns shared the lodging with him—one room between the two, at three shillings a-week. When the poet revisited Edinburgh, in the year following, he lodged in the top flat of the south-east corner of St. James's Square, No. 30, overlooking the grounds of the Register House. He was often at the house of William Ainslie, W.S., Carrubber's Close, now demolished, and frequently at the Canon-gate Kilwinning Lodge of Free Masons, in St. John Street, where he was assumed a member of the Lodge. Beugo, the engraver of Nasmyth's portrait of Burns, was an active member of this Lodge, and took sketches of the poet, so as to improve the engraving. In Lord Monboddo's house, also in St. John Street, he was a welcome guest. Johnnie Dowie's Tavern, in Libberton's Wynd, saw a good deal of him; and so did "the Hole-i'-the-Wa'," a little public-house in Buccleuch Pend, below the dwelling of Nichol, the High School teacher, a boon companion of the poet's. The tavern where the Crochallan Fencibles met was a favourite houff in the evening, as Creech's shop was in the forenoon, when he was not employed correcting proofs, or taking lessons in French from the founder of Cauvin's Hospital. Adam Ferguson had him at his house in the Sciennes (Sciennes Hill House, now incorporated into a range of flatted dwelling-houses in Braid Place), where, for the only time, he met a youth who was to maintain the poetic fame of Scotland. Sir Walter gives the following account of the interview:—

"As for Burns, I may truly say, '*Virgilium vidi tantum.*' I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-87, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him; but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country,—the two sets that he most frequented. Mr. Thomas Grierson was at that time a clerk of my father's. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner, but had no opportunity to keep his word, otherwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man. As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Ferguson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course we youngsters sat silent, looked and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns' manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on the one side, on the other his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath:—

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

Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but

myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of 'The Justice of the Peace.' I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received, and still recollect, with very great pleasure."

Burns entered with zest into all the dissipation, fashionable and unfashionable, refined and unrefined, of the capital, so long as he felt that he was treated as a man and a brother, and not as a person to be patronised or exhibited. He could quite well take care of his own self-respect in this particular. A lady of noble rank having invited him to her assembly, without much cultivating his acquaintance beforehand, received this answer: "Mr. Burns will do himself the honour of waiting on the Countess of —, provided her ladyship will invite also the learned pig," which was then being exhibited in the Grassmarket.

The house of "Clarinda" (Mrs. M'Lehose), with whom Burns carried on his sentimentally amatory correspondence as "Sylvander," was in Potterrow, and



ROOM IN CLARINDA'S HOUSE.

was recently taken down to make way for a Board school. The poet frequently took tea at the house, and as he was rather a buck in his Edinburgh days,—blue coat and gilt buttons, yellow and blue striped vest, buckskins, top boots, and white neckerchief,—he indulged himself with a hackney carriage sometimes,



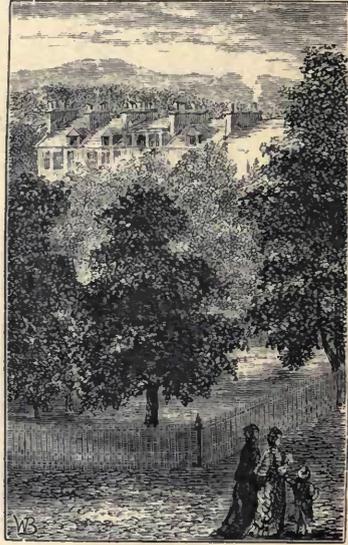
CLARINDA'S HOUSE, GENERAL'S ENTRY.

until Mrs. M'Lehose represented that the carriage made too much speculation among the gossips.

The neighbourhood of the Potterrow is full of poetic and literary memories.



ALISON'S SQUARE AND POTTERROW.



GEORGE SQUARE.



HAMILTON'S ENTRY.



BUCCLEUCH PLACE.

A new thoroughfare called Marshall Street, which crosses Potterrow, has absorbed Alison Square, and in Alison Square lived Thomas Campbell when

he wrote "The Pleasures of Hope." The house still stands; it is the second flat on the north side, where the engraving shows an open window.



COLLEGE WYND.



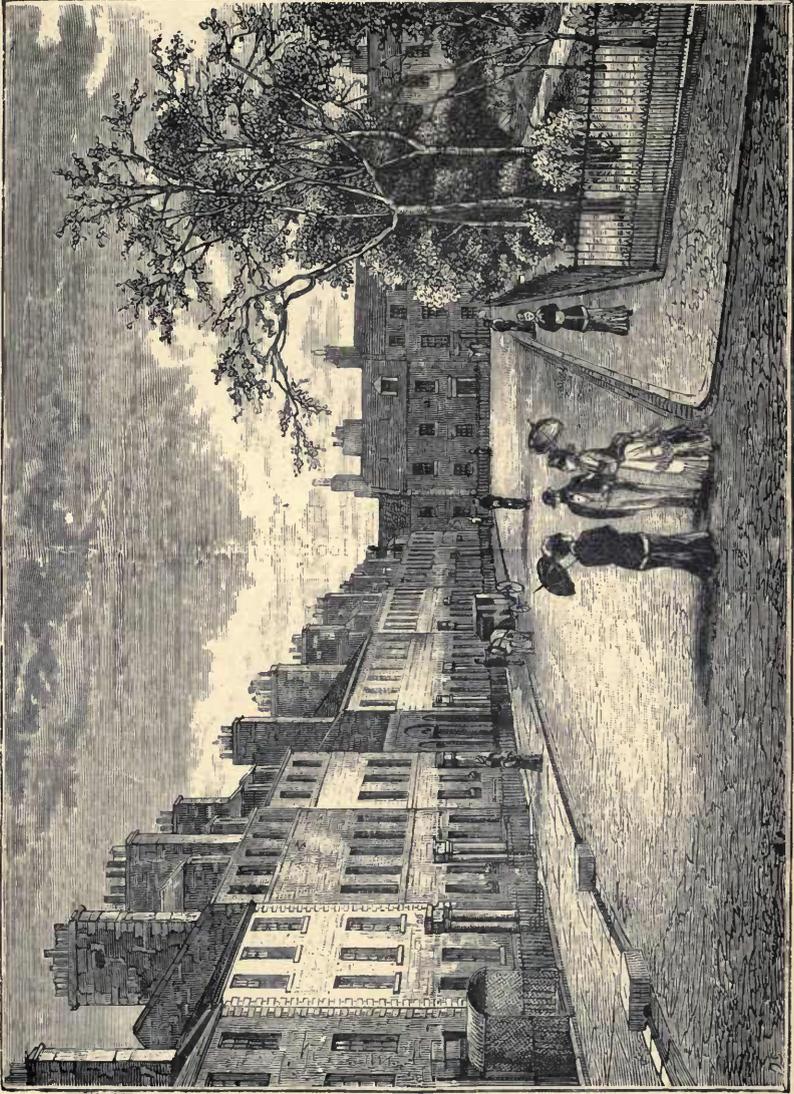
SCOTT'S HOUSE, CASTLE STREET

In No. 7 Charles Street, close by, Lord Jeffrey was born; the house is seen in the engraving of Hamilton's Entry, looking through the pend. And



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FIRST SCHOOL.

crossing George Square into Buccleuch Place, we come to the third flat of



GEORGE SQUARE.

No. 18, where Jeffrey lived when, in company with Brougham and Sydney Smith and others, he started the *Edinburgh Review*.

In the same quarter of the town we get upon the first footsteps of **SIR WALTER SCOTT**. He was born at the head of College Wynd, a thoroughfare obliterated in the formation of Chambers Street. The spot was near the head of Guthrie Street. In the rear of Hamilton's Entry, above referred to, was Scott's first school, now also demolished; and in No. 25 George Square was his father's house, on removing from College Wynd, the place where the future poet and romancist began to devour the poetic legendary lore to which his own taste and his mother's attracted him. And here were his headquarters when he used to sally forth with schoolmates to do stone-battle with "Greenbreeks" and his clan of ragamuffin but chivalrous combatants. His own Edinburgh house, when he came to man's estate, was at 39 Castle Street, in a back room of which he honourably toiled hour after hour every morning, for years, to wipe off by his pen the huge burden of debt which Ballantyne's and his own incaution had brought upon him. In 1826 he left "poor old 39," as he called it, in the valedictory entry in his diary; and on his return to Edinburgh, he occupied lodgings in Walker Street. But Edinburgh saw little more of him after he gave up house. Ballantyne's house (see page 167), where a publisher's dinner was given to the *literati*, on occasion of a new Waverley novel, was in St. John Street, then a fashionable quarter of the city.

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#### CHAPTER XV.—THE PARKS.

No city is better supplied with pleasure grounds than Edinburgh. The private gardens of St. Andrew Square, Charlotte Square, Queen Street, Regent Terrace, Royal Terrace, Moray Place, Ainslie Place, the Dean, and other parts, are of public as well as private advantage; and the public parks are numerous, convenient, beautiful, and spacious. Three of them are hills; one of them, **ARTHUR'S SEAT**, if it were on the south side of the Border, would be reckoned a mountain. Arthur's Seat, for extent, picturesque outline, and comparative solitude, is the grandest of our parks. Many mountain scenes which attract crowds of tourists are less remarkable than the lion form of Arthur's Seat, the precipitous range of rocks known as Salisbury Crags, and Samson's Ribs. The plentiful flow of pure spring water on all sides of the hill, gives a good idea of its huge bulk; and a few hours' wander through its heights and hollows makes



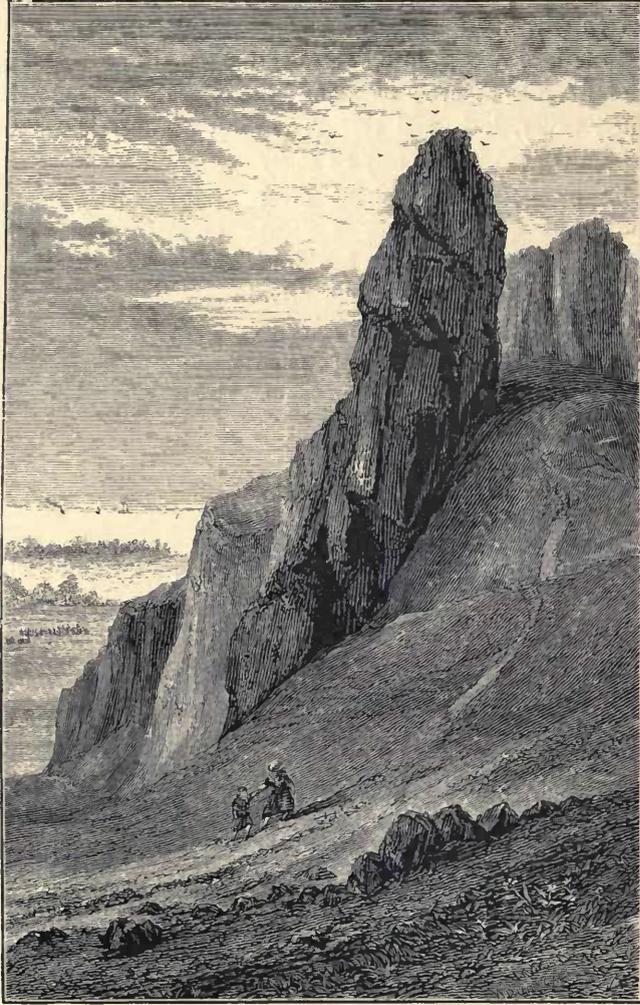
ST. ANTHONY'S WELL.

a still deeper impression. There are valleys here, where, for anything of human life that appears, you might be in the heart of the Grampians, and yet the ear testifies, by the hum of living voices, that you are within cry of a great city. Edinburgh and its visitors are indebted to the late Prince Consort for the convenient carriage access to all sides of the hill. The view from the drive round the hill varies at every turn, and all is delightful,—hill and plain, town and country, valley, loch, and sea. The most complete views are, of course, obtained from the top, which may be easily reached by most people, without great effort; the height from the base is about 700 feet; above the sea, over 800 feet. Lord Palmerston ascended from the drive at Dunsappie, when nearly eighty years of age. The panorama presents part of twelve counties to the eye of the spectator. Dud-dingston Loch and Village nestle quietly under the steep slope on the south side, and a fine, rich garden country rolls away to the uplands of the Pentland and Moor-foot Hills. On the east, the unaided eye reaches some thirty miles, to the mouth of the Firth, with North Berwick Law, the Bass Rock, and May Island sentinelling the approach. On the north and west are the shores of Fife, with the Ochils and Grampians in the distance, and nearer, the picturesque features of Craiglockhart and Dalmahoy Craigs. St. Anthony's Chapel, St. Anthony's Well, St. Margaret's Well, St. Margaret's Loch, and Muschat's Cairn, are the principal objects of interest on the north side, overlooking the Parade Ground.



ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL.

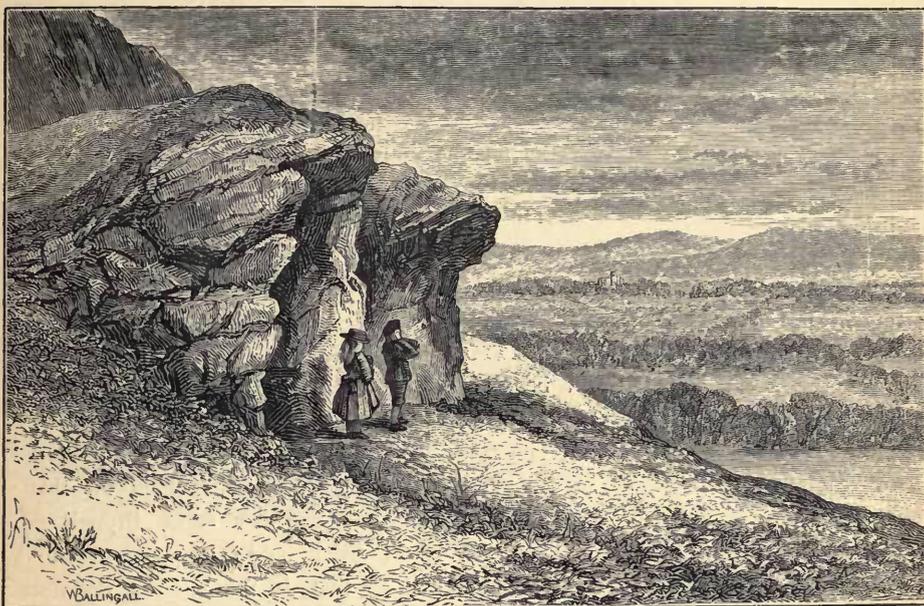
From the Radical Road, at the foot of Salisbury Crags, the densely-built mass of the old town itself is the most remarkable sight; you have here a bird's eye view of the south side of Old Edinburgh, including St. Leonard's district, which, along with Muschat's Cairn, is specially noticed in the "Heart of Midlothian." What is popularly known as Davie Deans's Cottage is on the left of the pedestrian entrance to the Park, from St. Leonard's Lane. Muschat's Cairn, close to the east park gate, is the scene



DETACHED ROCK, SALISBURY CRAGS.

of Jeannie Deans's tryst with Geordie Robertson. The Echoing Rock, the Wells o' Wearie (now dried up by the North British Railway tunnel), are on the south side of St. Leonard's, on the way to Duddingston.

The **CALTON HILL**, as being more in the heart of the city, gives a more complete and minute panorama than Arthur's Seat. On the whole, the most perfect survey of the city and immediate surroundings is obtained from the top of Nelson's Monument, on this hill. The vista along Princes Street, with its monuments and garden terraces, terminating in the church spires, and domes, and Corstorphine Hill, and flanked with the precipitous mass of the Old Town



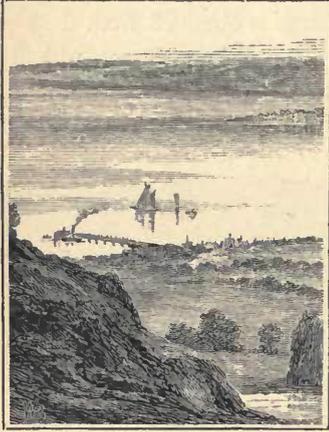
THE ECHOING ROCK, QUEEN'S PARK.

and Castle, is the prospect which, above all others, is the most admired. The Calton Hill itself is a beautiful object, and, by skilful landscape gardening, without having its rustic character marred, is being made more attractive year after year.

Our third hill park is **BLACKFORD**, recently purchased for the city, and not yet laid out. The view from Blackford was that which most charmed Sir Walter Scott, and from which he has drawn his most vivid sketch in "Marmion."

Stockbridge and Dalry districts have obtained parks, useful for games, but not romantic.

The East and West Princes Street Gardens, in the valley separating Old Town from New, are more indebted to art than any of the other pleasure grounds. And the art is finely contrasted against the dark background of the precipitous Castle Rock. The Old Edinburgh of the Wars of Independence and of the civil wars which surged around the grim fortress of Dunedin, is brought, in the West Princes Street Garden, into startling nearness to the fashionable ease and luxury and security of the nineteenth century.

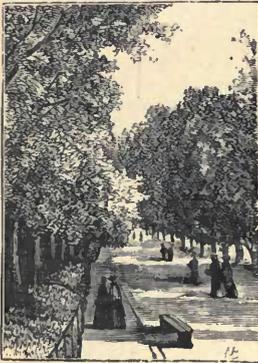


VIEW FROM ABOVE DUNSAPPIE LOCH.

The MEADOWS, since the old Borough-loch was drained away, have been left much as they were. Even the water is there still, if a shaft is sunk deep enough. It is the avenues of trees, encircling and bisecting the Meadows, which redeem them from the

tameness of unbroken flats.

**INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1886.**—In this present year of 1886, the West Meadow will be the chief centre of attraction in the city,



MIDDLE WALK, MEADOWS.

and will probably retain its importance in years to come. The first International Exhibition in the Scottish Metropolis is being held on this spot. The principal building faces Brougham Street, and is of brick and steel on a concrete foundation, so that, if the citizens do not object to all encroachments upon the space for out-door recreation, it may be retained as a permanent city building. It is a handsome building, erected at a cost of £10,000, and comprising, among other apartments, a large hall capable of containing ten thousand persons. A large public hall is much needed in the city, and this

consideration will probably go far to reconcile the citizens to the surrender of as much of the open space of the Meadows as will afford this accommodation. The temporary buildings of the Exhibition, exclusive of the art galleries,

afford 110,000 square feet of floor space for exhibits, all of which has been taken up.

A special feature of the Exhibition is a reproduction of typical streets, closes, towers, and interiors of Old Edinburgh. Among other interesting old buildings no longer existing, there are reproductions of the Netherbow Port, the Old Tolbooth, the Black Turnpike, the Old Mint House, Cardinal



THE AVENUE, BRUNTSFIELD LINKS.

Beaton's House, the Oratory of Mary of Guise, the Old Assembly Rooms in the West Bow, the house of the French Ambassador, and several old timber-fronted houses. It is to be hoped that this also will prove to be a permanent addition to the sights of the city, for there has been such havoc among old houses during the present century that a correct idea of the Edinburgh of history can hardly be obtained from the buildings which remain.



EDINBURGH FROM "REST AND BE THANKFUL."

# Queensferry to Musselburgh,

ALONG THE SHORE,

WITH HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE NOTES OF THE  
DIFFERENT TOWNS AND VILLAGES.

BY THE REV. JAMES S. MILL.

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OUR task, if a pleasant, is not quite a light one. Notes historical and descriptive of the different towns and villages along the shore from Queensferry to Musselburgh, to be of any value, must be at once faithful and reliable. The true features of the places and localities included must be truthfully portrayed, while the facts, circumstances, or events connected therewith must be as authoritatively certified; and to do that—as a bit of work of this kind should be done, conscientiously and painstakingly—means something more, obviously, than merely “information at second hand,” and the use of “a broad brush and fast colours.”

We are aware as to how writing of this sort is generally spoken of: an agreeable canter on a summer's evening over the district, hastily jotting down what pleasantly meets the eye, or carelessly relating what may readily be picked up here and there—from the lip, for example, of this old village celebrity, or from the page of that age-sered chronicle. We intend otherwise. What we here undertake to describe we have studiously visited; and to relate, we have laboriously verified. Our history may be badly told, and our descriptions of place and scenery poorly rendered;—we shall only say, in extenuation, that

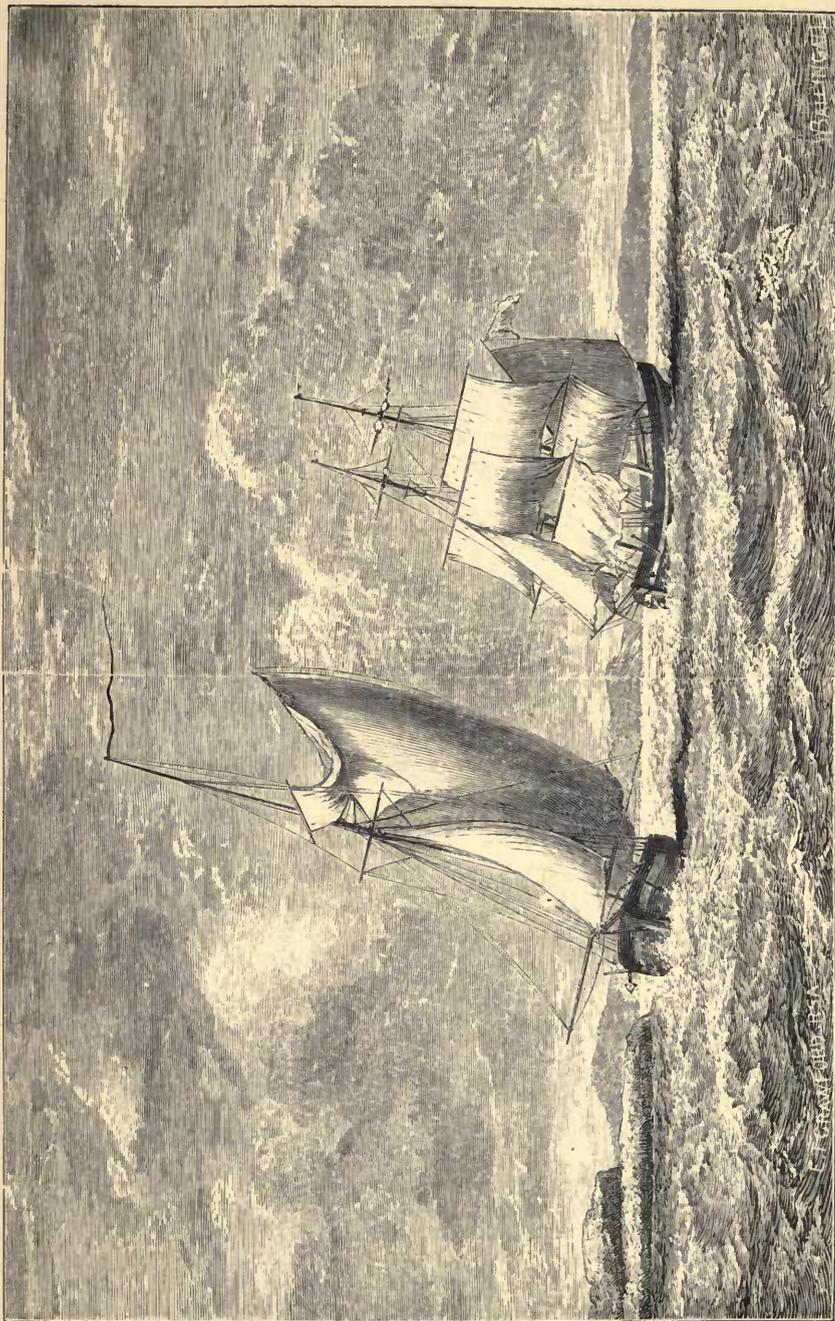
the one is accurate and trustworthy, and the other, in outline and detail, faithful and true. To proceed :

### SOUTH QUEENSFERRY,

In the north-east of the county of Linlithgow, is a parish of small extent, and lies on the shore of the Forth. Generally, it is supposed to have taken its name from Margaret, the queen of Malcolm Canmore, in consequence of her crossing here in her frequent excursions to and from Edinburgh and Dunfermline. It is certainly a place of great antiquity, evidences of which are abundant enough, both in and around the town, in the structures and relics still extant.

The town itself is small, and of rather mean appearance. No houses of any style or importance are found in it; while its streets, narrow and short, with a number of lanes and alleys of a somewhat dark and dingy character, but, on the whole, clean and tidy, with a fresh healthy air about them, do not add to its importance. How it may have looked in the days when Margaret was wont to pass through it on her many benevolent and political embassies, we cannot say: not just as it does now, indeed; and yet, after all, not any very great change since then may have passed over it. There is a sort of old-world look about it, a kind of air of eld, that reminds one very strongly of far-back times; and although none of the present structures could, by any possibility, have witnessed the queenly splendour and royal pomp of the kind-hearted and well-beloved wife of Canmore in her journeyings through it to and from the city, still not a few of them cannot, from their appearance, be many generations later than that period.

Queensferry, it would seem, formed part of the parish of Dalmeny until the year 1636, when it was disjoined and erected into a parish and royal burgh. The reasons which led to this we have not been able to learn; but no doubt they were quite satisfactory to the movers in the matter of that day. As a regality its magistracy consists of a provost, a land bailie, two sea bailies, a dean of guild, and a town council. How these worthies demeaned themselves, in their "sage devisings for the public weal" in days long gone by, is very amusing, as the burgh records relate; but hardly less so than their more distant successors, especially on the occasion of the election of a parish minister or parliamentary representative. It is but a year or two since this little sea-side town bulked very largely in the public eye in these respects; and really, the way in which "those then in authority" conducted themselves on both occasions was ludicrously picturesque. We remember reading the



CUTTER AND BRIG OFF QUEENSFERRY.

reports of their sayings and doings at the period, as given in the journals, with the intensest zest—the *Scotsman* and the *Daily Review*, for the time being, actually taking the place of *Punch* and *Fun*, and affording almost as great an amount of real hearty, laughable enjoyment. Not that we thought meanly of the little burgh then, or would speak depreciatingly of it now: we merely felt how absurdly funny it was that “honest folks,” as a douce town council, should so entirely lose their heads, and break with common-sense, as to make themselves the *on dit* of the nation, in that very unenviable sense of the phrase.

The surroundings of this breezy little sea-side town are very interesting. A little to the west is a place called the Binks, rendered historical by the landing of Edgar Atheling, with his mother Agatha and his sisters Margaret and Christina, when driven forth by Norman conquest from home and country; Port Edgar, farther westward still, is hardly less memorable from the twofold circumstance: of being the rock on which the same Saxon prince landed a year after, when driven to seek safety in flight from the highhandedness of dynastic usurpation, and the place selected, a few centuries later, for the embarkation of his Majesty George IV., on his return from his visit to Scotland into England; then on the right again, and nearly half way to the other ferry, stands “old Garvey’s castled cliff,” abruptly lifting its huge black back from the waters of the Firth, and threatening “with its teethed embrasures every daring foe,” a bold and picturesque object; while on the opposite shore, and within tidal mark, as sung by Cririe—

“Rosyth  
Lifts high her towering head, in ruins now,  
Of noble Stuarts once the fortress strong,”

a castle famous in traditional lore as the birthplace of Cromwell’s mother, and which the “Protector” is said to have visited during his invasion of the nation; in like manner Dundas Hill, with its wonderful range of basaltic columns, eight hundred feet high and two hundred broad; and Blackness away in the distance, the state prison of a former age, darkly looming on a narrow point of land jutting out into the Firth, the ancient harbour of Linlithgow—

“Where Rome’s strong galleys found a safe retreat,  
And commerce moored her richly-freighted fleet;”

—all these may be taken as forming remarkable and deeply interesting features in the landscape, of which Queensferry may be regarded as the standpoint,

and lending a charm and attractiveness to the place which in itself it would not possess.

Noticeably, this quiet, unpretentious, but interesting little place has, within these two or three years, acquired no inconsiderable importance as the site of the great Forth Railway Bridge. This gigantic work is to be two and three-quarter miles long, with two spans, each about one-third of a mile in length, a steel superstructure resting upon granite masonry. The bridge is to be 154 feet above high water. The work is expected to be completed in 1890.

#### DALMENY.

Journeying eastward through a beautifully diversified district, of undulating character and great fertility, we enter this parish. Like Queensferry, it lies in the county of Linlithgow, is well enclosed, finely wooded, and richly cultivated, and now embraces Auldcahy within its area, which was formerly an independent parish. There are in it also one or two quarries of excellent freestone, which have long been very remuneratively worked, and are even yet far from being exhausted.

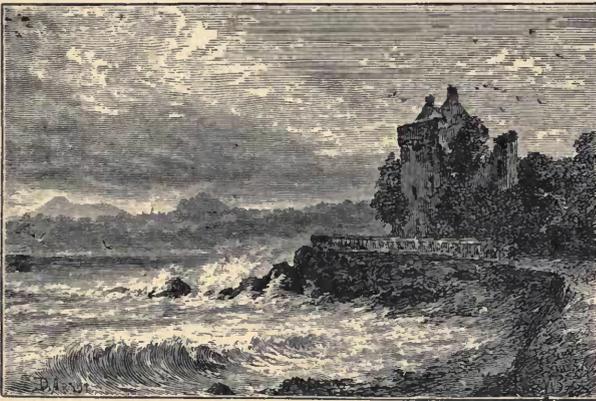
Of the village which takes the name of the parish very little need be said. It is just such a rural village as is frequently to be met with in the country districts of Scotland. It is chiefly remarkable for its fine old church, which is in the Saxon style of architecture, and has long been justly admired. Its apse, or semicircular recess, with its semi-circular windows and semi-vaulted dome, is regarded as the best and most perfect specimen of this ancient kind of structure now existing in Scotland. Perhaps we may add that in the church of the next parish, Kirkliston, there is likewise an interesting relic of this same order of edifice, in the form of a circular doorway, in a good state of preservation.

A very noticeable feature of this district is that within so narrow a compass, comparatively, there should be found adorning it the stately seats of so many families of distinction. Here we have Craigie Hall, a handsome old mansion, inviting to peace and retirement by the deep quiet and sage serenity of its aspect : there Dundas Castle, a massive and substantial structure of baronial dignity and lordly importance, eloquent of the wonderful tales of the summers that have smiled, and the winters that have frowned upon it : while on the other hand, again, Dalmeny Park,

"Seated on its spreading lawn,  
Lifts high its princely head,"

the palatial residence of the Earls of Rosebery, the noble successors of the daring and gallant Mowbrays of olden Scottish story. Indeed, there are few districts so highly favoured in this way, the mansions and grounds of these and other opulent families throughout it lending a beauty and an interest to the locality, particularly if visited in the happy summer time, which is truly charming.

Perhaps we should remark that Dundas Castle and Dalmeny Park, presently occupied, are comparatively modern structures, built, if we mistake not, within the century, not very far from their aged predecessors which are still standing. Old Dundas Castle, dating from 1120, is a commanding object, hoary and grey, and reminding one strongly of some old veteran



BARNBOUGLE CASTLE.

warrior who has seen some severe fighting in his day, and bears upon him the scars of his wounds as trophies of his victories. Barnbougle Castle, again, is hardly less venerable, and equally suggestive of old-world memories. Possibly there may be much that is merely legend-

ary about the daring exploits and chivalrous deeds of the gallant Mowbrays, of freebooter fame; still, with a large deduction in that sense, there must yet have been a great deal that was fearlessly heroic and generously noble in that doughty family. Those relics of the olden time when "micht was richt" and "he who wins should wear," are very interesting, and have a romance and fascination about them which structures of a more modern day, although adorned with all the taste and beauty which the most cultivated art can lend them, do not possess. Gifted with speech, what wild tales of wassail and riot, love and hate, friendship and revenge, marriage and feud, could they not relate!

Possibly Dalmeny Park is the object of greatest interest in this neighbourhood, remarkable alike for the beauty of its position and the rich and varied scenery of which it forms the centre. We have visited few places with which we have been more pleased, and seen fewer sights still which we have so thoroughly

enjoyed. The bold waving surface of the demesne, with its noble avenue of trees, magnificent park, and pleasant pastures fringed with long ridges of rocks and canopied by a foliage of the most luxuriant growth; the majestic Forth almost at your feet, stretching away east and west, gemmed with many an island, dotted with innumerable craft of varied sail, and seemingly banked by that massive rock-ribbed barrier of mountains which forms the boundary of the Highlands; the rich and rugged scenery on either side, with here and there in the very front of it some old castellated fortress, now "all tattered and torn," but big with the memories of former struggles and triumphs, standing out in clear and bold relief, the time-scarred sentinel of the neighbourhood—all this taken together constitutes a scene, the wide extent and varied beauty and grandeur of which may be equalled, but rarely surpassed, and from which painter and poet alike may inbreathe the purest and divinest inspiration.

#### CRAMOND,

A parish partly in the counties of Linlithgow and Edinburgh, lies a little to the east of Dalmeny, with the beautifully wooded Hill of Corstorphine on the south. It is intersected by the river Almond, which flows on somewhat noisily here over its rugged and boulder-strewn bed, between steep banks and under a foliage with which it is almost arched, and falls into the sea at a creek, on the east side of which, on a gently declining brae, stands the sweet little village of the name. The arable pasture of the parish has long been in a state of high cultivation, and is generally remunerative—the remainder consisting of large valuable plantations and rich meadow pastures. A very interesting and pleasant walk for foot-passengers, along the shore-line from this to Leith, might be constructed at little or no expense; but as it is, it is rather heavy plodding to get along over the dried sand; besides, one is exposed occasionally to be overtaken by the waves, which in spring-tides rise and dash against the very boundary-walls of the various proprietors in the neighbourhood, exposing one, if not to danger, at least to an undesired and uncomfortable shower-bath.

Maitland tells us that this village anciently was a naval Roman station, "which had not only a safe and commodious harbour, but, from the *vestigia* of the military ways still remaining, appears to have had those Roman roads leading to it from south, east, and west." That it had been a Roman town originally is obvious enough from the number of Roman antiquities which have from time to time been picked up in and around it: a large square

stone, for example, was found there with an eagle sculptured on it, grasping the lightning in its talons, and holding a crown in its beak; so about the same time, and not very far from the same place, was discovered the base of a column, with a medal of *Faustina*, consort to M. Antonius, buried under it; while farther inwards in the same direction, again, a few years after, "divers stonern walls," of great thickness, were laid bare, running parallel to each other, on and beside which was got a large number of Roman medals, fibula, and potsherds or broken urns. Accordingly, from these and other circumstances of less moment, antiquaries have concluded, and not without good reason, apparently, that this nice little village was anciently a Roman station.

Ecclesiastically, Cramond is not without interest. It is related that David I., in his desire to introduce English Barons into Scotland, gifted one-half of the manor of Cramond, with its church, to Robert Avenel, as an inducement to him to remain in, and others probably to come over into, his kingdom, which gift the pious Robert afterwards transferred to the Bishop of Dunkeld. The church was in Nether-Cramond, and the locality, after the transference was effected, was called Bishop's Cramond: the other portion of the parish, remaining with the Crown, was called for a similar reason King's Cramond. Bishop's Cramond, in consequence of the interest thus acquired in it by the diocese of Dunkeld, was occasionally honoured by a temporary residence of the bishop at it: one of them, in the year 1210, as we are given to understand, actually conferring upon the sweet, little, unpretentious place the very distinguished honour of dying in it, whence his remains were removed, with great pomp and solemnity, and interred in the monastery of Inchcolm. In the church here there were two altars, one consecrated to Columba, the patron saint of Dunkeld, and the other to the Holy Virgin. Up to the Reformation the parish remained "a mensal cure" of the Bishop of Dunkeld, and was served by a vicar; after the Reformation the endowments for the support of the chaplains were acquired by the Earl of Haddington, while the property of the bishops, which was not inconsiderable, was very unjustly seized on, as history relates, by the greedy hand of Sir James Elphinstone, subsequently Lord Balmerino.

The origin of the name is yet a mooted point. Chambers tells us that on the opposite bank of the creek of the Almond, on a craggy eminence, was placed a fortification, and from that circumstance the name Car-Almond, vulgarised into Cramond, is derived—Car-Almond meaning simply the Castle on the Almond. Maitland, on the other hand, maintains that the name is

Saxon in its derivation, and signifies the mouth of the Cra. "Originally," he says, "the name was *Cra-nuthe*," as he has so read it amongst the benefactions made to the church of Lindisfern, or Holy Island, in Northumberland, and which is synonymous with Cramond. "Now," he continues, "as there is an easy transition between *Cra* and *A*, the name of the river may have been changed from *Cra-water* to *Almon-water*." It is only right to add, however,



CRAIGCROOK CASTLE.



BONALY TOWER

that our authority does not by any means dogmatise here, but only "humbly submits it to the judgment of the curious reader."

Within the parish, and on one of the north-eastern slopes of the Corstorphine Hill, stand the fine old mansion-house and lands of Craigcrook Castle. It belonged at one time to a certain John Strachan, Esq., of whom we know nothing more than that at his death, in the year 1720, he mortified it as a charitable gift—the income then amounting to £300, but now considerably more than doubled—to be disbursed in annual sums of £8 each to a specified

number of poor old men, women, and orphans, in the city of Edinburgh. But other memories, and no less dear, than those of the benevolent John Strachan, linger about it. Here, in this very romantic and picturesque old mansion, with its battlemented walls and slate-covered turrets, clad with ivy and roses, and nestling so warmly in its arbour of foliage, resided for many years that sweet-blooded and noble-souled man, Lord Francis Jeffrey, of *Edinburgh Review* renown, and here too were composed many of those brilliant and trenchant articles which adorned the pages of by far the ablest Quarterly of the period. That Jeffrey's pen was occasionally dipped in gall, and that bitterly cruel and savagely earnest words now and then were born of it, is true enough—the case of the poor, consumptive, richly-gifted Keats is to the point,—but such fierce and terrific onslaughts appear rather to have been accidental to the man than of set purpose: his papers on the whole evincing a genial, generous, and encouraging tone, in perfect accord with his naturally kind and amiable disposition. Subsequently, and not over twenty years ago, the poet Gerald Massey likewise spent a short time in this same interesting and beautiful mansion, whence he issued that sweet little volume of his which bears its name, "Craigcrook Castle": the description of which, as therein given, is a perfect photograph of the old picturesque residence, as it now looks and lives in this leafy month of June:—

"Mid glimpsing greenery at the hill-foot stands  
 The castle, with its tiny town of towers:  
 A smiling martyr to the climbing strength  
 Of ivy that will crown the old bald head,  
 And roses that will mask him merry and young,  
 Like an old man with children round his knees.  
 With cups of colour here the roses rise  
 On walls and bushes, red and yellow and white;  
 A dance and dazzle of roses range all round."

#### GRANTON,

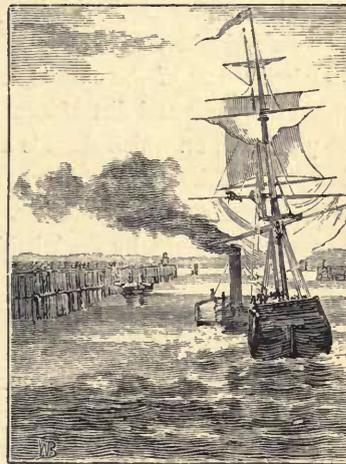
Which lies some three or four miles to the east, in the same parish, and about two and a-half from Edinburgh, is a place of very recent origin. It was founded in the year 1835 by the Duke of Buccleuch, as proprietor of the adjacent estate of Caroline Park, and has yet but passed by a year to the shady side of its half-century. Still, recent though it be in its origin, and with Leith in a way as its rival, it has made wonderful progress during the short period of its existence. As a seat of population, indeed, it has not attained to any-

thing like importance, but in stir and commercial activity it far surpasses many towns or seaports of ten or twenty times its size.

Its harbour is its great attraction. A finer or roomier is rarely to be found anywhere; certainly not on the Firth. With an extent of pierage of over 1700 feet in length, and from 80 to 160 in breadth; four pairs of jetties, each extending 90 feet at regular intervals; two slips, 325 feet each, to facilitate the shipping and landing of cattle and heavy goods at all states of the tide; a high solid wall cleft with short thoroughfares, trending along the middle of the esplanade; the whole being enclosed by a strong massive breakwater running out on the west about three-fourths of a mile from the pier, and on the east to a



GRANTON PIER.



LEITH PIER.

distance somewhat less, curving in a demicircle, and terminating on a line with the pier-head, so as to leave an entrance of considerable breadth—it affords not only a safe place to haven in, but is furnished, at the same time, with every convenience and mechanical appliance for the speedy loading and unloading of the numerous vessels which frequent it. Let us add that it is the principal ferry from Edinburgh to Fife, *viâ* the North British Railway, and from which steamers ply regularly to and from London, Aberdeen, and Stirling. This harbour, begun in 1835, partially opened in 1838, and completed in 1845, was erected at a cost of £80,000.

To the west there is a hamlet of rather humble dwellings, built by the Duke for the accommodation of his work-people; while to the east, again, there is a

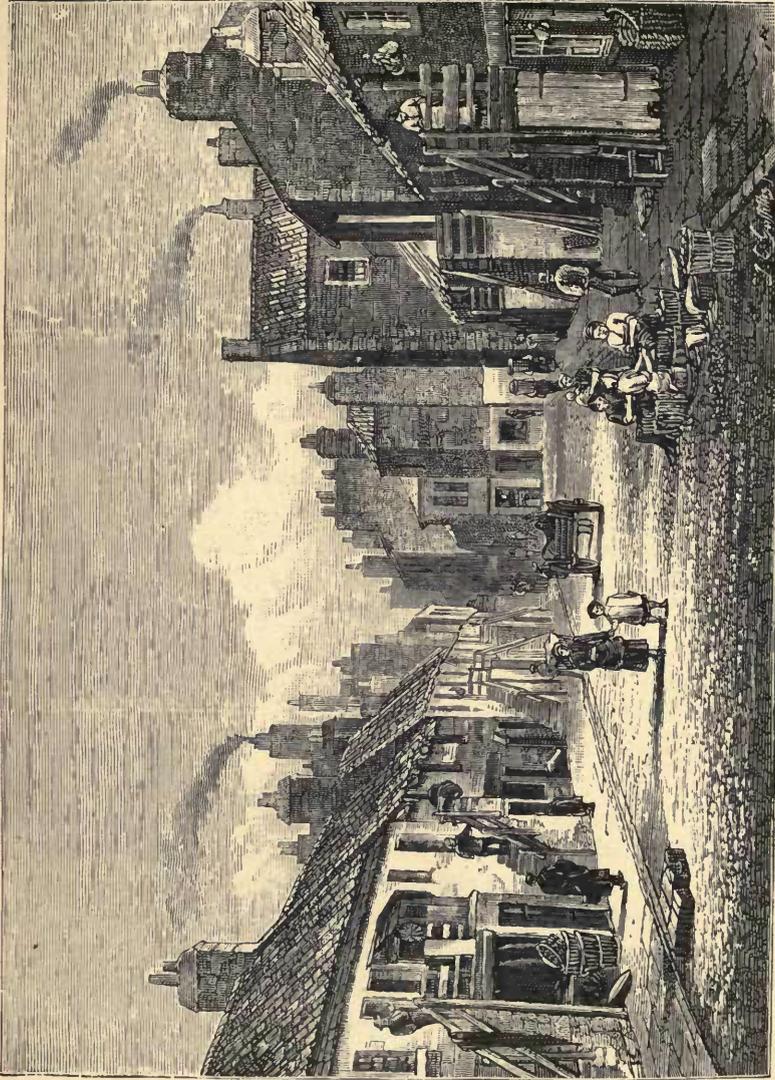
village of cottages of a much better class, two storeys high, and which are likewise tenanted by the *employés* of the harbour, with here and there a house of a more aspiring or pretentious character, occupied by the grocer, the baker, the butcher, or it may be some higher official of the port. Perhaps we should add that, on the east of the spacious open area leading on to the foot of the pier, is erected a handsome and commodious hotel, with edifices of a similar style on the opposite side, occupied as private residences. Besides, the important village of Wardie, with its rows of villas and elegantly built houses, is sufficiently near to be included in Granton.

Granton is finely situated, and is a nice airy place. The large open space landward, conducting on to the pier, flanked by edifices of "elegant, massive, white-sandstone masonry," with its spacious harbour crowded with craft of every description and of every country, a forest of masts, blending so agreeably with the general joyousness of the natural scenery around, contrasts most favourably with the usual dinginess and dirt of most of the other seaports of the nation. A walk to the pier-head, on which there is a lighthouse with a brilliantly distinctive light, or along the breakwater, within whose giant arms the harbour lies so peacefully, is both interesting and refreshing, and is greatly frequented, especially in the long summer evenings, by the inhabitants of the city and neighbourhood.

#### NEWHAVEN

Is a fishing village, with a harbour and an active and industrious population, a little to the south-east, in the parish of North Leith. It sprung up during the reign of James IV., and under his favouring smile was rapidly rising into importance, when it received a check from the repressive hand of the Edinburgh Town Council. Jealous of its rising consequence, and entertaining fears lest it might in some manner or way affect the city injuriously, they purchased from the King who, like all the Stuart family of royal lineage, was ever in need of money, the town and harbour, with all their rights and privileges, and so acquired a sort of absolute power over it, which, as might be expected, was not wielded to the advantage of the locality.

Shortly after the creation of the village a chapel was erected, which likewise owed its existence to the King. James, with all his fun and frolic, energy and chivalry, was terribly superstitious. That untoward circumstance which, when a mere boy, he was all but forced to take a part in—the rebellion against and murder of his father by his subjects—had ever afterwards a most unhappy effect upon him. He never could forget it; often it came up into



NEWHAVEN.

his mind, disquieted his conscience, and plunged him into the deepest grief and melancholy, the only solace to or relief from which was in doing penance and in building chapels. Very possibly it was in one of those fits of religious despondency and fear that this sacred fabric found its origin. It was dedicated to St. Mary, and hence the little haven itself was sometimes called "Our Lady's Port of Grace."

For many generations Newhaven was little else than a colony of fishers, having no dealings with the outside world further than in a mere commercial capacity. This exclusiveness, however, has long ago all but disappeared, and they now freely mingle with other people, between whom and them frequent intermarriages take place.

The village, too, in appearance and comfort, has of late greatly improved. Besides being now well paved, well lighted, and much more cleanly kept, many houses of a large and substantial character have been erected in it; while away to the west and north of it again there are rows and streets of villas and mansions, with terraces and crescents of the most handsome and imposing architecture. TRINITY is a delightful place. Pleasantly situated on a broad fertile plateau overlooking the Firth, and commanding a fine view of the estuary to the east, as well as of the city westwards to the Pentland and Corstorphine Hills, it forms one of the quietest and most agreeable places of residence we have the pleasure of knowing. The dwellers in this particular quarter of the district are almost all of the wealthy and more influential class; many of them retired merchants, and W.S.'s from the city, with a goodly sprinkling of rich and genteel families from many other places and countries.

The fisherwomen of Newhaven have long been famed for the picturesqueness of their dress. It consists mainly of a voluminous and truly Flemish quantity of petticoats, one or two of them of striped stuffs of very fast colours, with a jerkin sometimes of blue cloth and sometimes of variedly-hued calico. With the exception of the more matronly among them, who wear a sort of plain muslin cap or cockernony, they have no head-dress; but their hair, in which they seem to have some pride, is in general very neatly and tastefully put up. It certainly is a very pretty sight to witness them in full costume, as they move onwards through our streets, or linger in our squares or crescents, singing out in their fine, rich, musical tones their usual cries of "Caller haddies," "Caller herrin," or "Caller ou'."

Inside their dwellings likewise considerable care and tidiness are manifested. Their hygienic creed is not that of Maggie Mucklebackit, as put by the pedantic but kind-hearted Mr. Oldbuck,—“the clartier the cosier.” On the contrary,

they are a cleanly people; and although their dwellings, like the village itself, do smell rather strongly, for the delectation or comfort of a delicate nasal organ, of fish and mussel-bait, yet that is unavoidable to their calling, and for which, in consequence, it would be very unfair to hold them responsible.

“Never give a fishwife the half of what she asks” is a common saying, and indicative of the exorbitant prices they are in the habit of demanding in their commercial capacity. Oldbuck in his day seems to have acted on this principle. There are few more amusing or laughable scenes in the *Antiquary* than that of this formal, inquisitive, but genial old man bating down Mrs. Mucklebackit, and getting the fish for less than half the price she first asked. That indeed would appear to be a feature common to the whole fisher population of every place and of all time; certainly it is yet true of the fisherwomen of Newhaven, and very amusing are the scenes in this way which yet go on between the Maggie Mucklebackits of this locality and the Misses Grizel of our Trinity villas and Claremont Crescents. It would be an impropriety no doubt to say, in the words of this caustic, but after all somewhat soft-hearted misogynist, that “they may sometimes be heard wrangling for an hour together” over a little affair of that kind, before the door or under the parlour window “like sea-gulls screaming and spluttering in a gale of wind;” but that there is a good deal of “tongue and wind,” the besetting sin of the age according to Carlyle, expended in the process there can be no question.

## LEITH

Is a town of great importance, with a population of nearly 70,000, and a seaport with a trade and dock accommodation the third in the kingdom. Originally, and for a long period after its existence, it remained quite apart, having no connection whatever with any of the neighbouring districts. Now, however, it may naturally be regarded as a suburb of Edinburgh, as *physically* they meet at many points, and *municipally* are in certain things interdependent. Still, although thus closely connected with the city, and having many interests in common, it yet preserves its own integrity as a town, having its own peculiar manners, usages, independent feelings, and municipal institutions.

At first, as appears, it was called Inverleith, the reason of which is obvious enough from the fact of its being situated at the mouth of the river Leith. Its history opens in or about the fourteenth century—at least nothing with certainty



LEITH WALK.

is known of it until 1329, when we find it but a mere village, dominated by Edinburgh, and oppressively treated by the magistracy there, whose cupidity and lust of power led them to lay a greedy and repressive hand upon its revenues and independence. Robert I. was then upon the throne, but weak, worn-out, and dying. His terrible struggles—those great, patriotic efforts he made to wrest our land from the hand of the oppressor, and secure its independence—had done their sad work upon his naturally vigorous and powerful frame, and now, at the premature age, comparatively, of fifty-four years, the strong man had laid him down to die. At this time, when he could not be troubled with the consideration of such matters, and had not strength sufficient to inquire into the justice or policy of them, the Town Council of Edinburgh, actuated by the meanest and most selfish motives, applied for and obtained from him “a grant of the harbour and mills of Leith, with their appurtenances, for payment of fifty-two merks yearly.” Nor was their cupidity content with that. They at the same time seized upon all the waste or unreclaimed ground adjacent to the harbour and on the banks of the river, which, however, upon the baron superior, Logan of Restalrig, contesting, they were ultimately compelled to disgorge, or at least to pay for, which comes much to the same thing.

This Logan, the baronial proprietor of Leith, appears to have been rather a heartless old fellow, treating the poor Leithers with as high a hand and as oppressive a greed as the city Town Council itself. He would do anything for money. Give him a good price, only bid high enough, and he would go to any lengths: no considerations, either moral or Christian, giving him the least concernment. A man of this type was just the man for the Edinburgh Town Councillors; and they hesitated not to avail themselves of his avaricious unscrupulousness to effect their own selfish ends. Strange to say, they approached this man with the extraordinary proposal that “he, for a large consideration, should grant them a bond by which he should pledge himself to prevent the inhabitants of Leith, not only from carrying on any sort of trade, but from keeping shops, or inns, or houses of public entertainment for strangers,” and which proposal was entertained. Nor that only. Some time subsequently, in the year 1485, this same jealous and oppressive spirit was manifested in a still more illiberal and impolitic way: it was then “ordained that no merchant of Edinburgh should take into partnership with him any inhabitant of Leith, under the penalty of forty shillings and deprivation of the freedom of the city for a year; that none of the revenues of the city should be farmed to an individual belonging to Leith, and that none of the farmers of the city should take any of them as a partner with him in such

contracts ; that no staple goods should be stored in warehouses in Leith, or even disposed of ; and in the event of such cruel and oppressive enactments being evaded or violated, the offender should be visited with swift and condign punishment." It is with the greatest astonishment that we read of such doings of the generations that are gone ; they appear so ungenerous, cruel, and short-sighted. The poor Leithers were sorely tried, and had great need of patience. "A curse upon your whinstane hearts, ye Edinburgh gentry !" is an imprecation that naturally rises to the wrathful lips of every leal son of Scotia, as he thinks upon the unkind and heartless way in which they latterly treated the gifted and manly Burns. The same curse, for a similar reason, although in a different connection, would have suited equally well, and come with as fierce an earnestness from the indignant lips of the oppressed and down-trodden dwellers of that rising little seaport by the shingly shores of the Forth. It has often been asked, "Why does Leith owe Edinburgh such a grudge ? why is she so jealous of her bigger sister, and take every opportunity that offers of humbling her, and asserting her own independence ?" The few facts just related, and many more of an equally arbitrary and high-handed kind, might be adduced, will perhaps let in some light upon the question, and clear up, in a measure, what to many is a strange and unaccountable thing. Towns, like individuals and families, do not soon forget the harshness or injustice with which they have been treated ; the memory of it goes down circulating through the years and the centuries, and is ever ready to flash out anew into fierce resentment and fiery wrath, when the time-oiled waters are again stirred.

Leith, however, would not be crushed. It grew and flourished in spite of all the hard measures and burdensome enactments under which it groaned. Indignant occasionally at the merciless way in which the city brought its heavy hand to bear upon it, and emitting now and again a loud, angry, lion-like growl of defiant rage, it for the most part went quietly on, minding its own work, and building up its own fortunes, patiently biding the time when it would have courage enough to face and strength sufficient to grapple with the foe, and "throw him in the tulzie." A stout-hearted people were the Leithers. They could take up their cross and bear it with fortitude. Opposition did not frighten them ; injustice did not unman them. With a considerable amount of good, hard, gnarled knee-timber in their constitution, they could confront the evils and brave the storms of life, calmly and hopefully waiting for the coming in of better times and more propitious circumstances.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way ;

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But to act that each to-morrow  
Finds us farther than to-day."

Meantime, an event of great national importance took place, and as it stands very closely connected with Leith, deserves to be noticed. James IV., who was now upon the throne, was a king of great sagacity and energy. Availing himself of the peace and prosperity which then prevailed in the country, he turned his attention to the development of its internal resources; he repaired and embellished his palaces and castles, improved and facilitated the administration of justice, enforced a general respect for the law throughout the remotest districts, and encouraged the extension of trade and commerce with other nations. His navy, however, was especially his care. He was anxiously solicitous to make it at once numerous and powerful; and hence, in addition to the ships he already had, he caused other three vessels, of very large dimensions for that age, to be constructed; one of them—the largest, and named the *Great Michael*—in magnitude, equipment, and cost, greatly exceeding any ship of war then known in the world, was built at Leith. Pitscottie tells us that "all the oak forests in Fife, with the exception of that of Falkland, were exhausted in her construction, besides a large quantity of timber brought from Norway, and that upwards of a year was spent by the Scottish and foreign carpenters in completing her." James was justly proud of the achievement; and while she lay in "the Roads,"—as great a marvel then as the *Warrior* or *Impregnable* would be now—the King frequently visited her in company with his lords, "taking great pleasure in showing them her order and munition." She was commanded by Sir Andrew Wood, a native of Largo in Fife, but a resident in the town, an able sailor and a brave commander, who had distinguished himself in many a sea-fight,—the Abercromby of his day, bringing glory alike to his country and his name. Thus Leith had the honour of making the first important advance, and typing the first momentous change, in the great science of naval architecture.

As with families, so with towns, however, it is not always summer-time with them. Seldom or never in the case of anything earthly does the sun of prosperity shine down on it a continuous and unbroken flood of golden light. Unmixed good is a blessing not of this world; empires, kingdoms, cities, towns, families, and individuals all have their rainy days. And Leith is no exception. In the year 1544 the Earl of Hertford paid it a hostile visit, and did it incredible damage. With an army of 10,000 men he marched eastwards from Granton, where he had disembarked, and entering the town about noon, without the least opposition, at once took possession of it. He next proceeded against Edinburgh which, after having plundered—ravishing and laying waste at the same time

the neighbouring districts—he set on fire; an outrage he was particularly commanded to commit. And so, having accomplished the object of the invasion, he re-embarked with his victorious forces, proud of their success and laden with spoil, committing, however, on leaving, the port and its shipping to the flames.

Leith, only three years afterwards, was again visited by this same scourge, now Duke of Somerset, and again suffered by fire at his hand, although not to the same extent. Not that he on that occasion was less relentless, or not so much bent on damaging and destroying Scottish property; but simply because he then met with a stouter resistance, and had less opportunity. Still, he left his mark on this, as on the former occasion, and Leith has no reason to remember with gratitude the visits, or presence among them, of this fierce and pitiless fire-brand of war.

A few years subsequent to this, and Leith again comes prominently to the front. Hardly any event, indeed, of any great national importance occurred without the port being in some way, less or more, closely connected with it. Now were the days of the Reformation struggle, when Popery and Protestantism fought a fierce hand-to-hand battle, with varying fortune. Mary of Lorraine was then Regent, and did her best to crush the rising spirit of rebellion as directed against prelacy and despotism; the reformers, on the other hand, brave-hearted and fearless men, dared to despise the decrees and enactments of royalty, and bade defiance to the uplifted arm, though sceptred with the golden rod of sovereignty. For a good while the battle went on with little advantage to either side; neither party inclined to sheathe the sword, each being eagerly bent upon victory, and determined to put down and trample out the other. The right, however, ultimately prevailed. Popery went to the wall, and Protestantism triumphed, but it was at a fearful cost of life and treasure.

Leith figures very largely in this struggle. Mary of Lorraine, when the palace was no longer safe for her, retired thither and fortified it, garrisoning it with a body of French troops. The wall which was then thrown up was, as it appears, of an octagonal form with eight bastions at so many angles; and, following the line of the present Bernard and Constitution Streets, from nearly the west end of the latter, it pursued a northerly direction towards the river. Here a wooden bridge, about 115 yards below the present erection at the west end of Great Junction Street, connected the continuation of the wall which reached to the citadel, and then taking an easterly course terminated at Sandport Street. The bastions were of great strength, and the wall was entirely built of stone. It had several ports or gates, the chief of which was one called the Block

House, and it was here that the fiercest assaults and heaviest carnage then took place. In vain did the besiegers endeavour to force an entrance. Daring deeds of noblest valour were then performed; greatest efforts of loftiest courage, both individually and collectively, were there put forth; but to no purpose. Mary and her French soldiers remained safe within the strong arms of that impregnable rampart, and the reformers had only the sad mortification of seeing their best and their brightest fall by the hands of foreign mercenaries, comparatively secure behind its massive strength.

“ The flankers then, in murdering holes that lay,  
Went off and slew, God knows, stout men enow;  
The harquebuse afore had made foul playe,  
But it behoved our men for to go throwe,  
And so men sought their deaths, they knew not how.  
From such a sight, swate God, my friends defend,  
For out of paine did dyvers find theyr end.”

Hardly a vestige of these fortifications is now visible, although, in making excavations, evident traces of the former military character of the town are occasionally found. Perhaps we should add that the site of the citadel is still preserved by a place of that name adjacent to, and principally occupied by, the North Leith Station of the North British Railway, with the principal entrance thereto, an arched way of great strength, with a little bit of the wall attached.

Time rolls on, bringing with him in his irresistible march his own great changes. The Queen-mother dies, and Mary, who by this time is a widow, has come over from that beautiful country she loved so well,\* to take the reins of government into her own hands. The day on which she arrived seems to have been unexceptionally dull and heavy. Knox, in describing it, employs the dreariest and darkest epithets in the language: “In the memory of man,” he

\* “ Adieu, plaisant pays de France,  
O ma patrie !  
La plus chérie  
Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance ?  
Adieu, France ! Adieu, mes beaux jours,  
La nef qui de joint mes amours  
Na ey de moi qui la mortie  
Une parte te resti ; elle est la tienne  
Je la tie à ton amitie,  
Pour que de l'autre il la souviennne.”

These beautiful lines were written by Mary on leaving France, and show how dearly she loved the land she was parting from—for ever !

says, "that day of the year has never seen a more dolorous face of the heaven than was at her arrival, which two days after did so continue; for besides the surface wet, a corruption of the air, the mist was so thick and dark, that scarce might any man espy another the length of two pair of *buttis*. The sun was not seen to shine two days before nor two days after."

Dark and gloomy as the weather appears to have been, however, and whatever effect it may have had upon her spirits, it does not seem to have damped or dulled the spirits of her subjects. As soon as it was known that the Queen had arrived, all classes of the community hastened *pell-mell* shorewards to manifest their joy and give expression to their loyalty. Cannon boomed, bells rang, men shouted, and women screamed; the vessels in the harbour too were all gaily decked with bunting, while flags and banners were hung out on all the public places and houses of note. Landing at ten in the morning, she would have immediately proceeded to Holyrood; but the laggard state of the preparations for her conveyance thither necessitated her detention in the town for a few hours, during which, as we learn, she was visited by the Lord James, the Earl of Argyle, and other noblemen. At length things being got into something like order, the procession moved forwards. Mary, mounted on her palfrey—there were no carriages in those days—advanced through the Links and up the Easter Road towards Holyrood, preceded and followed by all the great and the noble of the land, and amid the shouts and acclamations of a happy and loyal people.

"Light on her airy steed she sprung;  
 Around with golden tassels hung;  
 No chieftain there rode half so free,  
 Or half so light and gracefully.  
 Slowly she ambled on her way,  
 Amid her lords and ladies gay;  
 Priest, abbot, laymen, all were there,  
 And presbyter with look severe.  
 There rode the lords of France and Spain,  
 Of England, Flanders, and Lorraine;  
 While serried thousands round them stood,  
 From shore of Leith to Holyrood."

Mary's return to her kingdom revived a little the drooping spirits of the Leithers, and led them to entertain the hope that something substantial would now be done for them. They deserved well of her. They had aided the Queen-mother in her efforts, and seconded her earnest and determined struggles against the reformers: Mary could not be ungrateful, and would evince, no doubt, a just sense of her obligation by granting them some unmistakable relief

from the fetters in which Edinburgh all along had bound them. They were disappointed. Instead of relief there came additional pressure. The Queen, in need of money, and her exchequer all but dry, began to look about for means to meet pressing exigencies, and in her straits felt constrained to come down upon Leith, mortgaging its superiority, redeemable, however, for 1000 merks, to the Town Council of the city. We do not blame Mary very heavily for this. Her circumstances were such, and her wants so great, that really she could not help herself; and it is but right to add that she did all that she possibly could to prevent the sad and humiliating consequences of the transaction to the Leithers by requesting the magistracy to delay, for some time at least, the assumption of superiority, in the hope, probably, of being able to forestall the step altogether. This, however, as might have been expected, was refused, and on the 2nd of July, 1567, the citizens of Edinburgh proceeded to Leith in a kind of military order, where, when they had arrived, they went through some form of capturing it, and thus the independence and self-government of the town were, for the time being, completely lost.

Leith was now made to feel the full weight of the heavy arm of the oppressor. If the inhabitants groaned and were bowed down under the burdens formerly imposed, these were light in comparison with the burdens they should henceforth have to endure. Edinburgh used the whip-hand most unmercifully. The Town Council, with the Incorporations, now framed and laid on new imposts—the severity and unrighteousness of which stir the anger and fire the wrath of every honest soul—that so hampered and harassed its trade and commerce that the port was literally crushed. Up to this point it had struggled pluckily; and even in spite of the harsh and cruel treatment received at the hand of its bigger neighbour, had moved forward and prospered. But now its last plank was gone. The Queen had failed to befriend it, and there was at last nothing for it but hopelessness and despair, in which sad and despondent condition the town dragged on, it would appear, a feeble and exhausted life for upwards of a generation and a-half.

It has been hinted that the Protestantism of the Leithers was somewhat doubtful during the reign of the Queen Regent. It is abundantly evident, however, that by this time a great change had come over the spirit of their dream. In October, 1643, when the Solemn League and Covenant was entered into with England, in no place was it received with more respect, or ratified with so deep and solemn a reverence, as in Leith: a fact which shows very plainly, as it seems to us, that whatever their feelings or beliefs in the days of Mary of Guise with respect to religion, they had now quite decided for the Reformation doctrine.

Whether, indeed, any of the Leithers was bellicose enough to buckle on the sword, or shoulder the firelock, and march across the Border under the able leadership of the old and astute Earl of Leven, we are not in a position to say. We hope, however, that they did not just suffer all their zeal and ardour for Protestantism to evaporate or melt away in the signing of that very solemn and formidable document, but that some of them, at least, had the courage to face the warlike and disciplined forces of Newcastle, and leave their mark upon, if not their bodies before, the strongly-walled and gallantly-defended city of Durham.

A dark day of terrible suffering was now fast hurrying up, and ready to burst in lamentation and woe over Leith. That ancient scourge of Scotland, the Plague, the horrors of which were at this time aggravated by a dreadful famine, then visited the town and neighbourhood, cutting down in its malignant wrathfulness young and old, rich and poor, and bringing sorrow and desolation into almost every home. The town then numbered about 5000 inhabitants; but so fatal were the ravages of this dreadful disease, that in the short space of six or seven months it was reduced to a little less than the half. The churchyards could not receive the bodies requiring interment, and numbers of the dead, wrapped in the blankets in which they had died, were carried forth and buried in the Links and adjacent grounds. As just observed, the Plague was accompanied by a Famine, which, perhaps, was even more fatal in its consequences; and upon a representation to Parliament of the impoverished and starving condition of the inhabitants, authority was given to the magistrates to seize on, and make use of, the grain and other provisions then in the stores and warehouses, for the support or maintenance of the people, payment to be made subsequently by voluntary subscription.

The next important event in the annals of the town took place in the year 1650. We refer to the fact that, while the forces of Cromwell were moving upon Edinburgh after their victory over the Scottish army at Dunbar, a detachment, under the command of Major-General Lambert, entered and took possession of Leith. It did not suffer much, however, from this untoward event. Only a contribution of some £22 sterling was exacted, a matter which, in ordinary circumstances, would not have been felt by them, but which, following unhappily so closely upon the heel of the Plague and Famine, was rather a grievance. Shortly after this, however, Lambert was appointed elsewhere, and General Monk succeeding him, took up his residence in the town—greatly to its advantage—which he at once set about to fortify and secure, enlarging the citadel, providing suitable and well-constructed houses for the governor, officers,

and soldiers, and furnishing it with a chapel, as well as ample accommodation for magazines and stores. During his residence, too, it is related that many English families of wealth and position were induced by him to come and settle in it. Bringing with them the spirit of mercantile enterprise, and possessed of the means and energy necessary to establish and successfully carry on such undertakings, they then inaugurated and profitably pursued certain trades and manufactures which are yet among the staple industries of the place. As was to be expected, the restrictive burdens of the city Town Council proved very annoying and harassing, and they frequently appealed to the Republican Government to ease their chain and give them a little more freedom, but somehow or other it never was done. Meanwhile, Leith gradually grew. Having recovered in a measure from the dejection and hopelessness into which it had been thrown by the humiliating event of the complete loss of its independence, and stimulated and energised by the new life which had budded forth in it by the residence of Englishmen of wealth and position within it, it advanced, and, in spite of the hampering and grinding imposts with which it was saddled, eventually attained to a prosperity and influence which commanded respect.

A very memorable event now occurs in the history of Leith, the landing of George IV. Two hundred and sixty-one years before this a young Queen, of surpassing beauty and high accomplishments, set foot on her native land near the same place, and much about the same time of the year, to assume a crown entwined with many a thorn, and to wield a sceptre which had the touch of saddest trouble in it, but whose landing, in most of its attendant circumstances, was widely different. On this occasion all was pomp and circumstance. Preparations on the grandest scale had been going on for months, and long before the royal yacht had made its appearance in the roadstead all was ready. Then began the imposing spectacle of disembarking. The King, shortly before twelve o'clock, having entered his barge, moved slowly landwards, preceded by that of the Admiral, and followed by others from all His Majesty's ships on the station, together with an immense number of private boats, all gaily trimmed, and crowded with people in their holiday attire, forming an aquatic procession such as never before had been witnessed on Scottish shore. Arriving within hail of the pier, which was covered with thousands, the royal barge was saluted in a right loyal fashion. The royal standard, then hoisted, floated over the lighthouse, and a simultaneous shout from the assembled multitudes, mingling with the martial music of the Highland bag-pipe which a band of young gentlemen of Leith at that instant struck up, proclaimed in most impressive utterance the warmth of his welcome. Next the Custom House was reached, and when quite

abreast of it a band from the Canongate stationed there burst forth with the National Anthem—the magistrates, deacons, and trades, at the same time advancing with lowered standards—while, just as His Majesty touched the landing-place, three well-timed and strongly-vociferated cheers were given by the sailors who manned the shipping in the harbour, caught up and rung out again and again by the thousands that lined the shore, filled the windows, swarmed on the house-tops, and stood and clung wherever there was standing or clinging room. His Majesty was greatly affected by these hearty manifestations of loyalty and welcome, and frequently acknowledged them with a grace and condescension which but intensified the feeling, and drew forth, if possible, louder shouts of joy and acclamation.

Here, after the performance of some short imposing ceremony, the King was conducted towards his carriage. With the post-admiral and senior magistrates on his right, he walked along the platform, his path strewn with flowers, with a firm and dignified step, amid deafening peals which again saluted him on all sides. The procession then moved forwards, a showy and imposing pageant, becoming increasingly so as it gradually spread out and extended itself in the distance. The Earl of Kinnoul, as Lord Lyon, preceding, curveted and caprioled his noble charger, followed by a cloud of heralds and richly-dressed cavaliers—his brow circled with his golden coronet, his crimson mantle flowing in graceful folds to the ground, and his brodered boots and golden spurs indicating his nobility and proclaiming his rank: next came Sir Alexander Keith, as Knight-Marshal, accompanied by his grooms and esquires, all in splendid liveries; and after him, as White-Rod, Sir Patrick Walker, with his attendant equerries handsomely mounted and magnificently accoutred, making an appearance and producing an effect little inferior to that of the Lord Lyon himself; then followed a long train of cavalry and infantry, with city dignitaries, and picturesque Highlanders, in the rear of which appeared the King in an Admiral's uniform, with a thistle and sprig of heath in his hat, and on his breast the St. Andrew's cross which had been presented to him by Sir Walter Scott in name of the Ladies of Edinburgh, surrounded by a royal guard of Archers, Glengarry and his household retainers, and a whole galaxy of starred and scarlet-covered aides-de-camp and generals. Onward it moved with slow and measured pace along Bernard and Constitution Streets, up Leith Walk, through York Place and St. Andrew Square, into Princes Street, then turning eastward, proceeded by Regent Bridge and Waterloo Place, rounding the foot of the Calton Hill, amid shout and cheer, the roar of cannon, the roll of drum, and the shrill scream of pibroch—all the route lined with a well-dressed, well-

behaved, and loyal people—and reaching Holyrood at last, when a salute was fired from all the batteries in intimation of the fact, which made the heavens ring again, echoing far and near, hill answering to hill, and vale to vale. In the evening there was a grand display of fireworks. Arthur's Seat, crowned with flame, glorious as another sun rising upon midnight, looked down upon a city actually ablaze; while Leith, hardly less so, was brilliantly lighted up with a profusion of lamps and beautifully transparent devices. It is estimated that no fewer than 300,000 people were eye-witnesses that day of the most magnificent and imposing spectacle ever before beheld in Scotland.

“ The news has flown from mouth to mouth,  
 The North for ance has banged the South;  
 The de'il a Scotsman 'll die o' drouth,  
                   Carle, noo the King's come!

Squire and knight and belted peer,  
 Lowland chief and mountaineer,  
 The best, the bravest, all are here,  
                   Carle, noo the King's come!”

In general, the inhabitants of Leith were an industrious and hard-working people. Life with them was an earnest thing, and to provide for themselves, and especially for those of their household, a sacred duty. Still, they had their days of amusement and recreation likewise; and these days, when freed from toil and care, they did enjoy, although occasionally in rather a boisterous and extravagant manner. Particularly was this the case during the week of their long-famed horse-races, an institution which dates back to the period of the Restoration. These races usually took place on the last week of July, or the first week of August, and continued for four or five days. Edinburgh and Leith were then crowded with people of wealth and fashion from all quarters, to witness the sports of the race-ground, as well as to attend the balls and the assemblies which were held in the city in the evenings. The sands, over which the races, during the recess of the tide, were run, were on these days, but especially on the Saturday, the scene of the most disorderly and drunken revels, resulting usually in a number of free fights and occasional serious skirmishes with the town-guard. Booths, taverns, and theatrical amusements of every description, and to almost any extent, stood along the outer line of the shore, reaching eastwards, while the pier, for the time being, was improvised, and largely taken advantage of, as an excellent stand for the people. From the time of the Restoration to the year 1816, these races appear to have been held annually; but at that period they were removed to the Links of Musselburgh,

where they have been run ever since. Ferguson, in his "Leith Races," gives a very humorous and truly descriptive account of them, which poem, we may add, not only suggested to Burns, Scotia's bard *par excellence*, but afforded him a model for, that inimitable and bitingly telling satire of his, the "Holy Fair," so full of fun, racy description, and pawky common-sense.

Ecclesiastically, Leith is divided into the two parishes of North and South Leith, separated from each other by the river; the former lying to the west, and including in it, since 1630, the baronies of Newhaven and Hillhousefield; the latter, to the east, is much the larger, and of a triangular shape, extending along the shore to the Figget Burn at Portobello, then following the line of the public road to the city, embracing the abrogated parish of Restalrig, and till lately the Calton Hill, and reaching onwards to Leith Walk. Objections have been taken to the site of the town as not the best adapted for a maritime port. It has been urged that, in consequence of the flat, sandy expanse on which it is placed, and which the retiring tide at its ebb leaves quite dry for over a mile in breadth, it never can command any great depth of water; while the river again, flowing through the harbour, runs so sluggishly, and with such small volume usually, that it has not power to keep the mouth of the harbour free of the mud and sand with which it is apt to become silted up. That, however, in these times, has been greatly obviated by, and probably at no distant day is destined to disappear altogether before, the various efficient and energetic efforts of engineering enterprise now in full swing.

The harbour and docks, crowded as they generally are with shipping, flying the colours of almost every nation and country, is a sight in itself worth seeing. Indeed, a walk in this direction on a fine summer day or on a quiet autumn evening, when the winds are low and the sea "calm as cradled child," and especially along either of the piers which form the harbour, with ships and steamers and other craft ever in motion, outwards or inwards, lending life and charm to the scene, is highly interesting. Then again, at the farther end of either promenade, what a grand and extensive prospect! Both sides of the Forth, the Fife and the Lothian coasts, with the different towns and villages along their sea-board, are distinctly visible; the Lomonds forming a bold and picturesque background to the one, and the gently rising and finely wooded hills of Carberry and Falside a quieter and more subdued background to the other; with Inchkeith, of pious legend, in the foreground; the great Bass Rock, of Covenanter tale, farther off on the right; and the mazy, half-seen, and half-unseen May, with its wonderful tragedy of "doul and wae," far away in the distance, lit up with the bright, fierce radiance of a noon-day sun, or "mistied with the golden breath of departing



KIRKGATE.

day ;"—a quiet, careless saunter out to the farther end of this fine sea promenade in the afternoon or evening of a mild, sunshiny July or August day is a great enjoyment : a happiness that lingers in the memory like some low sweet strain of music heard across some moonlit lake, or warbled in some remote and shadowy glen.

The town originally appears to have been built close to the harbour, the most ancient part of it reaching from the shore along the east bank of the stream for nearly half-a-mile, and the houses moved back sufficiently far to form a pretty roomy quay for the loading and unloading of vessels. From this quay eastwards the town diverged into a number of narrow streets and lanes which are still extant : the dwellings tall, dark, and dingy, all very old, and bearing obvious traces of having housed a much higher class of occupants than now inhabit them. In these earlier days the principal thoroughfare to and from the shore was Tolbooth Wynd, over which of late has come a great change in the disappearance of almost all the edifices of the olden period, with the substitution of shops and business premises in their stead, of an ornateness of structure and grandeur of window-display that will contrast favourably even with Princes Street itself. Kirkgate, into which in general all the other streets, alleys, and lanes conducted, was then the chief street, although now a-days a little shorn of its glory, and led to the foot of Leith Walk, a fine, broad thoroughfare leading up to the city, and which, with an ordinary degree of architectural taste and enterprise, might have been made the handsomest street in Europe. Bernard and Constitution Streets, both of them of comparatively recent formation, and in which are many substantial and elegant edifices, are now the more common thoroughfare to and from the harbour and docks ; while away to the south-east of Constitution Street, again, and facing the Links on every side—an extensive grassy plain of nearly a mile in length and over a quarter of a mile in breadth, the common playground of cricket and golf—are rows of houses and villas of the most stately and imposing character, the residences of the more opulent and influential classes of the community.

North and South Leith are now connected by a broad, commodious thoroughfare named Great Junction Street. It conducts from the foot of Leith Walk westward, crossing the river by a strongly built stone bridge, with railing balustrade of very graceful manufacture. Besides this there are other four bridges across the stream farther down ; three of them *draw-*, and the last and most remote a *swing-*bridge, with a span of 222 feet, and erected at a cost of £32,000, which are raised or swung round, as occasion requires, for the ingress or egress of vessels. North Leith, into which these ways lead, and connect with the adjoining parish, has within the last half-century undergone great improvements. The

citadel, of Cromwellian fame, and many of the humbler and lower-class dwellings that clustered around it, have been removed, and new streets, running both south and west, have been formed, with houses of a higher and much more respectable kind. Indeed, both parishes of late have been expanding in all directions, and have grown, particularly within the last ten or fifteen years, so rapidly that it is difficult to find accommodation for their annually increasing thousands, notwithstanding all the energy and success with which building operations are being carried on. What but a few years ago was only a waste, or green fields, or a nursery, is now covered with houses filled with an industrious and well-to-do tenancy, while in other parts again—as along and off the Ferry Road on the north, and up and in from Lochend and Easter Roads on the south—a great amount of excellent and highly finished house property has been constructed, all, or nearly so, occupied by the successful traders and more enterprising merchants of the town.

Leith, being a place of considerable antiquity, founded somewhere about the year 1300, and holding such a conspicuous position in many of the more important events in our national history, should naturally be expected to contain not a few remains of much antiquarian interest. The town, however, as a great commercial centre, has undergone so material and radical changes, that most of the relics of an antique or old-world character have been quite obliterated. All that is left of the once famous citadel, for example, is, as we have already mentioned, but an old Saxon bridge and a little bit of the wall; in like manner, the residence of Mary of Guise, a structure of some repute in its day, cannot now be identified even as to its site, although a recent erection, as business premises, in Water Lane claims the distinction; while all traces of the dwellings of those who then formed her Court and were her principal advisers have quite disappeared. The house of Lord Balmerino and part of the mansion of Logan of Restalrig are the only relics of a grey antiquity that yet survive.

The house of Balmerino has now passed into the possession of the Roman Catholic Church, and is partly occupied as a schoolroom. It enters by No. 10 Kirkgate, but the building is so shut in that little of it can be seen except on a close inspection. Here, in 1650, Lord Balmerino had the honour of entertaining Charles II. during his short sojourn in Scotland. According to the "Diary of Nicoll," the King, on that occasion, had come from Stirling, where he was residing, to review the army, which was drawn up on the Links. After that he appears to have gone to Edinburgh, where he was "feasted by the town in the Parliament House," and thence returned on foot to Leith, "abyding for the night wi' Lord Balmerinoch."

The last Lord of this family was Arthur, who, as we learn, suffered on Towerhill in 1746 for his complicity in the rebellion of the preceding year. He seems to have been a keen and loyal Jacobite: was out with Mar in 1715, holding a command at the battle of Sheriffmuir; was out again in 1745, when he was taken prisoner at Culloden, carried to London, tried at Westminster, and sentenced, along with the Earls of Cromarty and Kilmarnock for the like offences, to be beheaded. Both before and after his trial he conducted himself as became a brave man and a gallant soldier. Maintaining his principles to the last, he neither sought for nor expected mercy; and when at last led forth to execution, he surveyed with a calm and gentlemanly mien all the terrible preparations, inspecting the block with great minuteness, taking up the axe and testing its edge with his finger, examining the coffin and reading the inscription on its lid, and then, as if perfectly satisfied that all was as it should be, calmly and resolutely resigned himself to his fate. Thus died the last Lord of Balmerino.

The mansion of Logan, again, stood on the crag overhanging the loch of Lochend. Part of it still survives, and is used as offices in connection with a



LOCHEND.

large house erected on the site of the old one. Judging from what remains of it, it must have been a very strong place, and if well armed and provisioned, capable of holding out and offering a stern resistance to any enemy, however brave or determined. This family, it would seem, like many of the nobility and gentry of the time, suffered a heavy reverse of fortune. The last of the name who held

the paternal estates, being deeply involved in the Gowrie Conspiracy, but dying before his share in it was fully disclosed, "his eldest son, and all lineally connected, were summoned to compear before the King and the Estates of Parliament;" they were tried, found guilty of high treason, sentenced to the forfeiture of all their property, and so reduced to the sad and miserable condition of beggars, homeless and penniless, in the very place where they had so long lorded it as feudal tyrants.

A younger scion of this family, however, appears at a little later period to have retrieved to some extent the sad fortunes of his house. Returning from France—whence he had to flee for having slain in a duel a favourite of the King, who had given him great provocation—to his native place, he chanced shortly thereafter to meet, at the house of a mutual friend, with a certain Isabella Fowler, the only child of a wealthy couple in the neighbourhood, and heiress of all their possessions. Miss Fowler, or as she is better known by the soubriquet of *Tibbie o' the Glen*, had no pretensions to beauty: rather, we should say, in the language of these days, a plain-looking young lady, but whose plainness in this respect was wonderfully compensated for by a quick, shrewd intelligence, and brisk, sprightly piquancy of manner, which are not without their attractions, and often interest and charm when a pretty face and fine form would fail. Besides, she was "a weel-tochered lass," and that, in those times, as well as in ours, covered a multitude of sins, so that Tibbie, as might have been expected in the circumstances, had a great number of suitors,

"Wooin' at her, puin' at her,  
Courtin' her, and canna get her.  
Filthy self! it's for her pelf  
That a' the lads are wooin' at her."

Young Logan enrolled himself in the list of her admirers, and had not much difficulty in carrying her off from all the other competitors for her hand. It is said that he built, *with the money she brought him*, a large handsome house at the head of the Shirra Brae fronting the Coalhill, in which they resided, and which continued to be shown as an object of interest until 1845, when it was removed to make room for other erections.

The public buildings of Leith now deserve our notice. As, however, we cannot here possibly advert to them all, we shall, for that reason, just select for description what are considered the most prominent of them.

The Exchange, in Constitution Street, facing westward into Bernard Street, is an extensive and handsome structure in the chaste Grecian style.

It rises to the height of three storeys, is adorned with Ionic columns, and contains a large assembly-room and a public reading-room, together with a number of offices. Then immediately opposite, and in the south-east corner of Baltic Street, stands the Corn Market, a large and substantial edifice, with a side wall, looking into Constitution Street, of polished stone beautifully ornamented with cherub-like figures in *basso-relievo*—some busily engaged in carrying sacks of grain, others in whirling along barrow-loads of the same produce, and others again in ploughing or driving the harrows. It is an attractive erection of highly dressed ashlar, surmounted by a dome of very fine proportions, with a number of spacious business rooms, well lighted and comfortably ventilated. So also the Banks, of which there are no fewer than seven or eight, principally in Bernard Street, are all very substantial buildings,—the *Royal*, of an ornate and handsome appearance, and the *National*, with its semi-circular projecting front, ribbed with Ionic columns and crowned with a dome, are especially interesting specimens of architecture, and quite ornamental to the locality. Nor are the Court House, the Trinity House, and the Custom House in any way inferior in these respects. The first mentioned is a compact, massive structure of four storeys, with an elegant Ionic façade on the side of Constitution Street, and a fine Doric portico on that of Charlotte Street. The Council Chambers are very handsomely fitted up, and, among other pictures, contains a large painting of the landing of George IV. In like manner, the Trinity House, situated in Kirkgate, and just opposite the church, is a graceful edifice of the Grecian type. It stands on the site of the old building, erected in 1555 during the regency of Mary of Guise, and possesses several pictures of great merit—particularly an interesting view of Leith in the olden times, an admirable portrait of Admiral Lord Duncan, a very truthful and highly finished likeness of the Queen-regent by Mytens, with Scott's grand and graphic painting of Vasco de Gama passing the Cape of Good Hope. So the Custom House is another erection of a large and interesting character, of the same description of building, with pillars and pediment in front, and having in the tympanum of its pediment a rather ostentatious sculpture of the Royal Arms. It is situated in North Leith, just at the west end of the lower drawbridge leading from Bernard Street into Commercial Place, with its back to the harbour, from which it is separated by a narrow strip of pier, where small craft are usually found moored. And the new Sailors' Home, lately erected in Tower Place, of the old Scotch baronial type, is, perhaps, as commanding and stately a structure as the town can boast. Its principal elevation, facing the harbour, is ninety feet in length, while in height it

rises to four storeys with attics, with a centre-tower of very substantial proportions, in which is provision for four illuminated dials, each seven feet in diameter. As to the accommodation, again, it is, as was to be expected, of the amplest and best description. Containing a coffee-palace or restaurant, a store-room for sailors' effects, a dining-room, a reading-room, and recreation rooms, it provides at the same time bedroom convenience for fifty-six seamen and nine officers, while in times of pressure it can lodge fifty more. There are, besides, separate lavatories for the various departments, with bath-rooms and hot and cold water on all the upper floors. Altogether, this new Sailors' Home, in its outward appearance as well as in its inward accommodation and comfort,—the best institution of the kind, perhaps, in the kingdom,—is admittedly at once an honour to the commercial enterprise of the port and an ornament to the town.

The Ecclesiastical structures, however, are perhaps still more deserving of attention, of which there are not a few rather stately fabrics. South Leith Church, which stands on the east side of the Kirkgate, moved back from the thoroughfare about twenty yards, and surrounded by a graveyard, very neatly arranged and beautifully kept, in which many of the famed and influential of the district sleep their long deep sleep, is a noble edifice of the early Gothic type. It has a very handsome tower, rising from the ground in the north-west corner, and terminating in an elegant Gothic balustrade, on the right of which, in the gable of the church fronting the street, is a magnificent window of richly stained glass, which, when lit up by the rays of the setting sun or by the lights within, produces a fine effect. The old church, which this has displaced, was perhaps a still more imposing fabric. In its style it was likewise Gothic, but cruciform in its construction, with a turret or spire of wood and metal springing from its summit. It suffered in the conflagration of 1544, caused by the invasion of the Earl of Hertford, and was diminished to the nave. We may add that on the suppression of the church at Restalrig in 1609, this became the parochial place of worship, and was originally dedicated to St. Mary. St. John's Church, at first a chapel of ease, but now erected into a separate charge, is likewise an interesting building. It has a tower of two stages, the first quadrangular and adorned with pinnacles at the angles, the other octagonal and surmounted by a balustrade and numerous pinnacles. Altogether the fabric is rather of the showy or flowery type, and when seen at a distance has a somewhat gingery or fantastic appearance which does not much impress one. Another structure of the kind, not very far from it but in a different street, is perhaps a still better specimen of ecclesiastical architecture: we refer to Free St. John's. It was erected some years ago in consequence of

the congregation being ejected from their old place of worship by a decree of the Law Courts in favour of the Auld Kirk. The building is of a composite character, has a very handsome tower topped by an open crown-like spire, after the manner of St. Giles's in Edinburgh, and is a great ornament to the town. The Episcopal Church, however, is decidedly the finest structure of the kind in the parish. It is in the light Gothic style, and cruciform, with buttresses along its side walls, and a fine semicircular apse on the east gable. On the south-east side is a massive and well-proportioned tower, springing from the ground and terminating in a spire of a peculiarly airy and graceful appearance. The windows are all of stained glass, with beautiful figures of Scripture scenes and characters painted on them; the furnishings are of the most handsome description; and it is said to possess a peal of bells the finest in Scotland. The churches of the United Presbyterian denomination and of the other nonconforming bodies in this quarter are all, perhaps, of an humbler character, although that of St. Andrew's Place, in the Links; Great Junction Street, on the margin of that broad and much frequented thoroughfare; Dalmeny, off Leith Walk; and Kirkgate, in process of erection in Henderson Street, are very large and substantial structures, not quite void, either, of external embellishment, and internally very comely and effective too in their ornamentation and furnishings. Especially is this true in the case of the last mentioned. Of the Romanesque-Italian style of architecture, the treatment in detail is at once bold, massive, and harmonious. The front elevation, a beautiful specimen of exquisite architectural designing, consisting of a central gable supported by wings, surmounted by a blank arcade—its arches raking with the massive moulded skew above—and crowned with a richly designed Maltese cross. This edifice when completed will prove, as is believed, one of the most attractive and beautiful ecclesiastical fabrics in the county,—an honour to the denomination and an ornament to the town.

In North Leith, likewise, there are a few very stately and attractive ecclesiastical fabrics. The United Presbyterian Church in Coburg Street, near the Citadel, is a conspicuous erection, with a Gothic front, central pediment and balustrade, and flanked with embrasured turrets. St. Ninian's, a little farther to the north-west, looking into Dock Street, and quite adjacent to the old Saxon arch which formed one of the entrances into the Citadel, is also an interesting structure. It is of the early Gothic, with handsome doorway and main window, sided by two small octagonal towers with pinnacles. The history of this church, if we were at liberty to give it, which space allows not, is well worth relating, and will amply repay the reader for any little trouble he may take to acquaint himself with it. The North Leith Free

Church in Ferry Road, too, is a characteristic building. Not that we are quite pleased with it in many ways, for it has always appeared to us rather dumpy and out of proportion,—the façade being far too heavy and massive for the rest of the edifice. Still, if viewed quite in front, with its fine Gothic entrance, noble window of exquisite tracery and stained glass, and tall stately tower and spire, it produces a good effect. So Bonnington Church, in Summer-side Street, beautiful for situation, is likewise beautiful in its harmonious proportions and exquisite lines of structural grace, with which, unlike its sister structure just noted, no exception can be taken. Of a mixed type, blending the Norman with the early English character, with something of the imposing mien of the cathedral about it,—its strongly buttressed walls, finely pictured windows, massively built tower, and tall airy spire,—it stands out to view, a graceful thing,—a sonnet in stone,—commanding our admiration and constraining our praise. The Parish Church, however, facing Madeira Street, and with a front view, is confessedly the most imposing fabric of the kind in the locality. Not that it has much to boast of in the way of ornateness or elaboration ; it is rather a plain building, of an oblong form, and distinguished for no particular style of architecture ; but its very massiveness, adorned in front with a tetrastyle Ionic portico, surmounted by a tower of three stages with columns at the angles,—the first Doric, the second Ionic, and the third Corinthian—with a fluted octangular spire of a light graceful formation, lend it an air of great and solemn impressiveness. Its origin is somewhat interesting. At first merely a chapel, erected by Robert Bellenden, Abbot of Holyrood, in the fifteenth century, endowed with certain revenues and dedicated to St. Ninian, it was created in the year 1606 into a parish, the inhabitants at the time purchasing the chaplain's house, the tithes, and other pertinents from the then Commendator of Holyrood. The old church still stands in a by-street near the upper drawbridge, but is now converted into the secular use of corn-lofts or grain stores ; the only thing remaining characteristic of the original fabric being the ancient tower with its slated spire and gilded vane. Such was the humble or unassuming foundation upon which this now stately and imposing edifice has been reared.

Of the docks as public buildings not much need be said here. The first, it would seem, was formed in 1718, when a stone pier was built. Since then Leith has largely increased her shipping accommodation, the number of her docks, both wet and dry, keeping pace with her requirements. These docks, and especially the latest formed of them, are of the roomiest and most convenient description, having all the most modern and improved appliances for loading and unloading. There is now another, to the east of the Albert

Dock, which in extent and other marine advantages greatly outstrips all the others. It is named the Edinburgh Dock, costing about £400,000, and formally opened by the Duke of Edinburgh in 1881. These facts tell their own tale. Leith as a commercial centre is rapidly extending, and the tonnage of her shipping annually increasing. The following statistics, as illustrative of the fact, may be interesting :—In the year 1650, three vessels of 271 tons belonged to the port ; in 1692, vessels to the extent of 1702 tons ; in 1740, 2628 tons ; in 1787, 14,150 tons ; in 1808, 20,022 tons ; in 1849, 22,499 tons ; in 1864, 56,215 tons ; in 1883, 123,370 tons ; and in the present year, 125,003 tons.\*

Nor is Leith quite destitute of all literary repute, although in this respect she may not compare favourably with many other towns of much less importance. John Home, the author of "Douglas, a Tragedy," was a native of the place. His father was the town-clerk, and lived in a house at the east corner of Quality Street, which was taken down some forty years ago to make room for other erections. The drama is an excellent piece of poetical composition, finely conceived and interestingly wrought out, and gives unmistakable evidence that the writer was possessed, in no mean degree, of the higher developments of the tragic Muse. The town can boast, too, of the Rev. John Logan, one of the ministerial incumbents of South Leith, author of a popular volume of sermons, some of the Paraphrases, and one or two productions of a dramatic kind. Logan had a gift Muse-ward certainly, and did now and again emit a few sweet notes ; but the very best of the things which he had the audacity to publish as his own were *not* his own. Poor, shrinking, simple-hearted, consumptive Bruce was cruelly treated by this friend of his ! To pilfer from him those fine, plaintive, bird-like lays, "Few are thy days, and full of woe," "Behold my servant, see him rise," and especially that inimitably simple and beautifully tender effusion, his "Ode to the Cuckoo," and claim them as *his*, thus robbing a friend, and a friend departed, of his just meed of praise—oh, the heartlessness of the man ! Strange, too, that a native of Leith should have been the righter of the bitter wrong thus done Bruce. Dr. Mackelvie, who, with a brave heart and a fearless hand, stript this literary jackdaw of his borrowed plumage, and reduced him to his own honest coat of decent black, was the son of humble parents, and if not born, at least was brought up, in the Kirkgate, and to him in this, as in other respects, literature owes its heartiest thanks. The Rev. Dr. Michael Russel, of the Episcopal Chapel here, likewise distinguished himself in the world of letters ; besides several works of great culture and elegance of

\* I would here thankfully acknowledge my indebtedness to D. W. Henderson, Esq., corn-broker, Leith, for these statistics and other informatory helps.

composition which he wrote, he was also the accomplished author of the "Connection of Sacred and Profane History, in continuation of Prideaux," a work of great learning and research, and which entitles him to rank very high both as a scholar and a writer. In like manner, Mr. Culbertson, of the Secession body, and one of the ministers of Leith, is not unknown as an author : he wrote a very able, temperate, and well received exposition of the Book of Revelation, published in three quarto volumes, one of the best popular interpretations perhaps of this wonderful Scripture which has been written. Mr. Culbertson, again, was the immediate predecessor of the late Dr. Smart, of whose sermons a neat quarto volume has been issued since his death, with a very excellently written Memoir of the good man by his life-long and highly esteemed friend and brother, the Rev. Principal Harper, D.D. The Rev. Dr. Colquhoun also published several popular books of a pious nature, and the Rev. Principal Harper has been long favourably known as a gentleman of literary distinction and eminent erudition.

There are other names, both living and dead, which well deserve some notice here ; but our limits forbid. There are two, however, we must not overlook ; we refer to Robert Nicoll and Robert Gilfillan. Of the former we regret to say that Leith, until recently, has not shown herself very sensible of the honour his connection with her has conferred ; otherwise she never would have suffered his grave to remain so long in the neglected and shameful condition in which it lay. On paying it a visit some year or two ago, we were perfectly shocked to find it quite overgrown with rank grass and nettle, with nothing to mark it off from the other deep deep sleepers but an humble stone with the humble inscription, "In memory of Robert Nicoll, Author of Poems and Lyrics, who died on the 7th December, 1837, aged 23 years." A youthful genius of so much promise, which the rude, rough hand of death had so prematurely plucked, denying him the opportunity of cultivating and ripening into fruit the mighty potentialities which were in him, deserved a sweeter spot and a more adorned resting-place. We are glad to learn, however, that matters in this way have mended greatly since then ; that a few gentlemen in the town, to whom poetry is still poetry, and the remembrance of the poet is "as a sweet perfume," have rescued his lowly bed from the disgraceful forsakenness into which it had been suffered to fall, by clearing it of its painful untidiness, and erecting a handsome headstone of grey granite, with a suitable inscription thereon, to his memory.

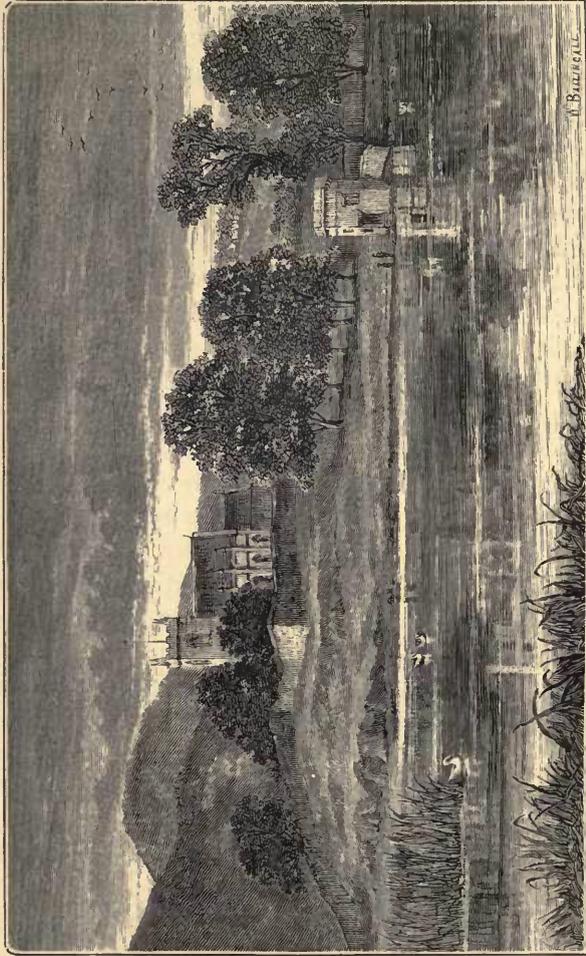
And what is true of Robert Nicoll in this respect is, in some measure, true also of his brother-lyrist, Robert Gilfillan. He has not had the honour done him either, that his name and memory deserve ; and we trust the day is not far dis-

tant when our fellow-townsmen will bestir themselves in the matter, and evince, in some substantial and handsome way, as in the case of the other, their livelier sympathy with, and deeper interest in, the genius and eminence which has budded and blossomed in their own streets and within their own walls. Gilfillan, like Nicoll, although not a native of, was very early in life connected with, Leith, long occupying the situation of collector of police rates in the burgh,—not a lucrative office certainly, but one in which he could fairly live,—and employing his leisure hours in courting the Muses, and pouring out those short, sweet, linnet-like liltings of which he has given us but too few. James Hogg says of Burns's fine song, "The Lass o' Ballochmyle," that "upon first reading it, it made the hair of his head stand on end, he thought it so beautiful." We cannot say that we were just so moved upon hearing sung for the first time that tender, regretful effusion of our Leith bard, "Oh, why left I my hame?" but we thought it very beautiful. Elliot the poet observes of Nicoll, "Unstained and pure, at the age of 23, died Scotland's second Burns." We have no such high word of praise for Gilfillan; but this at least we shall venture to say, that, if not "a second Burns," he has at any rate much of Burns's sweetness and pathos, and emits in many of those musically strung and beautifully expressed warblings of his the true Burns's intonation or ring.

"The idea of their lives should sweetly creep  
 Into *our* study of imagination;  
 And every lovely organ of *their* lives  
 Should come apparelled in more precious habit  
 Into the eye and prospect of *our* souls  
 Than when *they* lived indeed."

### PORTOBELLO.

Travelling eastwards for about two miles along the shore we reach this town, pleasantly situated and looking out upon the Firth, with a considerable extent of fine level sandy beach, which renders it a most enjoyable place during the summer for sea-side holiday-seekers. It lies in the parish of Duddingston, and is comparatively of recent origin. Little over a century ago it could hardly be said to have an existence; and it is only within these last forty or fifty years that it has shot up into anything like its present extensive and imposing dimensions. Indeed, within the memory of many still living, the whole district around was one rude barren waste, covered with furze or whin, the haunts of the tinker, the smuggler, and the robber. "The Figget," as it was



DUDDINGSTON LOCH AND CHURCH.

then called, was the terror of travellers in that direction after nightfall, and many are the stories told of hairbreadth escapes, daring rencontres, and cruel, murderous assaults, as associated with the locality. Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to state that, at a greatly remoter period, this same wild, whin-covered district—the last remnants of which may be seen on the north and south-east slopes of Arthur's Seat—gave shelter to a much more respectable set of outlaws,—to Wallace and his brave compatriots, who at this time were meditating an attempt on Berwick.

The proprietor meanwhile began to bestir himself. He foresaw that the district, wild and waste as it was, was capable of improvement, and he set himself to do what might have been done long years before,—to reclaim and enclose the land. Very noticeably, too, just about this time, and a little inland from the shore of this ill-reputed and dreary quarter, an humble, solitary cottage was seen to arise. Tradition says that it was built and inhabited by a retired sailor. As the story runs, he had served under Admiral Vernon in his South American Expedition in 1739, and returning with the little prize-money he had been prudent enough to save, erected this dwelling, naming it Portobello, in commemoration of the bombardment of a town of that name at which he had been present. This cottage, situated on the south side of the main street, and still pointed out to strangers, formed the nucleus around which other houses arose, which, increasing in number and respectability as time rolled on, have in these days of ours blossomed into the important and much-frequented watering-place it has become. So originated both the name and the town of our Scottish Brighton.

Very early in its history the manufacture of bricks and tiles was instituted. Shortly afterwards a pottery was started, and that again was followed at short intervals by other public works, as bottle-making, crystal and glass-cutting, a paper-mill, and chemical works. These, for the most part, are all built on the banks of the rivulet called the Figget Burn, which, flowing eastward, and falling into the sea at the west end of the town, constitutes the boundary between the parishes of Duddingston and South Leith.

Originally the town does not appear to have been built regularly, or on any plan, as there is an evident want of uniformity or orderliness in the laying out of the streets, and the style of the houses. Each proprietor seems to have been left very much to his own mind in the matter, and, as taste or means or circumstances dictated, erected a larger or smaller dwelling, without any reference either to character or effect. The consequence is that we have, in a great measure, a town of almost all sizes and styles of buildings: handsome villas

retiring from the public view, embowered nest-like in a sea of foliage; and houses of an humbler and meaner class close upon, or skirting the thoroughfare, presenting a cold, stiff, and uninteresting aspect to the visitor, unrelieved either by tree, plant, or flower-plot. Latterly, indeed, this has to a great extent been corrected. Within these thirty or forty years the style and character of the architecture, as well as the regular and orderly disposition of the streets, have had the attention of competent judges, and the more modern parts of the town are now all that could be desired in these respects. Altogether, Portobello is a fine town, interesting in itself and fortunate in its surroundings: the city of Edinburgh within an easy walk, with Arthur's Seat, the village of Duddingston, Duddingston Loch, the grounds of Abercorn, and the grand historic ruin of Craigmillar Castle; Leith, a quaint old seaport of stirring memories, with its spacious harbour, magnificent docks, and numerous fleet of steamers ever in motion, telling in poetic utterance of the life, energy, and enterprise abroad in these days of ours; and Musselburgh also, "the honest town," two miles or so to the east, is not without its attractions, alike to the antiquarian, the historian, or the mere lover of scenery: Portobello, thus happily surrounded and pleasantly situated, is a most attractive town, and has many and decided advantages over any other sea-side watering-place within the circle of our knowledge.

### MUSSELBURGH,

Which lies a little to the east of Portobello, is a town of considerable antiquity. It is situated close to the sea-shore, on a low flat expanse, with Inveresk overlooking it on the south, and Fisherrow separated from it by the river Esk, on the west. Both Musselburgh and Fisherrow are embraced in the parish of Inveresk, and may be regarded as forming but one township.

Fisherrow is a somewhat uncomfortable-looking place, consisting of one long main street, a back street, with a number of close dirty lanes and by-lanes, chiefly inhabited by fishers and the poorer classes of the population. In the principal thoroughfare, indeed, and especially in the east, towards the bridge spanning the river, there are many very good houses; while in the outskirts, again, are several villas of a very handsome and commodious character. The town has a harbour, in which, notwithstanding the heavy dues levied by the municipality, light craft discharging their cargoes are frequently found; it shares likewise in the government of the burgh, and has the right to elect a certain number of its "residents" to the magistracy. The fishing community, although perhaps not equal to their *confrères* of Newhaven in forethought and industry, are yet in the main very

active and frugal ; the men sedulously plying the line and the net in catching the finny inhabitants of the deep, and their wives and daughters as diligent and laborious in their efforts to sell them.

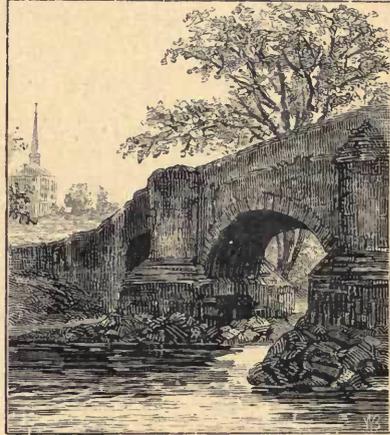
Musselburgh, on the other hand, is a clean, tidy, pleasant-looking town, and has a history that runs back to a time somewhat earlier even than that of Malcolm Canmore, being known to the Northumbrian Saxons as a seat of population nearly nine hundred years ago, by the name of *Eske Muthē*. Very likely, however, it was then a place of no importance, a mere hamlet in the manors of Inveresk with which it was connected, and sharing subsequently their fortunes as gifts by the King and his royal lady to the abbot and monks of the already opulent and important monastery of Dunfermline.

Inveresk, it would appear, was divided at that early day into Great and Little Inveresk, and extended nearly three miles from east to west, and about two from north to south. The situation is perhaps one of the most delightful to be found in Scotland ; the northern portion flattening towards the sea and spreading away into fertile downs, green wavy links, and sandy shingly beach, while the southern portion, on the contrary, gently rises, swelling up into a somewhat elongated mount of rich arable land, graced with clumps of trees, on which the church, surrounded by its beautiful and well-kept graveyard, stands forth a conspicuous object, and seen from far and near. From this elevation, though little more than fifty feet above the level of the sea, one of the most extensive and interesting views of the district is to be had : the fine bay of Musselburgh opening out into the Forth, dotted with many a sail, with the shores of Fife and the Lomonds in the distance ; Edinburgh on the west with its noble Castle, censor-like, looking down with calm, grave countenance upon all the bustle and roar, joy and sorrow, beauty and deformity, virtue and vice, learning and ignorance, congregated around it : Arthur's Seat, in its lion-like repose, raising its huge back to the heavens, clothed with the freshness of May's green month, and basking with evident pleasure its rocky flanks in the genial radiance of an unclouded sun, overlooking Leith with its numerous shipping and busy active population, and Portobello with its half-aristocratic and half-working man's dress, dreamily resting at its feet : while away to the south and east extends the verdant vale of the Esk, with its green fields, thickly wooded plantations, and silvery thread of shining waters—here and there flashing back through the dense foliage the bright fierce rays of the burning splendour overhead—gradually expanding, and rising up into, and forming the pretty but sadly historic hills of Carberry and Falside.

This mount, however, is celebrated for other and it may be more important things than the interesting and extensive view to be had from it. History

relates that the Romans, while in the province of *Valentia*, had a station here, and repeated discoveries point to this place as the spot where the *pretorium* was reared; for example, a cave with an altar on which was the inscription, APPOLINI GRANNO, QUINTUS LUCIUS LABINIANUS PROCONSUL AUGUSTI, *votum susceptum solvit, lubens merito*, was found in April of the year 1565; in January, 1783, again, a Roman bath of two rooms, a most interesting relic, was uncovered, which is very fully described by the Rev. Dr. Carlyle, then minister of the parish, in the *Statistical Account*; two medals were also discovered about the same time and in the same place—the one of gold, very much defaced, is supposed to be of Trajan,—the other of copper, very fresh and entire, bears the inscription, *Diva Faustina*: besides these there are traditions, of a very authoritative character, to the effect that in digging the foundations of certain houses in Fisherrow similar ruins of *Hypocausta* have been struck, the material and construction of which affording no feeble proof that this station was not military merely, but was, in the language of Rome, a *Municipium* or *Colonia Romana*.

If Inveresk, in an antiquarian point of view, has its interest, so also has Musselburgh. The old stone bridge, a little above the town, and used now only by foot-passengers, is of great antiquity, and generally supposed to be of Roman construction. Like all erections of the kind and of a similar period, it is nar-



THE OLD BRIDGE, MUSSELBURGH.

row, and high in the centre, the middle obviously having been defended by a gate, after the manner of Bothwell Bridge and other structures of a like nature elsewhere, of which some traces still remain in its side-walls. It was across this bridge that the Scottish army passed to the battle of Pinkie in 1547, and on which several of the soldiers were then killed by the shot of the English war-ships in the bay. Two centuries later the army of Prince Charles Stuart crossed the same bridge on its way to meet the forces of Sir John Cope on their march westward from Dunbar, and which sustained such a disastrous defeat at Preston, resulting in the lamented death of that brave and good man, the celebrated Colonel Gardiner. Indeed, across it all the noble and kingly that approached Edinburgh from this quarter, for at least a thousand years, must have

passed: Mary's frolic steed, as it pranced gaily on, proud of the beauteous burden it bore; Cromwell's thundering war-horse, as he pawed the ground and neighed out his haughty challenge upon the air, fearless in his great strength as the strong man that bestrode him; with the processions of monks, the marches of armies, and the trains of kings.

Pinkie House, too, towards the east of the town and on the south side of the road, is a place of great historic interest. "It consists of two sides of a quadrangle, the square formerly completed by a wall now removed, in the centre of which was a well or fountain of elaborate and beautiful architecture, coeval with the house, but which is now disused." Originally, this mansion was the country-house of the Abbot of Dunfermline; and after various changes of fortune and proprietorship, passed into the hands of Alexander Seaton, Earl of Dunfermline, a man of eminent ability and influence, who in the beginning of the seventeenth century altered it to its present form, and made it the principal seat of his residence.



PINKIE HOUSE.

But other and more noble men than the Earl seem to have slept under its roof, as a room in it, of great curiosity, from its elaborate and fanciful decorations, usually called the King's Room, would indicate: at any rate, it is certain that Prince Charles, the night after his victory at Preston, as well as *that* of the last day of October, when on his march from Edinburgh into England, found a lodging in it. Indeed, there are few houses in the county of greater interest than this fine old mansion of Gothic architecture, with its air-of-eld look, rich, well-wooded groves through which

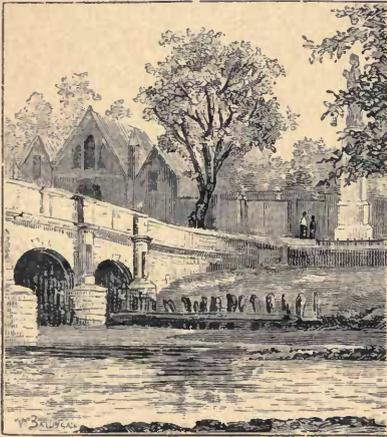
the Scottish muse has sent its thrilling notes, and adjacent fields and heights with their hallowed associations of battle, defeat, and victory, dear to the heart and sacred to the memory of every leal son of "the land of the bluebell and the heather." The Jail also is an interesting object, arresting the step and fixing the attention of the stranger, as he saunters on through the streets, by its quaint appearance and antique structure. In like manner, the Morrison's Haven Masonic Lodge, if not calling for any special remark in itself, is yet worthy of notice from the fact that it is built upon the site of that odd, Flemish-looking house, with its buttressed front and conical windows, each surmounted by a rose carved in stone, in which the celebrated Randolph, Earl of Moray, and brother to Robert the Bruce, died in 1332, poisoned, as is said, by an English priest. So, at the west end of the same street, there still stands, now very faded and very forlorn indeed, but still stands, the dwelling in which

Commissioner Cardonnel is said to have "received Dr. Smollett, as noted in the facetious letters of Humphry Clinker;" while the villa of Dovecot, at the outskirts of Fisherrow, at one time the residence of Professor Stuart and his son Gilbert, may yet be seen, a pleasing and picturesque object as viewed from the new bridge, covered with ivy and sprinkled with roses, in the gay summer-time, red, yellow, and white.

Nor are the Links—that flat, extensive plain which lies between Pinkie House and the shore—quite devoid of historic interest. It is related that there, in the year 1638, "a singular national transaction" took place: thousands of the Covenanters, then up in arms against the mad attempts of the King and his courtiers to overthrow Presbytery and introduce Prelacy into Scotland, had assembled to meet the Marquis of Hamilton, who, as the representative of Majesty, was commissioned to undertake, and if possible carry through, this impolitic piece of high-handed folly. The spectacle utterly confounded the nobleman; and as he rode towards Leith, all the way lined by the friends of the triumphant party—while no fewer than six hundred ministers in Geneva caps and gowns were assembled on a rising ground before the High School there, whose resolute and defiant looks told plainly enough the stern determination to which they had come—he became quite convinced of the hopelessness of the enterprise. Here, too, on these same downs, Cromwell, in 1650, quartered his infantry, his cavalry being lodged in the town: the place where his own tent was pitched is still pointed out to visitors. There are other places besides, in the vicinity of the town, deserving of a passing notice: Stoneyhill, a villa about half-a-mile up the river, where Colonel Charteris, of infamous repute, breathed his last; Sir William Sharp, son of Archbishop Sharp who was murdered on *Magus Moor* near St. Andrews, at a somewhat earlier date, likewise resided here; while more remotely still, and during the terrorism of an ignorant and over-zealous clergy, it was the selected scene for the burning of those poor miserable wretches who had the misfortune of being branded in that day with the hateful appellation of witch. New Hailes, again, the seat of Lord Hailes, the eminent judge and distinguished historian, is only some few hundred yards farther west, where his library, of great extent and rich in antiquarian lore, still remains, a true exponent of the intellectual bent and wide and many-sided culture of the man. Then onwards from thence in a south-east direction, a pleasant walk of easy accomplishment conducts to Carberry Hill, ever memorable as the place where the beautiful Mary, after her unhappy marriage with Bothwell, surrendered herself into the hands of the confederate lords, whence she was conveyed to Edinburgh, amid the taunts and reproaches of the populace, giving vent to her deep grief

and despair in blinding tears and bitter lamentations; while to the north again, and down near the shore to the distance of a mile or two, is the scene of the battle between the half-armed Highlanders of Prince Charles and the thoroughly equipped forces of Sir John Cope, and where the latter suffered such a complete and disgraceful overthrow, numbering among the slain on the occasion one daring and distinguished officer, "the good and the gallant Gardiner," who, "disdaining to save his life at the expense of his honour," fell fighting bravely on foot, pierced by shot and covered with wounds, in sight of his own threshold.

Musselburgh of late years does not seem to have undergone much change. It presents very nearly the same appearance that it did when Charles Stuart,



THE NEW BRIDGE, MUSSELBURGH.

passing through it on his march southward, bowed to the ladies who surveyed him from their windows, bending to the young and beautiful among them till his hair even mingled with the mane of his charger. Here and there, indeed, a dwelling of a more spacious and imposing kind has been erected in the principal thoroughfare; and in the outskirts or suburbs, villas and mansions of a very ornate and handsome style, beautified with tree and shrubbery and flower-plot, the abodes of wealth and luxury, with a fine row of neat, comfortable, picturesque cottages, running parallel with the west bank of the river, the happy homes of

fortunate merchants or retired sea-captains, have recently sprung up. With all this, however, Musselburgh for centuries has altered but little. We feel, as we saunter through it, from the unevenness or irregularity of its architecture, as well as from the many blind closes and narrow and divergent lanes and alleys, that it is a place of great antiquity. Still, Musselburgh is a clean, tidy, interesting town; finely situated, surrounded with scenery for richness, variety, and extent rarely surpassed; and connected with historic incident of a national character and importance, which stirs the blood and fires the heart of every leal-souled Scotsman. Randolph, the noble brother of the royal Bruce, lived and died here; here Dugald Stewart, the genial gentleman and learned sage, thought out his "Philosophical Essays," and prepared them for the press; Dr. Carlyle, the *Jupiter Tonans* of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland—a brave old

soul in many ways, of a half-Christian, half-pagan type—here preached a sort of moral essays, made bad puns, and entertained at his hospitable table all the wit, the learning, and the poetry of his times ; and here, too, the kindly-hearted and richly-gifted Delta, the fast friend of the brilliant Christopher, of *Noctes Ambrosianæ* fame, and a regular contributor to the immortal *Maga*, lived, and laboured, and sung—dividing his time very much between healing the sick and glorifying the *belles lettres*, and to whose memory “the honest town” has done well in raising that fine statue of him, by Brodie, at the south end of the new bridge. Musselburgh truly is a grand old town. We know few places we should like better to spend the afternoon of our life-day in, if we should ever be so fortunate as to have such an afternoon, which, to say the least, is very problematical.

“O blessed retirement ! friend to life's decline,  
Retreat from care, that never may be mine !  
A youth of labour with an age of ease !”





CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE.

# Roslin, Hawthornden,

AND THE

## Vale of the Esk.

BY FLORA MASSON.

“SWEET are the paths, oh, passing sweet,  
By Esk’s fair streams that run,  
O’er airy steep, through copsewood deep,  
Impervious to the sun ;

From that fair dome where suit is paid  
By blast of bugle free,  
To Auchendinny’s hazel shade,  
And haunted Woodhouselee.

Who knows not Melville’s beechy grove,  
And Roslin’s rocky glen,  
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,  
And classic Hawthornden ?”



O wrote Scott of the Esk ; and he maintained that no river in Scotland could boast such a varied succession of interesting objects, as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery.\* In his boyhood he delighted to ramble along its banks. The happy summers of his early married life were spent in a cottage at Lasswade ; and more than once he has celebrated the little river in song. His “Grey Brother,” “Cadyow Castle,” and the story of Fair Rosabelle in the “Lay of the Last Minstrel,” are all legends of the Vale of the Esk.

Much of its romantic and beautiful scenery remains to this day. True, the mills along its course have discoloured its waters, and here and there we come

\* See the “Grey Brother,” and Note to Appendix.

upon a chimney-stalk discreetly nestled among trees ; but the Vale of the Esk remains ;—thickly-wooded, rich in associations, dotted with ruins, bordered by battle-fields. The stream has played no unimportant part in Scottish literature and history. In war its waters have been stained with blood, in peace our poets and philosophers have mused upon its banks ; and in spite of the reverses of fortune it is a proud little river to this day, and one of which the people of Mid-Lothian are naturally fond.

There are in reality two Esks : the South Esk, rising on the borders of Mid-Lothian and Tweeddale among the Moorfoot Hills, and flowing northwards to the Forth ; and the North Esk, rising on the southern slope of the Pentlands, and also flowing northwards. These streams unite at Dalkeith to form the Esk proper, which falls into the sea at Musselburgh. By our title "The Vale of the Esk" we mean rather the vale of the North Esk, and of the Esk proper after the confluence of the sister streams. We have nothing to do, therefore, with the South Esk until it reaches Dalkeith, but must find our way to the foot of the Pentlands, where the North Esk begins its seaward journey.

Here at once we are on interesting ground, the site of a religious house and hospice for benighted travellers, on the old high-road to the capital. The names *Monkshaugh* and *Friarton* are found in the neighbourhood, as also a farm called the *Spittal*, where a few years back wayfarers were still made welcome to bed and board according to the ancient custom. Here also is Newhall House, in the early part of last century the property of Mr. John Forbes, an Edinburgh advocate, and the rendezvous of the wigged wits and savants of the metropolis. The Scottish poet, Allan Ramsay, used to spend many a long summer day at Newhall when he could get away from his book-shop in the old town of Edinburgh ; and the Vale of the Esk at Newhall is generally considered to be the scene of his exquisite little pastoral, *The Gentle Shepherd*. The scenery of the place accords exactly to his descriptions. The "trottin' burnie" may be seen "wimplin through the ground." Primroses "paint the green," the laverocks chant to their hearts' content, and the "westlin' winds sough through the reeds." Or let us, with pretty Peggy,

"Gae far'er up the burn to Habbie's Howe,  
Where a' the sweets o' spring and summer grow :  
There 'tween twa birks, out ower a little lin,  
The water fa's and mak's a singin' din ;  
A pool breast-deep beneath, as clear as glass,  
Kisses, wi' easy whirls, the bord'ring grass."

At this part of the Vale we find *Patie's Hill* and *Peggy's Lea* ; but whether

they were named after the rustic lovers in the poem, or whether Allan Ramsay chose the names from their association with the place, we are unable to discover.

Farther on, past the ruins of Brunstane Castle, lies Penicuik village, with Penicuik House and its famous Ossian Hall, painted by Runciman. In the Valleyfield grounds we come upon a monument, the only relic of a phase in Penicuik history long since passed away. Here in 1810 the Valleyfield mills on the banks of the Esk were turned into a *dépôt* for six thousand prisoners of war, and the peaceful little cottages around into temporary barracks. For four years the red-coats were quartered here; and, when the war was over and the mills were set to work again, this monument was raised over the grave of more than three hundred prisoners of war who had died in these four years. "*Grata quies patriae, sed et omnis terra sepulchrum*" was the inscription suggested by Sir Walter Scott, added to which is the magnanimous explanation:—"Certain inhabitants of this parish, desiring to remember that all men are brethren, caused this monument to be erected." And so the poor Frenchmen passed away without seeing again *la belle France*. Probably they thought Penicuik a *triste* place!

In the neighbouring parish of Glencorse we come to

"Auchendinny's hazel shade,  
And haunted Woodhouselee."

This is an old ruined castle, possessing an authentic legend and ghost. To this castle the lady of Bothwelhaugh fled to escape the anger of the Regent Murray, her husband's implacable foe; but she was followed by the Regent's messengers, who set the castle on fire, and turned out the lady, with her new-born child in her arms, to wander through the November night. When morning came she was found distracted with fear and calling for revenge, and Bothwelhaugh never rested till the Regent was assassinated at Linlithgow. So the story runs. The phantom lady and child haunt Woodhouselee to this day; and, since some of its stones were used to build the newer Woodhouselee among the Pentlands, the seat of the Tytler family, the apparition has kindly divided its attention between the two places.

## ROSLIN.

We now approach the most beautiful part of the Vale. The "rocky glen" through which the Esk flows is a mass of luxuriant foliage, so that, from the heights on either side, one gazes upon a world of moving tree-tops in the ravine below.

A little way back, on the left bank, lies the single-streeted village of Roslin.

Between the village and the Esk, on a grassy height called the College Hill, stands the Chapel; and some hundred yards below, on a rocky promontory, formed by a bend in the river, are the ruins of the Castle, accessible only by a stone bridge of great height which spans a natural ravine between the promontory and the College Hill. From this position the Castle derived its name—*Roslinne*, the promontory of the waterfall. The Esk forms a cascade as it bends sharply round the promontory, and it is still at this point called “the Lynn.”

The St. Clairs, or Sinclairs, of Roslin, or Rosslyn, trace their descent from a “Seemly St. Clair,” a Norman knight of fair deportment, who “came in” with the Conqueror, and whom Malcolm Canmore diplomatically allured over the border by big grants of Scottish land. Roslin, among other places, was given to the family, and the Castle probably dates from the beginning of the fourteenth century. From that time it was the chief residence of the St. Clairs. In 1622, when it had begun to fall away, a newer house was built over its vaults; and this was inhabited about eighty years ago by a good old Scottish Laird, the last heir-male and lineal descendant of the “Seemly St. Clair.” It is still let in summer to families wanting rustic accommodation; and for one season at least it was tenanted in this fashion by the late Mr. Robert Chambers of Edinburgh. The ground about the hoary old ruins is now bright with the fruit and flowers of a market garden. But in the middle of the fifteenth century the Castle was the seat of the good and scholarly William St. Clair, “Prince of the Orkneys, and Duke of Oldenburgh,” the founder of Roslin Chapel. He was a very great personage indeed, with a town mansion at the foot of Blackfriars Wynd in Old Edinburgh, and a great retinue of lords and gentlemen. Seventy-five gentlewomen attended upon his lady, who, when she rode from Edinburgh to Roslin was accompanied by a guard of two hundred horse, and also, if it was after nightfall, by eighty men bearing torches. On one occasion part of the Castle was set on fire by the carelessness of one of this lady’s handmaidens. The women fled in fear; and the Prince, who was upon the College Hill at the time, no doubt superintending the building of his pet chapel, on hearing of the fire, “was sorry for nothing but the loss of his charters and other writings.” These, which were kept in the dungeon-head, his chaplain cleverly saved, throwing them out—four boxfuls of them—and following himself on a bell-rope tied to a beam. The good Prince rewarded his chaplain, recomfirmed his ladies, and went on building his chapel. He increased his charity to the poor by way of thanksgiving, “applying the safety of his charters and writs to God’s particular providence.”\*

\* Manuscript Account by Father Hay in Advocates’ Library, Edinburgh: *vide* Statistical Account of Scotland—Roslin.

This was not the only misfortune which befel the Castle. A century after, when Henry VIII. was demanding the infant Queen of Scots for his son Edward, Roslin, with several other castles in the south, was partially destroyed by the English army. Again, a century later, Monk battered at its doors; and in 1688 it was plundered by a mob from the city of Edinburgh.

The Chapel of Roslin was founded in 1446. As it stands, it is only a small portion of what was to have been a cruciform chapel with a high centre tower. It is quite a unique piece of workmanship. For the sake of a name, it is called "florid Gothic;" but it is really unlike any other piece of architecture on the face of the earth. It was the pet and plaything of its founder, who employed upon it all the skilful European masons whom he could attract to Scotland by his munificent prices. They indulged their art freely, ornamenting and super-ornamenting, till the Chapel is a medley of decoration and design, exquisite, quaint, grotesque, from the beautiful spiral foliage cut upon the "'Prentice's Pillar," to the heavenly host playing upon the bagpipes. Successive generations of Earls of Rosslyn have been buried, coffinless, and weighted with armour, in its vault; and it is an old belief that, the night before any calamity befalls a St. Clair, tongues of ruddy flame are seen shooting from the Chapel roof.



ROSLIN CHAPEL.

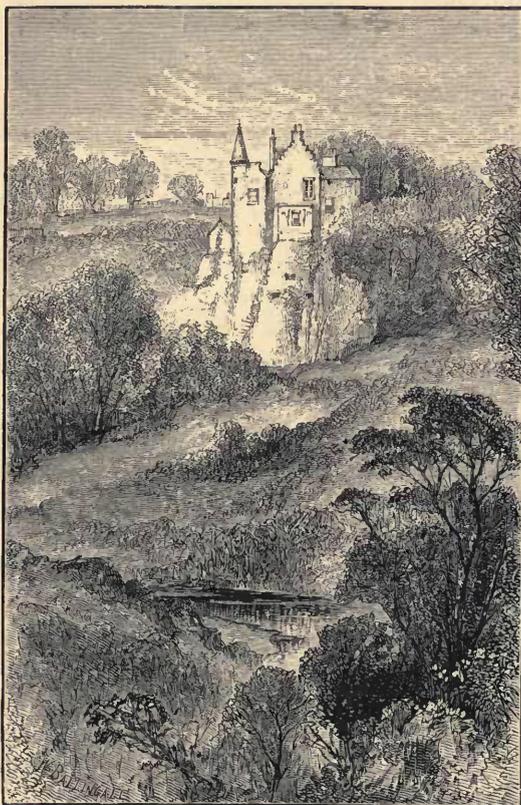
Roslin Moor, a little to the north of the village, was the scene of a famous battle, fought in 1302 between 8000 Scotch, under Comyn, and the great English army of 30,000 men. The Scotch were victorious, and the English fled. It is said that the names in the neighbourhood are witnesses to the carnage of that day. "Shinbanes Field" is where bones were found many a year afterwards; "Stinking-rig" was the general burying-ground; the "Kill-burn" is a brook which ran blood-red for three days after the battle; while "Mount-marle," a farm on the Hawthornden estates, was named after one of the English leaders, who, towards the end of the day, received the warning command, "Mount, Marle, and-ride!" So they say.

## HAWTHORNDEN.

“What sweet delight a quiet life affords,  
 And what it is to be of bondage free,  
 Far from the madding worldlings' hoarse discords,  
 Sweet flowery place, I first did learn of thee.”

The “sweet flowery place” was Hawthornden, and the writer was the poet Drummond. We will introduce them by an extract :—

“Half-an-hour's rail from Edinburgh, if you have not preferred walking (and



HAWTHORNDEN.  
 “Sweet flowery place.”

the distance to the pedestrian is but about seven miles), brings you to a quiet country road, in which you see a lodge and gate marking the avenue to a mansion. Having obtained the necessary admission, you pursue this avenue, which descends slightly from the road, with trees in rich abundance on both sides, and a fine view of the Pentland Hills in front. Hardly have you noticed this view of the Pentlands when the farther descent veils it, and, passing through grounds where a few quaint clipped yew-bushes remind you of old gardening tastes, you face a venerable and most picturesque-looking edifice. The left side, as you face it, consists of a hoary mass of ivy-clad masonry, perhaps six hundred years old, while the more inhabited part to the

right is a pleasant irregular house, with gables and a turret, in the style of the early part of the seventeenth century. Over a gateway, near the middle, leading

into an inner court, you see armorial bearings carved in the stone, and decipher the motto, *Hos gloria reddit honores*. . . . Not, however, till you have moved from immediately in front of the mansion, so as to survey it in flank and depthwise to the back, are you aware of its full picturesqueness. If you move to the right, you find yourself on a path edging a deep, precipitous, thickly wooded dell, with the Esk below, and you see, on glancing back, that the more modern portion of the mansion overhangs this dell behind, the windows of the chief rooms looking down into the dell, and athwart its woody labyrinth, with a steepness almost dizzying. . . . For a new surprise, you must return, repass the front and doorway, and descend on the other or left flank of the house, where there is a massive block of very ancient masonry to which the rest is an evident addition. The block or tower rests also on the sandstone rock springing up from the dell behind; and it is part of the established procedure of a visit that you should grope your way through a dark excavation pointed out to you in the rock itself, just beneath the masonry which it supports. Descending a few steps, and stooping along this mine-like gallery, you come to a hideous circular shaft, once a well, sunk deep down through the rock, with an embrasure atop opening out dangerously on the clear chasm of the dell; and thence, by similar communications, you reach two chambers, also cut out of the rock. One is a mere dark cavern, in which several men could hide or sleep; the other admits more light, and has the peculiarity that its sides all round, about ten or twelve feet in the longest direction, and four or five feet in the other, are scooped out into a number of square holes or recesses, separated from each other, vertically and horizontally, by partitions an inch or two thick, much after the fashion of a bottle-rack for some Troglodyte or Cyclops. When these caverns were made, and for what purpose or in what freak, no mortal can tell. . . .

“Were there no special traditions of a historical kind about Hawthornden House, were it simply the picturesque edifice we have described, overhanging the beautiful glen of the Esk, part of it bringing back the seventeenth century by its look, and part recalling a remoter and more savage Scottish eld, it would be worth visiting, and would probably attract visitors. This, however, is not the case. Hawthornden House has been for three centuries in the possession of a family of Drummonds, a branch of the wider Scottish race of that name, and it is interesting as having been the residence of one man of this family who took for himself a place in British literature, and is known pre-eminently as *the* Drummond of Hawthornden. He it was indeed that built the more modern portion of the mansion as we now see it, repairing or renewing the more ancient house that stood on the same rock, and fragments of which still remain.

Hawthornden, in short, is a kind of minor Abbotsford, much nearer Edinburgh, and much more antique than the greater one; and it is this that makes it an object of curiosity, and invests all its accessories with a precise human interest."\*

Perhaps the most interesting fact in Drummond's life was the visit paid to him by Ben Jonson, who had walked from London into Scotland. He had not come, as is generally stated, *on purpose* to see Drummond; but he had known Drummond by reputation for some time, and was very glad to make his acquaintance personally. Accordingly, after having met Drummond in Edinburgh (where Jonson, as a celebrity from London, was received with great distinction by all classes of people, and even presented with the freedom of the city at a banquet in his honour), he accepted Drummond's invitation to stay a week or two with him in Hawthornden House. The time was about the Christmas of 1618 or the New Year's Day of 1619; and the visit has been sketched as follows:—

"Better than most myths of the kind is the myth which would tell us exactly how the visit began. Drummond, it says, was sitting under the great sycamore-tree in front of his house, expecting his visitor, when, at length, descending the well-hedged avenue from the public road to the house, the bulky hero hove in sight. Rising, and stepping forth to meet him, Drummond saluted him with 'Welcome, welcome, royal Ben!' to which Jonson replied, 'Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden!' and they laughed, fraternised, and went in together.

"For two or three weeks, at all events, Drummond had Ben Jonson all to himself. There would, doubtless, be friends from Edinburgh, perhaps Scot of Scotstarvet, and two or three more, asked out every other day to make dinner-company for the great man; and again, once or twice, Drummond and Ben may have trudged into Edinburgh together in the forenoon, or walked together by cross-roads to the house of some neighbour of Drummond's. (Carriages were not then much in fashion near Edinburgh, and I do not think Drummond kept one, or had a horse fit for a rider of Ben's size.) But then, even when there were other guests at Drummond's table, Ben would be the principal talker; and, when Ben and Drummond walked briskly together in the winter-weather by the paths in the glen itself, close to the house, or on the high-way or cross-roads near, Ben would still be talking, and Drummond chiefly listening. You must remember also that Drummond's was a bachelor's household, and that, when he and Ben were alone together in the evenings, and the candles were lit in the chief room, and the supper was removed, there would still be wine on the board. Then, if

\* This and the following extracts are taken from Professor Masson's "Drummond of Hawthornden: The Story of his Life and Writings."

you know anything of the two men, you can see the scene as distinctly as if you had been peeping through the window. You can see the two sitting on snugly by the ruddy fire far into the night, hardly hearing the murmur of the Esk and the moaning of the wind outside, but talking of all things in heaven or earth, Ben telling anecdotes of his London acquaintances back to Shakespeare, and reciting scraps of poetry, and pronouncing criticisms on poets, and Drummond now and then taking out a manuscript from a desk and modestly reading as much as Ben would stand, and Ben helping himself and going off again, and the noise and the laughter always increasing on his part, till Drummond at length would grow dizzy with too much of it, and light their bedroom tapers by way of signal. And next morning you may be sure it would be a late breakfast, and Ben would be surly and taciturn for a while; but gradually he would come round, and the day's talk would begin again. As surely, I repeat, as if you had been a spy sent to watch, this is what went on in Hawthornden House during that fortnight or so when the great Ben from London was the guest of the cultured Drummond.

“The visit was one to be marked with a red mark in Drummond's calendar. Here he had been for many years in his Scottish retirement, far from the London world of politics and letters, and with only such information from that world as might be blown to him among his books by rumour, or brought occasionally by Sir William Alexander and other friends. But now he had under his own roof the very laureate of the London world, the man who had known everybody of note in it since Elizabeth was queen, and whose habits of talk made him the very paragon of gossips. It was, doubtless, a great treat. But there is nothing perfect under the sun. There is evidence that Drummond, when he had Ben all to himself, began to feel that he had caught a Tartar. Ben's own poetry, it is to be remembered, the poetry of general and miscellaneous strength rather than of the pure and soft musical vein, was not that which would have predisposed Drummond to forgive him his personal faults from a sense of literary allegiance. Hence, though he was scrupulously polite to Ben all the while he was his guest, and must have thought him one of the most massive and impressive fellows he had ever met, his private feeling, as he sat opposite, watching the vast bulk in the chair, and the lighting up of his surly visage as he swilled off glass after glass, must have been ‘Can this really be the accepted living chief of British Literature?’”

Drummond lived at Hawthornden from the time he was four-and-twenty till his death at the age of sixty-three. He composed here his “Tears on the Death of Mœliades,” his “Forth Feasting,” his “Flowres of Sion,” and his “Cypress Grove.” He also made a valuable collection of English and foreign books, some

portion of which he afterwards presented to the library of Edinburgh University where he had been educated. He married in the year 1632, and two or three years later enlarged and rebuilt Hawthornden.

“The new house was completed in 1638, when Drummond, to commemorate the event, caused this inscription to be carved over the new doorway: ‘*Divino munere Gulielmus Drummondus ab Hawthornden, Joannis, Equitis Aurati, Filius, ut honesto otio quiesceret, sibi et successoribus instauravit, 1638*’ (‘By the Divine favour, William Drummond of Hawthornden, son of Sir John Drummond, Knight, that he might rest in honourable ease, founded this house for himself and his successors.’) Accordingly, the mansion of Hawthornden which tourists now admire, peaked so picturesquely on its high rock in the romantic glen of the Esk, is not the identical house which Ben Jonson saw, and in which he and Drummond had their immortal colloquies, but Drummond’s enlarged edifice of 1638, preserving in it one hardly knows what fragments of the older building.”

A biographer of Drummond, writing in the year 1711, thus records the poet’s death:—“In the year 1649, when rebellion was prosperous and triumphant in the utmost degree, the best of kings and men, under a sham pretence of justice, was barbarously murdered at his own palace gate by the worst of subjects and the worst of men. Our author, who was much weakened with close studying and diseases, was so overwhelmed with extreme grief and anguish that he died the 4th of December, wanting only nine days of sixty-four years of age, to the great grief and loss of all learned and good men; and was honourably buried in his own aisle in the church of Lasswade, near to his house of Hawthornden.”

This statement of the cause of Drummond’s death is not quite correct. “Of Drummond’s deep feeling,” says Professor Masson, “about the death of Charles I., and his despondency over the state of the times, the evidence is sufficient; but that Charles’s death in any way occasioned Drummond’s no one is bound to believe. There was an interval of ten months between the two events; and Drummond had at any rate reached the limit of life that might have been anticipated. He had passed, by seven years, the age attained by his father; and he had outlived all his brothers and sisters, except his brother James, the next to him in age, who is heard of as surviving him for a year or two.”

Drummond’s grave is still to be seen. It is in the churchyard of Lasswade, the parish in which Hawthornden is situated.

## LASSWADE VILLAGE.

“The Church and Churchyard of Lasswade are on a height overlooking the village, and about two miles and a-half from Hawthornden. The present church was built about a hundred years ago ; but, in a portion of the well-kept churchyard, railed in separately from the rest, as more select and important, there is the fragmentary outline of the smaller old church, with some of the sepulchral monuments that belonged to it. Drummond’s own aisle, abutting from one part of the ruined wall, is still perfect, a small arched space of stonework, with a roofing of strong stone slabs, and a grating of iron for doorway. Within that small arched space Drummond’s ashes certainly lie, though there is no inscription to mark the precise spot as distinct from the graves of some of his latest descendants, who are also buried there, and to one of whom there is a commemorative tablet. The small arched aisle itself is his monument, and it is a sufficient one. There could hardly be a more peaceful rustic burying-ground than that in which it stands, the church and the manse close to it on the height, with only steep descending lanes from them to Lasswade village, and to the road leading from Lasswade to Edinburgh.”

The village of Lasswade lies in a leafy hollow, through which runs the Esk. In its churchyard, besides the poet Drummond and other notable Scotchmen of his century, lies Henry Dundas, first Viscount Melville, “the colleague and friend of Pitt, and from 1775 to 1805 the virtual king of Scotland.” His seat, Melville Castle, lies farther down the Esk, between Lasswade and Dalkeith.

It was in the summer of 1798 that Scott and his wife, when they had been a few months married, hired a pretty little cottage at Lasswade. “It is a small house,” says Lockhart, “but with one room of good dimensions, which Mrs. Scott’s taste set off at very humble cost—a paddock or two, and a garden (commanding a most beautiful view), in which Scott delighted to train his flowers and creepers. Never, I have heard him say, was he prouder of his handiwork than when he had completed the fashioning of a rustic archway, now overgrown with hoary ivy, by way of ornament to the entrance from the Edinburgh road.”

At Lasswade, long afterwards, De Quincey spent his later years in a small house which used to be called, as it may still be called, “De Quincey’s Cottage.”

## DALKEITH.

The market-town of Dalkeith lies between the two rivers, now very near their meeting-point. It derived its name from its position: "*dal* = wall, and *caetha* = confined," say the scholars. The town consists mainly of one street running from east to west, now full of new houses and shops, but with here and there an old roof or house-front still to be seen. Diverging from the High Street are narrow alleys or "closes," and in many of these the old houses remain untouched. Towards its eastern end, the High Street widens into a market-place. Here, on your left, stand the remains of the ancient church of St. Nicholas, with the modern church tacked on to it. Directly opposite is the old jail, a two-storeyed stone building with barred windows, the ground-floor of which was used as a weigh-house on market days until both its functions were superseded by the newer police-station and market-hall. Facing us, at the eastern extremity of the town, are the gates of Dalkeith Palace, the seat of the Dukes of Buccleuch.

Of the ancient Castle, built on a high ground, with a drawbridge in front and a ravine at the back, nothing now remains, except perhaps a bit of the outworks down on the banks of the North Esk, at the back of the present Palace. The earliest mention of it dates from the 12th century, when it belonged to the Grahams. Two hundred years after, by the marriage of a Marjory Graham, it went into the hands of the Douglasses, afterwards Earls of Morton. Here Froissart stayed full fifteen days while he was in Scotland. Here the little Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England, rested with her retinue on her way to be married at Edinburgh to King James IV., who himself met her at Newbattle and accompanied her to Dalkeith Palace with great ceremony.

The Regent Morton, to whom it descended, repaired and strengthened the Castle, and earned for it the name of "Lion's Den." In the following reign it was a favourite resort of the King. When the news of his mother's death at Fotheringay arrived at Edinburgh, King James, in much vexation, went without supper to bed, "and on the morrow, by seven o'clock, went to Dalkeith, there to remain solitary."\* Charles I., on his progress to and from Edinburgh in 1633, rested there one night each way, being entertained with much splendour by the Earl of Morton. Dalkeith, too, was chosen for the place of sitting of the Council and Exchequer in 1637; and here must have

\* Chambers's "Domestic Annals of Scotland"—Reign of James VI.

been discussed the sore subjects of the Book of Canons and Laud's Service Book. A year later, when the King and the Covenanters were in strife, Dalkeith was among the places attacked. "On Saturday, the 22nd March, 1639," some of the chief Covenanters went thither, "and with them 1000 commandit musqueteires." On the estate being delivered to them they discovered, in a "seller, dowcat, and draw-well," shot, powder, and muskets, all of which they carried at night to Edinburgh, together with the royal insignia of the kingdom, crown, sword, and sceptre. As they were proceeding with their regal burden from Dalkeith to the capital "thrie staris fell down above the thrie honoris of the kingdome," and the omen was understood by the Covenanting lords as "prognosticating the falling of the monarchicall government from the royall family for a tyme."\*

The Castle and Manor of Dalkeith were purchased in 1642 by Francis, second Earl of Buccleuch, who, dying in 1651, left two little daughters, Mary and Anne. Cromwell had entered Scotland in the July of the year before. Dunbar was fought in September; and, when Cromwell pursued Charles II. into England, General Monk was left in Scotland to keep that country in order. Dalkeith, only six miles from the capital, was then an important place. Here met the Eight Commissioners appointed by the English Long Parliament to manage the incorporation of Scotland with the English Commonwealth. The town was filled with the representatives of the counties and burghs, called to consult with the Commissioners as to the great business. After Cromwell was proclaimed Protector, and the session of the Eight Commissioners was at an end, the "great concourse of the English army" was still in Dalkeith. The seats of the old church of St. Nicholas were taken out, "the kirk being so filled with horse and guards that neither sermon nor session could be kept therein." The key of the poor's-box was lost; the contents of the penalty-box were stolen; and the very minister was affrighted to come near his own parish!

For five years the palace was leased by General Monk. Here one of his sons died. The body was buried in the chancel of the parish church. Here also his brother, Mr. Nicholas Monk, stayed with him about two months in the year 1659, having been sent, it is said, to sound his views as to the restoration of Charles. In November, 1659, when Monk drew his army together from all parts of Scotland, in preparation for that famous march of his to London, which did lead to the restoration of Charles, Dalkeith at last relapsed into quietude. The crumbling ruins of a long stone building in the old Chapelwell Close, a turning

\* "Nicoll's Diary," p. 78, Bannatyne Club, Edinburgh, 1838.—*Vide* Statistical Account of Scotland—Dalkeith.

off the High Street nearly opposite the Church, are still known as "Cromwell's Orderly House." Cromwell had been in Scotland for about a year, and Dalkeith had been one of his stations; but Monk was there so much longer, and so much more familiarly, that if any one meets an English ghost thereabouts at night, in a military costume of the seventeenth century, he may be sure it is Monk's.

The present Palace was built by Anne, sister of the young Mary, from whom it was leased by Monk. Mary was married at the age of eleven to Walter Scott



DALKEITH PALACE.

of Harden, and died two years afterwards, leaving the property to her sister Anne. Anne was but twelve years old when she was married to Charles II.'s unfortunate son the Duke of Monmouth, himself only fifteen, and on the day of their marriage they were created Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. On the Duke's death his confiscated lands were restored to his widow; and she built the present Palace of Dalkeith, a gloomy-look-

ing three sided erection, in imitation of the Palace of Loo in the Netherlands, designed by Sir John Vanbrugh. Here she lived in almost regal splendour till her death at the age of eighty-one. She was buried in the aisle of Dalkeith Chapel.

Dalkeith Palace is one of the favourite pilgrimages of the Scottish tourist. Twice a-week, during the absence of the present Duke's family, the grounds, the Palace, and the picture-galleries are thrown open to visitors. The Palace stands on a slightly rising ground between the two rivers. In front of it a fine lawn stretches almost down to the banks of the wooded South Esk. At the back of the Palace, in a deeper channel, seen from the terraces above, flows the North Esk. Both wind through the grounds towards the sea, and between the two the land is laid out in deer park, in hay fields, and in farms. Herds of horned deer lie breast-deep in the long grass of the park, their ears alert at the most distant sound, and their mild bright eyes raised to scan the passing pedestrian.

About a mile below the Palace, the two Esks at last converge, the meeting-point being hidden from the road above by the mass of foliage on the banks. At this point, however, a path winds down among the tangle to the water edge; and from a rustic seat under a rock the "meeting of the waters" may be seen. And now the Esk proper, larger and fuller than before, flows on in its rocky bed, with only three miles between it and the blue Firth of Forth.

### INVERESK TO MUSSELBURGH.

For these three miles the river flows through the parish of Inveresk, the site of a great Roman settlement or *municipium*, remains of which have from time to time been discovered in its soil. Bath-houses, altars, and sepulchres have been excavated in the neighbourhood of Inveresk hill, with coins, pots of fireclay earthenware, and wreath-ornamented urns. Inveresk ploughshares have been known to strike against Roman pavements in the fields; and the corn has died from being sown upon a substratum of Roman cement. In this parish, on the right bank of the Esk, is the field of the Battle of Pinkie. When the news came from the Border that the Protector Somerset was approaching at the head of 14,000 men to extort a marriage between the baby Queen of Scots and young Edward VI., the "Fiery Cross" was sent out through Scotland, and, in immediate answer to the summons, no fewer than 36,000 Scots assembled around Pinkie. The battle was fought and lost. The English pursued the Scotch in three directions, with great slaughter; so that "the dead bodies lay as thick as a man may notte cattell grasing in a full plenished pasture," and "the ryvere ran al red with blood."\* At nightfall the English mustered again near Inveresk, and gave a shout that the people heard in the streets of Edinburgh. Next morning the English set to work to bury their dead; and, some half-century ago, a great number of the skeletons were excavated at Pinkie-burn. A copse-wood has been planted to mark out these rows; and on the spot where the Protector's tent was pitched, on the outskirts of Eskgrove, a memorial pillar stands with this inscription upon it—

THE PROTECTOR, DUKE OF SOMERSET,  
Encamped here, 9th September,  
1547.

The marriage between the children of the two realms never took place.

\* Patten's "Expedicioun : " *vide* Statistical Account.

Somerset withdrew into England, and the little Mary was shipped off to France. Twenty years elapsed, and once more two hostile forces met on the banks of the Esk, within sight of the battle-field of Pinkie. Mary Stuart and Bothwell, with some 2000 followers, were stationed upon Carberry Hill, while at a little distance, on the other side of a hollow, were ranged the forces of the Confederate Lords, flaunting their banner, on which was painted the figure of a dead man. All through the June day the Lords conferred with Bothwell and the Queen, who, sitting upon a stone, clad in her runaway garb of short jacket and red petticoat, was alternately fierce, tearful, and haughty. Then, as evening was closing in, the Lords made their last proposition, and Mary knew she must submit to it. Bothwell was to go free, and Mary was to be led away captive. She consented, and on the green slope of Carberry Hill they parted for ever. Bothwell rode away upon his horse; and Mary was taken back into Edinburgh, dusty, tear-stained, and desperate, amidst the execrations of the crowd.\*

“Cover my face for me :  
I cannot heave my hand up to my head ;  
Mine arms are broken.—Is he got to horse ?  
I do not think one can die more than this.  
I did not say farewell.” †

At Musselburgh, the Roman bridge, now preserved in the clutches of strong iron bands, and succeeded, for all rougher traffic, by a broad modern bridge some hundred yards lower down the Esk, was, until modern times, the only means of transit across the river there.

If you would follow the Esk to the very end, you must proceed along the left bank under the trees, and turn leftwards away from the town to the sea-shore, where the little river widens out in its shallow bed, and glides almost imperceptibly into the waters of the Forth. A few black crows stalk and peck at the water edge; a flock of white sea-gulls flutter in the air. Fresh-water plants grow on the moist ground, and mussel-shells innumerable are mingled with the stones upon the beach. Out on the Forth gleam the white walls of Inchkeith light-house, and there is a white sail in the distance.

We have seen the Esk a “burnie” and a stream: going briskly over stones, and sleeping sulkily in pools; clear from the hills, and brown and foaming from the mill-wheel. We have seen it winding under the stately walls of Roslin through the “woody labyrinth” of Hawthornden, and among the sunlit deer-parks of Dalkeith. And now, as it loses itself in the Forth, we will bid it adieu.

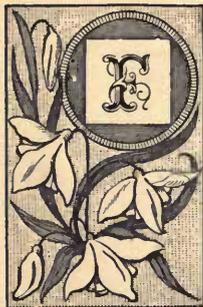
\* Froude's “History of England,” 1866, vol. ix. p. 92.

† “Bothwell,” by A. C. Swinburne.

OUTLINE OF  
**The Geology of Edinburgh**  
AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

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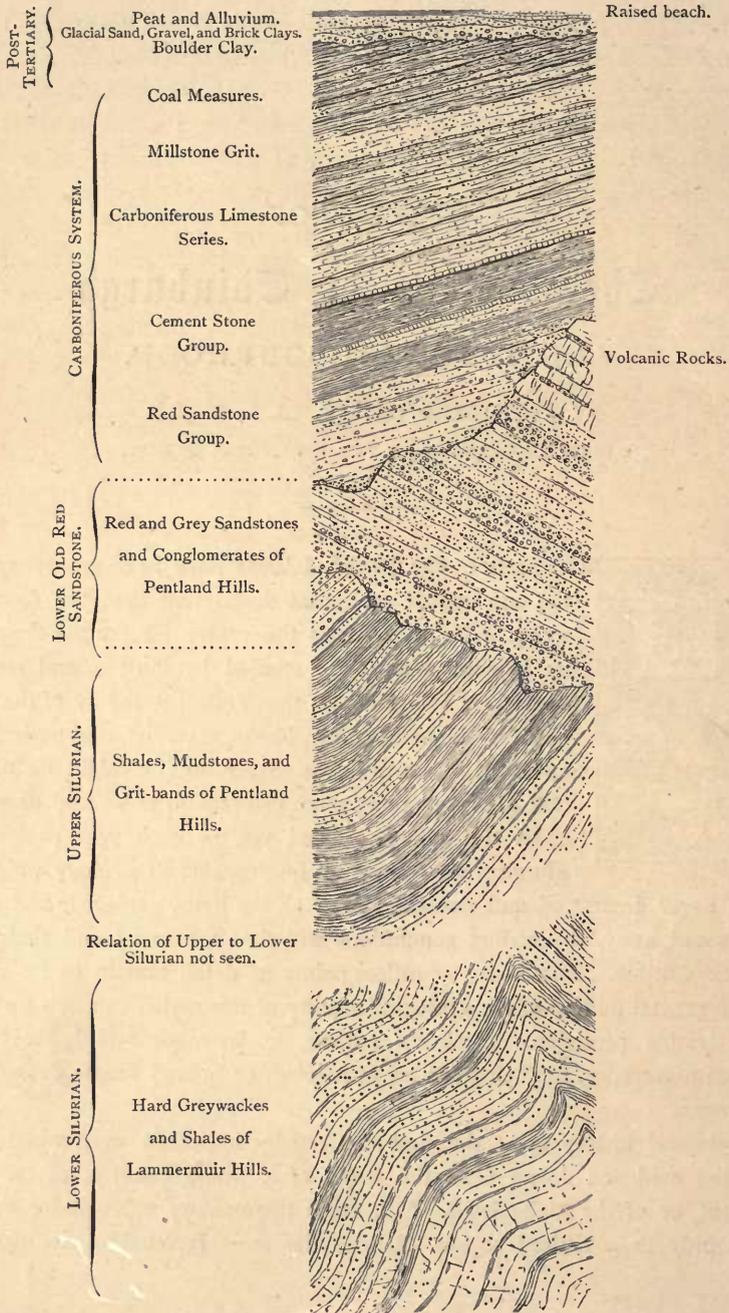
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EW parts of the British Islands have been more frequently the subjects of geological description than the district of which Edinburgh forms the centre. From the time when its igneous rocks were studied by Hutton, and made to bear their testimony to the Vulcanist theory of the earth, down to the present day, books, memoirs, and notices have appeared in a continuous stream, until it might be thought that hardly anything more can remain to be said or written upon the subject. And yet, as each year passes, new glimpses are opened up into aspects of geology which our fathers never dreamt of, and doubtless, after all the living geologists and writers have passed away, succeeding generations will find the rocks and their story still inexhaustible. But though countless points of detail remain to be worked out, the general outline of the geological history of this region can now be traced with tolerable precision. Such an outline, in language intelligible to the non-scientific reader, is all that can be attempted, or indeed seems desirable, in these pages.

Geological history is at the best confessedly imperfect, even when based upon the evidence drawn from the study of a whole country, or an entire continent, or of the globe itself. Still more fragmentary must it be when it relates only to a limited region. Under the most favourable circumstances

VERTICAL SECTION SHOWING THE SUCCESSION OF GEOLOGICAL FORMATIONS  
IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF EDINBURGH.



it may lack most or all of the introductory chapters ; a few scattered pages, as it were, may be all that relate the events of one of the longest and most momentous geological periods ; the narrative will suddenly break off in the middle of an interesting epoch, and when it resumes again we find that it deals with a totally different and far more recent series of events. From the very nature of the materials on which the history is founded, imperfection of this kind cannot but prevail. These materials consist mainly of the sand, mud, and gravel of ancient sea-floors, lake-bottoms, and river-beds, which have been buried under later accumulations, and have been subsequently elevated into land. Seldom did these sediments enclose a tolerably complete record of the plants and animals and the physical changes of the time. Seldom, too, have they remained without suffering much from the forces which have broken them up from below and worn them away above.

It is the task of the geologist to put together the fragmentary evidence to the best of his ability, not attempting to supply blanks where he can find no information, but leaving them to be filled in, if possible, from subsequent research. He is in the habit of arranging the order of events in the past history of the earth under three great divisions of geological time—(1.) Primary or Palæozoic ; (2.) Secondary or Mesozoic ; (3.) Tertiary or Cainozoic ; to which latter a subsidiary section, (4.) Post-Tertiary or Recent, is appended. The fragmentary nature of the materials for unravelling the geological history of the district around the Scottish metropolis may be inferred from the fact that they relate only to some of the later parts of the first, and (with trifling fragments of the third) to some of the more marked events in the fourth of these sections. The engraving fronting the first page of this paper shows the order and relation of the rocks of the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, as they would appear if we could form a huge pillar of them, having the oldest at the bottom and the youngest at the top.

Let us throw the scattered facts into the form of a narrative, and trace as succinctly as may be the successive changes of which this part of the country has been the scene.

The first picture we can draw is that of the bottom of a sea which seems to have stretched not only over the site of Britain, but over most of Europe, and to have covered also much of what is now land in both hemispheres. The sand, mud, and gravel deposits of that ancient ocean, laid down continuously above each other, layer upon layer, to a depth of many thousand feet, form the materials of which the pastoral hills of the south of Scotland and the mountains and glens of the Highlands are mainly composed. When the

visitor to Edinburgh looks south-eastward, he sees as the boundary of the landscape, the blue outline of the chain of heights which stretch from Lammermuir into Peeblesshire. These distant bounding hills are portions of the hardened and upraised sediments of this early sea-bottom. Wandering among them, we observe how the bare rocks come to the surface. We split them open, leaf upon leaf, and mark how they retain even yet the ripple-mark impressed upon them by the moving water when they were still soft sand and mud. Many a face of the rock is covered with the trails of sea-worms which have left no other traces of their former existence. Were we to judge merely from the scarcity of fossils in these rocks, we might infer that the waters of the sea were not very prolific of life. Yet some of the beds of black and coal-like shale are crowded with remains of *graptolites*—slim grass-like stalks, each with a single or double-row of close-fitting cells, in which separate individuals of a simple form of animal life now extinct once lived. These *graptolites*, of which many species have been described, are almost the only fossils found among the Lammermuir and Moorfoot Hills. They are characteristic of that period of geological time to which the name of Silurian has been given.

Before the close of this period, when a depth of many thousand feet of sand, mud, and gravel had been accumulated over the sea-bottom, one of those great changes took place by which the crust of the earth has from time to time been affected. The vast mass of submarine sediment was squeezed and crumpled in such a way that the beds, originally horizontal, came to stand on end, and to be folded over and over like so many piles of carpets. It was this subterranean movement, prolonged probably through a succession of geological ages, which upheaved the mass of land that has been carved into the present Highlands and the uplands of the Southern counties.

But though some parts of the sea-floor were no doubt soon raised into land, and though as the subterranean movements continued the extent of land probably grew in proportion, the same ocean, with many of the same inhabitants, still lay beyond. Here and there, too, it ran in bays and channels into the new land. Its waters in some places teemed with life. Among the Pentland Hills, for example, a few miles to the south of Edinburgh, in the now hardened and broken sediments of its bottom, occur the remains of small sponges, corals, crinoids, trilobites, brachiopods, lamellibranchs, and cephalopods. These fossils are crowded thickly together in certain bands of rock, while in others they occur but rarely. They agree generally with those found in the Ludlow and Wenlock formations of the upper Silurian series of England and Wales.

The underground movements seem to have continued not only to the close

of the Silurian period, but far into the next great chapter of geological time—that of the Lower Old Red Sandstone. The sea-bottom over the area of Britain was thereby raised into an irregular mass of land with wide inland seas or lakes, some of which may still have retained a communication with the open ocean. In those enclosed sheets of water the characteristic conglomerates and sandstones of the Old Red Sandstone system were elaborated. They seem to have covered a large part of Western Europe, and to have extended eastwards over much of the north of Russia. At the beginning of the Old Red Sandstone period, what is now the northern half of Britain may have been connected with some large continental mass of land, but was certainly covered by wide sheets of probably fresh water, out of which the high grounds rose as scattered groups of islands. This land too was slowly sinking down, and the waters encroached more and more upon its shores, from which enormous quantities of gravel and sand were swept away to form vast piles of conglomerate and sandstone. Some idea may be formed of the extent of this depression, and of the amount of detritus which must have been worn off the land, from the fact that the Old Red Sandstone, even now, after the lapse of so many ages of subsequent decay, is still often 15,000 feet thick, and in the east of Strathmore exceeds even 20,000 feet.

As a rule, the waters in which those deposits were laid down seem to have been rather unfavourable to life, at least organic remains are for the most part scarce, though here and there fishes occur abundantly. In the immediate neighbourhood of Edinburgh no fossils have yet been met with in the Old Red Sandstone except some traces of plants towards the top. In this district, however, considerable interest belongs to that system, owing to the large masses of volcanic rocks which are imbedded in it. The conglomerates and sandstones constitute the southern end of the Pentland Hills, and stretch thence into the counties of Peebles and Lanark. But the main mass of these hills, including also the Braid Hills near Edinburgh, consists of various lavas and tuffs erupted from volcanic vents which continued to be active during a long part of the Lower Old Red Sandstone period. The curious tuff-like masses of the Braid Hills, as well as the thickening of the lavas towards the north, seem to point to one or more chief craters of emission having existed somewhere about the site of the Braid Hills. Owing to the deposit of later formations upon them, we cannot tell how thick these piles of volcanic material may originally have been. But even now, the part which is seen would, if placed in its original position, make a mountain ridge considerably higher than Ben Nevis. During the time when these Pentland volcanoes were at work there was a prodigious amount of volcanic activity over Scotland. Enormous streams of lava and

showers of dust and stones were thrown from a line of active rents into the waters which then spread over the centre of the country. Many thousands of feet of volcanic rock were thus accumulated, which though much obscured and broken by later geological changes, still form some of the most conspicuous hills in the midland valley,—the Sidlaws, Ochils, Pentlands, and the chain of hills running from the Pentlands by Tinto, Douglas, Corsincone, and Loch Doon, into Ayrshire.

During this prolonged time of volcanic action there seem to have been many local disturbances of level over and above the general subsidence already referred to. The most widespread and important of these took place after the deposition of the Lower Old Red Sandstone. The whole physical geography of the country was changed; a wide interval passed, of which we have in the Edinburgh district no record, and when the next set of strata, those of the so-called Upper Old Red Sandstone, came to be laid down, the sandstones, conglomerates, and lavas of the former inland seas and lakes had been elevated into land. The Upper Old Red Sandstone forms the base of the great Carboniferous System of central Scotland. It consists of red, yellow, white, and greenish sandstones, clays, conglomerates, and occasional limestones. At Edinburgh it forms the ground on which the city is built, from the Castle to Arthur's Seat, whence it stretches southwards along the west flank of the Braid and Pentland Hills, rising in the East and West Cairn Hills to a height of 1839 and 1844 feet above the sea. In this region it has yielded very few fossils. Some plants occasionally occur in the sandstones, and minute crustacea (*Leperditia*) are found in some of the calcareous bands.

Toward the close of the formation of these red strata, volcanic action, which would seem to have been dormant here since the extinction of the Pentland volcanoes, broke out anew. The site of Edinburgh was covered by the ejections of at least one volcanic vent, the rocks of Arthur Seat, Calton Hill, and Craiglockhart Hill being some of the remaining fragments of these ejections. Probably the rock on which Edinburgh Castle stands may represent the site of one of these volcanic craters. From this time onward the great plain of the Lothians and Fife was dotted over with little active volcanoes, each throwing out a comparatively small amount of dust and lava and then dying out, while fresh successors appeared elsewhere.

Above the red sandstone on which Edinburgh is built lies a great mass of white sandstone and black shales, which spread westward from the Castle, and extend northward to Granton and Leith. They seem to have been laid down in an estuary or in some inland sheet of fresh water to which the sea had occasional access. They abound in fossils. The plants include large conifers

(like the huge trunks which have from time to time been exhumed from the sandstone quarries of Craigleith and Granton), several species of *Lepidodendron* and some characteristic ferns, particularly the *Sphenopteris affinis*, *Adiantites Lindseæformis*, and other forms. Some of the shales are charged with *entomotraca* (*Leperditia Scoto-Burdigalensis*) and the scales, teeth, bones, and coprolites of ganoid fishes such as *Paleoniscus*, *Eurynotus*, *Megalichthys*, and *Rhizodus*. The marine intercalations are indicated by the presence of such forms as *Spirorbis*, *Lingula*, *Schizodus*, *Myalina*, *Bellerophon*, and *Orthoceras*. Some of the individual strata of this series are well known, either from their geological or industrial interest. Thus the Burdiehouse limestone, long quarried about four miles south of Edinburgh, is formed apparently from the aggregation of the cases of little crustacea, chiefly of the genus *Leperditia*, and has yielded a large number of well-preserved plants and fishes. The ironstone nodules of the Wardie beach are likewise noted for their fossil remains. The sandstones of Craigleith, Granton, Redhall, Humbie, and Binny have supplied the best building stones in this part of Scotland. Some of the highly carbonaceous shales are now extensively turned to account as profitable sources of mineral oil.

Next in order comes the Carboniferous Limestone series, which in the Midlothian coal-field attains a thickness of 1220 feet. It consists chiefly of sandstone and shales, with some bands of marine limestone and many valuable seams of coal. Like the rest of this formation in Scotland, it was formed in wide shallow lagoons, which at one time were covered with vegetation, as the mangrove swamps of the tropics now are, and at another time, owing to the subsidence of the ground, were submerged beneath salt water in which characteristic marine forms of life abounded. The former condition is represented by the coal-seams, which consist of the compressed and mineralised vegetation that grew upon the spot; the latter by the seams of limestone, full of crinoids, corals, and brachiopods. Spines of various shark-like fishes, as well as scales and teeth of others like the bony pike of the North American lakes, occur actually on some of the coal-seams, one seam in particular being marked by such an abundance of fish remains as to form a kind of "bone-bed." The plants include the usual Carboniferous genera, as *Lepidodendron*, *Sigillaria*, *Calamites*, *Cordaites*, *Sphenopteris*, *Pecopteris*, &c.

The lower limestones are thickest. They may be seen at Gilmerton, and, still better, at the great quarries of Cousland, Darcy, and Crichton. Their fossils agree with those of the true "Mountain Limestone" of the centre and northern English counties. The coal-seams, associated with these limestones, form what is known locally as the "Edge-coal" series, from the fact that owing to a large dislocation

which flanks the eastern side of the Pentland Hills, they have been thrown nearly on edge from Portobello southward by Edmonston, Gilmerton, Loanhead, Penicuik, and Brunston. Some thin bands of limestone, with dwarf marine fossils, overlie these coals; one of them being well exposed at the Joppa quarry.

Overlying this limestone series there is found a great mass of coarse sandstone and fine conglomerate, often red in colour, and known locally as the Roslin sandstone or Moor-rock. It attains a depth of 340 feet, and is believed to be the equivalent of the Millstone Grit of the English series. It forms the sides of the romantic ravine of the Esk between Roslin and Lasswade.

Next in order comes the highest section of the Carboniferous system, known as the Coal-Measures. It consists of sandstones, shales, fireclays, and coal-seams, and in the Midlothian basin attains a thickness of 1590 feet. It seems to have been formed under circumstances not unlike those in which the Edge-coal series was laid down, but probably with less connection with the sea. The swamps were from time to time densely covered with vegetation, which, though generally agreeing with that of the older series, differs considerably in many of its species. These thick matted accumulations of vegetation form now the seams of coal, while the sandy and clayey strata between them represent the sediment laid down upon the submerged forests as each of these was successively carried down beneath the water.

At this part of the history we come upon the greatest hiatus in the geological records of the district. A vast series of ages passed away, during which the physical geography of the area of Britain went through many vicissitudes, and the plants and animals alike of land and sea were completely changed. Yet of these events no geological memorial has been preserved at Edinburgh. We know from evidence elsewhere existing that long after our coal-fields were formed some of them were pierced by volcanoes in the Permian period. Those of Ayrshire, Lanarkshire, and Fife, suffered in this way. Probably the upper part of Arthur's Seat belongs to that period of volcanic activity. At a far later, though still remote time, probably referable to the older Tertiary periods, a renewed outburst of the subterranean forces gave rise to the vast basaltic plateaux of Antrim, Mull, Eigg, Skye, and the Faroe Islands. When these masses of lava were poured forth, the country, by some process as yet little understood, cracked across in innumerable places, the fissures having on the whole an east and west, or south-east and north-west, trend, and increasing in number toward the volcanic districts of Antrim and the Hebrides. Into these fissures the basalt from below rose, filling them, and forming the long wall-like masses known as *dykes*. Several of these dykes occur at or near Edinburgh.

Some are now concealed by the streets of the city. One traverses the coal-field near Niddry, two very conspicuous examples run across the Carboniferous Limestone series near Prestongrange and Longniddry, and others still more prominent strike through the Carboniferous volcanic rocks of Linlithgowshire.

Another great gap for the filling up of which no evidence exists in this part of the country, separates these volcanic rocks from the next geological events in our chronicle—those of the Ice Age. The neighbourhood of Edinburgh will always bear a special interest in regard to this part of geology, from the fact that it was here Sir James Hall observed and described those “dressed” rock-surfaces which are now everywhere acknowledged to be due to the grinding action of ice. They are to be seen on the west slope of Corstorphine Hill, on the top of the southern part of Salisbury Crags, on the sand-stone at Joppa salt-pans, on the porphyrite at Blackford Quarry, on the top of Allermuir Hill, one of the Pentlands, at a height of 1617 feet, and in many other places. The general direction of the striæ and groovings is a little to the north of east, indicating that the mass of ice which produced these markings moved seawards along the line of the valley of the Firth of Forth. The rocks of the neighbourhood of Edinburgh pass beneath masses of glacial drift—the product of the glaciers, icebergs, and seas of the glacial period. At the bottom of these deposits lies the boulder-clay or till—a stiff, dark-blue clay stuck full of stones of all sizes, up to blocks of a yard in diameter. Many of these are well smoothed, and striated like the surfaces of the solid rocks underneath. On examination it is found that the majority of them are of local derivation, that some have come from distances of ten or fifteen miles to the west, a smaller proportion from western hills twenty or thirty miles away, while a very small number have travelled from the Highland mountains. Thus the stones corroborate the testimony of the striæ on the rocks, that the general ice-movement was here from the west. The gradual deflection to east-by-north was evidently due to the influence of the shape and direction of the great valley upon the march of the ice.

While the lower parts of the boulder-clay appear to have been formed under a huge sheet of land-ice moving steadily across the country, like the enormous ice-mantle of Greenland, the upper parts of the deposit suggest that they may have originated to some extent in the sea, either under the solid ice or under the broken bergs which flanked the long front of the ice-sheet. They contain larger blocks than the lower parts of the till, and these are often arranged in rude lines.

The boulder-clay, as might be expected, is singularly destitute of fossils. To the west of Edinburgh, when the Union Canal was being cut, a well preserved tusk of the mammoth—an extinct hairy elephant—was disinterred from the deposit.

Above the till lie accumulations of sand and gravel, sometimes forming the remarkable ridges known in Scotland as Kames. Good examples may be seen between Burdiehouse and Lothianburn. Towards the sea-margin, deposits of fine laminated clay occur, sometimes curiously contorted, as if from the stranding of heavy icebergs when these clays were under the sea. Foraminiferæ and marine shells occur in the clays, together, sometimes with quantities of drift-wood. The brick-pits of Portobello afford good sections of these latest members of the glacial drift series of this neighbourhood.

At the close of the Ice Age our land was not so much out of water as it is now. It has since then been pushed up several times, the intervals of rest between these upheavals being marked by the lines of terrace known as Raised Beaches. The most marked of these lines near Edinburgh is the twenty-five foot terrace which forms a noticeable feature of the coast-line. It is well seen between Granton and Newhaven, and again between Leith and Joppa. When the level terrace is dug up it is found to consist of layers of gravel and sand like the deposits of the present beach, often with abundant shore-shells of the common species. Here and there, as between Leith and Portobello, the inner edge of the terrace is marked by a line of bluff or cliff. This represents the bank against which the waves beat when the terrace was formed.

These deposits, together with the accumulations of peat and marl by which former lakes, like those once covering the Meadows, have been filled up, close the long geological record, and bring us into the time of the human occupation, where the stone hatchet, flint arrowhead, and rude canoe, are fossils claimed alike by the geologist and the antiquary.



NEWHAVEN PIER.

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