

NELSON'S PICTORIAL



GUIDE BOOKS

EDINBURGH · AND · ITS · NEIGHBOURHOOD

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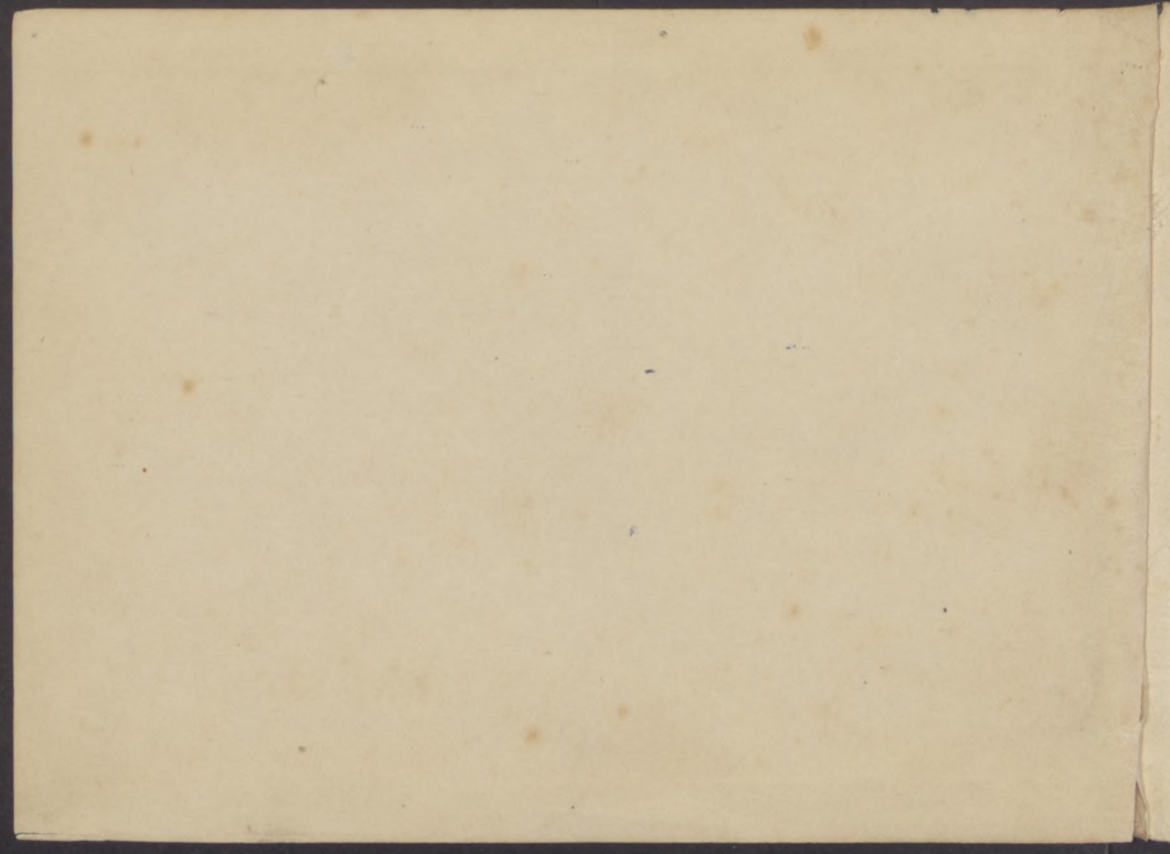
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Edinburgh 18th August 1882.

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See Walter Froll's Monument.



NELSONS' PICTORIAL GUIDE-BOOKS.

EDINBURGH AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

WHAT the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere, I now find congregated in this one city. Here are alike the beauties of Prague and of Salzburg; here are the romantic sites of Orvieto and Tivoli, of Genoa and Naples; here, indeed, to the poet's fancy, may be found realized the Roman Capitol and the Grecian Acropolis.—SIR DAVID WILKIE.

T. NELSON AND SONS, LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

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EDINBURGH.

Even thus, methinks, a city reared should be,
Yea, an imperial city that might hold
Five times a hundred noble towns in fee,
And either with their might of Babel old,
Or the rich Roman pomp of empery,
Might stand compare, highest in arts enrolled,
Highest in arms, brave tenement for the free,
Who never crouch to thrones, or sin for gold.
Thus should her towers be raised ; with vicinage
Of clear bold hills, that curve her very streets,
As if to vindicate, 'mid choicest seats
Of Art, abiding Nature's majesty, —
And the broad sea beyond, in calm or rage,
Chainless alike, and teaching liberty.

A. H. HALLAM.

Edina, high in heaven wan,
Towered, templed, metropolitan,
Waived upon by hills,
River, and wide-spread ocean ; tinged
By April light, or draped and fringed
As April vapour wills,
Thou hangest, like a Cyclop's dream.
High in the shifting weather-gleam. . . .
Fair art thou, city, to the eye.
But fairer to the memory :
There is no place that breeds
Such wistful thoughts of far away,
Of the eternal yesterday.

ALEXANDER SMITH

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General Information.

EDINBURGH is 398½ miles from London by the North British route, and 401 miles by the Caledonian Railway. It is 47½ miles from Glasgow by the North British; 36½ from Stirling; 22½ from North Berwick; 29½ from Dunbar; 18½ from Haddington; 25½ from Falkirk; 45 from St. Andrews; 49½ from Dundee; 124½ from Aberdeen; 46½ from Perth; 27 from Peebles; 53 from Hawick.

Population, in 1879, 226,000; inhabited houses, 12,000; annual value of real property, £1,700,000; parliamentary and municipal constituency, 28,500.

Market day, Wednesday. *Fast days*, Thursday before the last Sunday in April and October.

It is governed by a Lord Provost and forty-one Councillors, of whom six are Bailies, and returns two members to Parliament.

It contains 35 PLACES OF WORSHIP belonging to the Church of Scotland; 41 belonging to the Free Church; 25 to the United Presbyterian Church; 13 to the Episcopal Church; 2 Episcopal

chapels; 5 Baptist; 5 Congregationalist; 3 Roman Catholic; and 22 belonging to various other denominations.

Its principal EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENTS are the High School, Edinburgh Academy, Fettes College, Merchant Company's Educational Institutions, Church of Scotland Training College, Free Church Normal School, the Watt Institution.

Among its LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS we may name the Philosophical Institution, Literary Institute, the Geological Society, the Select Subscription Library, and the Mechanics' Subscription Library.

The more important BENEVOLENT AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS are George Heriot's Hospital, John Watson's Institution, the Maiden Hospital, Donaldson's Hospital, and the Royal Infirmary.

HOTELS: Macgregor's Royal, Edinburgh (Middlemass), Palace, Balmoral, Café Royal, Imperial, Darling's Regent, Philp's Cockburn, Alexandra, Caledonian, Waterloo, Osborne,

Clarendon, London, Kerr's Family, Moore's Family, Windsor, Royal British, British Private, Waverley, &c.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS: *Royal Institution for Encouragement of Arts, National Gallery*, open 10 to 4.

Advocates' Library, Parliament Square, open during session, 9 to 4; in the vacations, 10 to 4; on Saturday, 10 to 1.

Museum of National Antiquities, open Tuesday and Wednesday, 10 to 4; Saturday, 10 to 4; evening, 7 to 9, *free*. On Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 4, admittance 6d. Shut on Monday.

Museum of Science and Art, open on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, 10 to 4, admission 6d.; Wednesday, 10 to 4; Friday and Saturday, 10 to 4, and 6 to 9, *free*.

National Gallery of Scotland, open on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday, 10 to 4, *free*; Saturday evening, 7 to 9, *free*; Thursday and Friday, 10 to 4, on payment of 6d. From 1st of February to 3rd September, open from 10 to 5.

Phrenological Museum, 1 Surgeon Square, open on Saturday, from 1 to 6, *free*.

Regalia of Scotland, in the Castle, admission *free*.

Register House, open from 10 to 3, and on Saturday from 10 to 12.

Royal Botanical Gardens, Inverleith Row, open 6 to 6; Saturdays, in summer, 6 to 8, *free*.

Royal College of Surgeons, 18 Nicolson Street, open daily, except Tuesday, from 12 to 4 summer, and 12 to 3 winter. Admittance by member's order, or on application at Museum.

Status Gallery, Royal Institution, open on Wednesday and Friday, 12 to 4, admission 6d.; on Saturday, 10 to 4, *free*.

CEMETERIES: The *Dean*, Queensferry Road; *Dalry*, West End; *Grange*, near the Meadows; *Southern*, Dalkeith Road; *Rosebank*, Pilrig Street; and *Warriston*, Inverleith Row.

PLACES OF INTEREST: *Calton Hill* (Nelson's Monument, admission 3d.; and Royal Observatory).

The *Castle* (St. Margaret's Chapel, Mons Meg, Queen Mary's Room, Regalia, Armoury, and Time Gun).

Deaf and Dumb Institution, Henderson Row, foot of Pitt Street, admission *free*. *Donaldson's Hospital*, admission, by governor's order, on Tuesday and Friday. *Heriot's Hospital*, Lauriston, 12 to 3, except Saturdays. Orders obtained at 11 Royal Exchange.

Holyrood Palace and Chapel, foot of Canongate, admission *free* on Saturday; other days, 6d.

John Knox's House, Netherbow, High Street. Open on Wednesday and Saturday, 6d.

St. Giles's Cathedral, High Street.

University of Edinburgh, South Bridge.

Short's Observatory, Castle Hill, 6d.

Craigmillar Castle, 3 miles. *Portobello*, 3 miles. *Dalkeith Palace*, 7 miles. *Roslin Castle and Chapel*, 8 miles. *Hawthornden* (residence of the poet Drummond), 9 miles. *Granton* and its *Harbour*, 2 miles. *Cramond Bridge*, 5 miles.

MONUMENTS: Sir Walter Scott, top, 2d.; Livingstone, Adam Black, Professor Wilson, Allan Ramsay, and Professor Simpson, Princes Street; Burns, Lord Nelson, Professor

Playfair, and Dugald Stewart, Calton Hill; Political Martyrs, Calton Old Cemetery; Duke of Wellington, front of Register Office; Lord Melville, St. Andrew Square; Earl of Hopetoun, St. Andrew Square; George IV., William Pitt, and Dr. Chalmers, George Street; Charles II., Parliament Square; Duke of York, and 78th Regiment of Highlanders, Castle Esplanade; and Prince Consort Memorial, in Charlotte Square.

CAB FARES.

For two persons, without luggage, if the cab be not brought to the house, 6d. per half-mile; and if they return, another 6d.

Usual fare, when the cab is fetched from the stand, 1s. for a mile and a quarter, and 6d. for every additional half-mile or part thereof. Half fare returning. This includes ten minutes for waiting.

Fares by time: for the first hour, 2s.; for every additional quarter of an hour, 6d.

If more than four grown persons, 6d. extra for each additional one, or for each two children above six and under twelve years of age. No additional charge for one child above six or children under six.

Luggage under 100 lbs., *free*; above 100 lbs., 6d.

From eleven at night till seven in the morning, double fare.



ANCIENT STONE CARVING ABOVE THE DOOR OF THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE
IN EDINBURGH CASTLE.

EDINBURGH AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

THE City of Edinburgh is romantically situated within a group of hills and hollows at a distance of one mile and a half from the south bank of the Firth of Forth. The northern portion descends a considerable slope towards the water's edge; the southern is principally collocated in the valley between Arthur's Seat and the Castle Hill; the eastern occupies the high ground about Calton Hill; and the western is situated on a plain with a gentle undulating surface. Owing to this variety of position the aspect of the city is eminently picturesque, and it is impossible to view it without feelings of admiration.

Arthur's Seat, the highest of its hills, has an altitude of 822 feet above the sea level. On the east and north-east it descends with a bold curve over a base of about

three-quarters of a mile. On the north its outline is broken and abrupt; on the west it forms a steep swift precipice, rising from the ravine of the Hunter's Bog. On the west side of the latter towers the grand mural cliff of Salisbury Crag, which attains a maximum height of 574 feet, and terminates quite suddenly in a semicircular sweep of about five furlongs in diameter, with the convex face towards the city. The upper portion of the cliff forms a naked wall of greenstone, about 60 feet in depth; the lower portion is a regular but rapid incline.

At the north end of this singular natural monument lies a low level plain, not quite half a mile in breadth; this is the domain of Holyrood, and contains both the famous Palace and the Abbey Church. Beyond, the

Calton Hill is situated on a base of about five furlongs by three; with a steep westerly front, and a maximum elevation of 344 feet; lifting a rugged brow, crowned with public edifices, above a well-built, elegant, and extensive terrace. Round its western base sweeps a deep ravine, which, towards the north-east, becomes lost in the level plain. From hence to the Water of Leith extends a rising ground, nowhere presenting any sudden swell or abrupt declivity, and measuring about one mile from east to west, and three-quarters of a mile from north to south. This district is known as the New Town, and along its north side extends, as far as Holyrood, a narrow valley, formerly filled with a sheet of water called the North Loch, but now covered with the line and buildings of the North British Railway, the beautiful gardens of Princes Street, and various markets, streets, lanes, and wynds.

The further side of this vale is bounded by a hill which has been aptly likened to a long wedge lying flat on the ground, and which gradually ascends in a westerly direction until, at the distance of 1800 yards, it attains an elevation of 445 feet. Here, on the north, west, and south, it breaks down in compact precipitous declivities of trap rock, while on its very edge hang the ancient walls

and battlements of the Castle. The ridge or wedge-like shape of this remarkable hill forms the Old Town.

About one-half of the New Town—that is, its central portion—consists of two parallelograms, which are separated by large intervening spaces of landscape-gardens. Each parallelogram includes a central street, terminating in spacious airy squares, two flank streets, or terraces, two intermediate minor streets, and several transversal streets intersecting the others at right angles.

The Old Town, except in its more recent portions, is necessarily of a very different character. The ascents are steep, and the ground is everywhere of a rugged and irregular outline. The only main thoroughfare runs east and west, climbing, under the names of the Canongate, High Street, and Lawnmarket, the long rise of the wedge-shaped hill from Holyrood to the Castle: it is there connected with the western suburbs by a combination of artificial terrace, bridge, and raised road. Some well-built thoroughfares stretch from north to south, but the intervening spaces are filled up with narrow and irregular streets and wynds, in many of which the houses are very old, of unusual height, dingy, and picturesque.

VIEWS OF THE CITY.

The best views of Edinburgh are obtainable from four points—the Firth of Forth, St. Anthony's Chapel, the Calton Hill, and the Castle Hill.

The panorama opened up from the sea is of too general a character to be minutely described. From its grand effects of form and colour, and its bold contrasts of light and shade, it cannot fail to interest the artist, whose eye will rest with pleasure on the castle-crowned rock which fills up the middle ground on the west; the numerous spires, towers, and turrets, breaking the outline of the modern city; Calton Hill and its classic monuments; the long curving slope and rugged wall of Salisbury Crag; and the lion-like crest and shoulder of Arthur's Seat, which grandly terminate the eastward prospect.

From St. Anthony's Chapel, on the north side of Arthur's Seat, the visitor can obtain a more detailed exposition of the Scottish capital. He can separate the details of the picture, and examine them one by one. Below him lies the green smooth sward of the royal park, and beyond it the turreted and quadrangular Palace of Holyrood, with one of its angles abutting on the romantic ruin

of the ancient Abbey Chapel. Looking along the deep hollow which leads towards the Castle and its congeries of narrow irregular lanes, his glance is caught by the bold line of the North Bridge, which seems to cut in two the curious and strangely-varied picture; then it turns northward to take in the eminence of Calton Hill, with its monuments, suggestive of classic Athens—the Grecian structure of the High School, its fine range of buildings called Regent Terrace, and the castellated mass of the County Gaol. To the left, meanwhile, a not less picturesque prospect awaits his notice, embracing the labyrinthine thoroughfares of the Old Town, with their memories of Knox and Murray, Rizzio and Bothwell, Covenanters and Episcopalians, Porteous and Rob Roy; the high roofs of the Canongate and Tron Churches; the noble bulk of St. Giles' Church; and the grandly irregular mass of rock crowned by the dark battlements of the ancient Castle.

What shall we say of the view from the latter? It is beautiful in the gray light of sunrise, or the opal hues of sunset, but specially grand and imposing on an early morning in summer, when the vapour goes rolling along in silver and pearl before the morning wind. "See," says

Christopher North, "a great city in a mist! All is not shrouded; at intervals something huge is beheld in the sky—what we know not, tower, temple, spire, dome, or a pile of nameless structures, one after the other fading away, or sinking and settling down into the gloom that grows deeper and deeper like a night. The stream of life seems almost hushed in the blind blank, yet you hear ever and anon, now here, now there, the slow sound of feet moving to their own dull echoes, and lo! the sun

'Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams,'

like some great ghost. But now the sea has sent a tide-borne wind to the city, and you almost start in wonder to behold all the heavens clear of clouds (how beautiful was the clearing!) and bending in a mighty blue bow that overarches all the brightened habitations of men! The spires shoot up into the sky; the domes tranquilly rest there; all the roofs glitter as with diamonds; all the white walls are lustrous, save where, here and there, some loftier range of buildings hangs its steadfast shadow o'er square or street, magnifying the city by means of separate multitudes of structures, each town-like in itself, and the

whole gathered together by the outward eye and the inward imagination—worthy, indeed, of the name of Metropolis."

From the Calton Hill the view is also of a very impressive description. It includes the Old and New Towns, with their many points of interest, and the rich and beautiful country that spreads on every side, enclosing the city, like a precious picture, in a framework of unrivalled magnificence. In one direction rises the green and undulating mass of the Pentland Hills, suggesting sweet dreams of ferny dells and shadowy hollows; in another, the sunshine falls eerily on the romantic elfin region of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag; on a third, the eye travels rapidly over the low champaign country, with its copses, mansions, corn-fields, and pastures, that opens out on the southern shore of the Firth;—not to forget the Firth itself, that glorious estuary, whose broad bosom seems yearning to embrace a thousand Armadas, and whose "weltering waters" sweep far away, past town and fishing-village, to wash the rocky foundations of the Isle of May and the Bass, and mingle in the depths of the German Ocean.

PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARES.

It is now our purpose to indicate to the tourist the chief objects of interest which may conveniently be examined in the course of a rapid survey of the city, reserving for another section a fuller description of certain public edifices of historical importance.

He will probably pay his first visit to *Princes Street*, a noble thoroughfare, lined on one side with hotels and handsome shops, and on the other skirted by the beautiful lawns and shrubberies of its ornamental gardens. Here are situated the *Register House*, with Wellington's Monument in front of it (erected in 1852, at a cost of £10,000, and designed by the sculptor Steell);—this structure, where the national records are preserved, consists of two buildings—one erected by Robert Adam, in 1774, and completed in 1826, and another built 1857–60, from designs by Matheson, at a cost of £27,000; the *Terminus* of the North British Railway; the *Waverley Bridge* (with principal entrance to Railway Station); and the *Waverley Market and Promenade*.

The *Princes Street Gardens* are divided by an artificial eminence, called the *Mound*, into two compartments. In

the eastern is the *Scott Monument*, a very graceful structure, comprising four grand basement arches, which sustain a crucial Gothic spire, and enclose a sitting statue of the great novelist. The "casket" was designed by Kemp, cost £15,650, and was erected in 1840–44; the "precious stone"—i.e., the statue—by Steell, cost £2000, and was inaugurated in 1846. Here also are statues of Livingstone, Adam Black, and Professor Wilson. The western compartment contains the Ross Fountain, Wellhouse Tower, and statues of Allan Ramsay and Professor Simpson.

In Princes Street we also find the *Royal Institution* (architect, Playfair; cost, £40,000; date, 1836), a building of the Doric order, with a portico at the north end, and colonnades along the sides. It contains the rooms of the Royal Institution for the Promotion of the Fine Arts, the apartments of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, a Gallery of Sculpture, and the Museum of Scottish Antiquities.

The *Art Galleries*, on the Mound, were founded in 1850 by the Prince Consort, and completed, at a cost of £40,000, in 1858. The style of architecture employed is Ionic, and the general effect is very elegant and pleasing, contrasting favourably with the elaborate Roman style of the Life

Association's mansion, situated opposite, where the façade is one indistinguishable medley of column and sculpture.

At the corner of the Lothian Road, and opposite the *Terminus* of the Caledonian Railway, stands the Gothic edifice, oblong in plan, and measuring 113 feet by 62 feet, of *St. John's Episcopal Chapel*. The eastern window, a glowing display of coloured glass, embodies the figures of the twelve apostles.

To the south is *St. Cuthbert's Established Church*, built in 1775, on the spot where formerly stood a very ancient edifice named after the famous Culdee missionary.

Continuing in the direction of Castle Terrace and King's Bridge, which enables us to go from the west to the ancient city, we pass the *Theological Hall of the United Presbyterian Church*, formerly the Edinburgh Theatre; and at Johnstone Terrace, the *Normal School of the Church of Scotland*, built in 1845, at a cost of £10,000; and the *Victoria Hall*, where the General Assembly of the Established Church is held. It was designed by Graham, and built in 1842-44, at a cost of £16,000. Its style is decorated Gothic. Length, 141 feet. At the east end a massive tower and octagonal spire rise to the height of 241 feet.

(18)

If the visitor be partial to historical associations, and not insensible to the glamour of the past, he will stroll down the *West Bow*, which formerly contained the houses of the Knights Templars; the residence of the grim Ruthven, the slayer of Rizzio; and the Lord Provost's mansion, in which Prince Charles Edward was entertained in 'the '45. The street, however, retains little of its original character.

The *Castle Hill* was at one time the place of public execution. A portion of it was excavated in 1850 to form the New Water-Reservoir—a basin 110 feet long, 90 feet broad, and 30 feet deep, with a capacity of 1,850,310 gallons.

Skirting the Castle Hill, which we shall describe hereafter, we come to the *Lawnmarket*, formerly occupied, on market days, by stalls and booths for the sale of linen. Here, in James's Court, was the residence of David Hume.

We now continue our course to George the Fourth's Bridge, constructed in 1825-36—passing the new Sheriff Court House—and thence to County Square, whose most important feature is the County Hall, built in 1817, at a cost of £15,000. On the other side stands the handsome building of the Signet Library, which contains about

60,000 volumes, and a fine collection of busts and portraits. Behind this, partly beneath the Parliament House, and partly in separate buildings, is the Advocates' Library, a magnificent accumulation of treasures, well known to literary men and students for their completeness. The printed books number about 200,000 volumes, and there are upwards of 2000 manuscripts.

St. Giles's Cathedral apparently dates from the fourteenth century. It measures 206 feet in length, and from 76 to 129 feet in breadth. Restored in 1829-32, it presents a sufficiently good example of later Gothic; and it is interesting to remember that within its walls the Solemn League and Covenant was sworn in 1643. The eastern portion has been recently renovated at a cost of £4000; and the renovation of other portions is in progress.

The *Parliament House*, or, as it is now called, the Outer House of the Court of Session, was built in 1632-40. Its great hall is 122 feet long and 49 feet broad.

The *Royal Exchange*, a handsome and lofty quadrangle, was built in 1753-61, at a cost of £31,457. It measures 111 feet by 182.

The *Tron Church* was erected about 1637-63, at a cost of about £6000.



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

Not the least interesting object in the High Street is John Knox's House, built in the fifteenth century, occu-

pied by an Abbot of Dunfermline, and afterwards by Scotland's great ecclesiastical Reformer.

The *Cowgate* is about 800 yards in length, and was formerly the abode of many eminent men—as Cardinal Beaton, Henry Mackenzie, author of the “*Man of Feeling*,” Lord Minto, Lord Covington, and others. From the *Cowgate* we return into High Street, and continue our ramble through the *Canongate* as far as Holyrood Palace.

The *Canongate* is one of the most interesting streets in Edinburgh. It derives its name from the Augustine canons of Holyrood, and was formerly the abode of the rank, fashion, wit, wealth, learning, and beauty of the Scottish capital. After the Union, however, it gradually became deserted, as Allan Ramsay records in one of his minor poems:—

“Oh, Canigate, puir elrich hole,
What loss, what crosses dost thou thole!
London and death gars thee look droll,
And hing thy head!”

It still retains something of its ancient character. *Moray House*, built about 1628, where Oliver Cromwell lodged in 1648, is specially worth notice. It was erected by

(18)



MORAY HOUSE.

Mary, Countess of Home, whose initials, M. H., may be seen, underneath her coronet, on various parts of the exterior. It afterwards became the property of the Countess of Moray.

At the bottom of the street we turn to the left, and proceed, by way of the North Back of Canongate, into Waterloo Place, at the head of Princes Street. At various points are situated the Inland Revenue Office, the General Post Office, and the Waterloo Rooms. The Prisons form a remarkable assemblage of castellated edifices, situated on the brow of a cliff, and impressing the spectator with the idea that they form part of some vast military works. The western group, or Town and County Gaol, was built in 1815-17; the central group, or Town and County Bridewell, in 1791-96; the eastern, or Debtors' Gaol, in 1845-47. Immediately opposite rises the summit of the Calton Hill, crowned with various edifices, which we shall hereafter particularize.

The *High School*, which has contributed many eminent names to the literature, art, science, and history of Scotland, was originally founded in 1519, and is under the control of the civic corporation. The present stately building was erected in 1825-27, from the drawings of Thomas Hamilton, at a cost of upwards of £30,000. It is imitated from classic models, the general design being furnished by the Temple of Theseus at Athens. The main building is 270 feet in length.

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HIGH SCHOOL.

By the same architect was erected the *Burns' Monument* (1830), a circular building, resting on a quadrangular base, and crowned by a cupola-like summit. The

circular portion is surrounded by an elegant Corinthian cyclostyle of twelve columns; and the cupola is a copy of the famous monument of Lysicrates, or so-called Temple of the Winds, at Athens.

From this point the tourist may continue his excursion to Jock's Lodge and the Cavalry Barracks of Piershill; Portobello, a popular watering-place; Musselburgh; Prestonpans; and other towns and villages scattered along the south bank of the Firth.

A glance at a map of Edinburgh will show the tourist that five principal thoroughfares open up the city from east to west: Princes Street being the central, and to the north of this, George Street and Queen Street; to the south, High Street, and the Grassmarket and Cowgate. Our recent ramble has made us acquainted with the last three thoroughfares; we now proceed to visit George Street and Queen Street.

ST. ANDREW'S SQUARE was built in 1772-78, and was at one time a very aristocratic quarter; it is now chiefly occupied by banking establishments, insurance companies, and other public offices. Among its earlier inhabitants were Henry Brougham and David Hume; Brougham lived at No. 19. In the centre of the square

(18)

stands a monument to Viscount Melville, erected in 1821-28, from the designs of William Burn, and at a cost of £8000; height, 150 feet. On the east side the British Linen Company's Bank challenges criticism. It is an elaborately ornamented building, with a profusion of sculptures and Corinthian columns, designed by Bryce, and built in 1852. The Royal Bank was formerly the town mansion of Sir Lawrence Dundas. The statue in front commemorates the Earl of Hopetoun.

GEORGE STREET is 115 feet wide, and about three-quarters of a mile in length. It is lined on both sides with handsome and substantial structures, and ornamented with statues of William Pitt and George IV., by Chantrey; and of Dr. Chalmers, by Steell. On the south side are situated the Assembly Rooms, built in 1787, with a Music Hall (108 feet by 91 feet) in their rear, built in 1843; and the Commercial Bank, erected from Rhind's designs in 1847. St. Andrew's Church was built in 1785, except the steeple, a modern addition, gracefully soaring to an elevation of 168 feet.

Let it be noted that No. 39 Castle Street was long the town residence of Sir Walter Scott, and afterwards of Macvey Napier, the editor of the "Edinburgh Review."

CHARLOTTE SQUARE bears witness to the architectural talents of Robert Adam. It dates from 1800. Here, on the west side, stands the elegant classic pile of St. George's Church, erected in 1811-14, from Robert Reed's designs, at a cost of £33,000. Its ground-plan is a square, and measures 112 feet each way. The cross which surmounts its cupola is 160 feet from the ground.

In the centre stands the equestrian statue of the late Prince Consort, designed by Sir John Steell. The design of the pedestal is pyramidal. On the sides of the upper stage are bas-reliefs illustrative of the character and career of the Prince; on one of the sides is a representation of his marriage, and on the other his opening the International Exhibition of 1851. On the front panel he is represented in the midst of his family, and on the back as giving away rewards of merit. At the angles of the lower stage are groups representing people of various classes approaching the Prince in attitudes of reverence and affection. One group is representative of the votive offerings of rank and wealth; another illustrates honest labour; the others represent the soldier, the sailor, and the engineer offering their homage; also the artist, the student, and the sage (who, pointing to the statue, appears as if addressing the

youth, and saying, Such is the reward of virtue). The bas-reliefs are by Sir John Steell, but the groups of sculpture were executed by other artists.

The equestrian figure weighs about eight tons, and is upwards of 14 feet high. The Prince is represented in the uniform of a field-marshal; an order on the left breast indicates the princely rank of the wearer.

If the visitor prolong his walk in this direction through Maitland Street, passing Coates and Athole Crescents, and the Haymarket Station of the North British Railway, he arrives at the *New Winter Garden*, which is a striking and elegant structure erected by Messrs. Downie, Laird, and Laing, nurserymen. The main building is 136 feet long, with a large *Central Hall* 50 feet long, surmounted by a dome 65 feet high; to the east and west of this central hall are two wings 30 feet long, and at right angles to the main building there is an annexe 50 feet in length. The end gables and first course is of polished freestone, with a glass superstructure rising in three stages, a variety which lends a graceful appearance to the building. The internal arrangements are equally tasteful. The stages are stocked with a large collection of beautiful and rare plants, mirrors are skilfully arranged,

the panels relieved with colour and gold, and tempting resting-places encourage the visitor to linger and admire. Beneath the dome is a large *Terra Cotta Fountain*, and a covered way conducts to the *Fern House* and *Vineries*. The public are admitted *free* to all parts of the gardens *daily*.

Donaldson's Hospital is a noble specimen of the Tudor style: it was designed by Playfair, and built in 1842-51 at a cost of about £100,000. It forms an open quadrangle of 258 feet by 207 externally, and 176 feet by 164 internally. The central façade is strengthened with four octagonal towers, 120 feet high, and each angle is flanked by a square tower, which, as well as the main body of the building, is profusely but elegantly decorated. Three hundred boys and girls are here boarded and educated.

Beyond Donaldson's Hospital lie Murrayfield, and its handsome villas; Corstorphine Hill, and its richly wooded highways; Craigmock, formerly the seat of Lord Jeffrey; Stewart's Hospital, built by Rhind in 1849-53; John Watson's Hospital, which maintains and educates about 120 children; and the Orphans' Hospital, erected from Hamilton's designs in 1833.

Visiting the quiet village and quieter cemetery of Dean,

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and the medicinal spring of St. Bernard's Well, in a picturesque ravine below Dean Bridge, with a statue of Hygeia and a miniature temple, erected in 1790 by Lord Gardenstone, the tourist may next return to the city by way of the Water of Leith; crossing Dean Bridge into Randolph Crescent, and from thence, through Ainslie and Albyn Places, entering

QUEEN STREET. At No. 62 in this broad and handsome thoroughfare resided Francis Jeffrey, from 1802 to 1810. Midway between St. David and Hanover Streets stands Physicians' Hall, designed by Hamilton, and built in 1845. It may be known by its Corinthian portico. No. 4 is occupied by the library, reading-room, and news-room of the Philosophical Institution, well-known for the admirable lecture-courses delivered annually under its auspices. There are two Free Churches in or near Queen Street: St. Luke's and the Tolbooth.

We have thus completed our exploration of the city from east to west. Our next excursions must pursue the routes that run from north to south, or north-east to south-west. The most important of these are: Leith

Walk, communicating with Queen Street by Picardy Place and York Place; St. Andrew, St. David, Hanover, Frederick, and Castle Streets, which connect Queen and Princes Streets; North Bridge, South Bridge, and Nicolson Street, forming one line of thoroughfare from Waterloo Place to the Meadows.

LEITH WALK was anciently a line of earthworks, thrown up by David Leslie and his soldiers in 1650, across the open plain between Leith and Calton Hill. After the Restoration, it was converted into a footway for pedestrians, and widened into a carriage-road in 1773.

LEITH is the port of Edinburgh. It stands on low ground, and by the Water of Leith is divided into North and South Leith. Its length is about a mile and a quarter; its breadth, half a mile. On the east side spreads the grassy surface of the Links, flanked on the east by the large building of the Seafield Baths, and on the south-west by the Grammar School. The principal points of interest in Leith may easily be enumerated:—the Trinity House; the Town Hall; the Exchange Buildings; the Custom House; and Leith Fort.

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The harbour has of late years been extensively improved, and now presents quays accommodation inferior in Scotland only to Glasgow and Greenock. There are also wet docks, graving-docks, low-water pier, train-roads, steam-cranes, hydraulic swing-bridge, sheds, bonding-houses, and all the appliances of a large and flourishing sea-port. New docks are at present in course of construction.

The manufactures are,—ship-building, glass-making, sugar-refining, flour-grinding, timber-sawing, sail-cloth making, and rope-making.

Leith is governed by a provost, four bailies, and eleven councillors; and, in conjunction with Portobello and Musselburgh, returns one member to Parliament. Population, 53,000.

The tourist's excursion in this direction may be extended to *Newhaven*, *Trinity*, and *Granton*. The former is a large and celebrated fishing-village, irregularly built, but commanding a fine view of the estuary of the Forth, of the Fifeshire coast, and the island or rock of Inchkeith, and its lighthouse. Nearly 200 fishing-boats belong to its harbour, which has a good stone pier and slip, available at low water. The habits of the athletic New-

haven "wives" are graphically described in Charles Reade's "Christie Johnstone."

Trinity, and its handsome villas, are situated to the west of Newhaven, on rising ground, which commands a variety of agreeable prospects. The chain pier, designed by Brown, and built in 1821 at a cost of £4000, exceeds 500 feet in length. It is chiefly devoted to the accommodation of bathers.

Still further up the Forth, which in these parts has some extensive mussel and oyster-beds, is the sea-port of *Granton*, founded in 1835 by the Duke of Buccleuch, and which has a celebrity as the rendezvous of the deep-sea steamers, and as the starting-point of the ferry (in connection with the North British Railway) to Burntisland. There is an excellent hotel here, and visitors will also obtain accommodation, according to their wealth, in many excellent lodging-houses. The pier measures 1700 feet in length and from 80 to 160 feet in breadth, and on the north is sheltered by a massive curving breakwater, enclosing a commodious basin for first-class steamers.

From Leith Walk a diversion northward may and

should be made to the *Botanic Gardens*, formed in 1822-24, covering an area of nearly fifteen acres, and comprising a series of extensive hot-houses, palm-houses, and collections of medical and native plants, with an aquarium, a lecture-room, and a museum. The hot-houses are open only on Wednesdays and Saturdays, from 12 to 4; the gardens generally, every day, from 6 to 6; and on Saturdays, in summer, from 6 to 8 P.M.

The *Experimental Garden*, formed in 1824, and occupying ten acres of ground, was incorporated into the above in 1866.

Returning, by Broughton Street and Picardy Place, to Leith Street, and thence to Waterloo Place, we pass

Tanfield, immediately south of the Botanic Gardens, and remarkable only for the Saracenic structure in which the seceders from the Established Church assembled in 1843, and laid the foundations of the Free Church.

We next traverse the district of *Canonmills*; so named from the corn mills erected here by the monks of Holyrood for the use of their vassals.

Broughton was anciently a baronial burgh, but has been absorbed into the New Town. At the north corner

of Broughton and Albany Streets stands the elegant Tudor building of St. Mary's Free Church.

An important thoroughfare opening out of Princes Street, in a southward direction, is formed by North Bridge, South Bridge, Nicolson Street, and Clerk Street.

The NORTH BRIDGE (widened and improved in 1873) was built in 1767-72, at a cost of about £18,000, and consists of three great central arches, two small open side arches, and several small vault-arches at either end. The span of the side arches is 20 feet each; of the central, 72 feet each; the width of each pier, 13½ feet; the elevation from the ground to the top of the parapet, in the centre, 68 feet; and the entire length, from Princes Street to High Street, 1125 feet.

On the west side stands a range of lofty houses called the New Buildings; and, opposite, a structure belonging to the General Post Office occupies the site of the Theatre Royal, which formerly witnessed the triumphs of Edmund Kean and Mrs. Siddons.

The view from North Bridge, westward, is eminently striking, and on a rich summer evening, when lit up by the purple glories of the sunset, assumes a singularly beautiful aspect.

High Street intervenes between the North and South Bridges. Here are situated the Tron Church and Parliament House. An English traveller will hardly say of it, now, what an English traveller said of it in 1618,—“Here I observed the fairest and goodliest street that ever mine eyes beheld; for I did never see or hear of a street of the length, the buildings on each side of the way being all of squared stone, five, six, and seven stories high: and the walls are exceedingly strong; not built for a day, a week, a month, a year, but from antiquity to posterity, for many ages.”

The *Royal Exchange*, built in 1753-61, at a cost of £31,457, forms a spacious quadrangle, measuring 111 feet from east to west, 182 feet from north to south, and enclosing an open court 86 feet by 96 feet. The Police Office was built in 1849.

The SOUTH BRIDGE was constructed in 1785-88 at a cost of £15,000. It comprises twenty-two arches, which are concealed by the buildings along the sides.

The *Royal Infirmary* was founded in 1729. It forms three sides of a square, 210 feet long, 94 feet wide, and 4 stories high. Its buildings, however, are utterly inadequate to meet the demands made by an increasing

population on this noble charity, and for this purpose new and very extensive buildings are being erected at Lauriston, estimated to cost £330,000.

The UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH was founded in 1582. Its present buildings were erected between 1789 and 1834, in the classic style, from designs by Robert Adam and W. H. Playfair. They form a hollow parallelogram, measuring 255 feet from north to south, and 358 feet from east to west. The Library, on the south side, contains about 500 rare manuscripts, and 140,000 volumes. The Museum, on the west, is replete with curious treasures. There are thirty-two professorships in the University, divided among the four faculties of theology, law, medicine, and arts. The average number of students is above 2000. The Chancellor of the University is the Right Hon. John Inglis; the Lord Rector, the Marquis of Hartington; and the Principal, Sir Alexander Grant, Bart. Additional class-rooms are in course of erection near Lauriston.

The Kirk of Field was a fifteenth century collegiate church, situated on ground which is now partly occupied by the south-eastern portion of the University, and partly on ground extending to the north-west corner of Drum-

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THE UNIVERSITY.

mond Street. It was governed by a provost and eight

prebendaries. In the provost's house the unfortunate Darnley, the husband of Queen Mary Stuart, was murdered, under circumstances which are familiar to every reader of Froude or Burton.

To the south of Drummond Street is situated Surgeons' Hall, built in 1833, from Playfair's design, at a cost of £20,000. The Royal College of Surgeons was incorporated in 1505.

The Meadows are a public park, about three-quarters of a mile in length, planted with trees, and laid out with walks for the public accommodation. They occupy the site of a lake formerly called the South Loch, have now been thoroughly drained, and are greatly resorted to as a place of recreation. The eastern portion of them is known as Hope Park, where is situated the Hall of the Royal Company of Archers, a very ancient body, formed in 1676.

Newington embraces the district south of Clerk Street, and consists chiefly of handsome villas and grounds. In the neighbourhood is the new Royal Blind Asylum.

While rambling in this direction, the tourist will do well to visit the new and handsome suburbs of the

Grange and Morningside. From various points the outlooks into the surrounding country embrace the picturesque line of the Braid and Pentland Hills, and the bold easterly sweep of Aberlady Bay. In the Grange Cemetery lie interred the ashes of Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Guthrie, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, and Hugh Miller.

At Morningside is situated the Lunatic Asylum for Edinburgh—an extensive and stately edifice.

On Bruntsfield Links—where important building operations are projected, formerly called the Borough Moor—south-west of the Meadows, James IV. mustered his army previous to the fatal battle of Flodden Field. The royal standard was planted on the Bore Stane—now preserved in the wall at the left of the road to Morningside.

“Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
Spread all the Borough-moor below,
Upland, and dale, and down:—
A thousand, did I say? I ween,
Thousands on thousands there were seen,
That chequered all the heath between
The streamlet and the town;
In crossing ranks extending far,
Forming a camp irregular.”

Oft giving way, where still there stood
 Some relics of the old oak wood,
 That darkly huge did intervene,
 And tamed the glaring white with green:
 In these extended lines there lay
 A martial kingdom's vast array."

From Blackford, one of the summits of the Braid Hills, a noble panoramic picture is unrolled before the admiring eye of the spectator. Its details have been described by Scott with all the vigour of a patriotic poet, and all the accuracy of a laborious topographer. After dwelling on

the romantic appearance of the distant city, with its sable turrets and huge castle, he continues:—

" But northward far, with purer blaze
 On Ochil mountains fell the rays;
 And as each heathy top they kist,
 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 "

WALKS AROUND AND ABOUT EDINBURGH.

The *Queen's Park* is a delightful enclosure, occupying a very extensive area, and including within its boundaries Salisbury Crag, Arthur's Seat, and part of St. Leonard's Hill.

Its surface is admirably diversified; and it is needless to say that it everywhere commands a succession of picturesque and richly coloured landscapes—such as, per-

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haps, are not to be found in the environs of any other city.

The circuit of the Park is fully five miles in extent.

It was first enclosed by James V.; and being at that time densely clothed with forest, its embellishment was easily accomplished. The decorative works which the taste of succeeding sovereigns carried out were, however, com-

pletely swept away by the rough iconoclasm of Cromwell's veterans. Having passed into the hands of Sir James Hamilton and his heirs, the whole area was suffered to lie waste until repurchased by the Crown in 1844 at a cost of £30,674. It was then devoted to its present purpose—the recreation of the citizens of Edinburgh—and vast improvements have been gradually effected. The views from the Queen's Drive are very rich and beautiful, and the Drive itself is carried over a boldly undulating surface—along rugged cliffs, through deep defiles, and over green smooth slopes, overhung by "beetling crags." The path which skirts the steep flanks of Salisbury Crag—a favourite resort of Sir Walter Scott—is known as the Radical Road, from the circumstance that it was enlarged and repaired in 1830 by the distressed operatives whom the pressure of necessity had converted into loud clamourers for political reform.

Arthur's Seat is associated with many of the old Armoric legends which celebrate the exploits and virtues of the "stainless king." It has certainly borne for centuries the name by which it is now widely known, being mentioned by Kennedy early in the thirteenth century,—

"Arthur Sate, or ony hieher hill."

The prospect from the summit has been described by Scott in his introduction to the "Chronicles of the Canongate."

"A nobler contrast," he says, "there can hardly exist than that of the huge city, dark with the smoke of ages, and groaning with the various sounds of active industry or idle revel, and the lofty and craggy hill, silent and solitary as the grave; one exhibiting the full tide of existence, pressing and precipitating itself forward with the force of an inundation; the other resembling some time-worn anchorite, whose life passes as silent and unobserved as the slender rill which escapes unheard, and scarce seen, from the fountain of his patron saint. The city resembles the busy temple, where the modern Comus and Mammon hold their court, and thousands sacrifice ease, independence, and virtue itself, at their shrine; the misty and lonely mountain seems as a throne to the majestic but terrible genius of feudal times, where the same divinities dispensed coronets and domains to those who had heads to devise and arms to execute bold enterprises."

On a steep knoll at the northern base of Arthur's Seat stand the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel, described by Maitland (in 1753) as 43½ feet in length, 18 feet in breadth, and as many in height, with a tower 19 feet square. They are the remains of a chapel or hermitage, formerly belonging to the preceptory of St. Anthony at Leith, which was founded in 1435 by a certain Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig.

At the foot of the rock lies a cool and limpid spring, known as St. Anthony's Well, celebrated in the old song,—

“ Oh, waly, waly, up yon bank.”

In reference to the gray old ruined chapel, Scott observes:—“ A better site for such a building could hardly have been selected; for the chapel, situated among the rude and pathless cliffs, lies in a desert, even in the immediate vicinity of a rich, populous, and tumultuous capital; and the hum of the city might mingle with the orisons of the recluses, conveying as little of worldly interest as if it had been the roar of the distant ocean. Beneath the steep ascent on which these ruins are still visible, was, and perhaps is, still pointed out the place

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where the wretch had closed a long scene of cruelty towards his unfortunate wife, by murdering her with circumstances of uncommon barbarity. The execration in which the man's crime was held extended itself to the place where it was perpetrated, which was marked by a small cairn or heap of stones, composed of those which each passenger had thrown there in testimony of abhorrence, and on the principle, it would seem, of the ancient malediction—‘ May you have a cairn for your burial-place ! ’ ”

On the shoulder of the hill lies a pleasant pool of water, known as Dunsappie Loch. From this point the summit of Arthur's Seat may easily be gained by the route which the Queen took in 1842.

Through the Queen's Park the tourist may proceed to Duddingstone Loch and the village of

DUDDINGSTONE.

On his way he passes the Echoing Rock, and a fine section of basaltic cliff, popularly called Samson's Ribs. To the left extends a narrow defile leading to the Hunter's Bog; on the right the eye travels over a vast extent of pleasant country to the Pentlands and the Moorfoot Hills, the

middle ground being picturesquely occupied by the ivy-mantled ruins of Craigmillar Castle. Nearer at hand lie the wooded grounds and mansion of the Duke of Abercorn.

The loch measures about a mile and a quarter in circumference, and is tenanted by various species of aquatic fowl. On the north-eastern side spread the gardens and plantations of Duddingstone House, the residence of the Dowager Countess of Morton.

In the village the only objects of interest are the house which sheltered Prince Charles Edward the night before the battle of Prestonpans; and the church, which is a building of great antiquity, containing a very beautiful semicircular chancel arch.

About half a mile to the east are Cauvin's Hospital, built in 1813, for the board and education of twenty boys, and the handsome villas of the hamlet of Duddingstone Mills. A mile further, on the road to Musselburgh, stands Easter Duddingstone.

The parish also includes the flourishing watering-place of Portobello, distant about two miles; and the village of Joppa. It measures $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length from Arthur's Seat to the sea; and from Salisbury Green on the west, to

the point where a brook called Magdalene Burn flows into the Firth, $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles. The greatest breadth is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles; its least, about 800 yards.

The living of Duddingstone was held from 1805 to 1840 by the Rev. John Thomson, so justly celebrated as a landscape-painter. An agreeable sketch of his life and genius was contributed by Alexander Smith to an early number of "The Argosy;" and we extract from its pages the following vivid description of the scenery among which Thomson's genius flourished and was developed:—

In May, he says, passing along the Queen's Drive in a south-easterly direction, you see Duddingstone Loch beneath you, with its stunted and pollard willows, whitey-green in the wind, its banks and promontories of rushes, its dozen swans reduced to the size of water-lilies, its cloud-shadows crossed by the trail of low-flying teal.

Proceeding some twenty yards or so, you come in sight of the little village itself, and note its gray, low-roofed, Norman-like church, its scattered houses, the garden slopes behind, and the interstices filled with plum and apple-blossom; its yellow-faced inn, in which tradition mumbles Prince Charles slept the night before the battle

of Prestonpans,* or else the night after; and the swiftly-growing woods beyond, stretching towards Portobello and the sea. As you look down upon it from the Drive, 'tis a mere toy-village, breathing soft smoke pillars, breathing fruit-tree fragrance. The quietest place in the whole world, you would say; not a creature to be seen in the little bit of a street visible; silent as Pompeii itself; motion only on the lake when the coot shoots across its surface, or when a swan, in thrusting its long neck under water, tilts itself upward in its preposterous fashion. And this little clachan of twenty or thirty houses is walled, like a Babylon or Nineveh; not one on which six chariots could race abreast—a wall strictly proportioned to modest pretensions.

Descending on Duddingstone, you find it retired, low-lying, sunshiny, umbrageous, a place in which, in summer, you may expect plenty of dust in the narrow streets, plenty of drowsy bees around the double-flowered white

* The truth is, that the Prince spent the night of the 19th of September 1745 at Duddingstone, in whose neighbourhood his small army lay encamped; and that on the following day he marched, by way of Musselburgh, Inveresk, and Tranent, to Prestonpans. The battle was fought on the 21st.

and purple stocks in the gardens, plenty of flies buzzing in the sunny parlour windows. You see the old low-roofed Norman-looking church—several centuries old, some portions of it, antiquaries say—with its pointed windows and flagged roofs; the churchyard heaped and mounded with generations on generations of village dead; the rusty “jougs”—an iron collar in which malefactors did penance of old—hanging on the churchyard wall near the gate of entrance, with its “louping-on stane,” well-worn by the hob-nails of dead farmers. Near the church is the manse, in which the minister-painter lived, looking out with all its windows on the lake; on ivied Craigmillar, in which Queen Mary dwelt; on the low hills of Braid, over which Marmion rode, on which Fitz-Eustace

“Raised his bridle hand,
And threw a demivolte in air,”

in sight of the old Edinburgh of the Jameses, smoke-swathed; and beyond, on the lovely undulating line of the Pentlands, stained, as in these bright days, with the white uprolling vapour of the heath-burnings.

Duddingstone is the prettiest place in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh in summer; and it is, if possible, still

more worth seeing about Christmas. Then the swans are of course gone, the chestnuts have lost their broad drooping fans, and have donned their strange snow draperies; from out the frosty blue, white Arthur's Seat looks down on the little village. At that season Edinburgh flocks Duddingstonwards. Pedestrians and carriages stand along the margin of the loch, carriages and pedestrians move slowly along the Queen's Drive above. The lake itself is crowded as Vanity Fair; skaters shoot hither and thither, while in a carefully preserved circle members of the Edinburgh Skating Club go through the most graceful evolutions, and intertwist with each other in the prettiest loops and chains. At a little distance the curlers are busy, their faces red with exercise, their eyes bright with excitement, the on-lookers stamping their chilled feet in the snow, and attempting to breathe a little warmth into their frost-bitten fingers. Everywhere, on great belts of slides, people are working their arms like awkward windmills. Here skims a skate-shod Diana—fleet hunters of men; yonder, in a sleigh driven by admirers, sits a lady en-

veloped in furs. Past your ear whizzes a shinty ball, and down upon you in hot pursuit thereof comes, with a noise like a troop of wild horses, a horde of young fellows, each armed with a cudgel, a long-haired Highlander leading the charge, as Murat was wont to do, several lengths in front. The Highlander is up with the ball, as he turns on it his foot slips, and in a moment the crowd are over him. There is a general *mêlée*, and then out of the crowd, and in an opposite direction, spins the ball, another fellow leading the pursuit now, the eager crowd streaming behind him like a comet's tail. So around Duddingstone the seasons come and go.

[If, at the top of the hill above Duddingstone Church, the tourist turns to the right he may return to Edinburgh *viâ* the Dalkeith road, an agreeable route; or he may ascend to Craigmillar Castle, interesting from its associations with Queen Mary, and the beautiful view commanded from its summit; or he may continue his ramble to Liberton, easily recognized at a distance by its conspicuously situated church-tower.]

CALTON HILL.

We have already described the view from Calton Hill. Our present concern is, therefore, with the edifices that crown its summit.

On the south-west brow stands the Monument to Dugald Stewart, the eminent metaphysical writer and critic. It consists of a graceful open Corinthian cyclostyle of seven columns, enclosing a funeral urn, and surmounted by a domed canopy.

Nearer the roadway is situated the New Royal Observatory, built in 1818, in the form of a Greek cross, 69 feet in each direction. Either part is embellished with a hexastyle Doric portico, and the whole is surmounted by a central dome 13 feet in diameter. Adjacent is the Old Royal Observatory, a plain three-storied tower, dating from 1776.

Professor Playfair's Monument is a small square Doric edifice, designed by the professor's nephew, W. H. Playfair.

On a cliff further to the west rises the circular tower of Nelson's Monument. It stands on a massive octagonal

basement, and is surmounted by a circular turret, which supports a flag-staff and time-ball. From the top of the turret, 102 feet above the level of the hill, a singularly rich panoramic picture may be contemplated.

The monument was completed in 1815, the time-ball erected in 1852. It is raised and lowered daily at one o'clock, to regulate the clocks of the busy city and the chronometers of vessels in the Forth. Simultaneously it discharges, by means of electricity, a time-gun at the Castle, whose loud roar is heard for miles around.

The guns planted near this spot are Crimean trophies.

The National Monument, founded in 1822 by George IV., and designed by W. H. Playfair, in imitation of the Parthenon at Athens, is incomplete—only twelve columns, with basement and architrave, have been erected.

This beautiful classic structure, even in its unfinished condition, cannot but give pleasure to the cultivated eye. It is in strange contrast to the heavy and ungainly tower which rises just above the shoulder of the hill. "With front nobly looking to the eliff," says Christopher North.

“over a den of dwellings seen dimly through the smoke-mist, stands, sacred to the Muses, an edifice that might have pleased the eye of Pericles! Alas, immediately below, one that would have turned the brain of Palladio! Modern Athens, indeed! Few are the Grecians among thy architects—those who are not Goths are Picts; and the king himself of the Painted People designed Nelson’s Monument.”

Calton Hill is one of the best points from which a stranger can appreciate the peculiar beauties of position that have made Edinburgh what it is. He can there learn to sympathize with the affection of Scotchmen for their noble capital. The following extract from the truly Scotch writer already quoted, will not seem too rhapsodical if read on the green summit of the Calton:—

Weigh all its defects, designed and undesigned, and is not Edinburgh a noble city? Arthur’s Seat! how like a lion! The magnificent range of Salisbury Crags, on which a battery might be built to blow the whole inhabitation to atoms! Our friend here, the Calton, with his mural crown! Our Castle on his cliff! gloriously hung round with national histories along all his battlements!

Do they not embosom him in a style of grandeur worthy, if such it be, of a “City of Palaces”?

“Ay, proudly fling thy white arms to the sea,
Queen of the unconquered North!”

How near the Firth! Gloriously does it supply the want of a river. It is a river, though seeming, and sweeping into, the sea, but a river that man may never bridge; and though still now as the sky, we wish you saw it in its magnificent madness, when, brought on the roarings of the stormful tide,

“Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began.”

Coast cities alone are queens. All inland are but tributaries. Earth’s empyre belongs to the power that sees its shadow in the sea. Two separate cities, not twins—but one of ancient and one of modern birth—how harmoniously, in spite of form and features characteristically different, do they coalesce into one capital! This miracle, methinks, is wrought by the spirit of Nature on the world of Art. Her great features subdue almost into similarity a whole constructed of such various elements; for it is all felt to be kindred with those

guardian cliffs. Those eternal heights hold the double city together in an amity that breathes over both the same national look, the impression of the same national soul. In the olden time the city gathered herself almost under the very wing of the Castle; for in her heroic heart she ever heard, unalarmed but watchful, the alarms of war, and that cliff, under Heaven, was on earth the rock of her salvation. But now the foundation of that rock, whence yet the tranquil burgher hears the morning and the evening bugle, is beautified by gardens that love its pensive shadow, for it tames the light to flowers by rude feet untrodden, and yields garlands for the bowers of perpetual peace. Thence elegance and grace arose; and while antiquity breathes over that wilderness of antique structures picturesquely huddled along the blue line of sky—as Wilkie once finely said—like the spine of some enormous animal, yet all along this side of that unriveted and mound-divided dell now shines a new world of radiant dwellings, declaring, by their regular but not monotonous magnificence, that the same people whose “perfervid genius” preserved them by war unhumbled among the nations in days of darkness, have now drawn a strength as invincible from the beautiful

arts which have been cultivated by peace in the days of light.

So far John Wilson, who, in his time, was one of the “lions” of the Scottish capital, and in whose enthusiastic love of it even the stranger and the Southron, standing on green Calton’s summit, may haply sympathize.

THE CASTLE.

During the day the Castle looks down upon the city as if out of another world; stern with all its peacefulness, its garniture of trees, its slopes of grass. The rock is dingy enough in colour, but after a shower its lichens laugh out greenly in the returning sun, while the rainbow is brightening on the lowering sky beyond. How deep the shadow which the Castle throws at noon over the gardens at its feet where the children play! How grand when giant bulk and towery crown blacken against sunset!—ALEXANDER SMITH.

From whatever point of view you look down upon Edinburgh, the Castle and its rock become the central attraction and focus of the picture—to which everything else seems naturally to converge, as all the thoughts and feelings of a poet’s song gather towards one predominant and overmastering motive. It would be difficult to

exaggerate its effect in an artistic sense, so great is the dignity, so sublime the depth, which it lends to the scene; but undoubtedly it owes a portion of its influence to what we may call its moral and intellectual conditions—to the contrast which it visibly and perpetually embodies between the common-place present and the romantic past—to the strange associations of legend and history, of old chivalrous times and of men and women whom we are also accustomed to regard as chivalrous, which it evokes from the shadows of dim centuries, like the shapes that flit across a magic mirror.

All the history of Edinburgh is more or less intimately connected with the Castle.

A fort is supposed to have covered its dark massive ridge even in days anterior to the Christian era. In the fifth century it was in the possession of the Caledonian chieftains, or *reguli*; and from 452 until the reign of Malcolm II., it was the prize for which Lowland Scots and Northumbrian Saxons fiercely contended. It received its present designation from Eadwin, one of the Northumbrian kings who rebuilt and strengthened it about 626. The great battle of Dun-nechtan, or Nechtans-mere, May 20, 685, in which Egfrid the Northumbrian was

slain, relieved the Lowlands once more from foreign domination, and established the Tweed as its boundary.

A village afterwards grew up around the Castle, and as early as 854 seems to have been in a flourishing condition. It was created a royal burgh by David I., who also founded the Abbey of Holyrood, and licensed its monks to erect the suburb of Canongate. He probably resided in the Castle, which, however, must have been a comparatively inconsiderable fortalice, owing all its importance to its strong natural position. As Mr. Burton observes, there was nothing then in Scotland, or for generations to come, like the White Tower of London, or the Keep of Windsor.

Such as it was, it continued to afford a much-needed shelter to the Scottish Kings—to Alexander I., David I., Malcolm IV., Alexander II., William the Lion, Alexander III., and subsequent sovereigns—during many years of storm and disaster. In 1296 it was captured by Edward I. "He attacked the Castle," says Mr. Burton, "setting up, as we are told, three engines, which pelted it day and night for a week before the place was taken." Meanwhile, he held his court in the Abbey of Holyrood.

The Castle remained in the hands of the English until

retaken, seventeen years later, by Randolph, Earl of Moray. Robert Bruce dismantled it; Edward Baliol ceded it to the English; in 1337 it was refortified by Edward III., "malleus Scotorum;" and in 1341 once more recovered for the Scotch by Sir William Douglas, the "Black Knight of Liddesdale."

Edinburgh may now be considered to have become the recognized capital of Scotland. It was burnt in 1385 during an English invasion, but speedily grew again in prosperity, as the Castle, owing to improved fortifications, was better able to afford it protection. During the imprisonment of James I. in England it suffered materially, though it contributed a large sum towards the payment of his ransom. Here James II. spent his minority, and here he was crowned, and throughout his reign it was the recognized seat of his government. James III. found it a defensive position against his rebellious nobles, and afterwards they converted the Castle into a prison for their conquered king. "He remained," says an old chronicler, "in the Castle of Edinburghe as captive, and had certaine lordis in companie with him that took hold on him and kepted him in the said Castle, and served him and honoured him as ane prince aucht to be in all

things." It was also the residence of the debonnaire James IV., who mustered on the Borough Moor, outside the city, the superb army which he led to the slaughter of Flodden.

Edinburgh was burnt in 1542 by an English army, who landed at Leith; and plundered in 1547, by the victors from the field of Pinkie. It was menaced and captured by the great army of the Congregation in 1559-60; and afterwards became the seat of the Parliament which decreed the abolition of Popery and the establishment of the Reformed religion.

In 1561, the city witnessed the superb pageant of Queen Mary's entry. She took up her abode, however, at Holyrood, and left the gloomy Castle to its garrison. We need not here recapitulate the dark story of her misdeeds and misfortunes. After her imprisonment on Loch Leven, her partisans, under Kirkaldy of Grange, seized upon the Castle, and held it for a considerable period against the Protestants; but the latter, receiving military assistance from Queen Elizabeth's Government, eventually gained possession of it.

The next great event in its history was its capture by Cromwell after the victory of Dunbar; and the last, its

occupation by the Highland army of Prince Charles Edward, who, in 1745, kept his state at Holyrood Palace.

Edinburgh Castle, though still maintained under the provisions of the Act of Union, has long ceased to possess any importance as a fortress, and now mainly serves as a barrack, and certain purposes of State pageantry. The entrance to it is through a palisaded barrier. The visitor then crosses a drawbridge, which spans a dry moat, and passing batteries on either side, proceeds along a narrow causeway to a long vaulted archway of no particularly imposing appearance. The structure surmounting it was originally a battery, but was afterwards raised in height, roofed over, and converted into a State prison, where the great Marquis of Argyle was at one time confined.

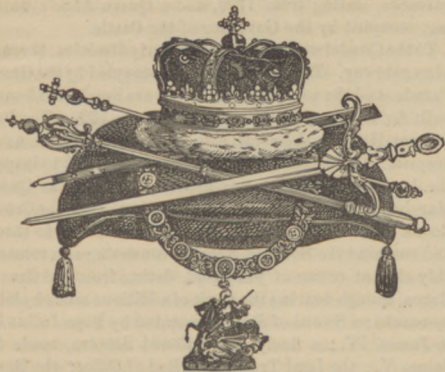
Beyond the archway, facing northward, is the Argyle Battery, mounted with twelve guns.

Further on, at the north-west angle, are situated the Armoury, and a low range of barrack-buildings. The former contains a very fine collection of weapons and military trophies, and is capable of storing 30,000 stand of arms. On the site of an ancient sally-port in the rear stands a bastion of modern erection. And on still higher ground, westward, stands another and loftier range of

barracks, dating from 1796, and a Queen Anne's building, occupied by the Governor of the Castle.

To the Citadel we proceed in an easterly direction, through a low gateway. The southern part is occupied by the Grand Parade, and the south and east sides are lined with houses built for King and Parliament anterior to 1620. The Parliament Hall, on the south side, has long been used as an hospital. On the east side, the visitor is invited to inspect the low, small, and gloomy apartment known as Queen Mary's Room, in which James VI. was born; and the Crown Room. The latter is open from half-past eleven to three, and contains the Scottish Regalia, consisting of a remarkably elegant crown of pure gold, dating from the time of Bruce, though bearing the mark of additions made by later monarchs; a Sword of State, presented by Pope Julius II. to James IV.; a finely proportioned Sceptre, made for James V.; the Lord Treasurer's Rod of Office; the Royal Jewels, bequeathed by the last of the Stuarts (Cardinal York) to George IV.; the Order of the Garter, presented by Queen Elizabeth to James VI.; the Badge of the Thistle of the same monarch; and the Coronation Ring of Charles I.

On the eastern front of the Citadel stands the Half-Moon Battery, mounting 14 guns. It was constructed in 1574.



REGALIA.

On its site anciently rose the massive pile of King David's Tower, built in the time of David II. It contained a noble Gothic hall, and was forty feet in height, but in the siege of 1572 was utterly destroyed.

On the loftiest edge of the northern cliff is situated the

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King's Bastion, formerly mounted as a bomb-battery, but recently dismantled, and now containing only that remarkable specimen of mediæval ordnance, the great gun called Mons Meg. It measures twenty inches in the bore, and is composed of long pieces of hammered iron, held together by coils of iron hoops. James IV. employed it, in 1497, at the siege of Norham Castle; and it was rent in 1682, when firing a salute to the Duke of York (afterwards James VII.). From an inscription on its carriage, it is supposed to have been forged at Mons, in 1486.

St. Margaret's Chapel (renovated 1853), the oldest ecclesiastical building in Edinburgh, and said to be the smallest in Scotland, was the private oratory of Margaret, Queen of Canmore, who died in 1093. It has the mouldings and the ornamental capitals characteristic of the Norman architecture.

We have already described the principal features of the view which the castled rock* of old Dunedin commands. We have also alluded briefly to the principal points of interest in the streets radiating from it. But

* The Castle covers an area of about six acres; and the rock on which it stands is, at its highest point, 300 feet above the vale below, and 283 feet above the sea.

the great thoroughfare which bears the names, successively, of the Lawnmarket, High Street, and Canongate—through which we must now proceed on our way to Holyrood—has so many associations of importance, that we venture to place before the reader the eloquent passage in which they are skilfully brought together by the author of "A Summer in Skye," and "Edwin of Deira"—a poet and a prose writer of considerable excellence:—

"From a historical and picturesque point of view, the Old Town is the most interesting part of Edinburgh; and the great street running from Holyrood to the Castle—in various portions of its length called the Lawnmarket, the High Street, and the Canongate—is the most interesting part of the Old Town. In that street the houses preserve their ancient appearance; they climb up heavenward, story upon story, with outside stairs and wooden panellings, all strangely peaked and gabled. With the exception of the inhabitants, who exist amidst squalor, and filth, and evil smells undeniably modern, everything in this long street breathes of the antique world. If you penetrate the narrow wynds that run at right angles from it, you see traces of ancient gardens. Occasionally the original names are retained, and they touch the visitor pathetically, like the scent of long-withered flowers. Old armorial bearings may yet be traced above the doorways. Two centuries ago fair eyes looked down from yonder window,

now in the possession of a drunken Irishwoman. If we but knew it, every crazy tenement has its tragic story; every crumbling wall could its tale unfold. The Canongate is Scottish history fossilized. What ghosts of kings and queens walk there! What strifes of steel-clad nobles! What wretches borne along, in the sight of peopled windows, to the grim embrace of the 'maiden!' What hurrying of burgesses to man the city walls at the approach of the Southron! What lamentations over disastrous battle days! James rode up this street on his way to Flodden. Montrose was dragged up hither on a hurdle, and smote, with disdainful glance, his foes gathered together on the balcony. Jenny Geddes flung her stool at the priest in the church yonder. John Knox came up here to his house after his interview with Mary at Holyrood—grim and stern, and unmelted by the tears of a queen. In later days the Pretender rode down the Canongate, his eyes dazzled by the glitter of his father's crown; while bagpipes skirled around, and Jacobite ladies, with white knots in their bosoms, looked down from lofty windows, admiring the beauty of the 'Young Ascanius,' and his long yellow hair. Down here of an evening rode Dr. Johnson and Boswell, and turned into the White Horse. David Hume had his dwelling in this street, and trod its pavements, much meditating the wars of the Roses and the Parliament, and the fates of English sovereigns. One day a burly ploughman from Ayrshire, with swarthy features and wonderful black eyes, came down here and turned into yonder churchyard to stand, with cloudy lids and forehead reverently bared, beside

the grave of poor Fergusson. Down the street, too, often limped a little boy, Walter Scott by name, destined in after-years to write its 'Chronicles.' The Canongate once seen is never to be forgotten.

"It is avoided by respectable people, and yet it has many visitors. The tourist is anxious to make acquaintance with it. Gentlemen of obtuse olfactory nerve, and of an anti-quarian turn of mind, go down its closes and climb its spiral stairs. Deep down these wynds the artist pitches his stool, and spends the day sketching some picturesque gable or doorway. The fever van comes frequently here to convey some poor sufferer to the hospital. Hither comes the detective in plain clothes on the scent of a burglar. And when evening falls, and the lamps are lit, there is a sudden hubbub and crowd of people, and presently from its midst a couple of policeman and a barrow with a poor, half-clad, tipsy woman from the sister island crouching upon it, her hair hanging loose about her face, her hands quivering with impotent rage, and her tongue wild with curses. Attended by small boys, who bait her with taunts and nicknames, and who appreciate the comic element which so strangely underlies the horrible sight, she is conveyed to the police cell, and will be brought before the magistrate to-morrow—for the twentieth time perhaps—as a 'drunk and disorderly,' and dealt with accordingly. This is the kind of life the Canongate presents to-day—a contrast with the time when the tall buildings enclosed the high birth and beauty of a kingdom, and when the street beneath rang to the horse-hoofs of a king."

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HOLYROOD PALACE AND ABBEY.

The approach to this famous spot traverses the area of what was once a royal garden—Queen Mary's Garden—and the *locale* in her time of a lion's den. The richly ornamented Fountain which occupies the centre was raised in 1859. Its highest tier is embellished with statuettes of four ancient Canongate heralds; its central, with figures of Rizzio, Queen Elizabeth, the old town drummer of Linlithgow, Lady Crawford, the Earl of Stair, Queen Mary, Sir John Cope, and Arabella of France; and the lowest, George Buchanan stabbing the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Sussex, Edward I., Oliver Cromwell, Shakspeare, and eleven others,—a heterogeneous assemblage, formed on no ascertainable principle of selection, but fairly conceived and executed. Though not a work of "high art," the Fountain has a sufficiently handsome appearance.

Holyrood Abbey was founded by David I. in 1128.

It was denominated "Monasterium Sanctæ Crucis de Crag,"—that is, the Monastery of the Holy Rood, or Cross, of the Craig; an allusion to its position near the rocky cliff now called Salisbury Crag. The miraculous

circumstance which, it is said, determined the pious king to erect on this site his new foundation is thus detailed by Mr. Burton :—

As the legend goes, King David had gone a hunting into the forest of Drumsheuch, on which stand Charlotte Square and other parts of western Edinburgh. The day was the commemoration of the Exaltation of the Cross. The king followed his sport in defiance of the solemn admonition of his confessor—and, of course, something was to come of his so doing. He followed, unattended, a stag, which stood at bay and would have done him deadly injury, but a sacred relic—a fragment of the true cross—at the moment miraculously slid into his hands, and the furious animal vanished.

This marvellous rescue was enacted “quhare now springis the Rude Well.” On the following night King David was admonished by a vision “to big an abbay of Channonis Regular in the same place quhare he gat the croce.” Its possession of such a relic necessarily insured its sanctity, and attracted to it crowds of pilgrims; for though the legendary account was a comparatively late invention, there was enough in the authentic history of the relic to influence the imagination of the devout. It

was a certified fragment of the true cross—preserved in a shrine of gold or silver gilt—which had been brought from Palestine by St. Margaret, and bequeathed by her as a sacred legacy to her descendants and their kingdom. When it was removed to England by Edward I., in 1296, its loss was regarded by Scotland as only inferior to that of the Stone of Destiny, which now adorns the coronation-chair of our British Sovereigns. The rood was afterwards restored to Scotland, but was again lost at the battle of Neville's Cross in 1346.

The Abbey received an increase of revenue from William the Lion, and was endowed with much wealth and many privileges by successive monarchs, until it became one of the most important religious houses in the kingdom. During Richard the Second's invasion, it narrowly escaped destruction; being only saved by the active interposition of Henry of Lancaster, “who had formerly, in the time of his necessity, found a refuge there, when he fled from the ferocity of the boors.” As it grew in prosperity and increased in extent, we may reasonably conclude that its interior accommodations were rendered worthy of the noble and royal guests whom it was called upon to entertain. James I.

and his queen resided under its roof, when public affairs compelled them to visit their capital; and James III., until driven from his asylum by armed treason. As a consequence of these royal visits, a Palace began to rise in connection with the Abbey; some say, as early as the reign of James IV., for the marriage of that prince with Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England, is said to have been celebrated in "the Palace of Holyrood."

Both Palace and Abbey were destroyed by the English army, under the Earl of Hertford, in 1543—only the magnificent Gothic church escaping the flames. The Palace, however, was speedily rebuilt. In its new form it consisted of five courts, of which the western and outermost was the largest. This, on the east, was skirted by the Palace-front, occupying the same space as the present façade, and also extending further in a southerly direction. The next court was identical in site with the present inner court, and was lined with buildings. On the south stood smaller courts, similarly surrounded; and on the east, a fifth court, which opened upon the Chapel Royal.

The Palace Gardens were of very considerable extent,

and enclosed Arthur's Seat and Duddingstone Loch. In the immediate vicinity of the Palace was the lion's den, already spoken of; into which, after the murder of Rizzio, the Earls of Atholl, Bothwell, and Huntly escaped from an upper window.

A considerable portion of the new Palace was destroyed by Cromwell's soldiers in 1650, but was ordered to be restored after the re-accession of Charles II. The present stately, but somewhat gloomy edifice, was then erected by Sir William Bruce. The beautiful Abbey Church was also repaired and embellished to serve for a chapel-royal; but Mass having been celebrated here in the reign of James II., the enraged populace, regarding it as a place accursed, wreaked their fury upon it after the downfall of the Stuart dynasty.

In the history of the Palace, however, the principal events are those connected with Mary Queen of Scots. Her apartments were on the second floor, and her bed is still pointed out in one of them. The embroidery on the chairs was wrought by the hands of herself and her maids of honour. Outside the door of the chamber, the large dusky spots in the floor are said to have been occasioned by Rizzio's blood. It was here the unfortunate



HOLYROOD PALACE.

Italian was despatched by the daggers of Ruthven, Darnley, and their partisans.

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The gallery is filled with a numerous series of ill-painted pictures, humorously described as portraits of the Scottish kings. It is, however, a noble chamber, measuring 150 feet in length, 27 feet in breadth, and 18 feet in height.

Holyrood Palace, in its present condition, forms an open quadrangle, chiefly of Grecian character. The only ancient portion is the northern projecting wing of the front range. Each wing of the main façade is three stories high, and projects about 40 feet; the façade is only two stories high. The inner court forms a square of 94 feet by 94 feet. Its elevations are divided into an arcade-piazza basement, and second and third stories, in the styles, respectively, of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders.

The ruined Chapel consists in the main of a fragment of the ancient nave (which measured 148 feet in length, and 66 feet in breadth), and of a wall built by the early reformers across the east end to adapt it to the forms of Protestant worship. The most noticeable portions are the exquisite Norman cloister-doorway, on the south side; the richly sculptured arcade which ornaments the face of the tower: and the decorated gateway of the western front.



INTERIOR OF HOLYROOD CHAPEL.

In a vault beneath the south aisle lie the remains of David II. ; James II., his Queen, Mary of Gueldres ; the third son of James IV. ; James V., his Queen, and second son, the Duke of Albany ; and Lord Darnley, the husband of "Mary Queen of Scots."

There are some curious memorials in the vicinity of Holyrood. A small and quaint octagonal tower is known as Queen Mary's Bath. Nearly opposite, but within the enclosure, stands the Dial, surmounting a series of steps. The Free Church, by the Abbey, occupies the site of David Rizzio's residence. The Horse Wynd perpetuates by its name the remembrance of the royal mews.

About half a mile south-west is St. Leonard's Hill, so named from a chapel and hospital that long ago disappeared. A cottage on the east brow, overlooking the Queen's Drive, is generally identified with the residence of Davie Deans, as described in Scott's "Heart of Mid-Lothian."

HERIOT'S HOSPITAL.

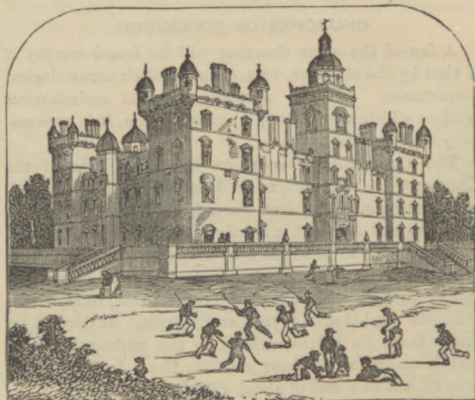
George Heriot, the old Scotch jeweller and goldsmith, and the occasional confidant of James VI., has been in-

mortalized by Sir Walter Scott in his "Fortunes of Nigel." No biographer could have done for him what the great novelist has done—could have rescued his name and memory from oblivion, and brought him bodily, as it were, before the "mind's eye" of millions.

In his banking and trading career he accumulated a large fortune, which he devoted to the foundation of a noble charity—the Hospital for the education and maintenance of 180 boys, that rears its quaint turrets and lofty roofs in an open park between Lauriston and Grassmarket. Notwithstanding some architectural defects, it is an imposing and palatial structure, surrounding a noble quadrangle, 162 feet each way in the exterior, and rising three and four stories high. The chapel, 61 feet by 22 feet, is a graceful adjunct; and internally, is beautifully enriched.

Heriot's Hospital was begun in 1628, and completed in 1653, at a cost of £30,000. It was designed by Inigo Jones. The windows, however, which number 213, and are most fantastically moulded and sculptured, can never have been "born of the genius" of that able and original architect.

The hospital funds not only maintain this superb



HERIOT'S HOSPITAL.

establishment, but eight large free day-schools, in various parts of the city, with an aggregate attendance of about 3000 children.

CHURCHES OF EDINBURGH

A few of the older churches will be found worthy of a visit by the stranger, on account of their archæological importance. To the numerous elegant ecclesiastical edifices which have sprung up of late years, it is unnecessary to direct his attention.

The *Canongate Church*, on the north side of the Canongate, is a cruciform building, with nave, chancel, and transepts, dating from the reign of James II. In an architectural sense, it is chiefly noticeable as an example of what ought to be avoided by every true lover of art.

At the intersection of High Street by the North and South Bridges stands the old *Tron Church*, conspicuous with its semi-Gothic façade and steeple. It derived its name from its neighbourhood to the ancient Tron, or public scales for weighing merchandise. In 1637-63, it was rebuilt at a cost of about £6000.

St. Giles's Cathedral is the oldest ecclesiastical edifice in Edinburgh, though the exact date of its erection is unknown. It stands on the north side of Parliament Square. Originally, it was a Gothic cruciform edifice, 206 feet in length, and 129 in breadth; but it was re-

stored, and greatly modified, in 1830. Its central tower, 161 feet in height, is decorated with rich open stonework, and crowned by four arches with a small central spire.

The earliest mention of this stately pile occurs in 1359. In 1466 it was made a collegiate church. In 1565 it was the scene of the spirited declamations of John Knox. From 1633 to 1638 it was used as an Episcopal cathedral, and it was here that Janet Geddes flung her stool at the officiating minister's head, in her wrathful resentment at the enforced use of the liturgy in the church. Its principal memorials are those of the great and good Regent, the Earl of Murray; the chivalrous Marquis of Montrose; and Napier of Merchiston, the inventor of logarithms.

The interior of the eastern portion, or High Church, was renovated in 1872-75.

Old and New Greyfriars' Churches, in Candlemaker Row, were erected in 1612 and 1721,^r respectively. In their cemetery reposes the dust of many Scottish worthies — George Jameson the painter, Principal Robertson, Dr. Blair, Allan Ramsay, and Henry Mackenzie. "This church," as Dr. Robert Chambers remarks, "will ever

be memorable as the scene of the signing of the Covenant; the document having first been produced in the church, after a sermon by Alexander Henderson, and signed by all the congregation, from the Earl of Sutherland downward; after which it was handed out to the multitudes assembled in the kirkyard, and signed on the flat monuments, amidst tears, prayers, and aspirations which could find no words—some writing with their blood! Near by, resting well from all these struggles, lies the preacher under a square obelisk-like monument; near also rests, in equal peace, the Covenant's enemy, Sir George Mackenzie."

St. John's Episcopal Church, at the corner of Princes Street and Lothian Road, is a splendid specimen of Decorated English. Its tower is 120 feet high; is embellished with finely moulded windows, and crowned by ornamented pinnacles.

St. Mary's Cathedral Church, at west end of Melville Street, erected from designs by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, at a cost of £115,000. Its noble spire rises to a height of 275 feet.

CIVIL EDIFICES.

The Royal Exchange, in High Street—to which we

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have already referred—was begun in 1753, and completed in 1761, at an expense of £31,457.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE

Nearly opposite is the Parliament House, 1631-1640, forming the south and west sides of Parliament Square. It is 133 feet in length. Its large hall, now known as the Outer House of the Court of Session, was formerly occupied by the Scottish Parliament. It is a noble apartment, 122 feet by 49 feet, with a fine arched roof of oak.

In the centre of the Square stands the equestrian statue of Charles II., a few feet east of the spot where (marked by a simple bronze plate lettered with the initials J. K.), in 1572, was deposited the body of the great Scottish Reformer; the Regent Morton pronouncing over the grave his brief but just and memorable requiem: "Here lieth a man who in his life never feared the face of man."

The Register House, at the east end of Princes Street, is an imposing edifice in the classic style, founded in 1774, and principally built from the designs of Robert Adam. It forms a square of 200 feet each way. There are two stories; and in the centre a small quadrangular court, surmounted by a graceful dome.

The Sheriff Court House is a new and commodious building on George the Fourth Bridge.

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ROSLIN CASTLE.

ROSLIN is situated about eight miles to the south of the city, on the banks of the North Esk. No place in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh is better worth

the visitor's pilgrimage, on account of its proximity to scenes of the most varied and rural character, and of its possession of two interesting memorials of past times in its ruined castle and magnificent chapel.

The *Castle* was anciently the property of the St. Clairs, Earls of Caithness and Orkney, and was probably founded by William de St. Clair, who, about the year 1100, obtained from Malcolm Canmore the lands of Rosslyn.

The *Chapel* stands on the crest of an eminence between the castle and the village. It was founded in 1446 by William St. Clair, Earl of Orkney and Lord of Roslin. The building is quite unique, and singularly elaborate and curious in its carvings; the most exquisite piece of workmanship and the most interesting portion of the chapel is the famous "Prentice Pillar."

Hawthornden Ho se, formerly the residence of the poet Drummond, is situated in the midst of the most beautiful and romantic scenery. It stands on the summit of a bold precipice that overhangs the south bank of the river Esk. Beneath the mansion are several remarkable artificial caves hollowed out of the

solid rock, connected with one another by long passages, and possessing access to a deep well, sunk from the courtyard of the house.

DRIVES FOR THE STRANGER.

I. Princes Street; Waterloo Place; Calton Hill; Regent Road; Abbey Hill; HOLYROOD ABBEY and PALACE; Queen's Park and Drive; Meadow Bank; London Road; Norton Place; Leopold Place; Blenheim Place; Royal, Carlton, and Regent Terraces; the High School; Waterloo Place; Princes Street.

II. Princes Street; St. John's Episcopal Church; Lothian Road; Castle Terrace; King's Bridge; Johnstone Terrace; Victoria Hall; Castle Hill; Castle Esplanade; THE CASTLE; Castle Hill; Lawnmarket; County Hall; ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL; Parliament Square; PARLIAMENT HOUSE; High Street; Royal Exchange; Tron Church; Nether Bow; JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE; Canongate; Holyrood; Abbey Hill; Regent Road; Princes Street.

III. Princes Street; Register House; North Bridge; South Bridge; Royal Infirmary; THE UNIVERSITY; Nicolson Street, Surgeons' Hall; Clerk Street; Hope Park; Melville Drive; Meadow Walk; New Royal Infirmary; George Heriot's Hospital; George the Fourth Bridge; Bank Street, North and

South; the Mound; Art Galleries; Royal Institution; Princes Street.

IV. Princes Street; St. Andrew Street; St. Andrew Square; George Street; Charlotte Square; Hope Street; Maitland Street; Coates Crescent; Haymarket Railway Station; Osborne Terrace; Donaldson's Hospital; Colt Bridge; Blackhall; Murrayfield; Craigleith Quarry; Dean Bridge; Randolph Cliff; Lynedoch Place; Randolph Crescent; Great Stuart Street; Ainslie Place; Moray Place; Darnaway Street;

Heriot Row; India Street; Royal Circus; Howe Street; Great King Street; Dundas Street; Queen Street; St. Andrew Street; Princes Street.

V. Princes Street, east; Leith Street; Leith Walk; Leith; Constitution Street; Bernard Street; Commercial Street; Seafield; Newhaven; Trinity; Wardie; Granton; the Hotel; Granton Road; Inverleith Row; BOTANIC GARDENS; Canonmills; Broughton Street; York Place; St. Andrew Street; St. Andrew Square; Princes Street.

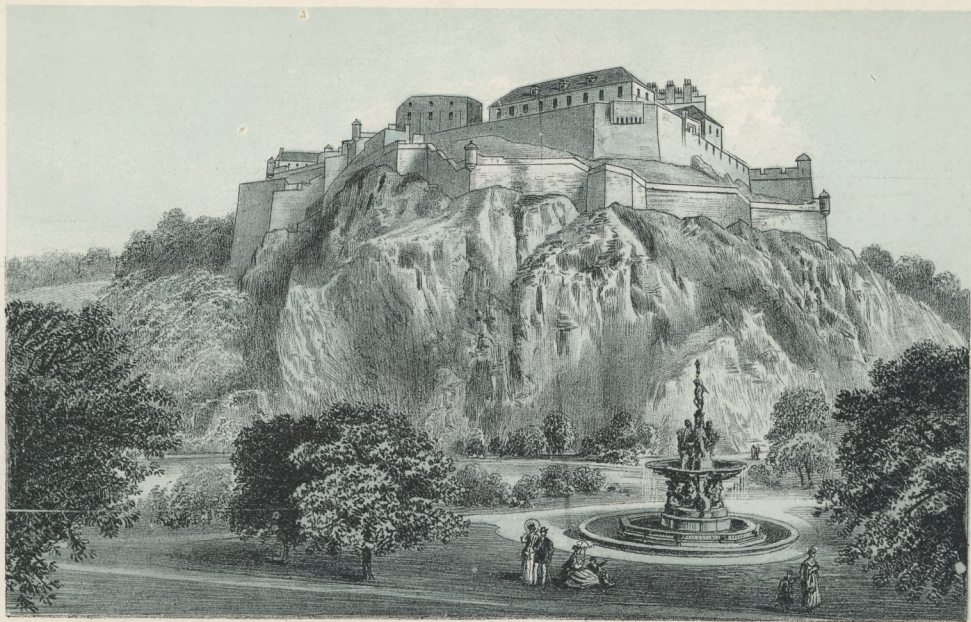




THE ALBERT MEMORIAL - EDINBURGH

A-47/1





THE CASTLE & WEST PRINCES ST GARDENS - EDINBURGH

A. 47 1/2





GEORGE STREET - EDINBURGH

A.4713

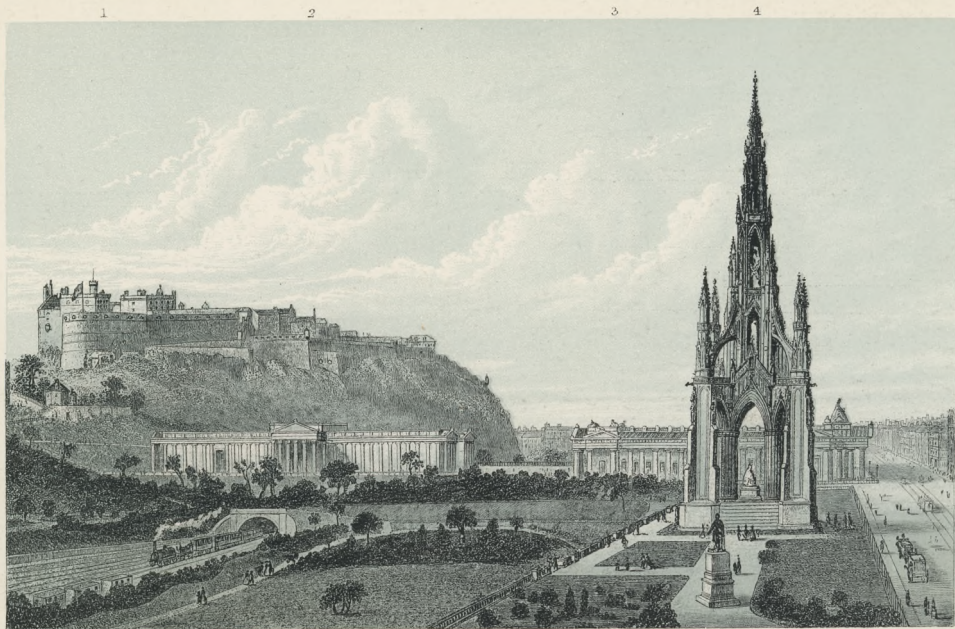




PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH - FROM THE WEST END

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EDINBURGH CASTLE FROM PRINCES ST GARDENS.

1 Castle

2 National Gallery

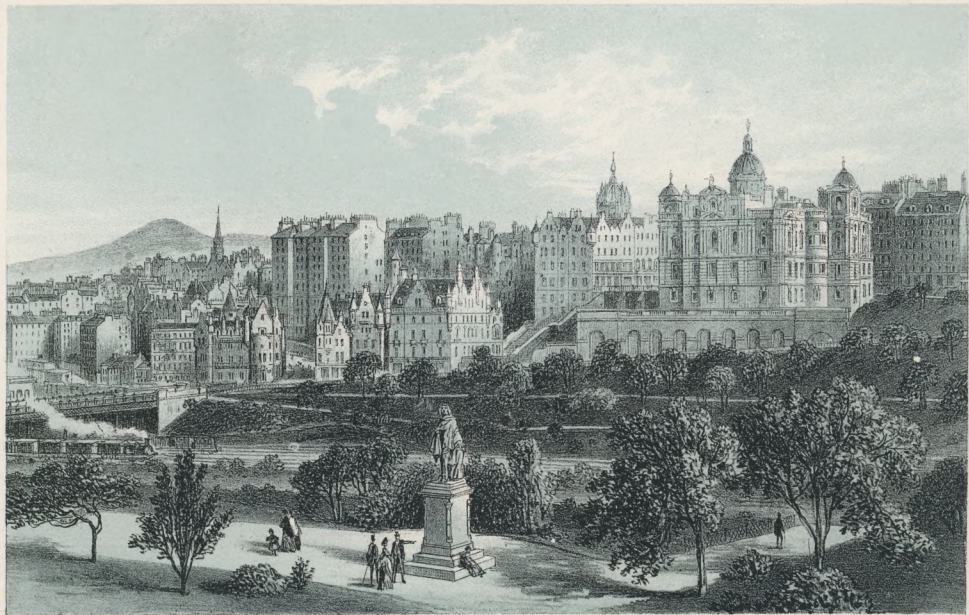
3 Royal Institution

4 Scott Monument

5

A.47/5





THE OLD TOWN FROM PRINCES STREET GARDENS - EDINBURGH.

A47/6





POST OFFICE, REGISTER HOUSE, WATERLOO PLACE & CALTON HILL - EDINBURGH.

A-47/7





THE CALTON HILL — EDINBURGH

7

A.47/8



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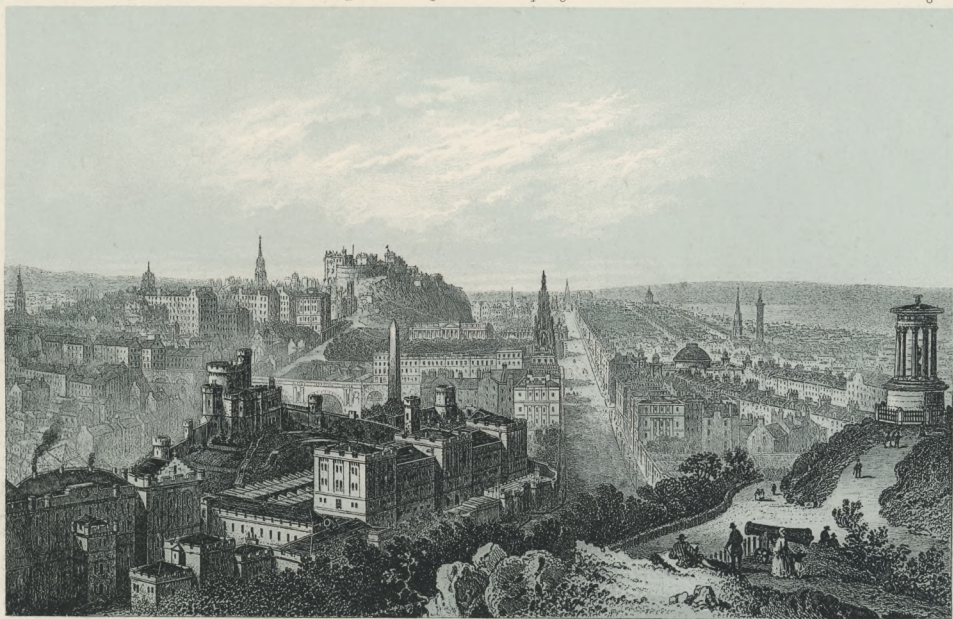
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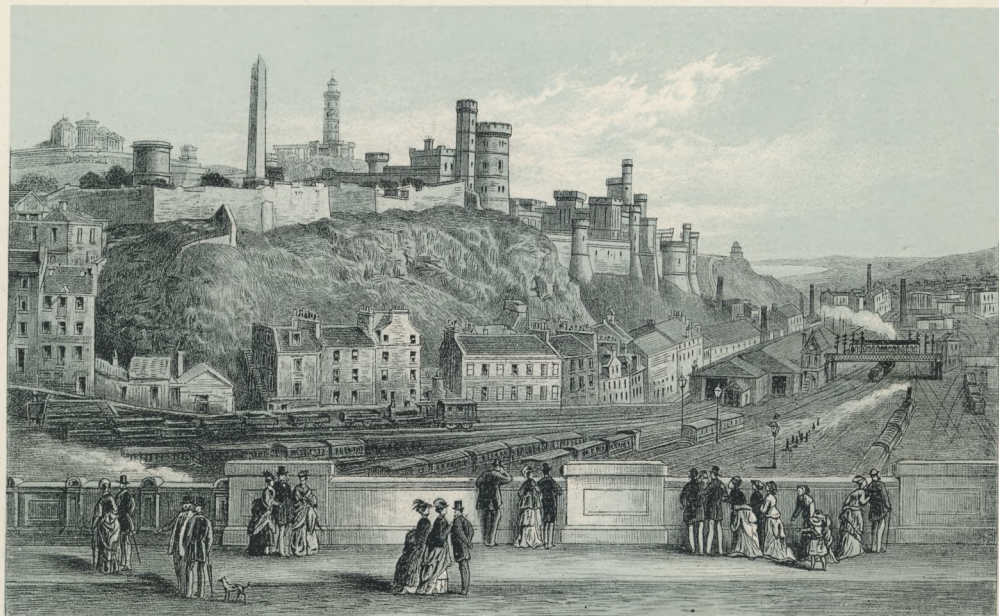


EDINBURGH FROM CALTON HILL.

1st Giles' Church. 2 Castle. 3 National Gallery. 4 Scott Monument. 5 Princes Street. 6 Dugald Stewart Monument.

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THE CALTON HILL FROM THE NORTH BRIDGE — EDINBURGH

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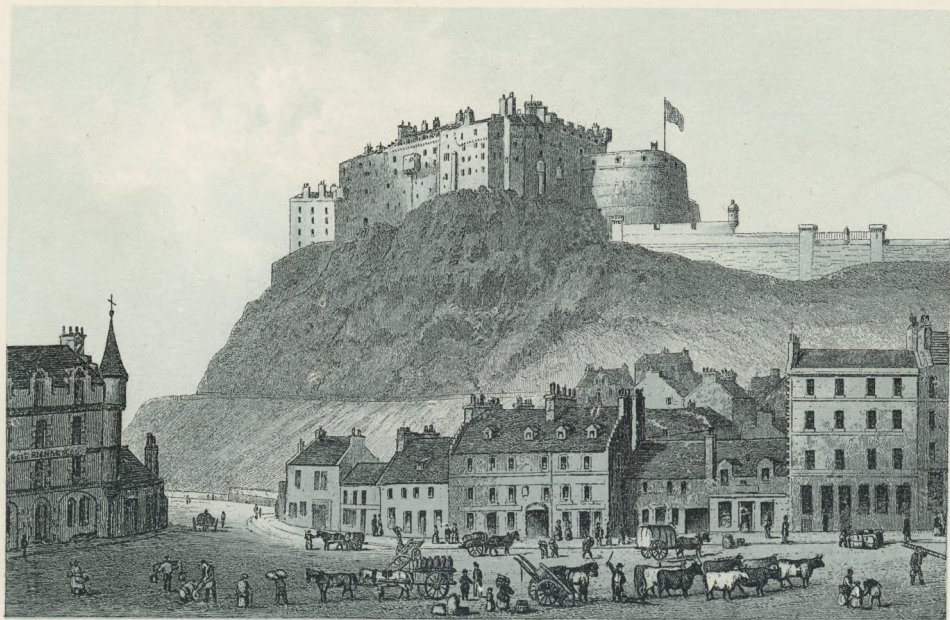


THE NEW TOWN FROM THE CASTLE — EDINBURGH.

- 1 Princes Street 2 Firth of Forth 3 Fife Coast 4 Calton Hill

A. W. F. M.





EDINBURGH CASTLE FROM THE GRASSMARKET.

M

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HIGH STREET AND ST GILES' CHURCH.

1 John Knox's House 2 Tron Church 3 St Giles' Church 4 Law Courts

12

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JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE & THE CANONGATE - EDINBURGH.

A.47/17

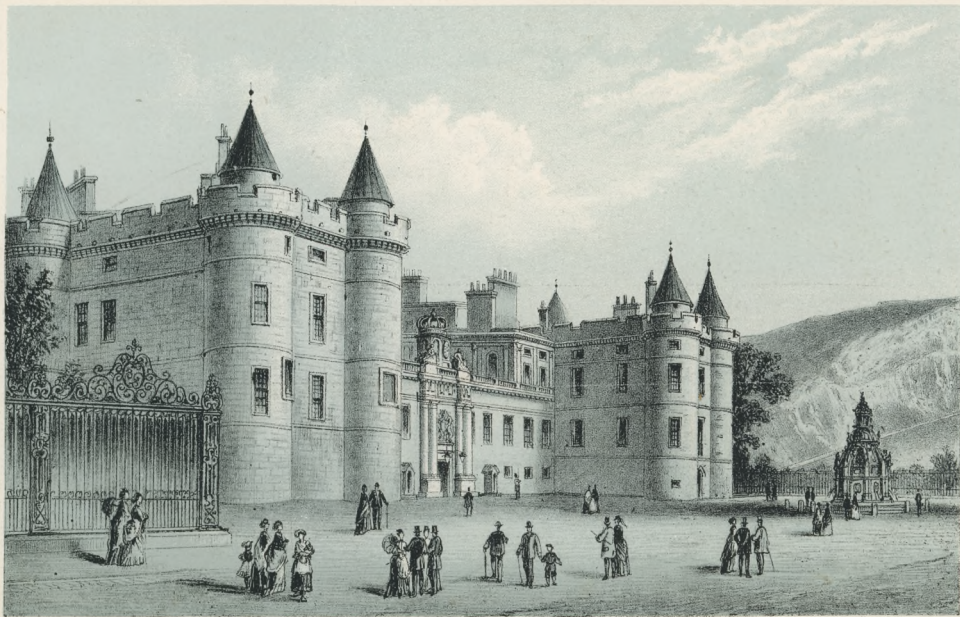




THE TOLBOOTH AND CANONGATE — EDINBURGH

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HOLYROOD PALACE - EDINBURGH.

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HOLYROOD CHAPEL - EDINBURGH

A 47/17





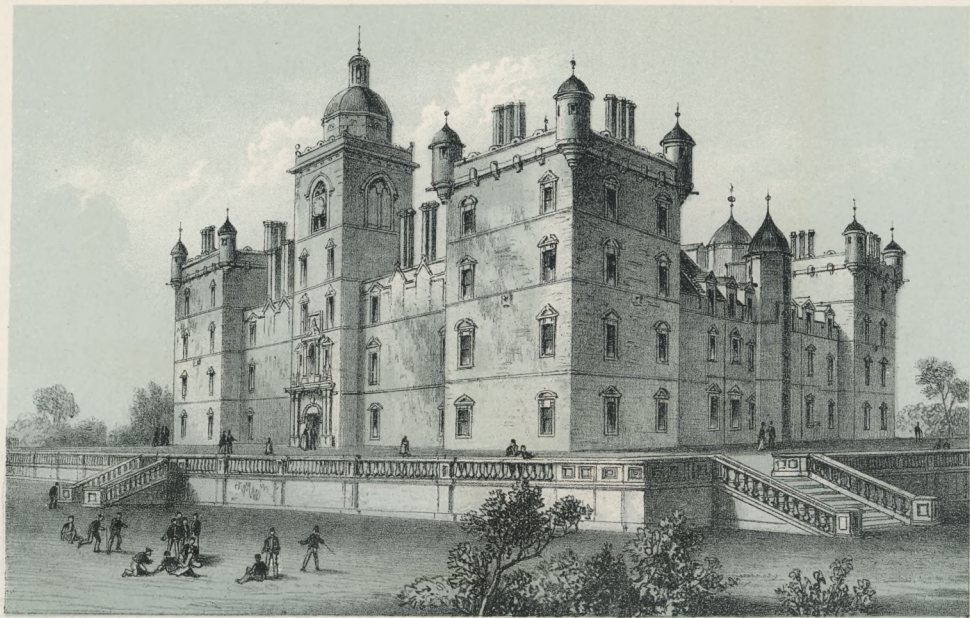
HOLYROOD PALACE & ARTHUR SEAT.

1 Arthur Seat. 2 Salisbury Craigs

71

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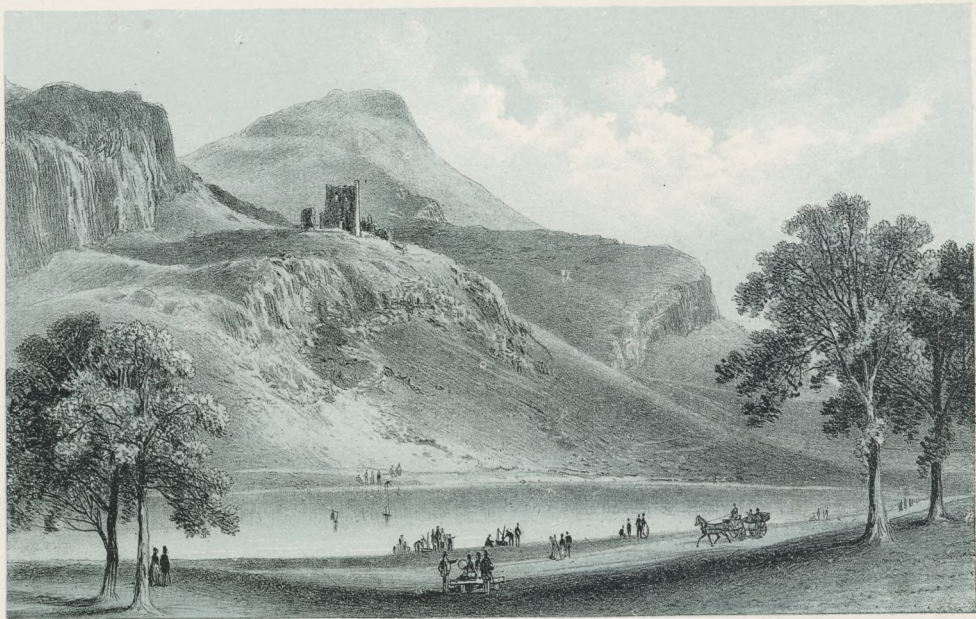




HERIOT'S HOSPITAL - EDINBURGH.

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ARTHUR SEAT AND ST ANTHONY'S CHAPEL - EDINBURGH.

A.47/20



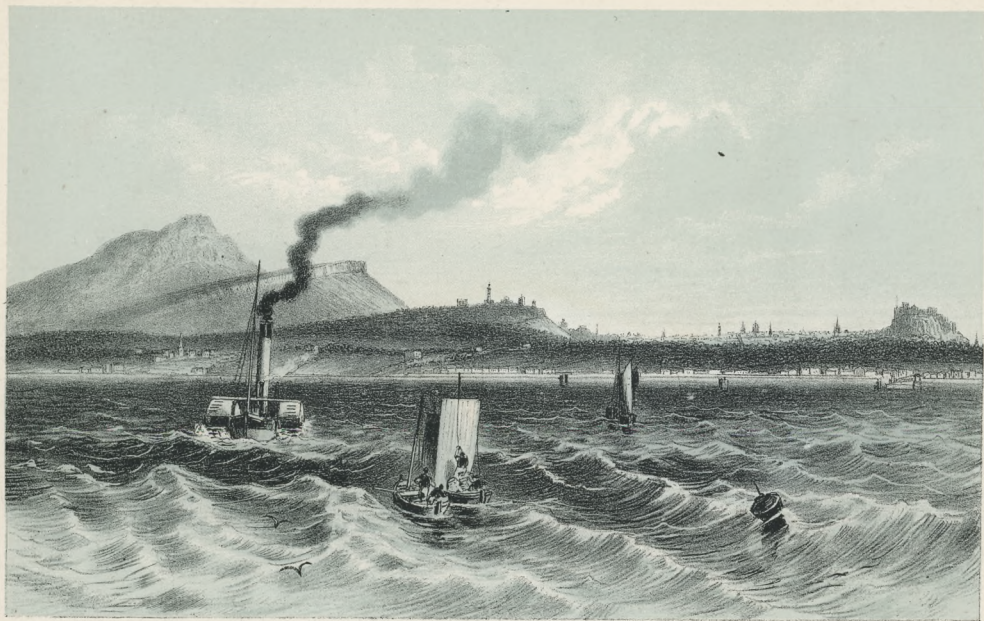


EDINBURGH FROM ARTHUR SEAT

20

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EDINBURGH FROM THE FIRTH OF FORTH

21

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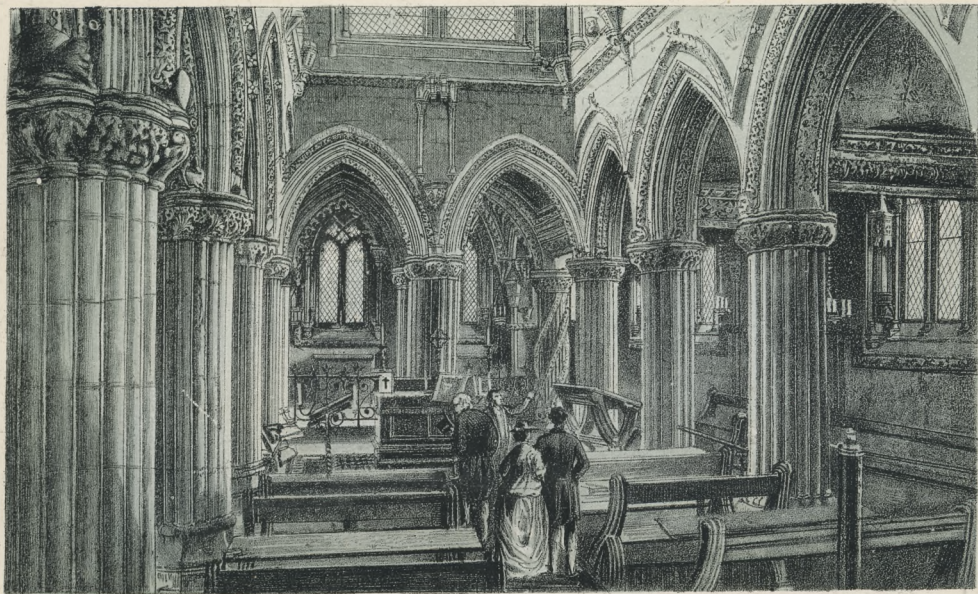


ROSLIN CHAPEL — EXTERIOR.

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ROSLIN CHAPEL — INTERIOR

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