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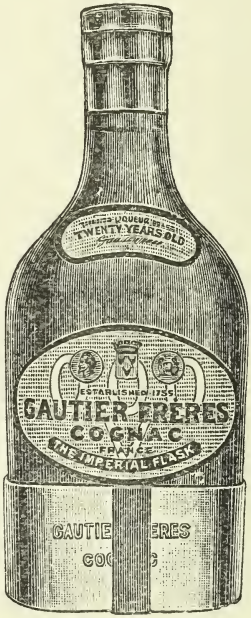

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TO

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ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1910

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INTRODUCTION

The Scottish capital stands upon a hilly site in the county of Midlothian, stretching down almost to the shore of the Firth of Forth. The population, including Portobello, amounts to 325,659, to which should be added that of Leith, municipally but not visibly independent, making a total of a little over 400,000. A great increase has taken place in the last half-century; and Edinburgh goes on expanding round the Old Town and its Castle, the ancient nucleus of this modern prosperity.

Edwin's Burg seems to have been originally the seat of that Northumbrian king, the Forth being the southern boundary of Scotland in the days of the Heptarchy. In the 11th century Malcolm Canmore won it for the Scottish kingdom, which was able to keep its independence against the Norman conquerors. When southern claims of suzerainty had been finally repulsed, Edinburgh became a safe residence of the Stuart kings, the more so during the Wars of the Roses that kept English armies busy at home. James II. surrounded it by a wall, some traces of which are yet to be seen, and he may be considered the first of his line who established himself here, though Stirling still at times harboured both King and Parliament, and Linlithgow was the Versailles of the later Stuarts. The Abbey of Holyrood, founded by David I., was turned into a palace; and the borough of Canongate, beside it, grew to be part of the older city, which gradually acquired its definite position as the capital.

Towards the end of last century Edinburgh took a fresh development in the New Town, the plans for which were drawn up about 1770, and carried out on an orderly method that even to our own day has checked the vagaries of individual caprice.

The architecture of the New Town has been abused as a grand opportunity thrown away by false taste; but the result is at least a remarkable symmetry, which, along with the classical style affected in public buildings here, forms a contrast to the mediæval irregularity of the older portions. The whole makes up that strongly-characterised combination of natural and artificial beauties, in right of which Edinburgh ranks high among the choice cities of Europe, invested too, as it is, with a glamour of poetic and historic interest by his genius who has so widely sung the fame of "mine own romantic town."

For its own sake, and for the sake of Sir Walter Scott, Edinburgh is visited by thousands of tourists yearly, who often go away without finding out the charm of its precincts and environs, themselves worth coming a long way to see. It is almost surrounded by parks, for the most part of great natural beauty. The grounds of the Calton Hill, the Queen's Park, the breezy Braid Hills and Blackford on the south, Bruntsfield Links, and the spacious Meadows, the fine Public Park beyond Stockbridge, the Botanic Gardens,—all these offer means of exercise and recreation such as are not enjoyed by any other large population. There is no great city, so far as we know, unless it be Philadelphia, which has so fine scenes of wild nature at its very doors. Arthur's Seat, that most striking eminence, with its girdle of cliffs and lakes, looks down over the streets, from which it may be ascended in a short hour. Within a couple of hours' walk are the Pentland Hills, a miniature mountain district of stern features. Better known to strangers are the favourite excursions to Roslin and Hawthornden, and that to the Forth Bridge by Lord Rosebery's park at Dalmeny. On the other side of the Firth lies Aberdour, one of the prettiest of bathing places. All round Edinburgh, indeed, or half hidden within its recent growth, there are fine walks and views which might occupy a month's holiday.

The railway communications of Edinburgh are not the least of its advantages. Among the long excursions that can be made by their help in a single day are those to Stirling, to the Trossachs, to Loch Long and Loch Lomond, to Loch Earn and Crieff, to Perth or Dunkeld, to Aberfeldy and Loch Tay, to St. Andrews, to the Falls of Clyde, to Peebles, Melrose, or Moffat, and to other scenes of the Borders as well as the

Highlands. One could even leave Edinburgh early in the morning, and be back late at night after spending a short time in Belfast, reached by a swift steamer from Ardrossan. Trips on the Clyde may be taken from Helensburgh, Gourock, or Greenock, a couple of hours off by rail. Excursion steamers from Leith, also, make it easy to visit the islands and watering-places of the Forth and the adjacent coast. Coaches run almost hourly in summer to the points of the neighbourhood most visited by tourists. So many are the attractions of Edinburgh, and so great its facilities for travelling farther afield, that, if they only knew it, the strangers who often put themselves to such expense and discomfort in making a Scottish tour at the crowded season, might do better by settling themselves here and taking trips to some of the most beautiful parts of Scotland, as can be so conveniently done, when they have exhausted the charms of the capital and its immediate neighbourhood. We know how more than one party who have tried the experiment came back in surprise that they never thought of it before while rushing from one overcrowded hotel to another. Edinburgh hotels are thronged in August; but in lodgings temporary tenants would then be as welcome as the flowers in May. Farther on we have given some practical hints for seeking such accommodation, which could be had cheaper here than at a second-rate watering-place.

In the holiday season, when Edinburgh is deserted by the upper class of its inhabitants, why should it not be sought as a pleasant change by the inhabitants of more grimy cities or less inspiring scenes? It may seem strange to mention the capital of Scotland as a health resort; yet, when one comes to think of it, "Auld Reekie" has more claim to this extra title than many less famous places which flourish in full reputation for gay and picturesque salubrity. The fact is, that had Edinburgh not been a great city, it might well be a Clifton or a Scarborough, and its ancient dignity need not be allowed to overshadow its other merits. To begin with, the climate is airy and bracing, notoriously rather too much so at most seasons, but the sea-breezes cool the heat of summer, and the moderate rainfall is soon carried off on the sloping streets. Practically it stands on the sea, the shore being hardly farther from the centre of Edinburgh than from some parts of Brighton. By train or

car one can run down at any hour to Portobello, where are sands, donkeys, crowds, bathing-machines, pleasure-boats, and ornamental pier to satisfy the most fastidious Margateer. A cable tram carries one from Princes Street most of the way to Granton, or to Trinity, noted for its public and private baths. There used to be here a Chain Pier for the use of swimmers, but this was destroyed in 1898. At Craiglockhart, a mile or so from the outskirts of the town, there is a first-class hydropathic establishment, nestling under the wild scenery of the Pentland Hills. Nor is mineral water wanting, if that be desired. In the valley of the Water of Leith, below the stately mansions of Moray Place, a sulphurous spring may be found dispensed in a little classical temple that elsewhere would pass for a creditable pump-room, though many citizens of Edinburgh, perhaps, know nothing about it. Bands play frequently in one or other of the parks; and the public gardens, well laid out, with a splendid view of the Castle on its crag, are unrivalled of their kind. There is no want of theatrical and other performances. Then, as we have shown, few cities are so well off for coach, steamboat, and railway excursions.

The weather is, indeed, a weak point, apt to prove somewhat ungenial, as may be expected so far north and on our ungenial east coast. But this "gray metropolis" is not always shrouded in mist, and those who come in for halcyon days here are indeed to be envied. The proverbial uncertainty of our climate makes it difficult to promise anything on this head. The spring and early summer are apt to be very trying through the cold east winds. June and September are often brighter and dryer than the intervening months, which sometimes turn out wet and broken; then this coast not seldom rejoices in a fine autumn. Our own experience of midsummer has usually been favourable.

At the end of July occur the "Trades' Holidays," when the Bank Holiday crowding of English towns is here packed into three or four days that make going about the neighbourhood rather a trial to the fastidious. Earlier in the month comes the "Glasgow Fair," a more prolonged period of Saturnalia, during which strangers may be warned to avoid the Clyde. The crush which takes place on northern railways about the 12th August should also be borne in mind by travellers not seeking the shrines of St. Grouse.

The two chief industries of the Scottish capital are of a very different character, brewing and distilling on the one hand, printing on the other. Out of the same fountain here come forth sweet and bitter,—that which debases and that which instructs and ennobles. The great Scottish publishing firms have of late years shown a tendency to gravitate towards London, as the centre of distribution; but more than one still has its head-quarters in the north; and Edinburgh can boast some of the largest and best printing establishments in the kingdom. By its University, moreover, and its schools, it is eminently a place of education. No town, except Bedford, has such munificent educational endowments, so rich indeed as to be almost an embarrassment. The western suburbs contain a group of palatial institutions, at one time serving as charity schools of the "Hospital" type. Some quarter of a century ago, through the action of the Merchant Company, part of these endowments were diverted to middle-class education by the establishment of secondary day schools. That known as *George Watson's*, with more than 1600 boys, is believed to be the largest in the country, while two separate schools for girls, on the same and another foundation, together accommodate some 2000 pupils; and at the west end of the town Daniel Stewart's College for boys has undergone a like transformation. The fees at these Merchant Company's Schools range from 12s. 6d. to 2 gs. a quarter, except in the senior division of the Ladies' College in Queen Street, where they run a little higher. About the same time another endowment, left by Sir William Fettes to aid the children of necessitous families, was used for building a sumptuous pile, turned *per saltum* into a boarding school of the highest class on the model of the English public schools, which only in the course of generations have come so far from the intention of their pious founders. The High School of the city, formerly nurse to so many distinguished Scotsmen, and the Edinburgh Academy that for the greater part of our century took the leading place, have both, like the many private schools of Edinburgh, suffered much from competition against huge endowments, stimulating them, however, to a higher standard of excellence.

The result is that Edinburgh offers a wide choice of excellent first and second grade schools, which, along with the general

amenities of the city, bring many strangers with large families and not too large nor yet too small means, to settle here instead of at resorts like Bath or Cheltenham. Glasgow, proud of its size and wealth, is apt to be jealous of Edinburgh's distinction and dignity; but not a few men, carrying on business in the western city, prefer to make their home nearer the Forth than the Clyde. Retired officers, Anglo-Indians, and the like, find congenial society in Edinburgh, which in more than one respect is not such an expensive place of residence as others of the same rank. These various classes help to fill the pleasant suburbs, still growing on almost every side of the Old and New Town. Now that territorial magnates no longer make a resort of the Scottish capital, its aristocracy is mainly formed by the chiefs of the legal and medical professions, and by the staff of the University, so that society here takes an intellectual tone, not unflavoured by a certain pride of caste, which would suggest to American visitors a comparison with another city built upon hills by the sea, that also sets itself up as a Modern Athens.

The general outlines of Edinburgh are easily traced. It forms, roughly speaking, a square of from two to three miles, built upon hilly ground, with suburbs that on the north side straggle down to the open shore of the Firth of Forth, here several miles wide, while on the south they are shut in by a chain of picturesque heights. A valley, once in part filled by water, now laid out as gardens that hide the railway so offensive to some æsthetic souls, divides the Old and the New Town. The latter has of late years swollen out on the west side into a quarter that is the most fashionable if not the most interesting part of the city; on the east it runs into its seaport Leith, and stretches towards the bathing-place of Portobello. Beyond the Old Town, on the other side of the spacious park known as the *Meadows*, what might be called the newer town has sprung up, the open residential district colloquially spoken of as the "South Side," where the suburbs of *Newington* on the east, and *Morningside* and *Merchiston* on the west press close to the foot of the hills, now indeed begin to climb them along the great southern roads. The climate of the south-western valley is a degree or two milder than that of the exposed north side, which makes Morningside a favourite quarter, though its name, from a certain institution

once prominent here, long had the same associations in the vulgar mind as *Charenton* to a Parisian, or *Colney Hatch* to a Cockney ear. Merchiston is also extending itself to the west, where it looks down upon a huge excrescence from the west end proper, which under the name of *Dalry* forms a thickly-populated working-class suburb.

The old "New Town," as it might now be called, is distinguished by its plan, as regular as that of an American city; while the solid and simple structure of its mansions gives it dignity, and the sloping site, with the gardens displayed among its streets, helps to take off any effect of monotony. The Old Town is more marked by picturesque irregularity. But a glance at the map will show how easy it is to find one's way all over Edinburgh, the main thoroughfares being so well marked and so clearly related to the central line of *Princes Street*, which forms the frontage of the New Town, and in or about which are situated most of the hotels frequented by strangers, with the two chief railway stations at one and the other end of it. This, then, will be the starting-point of our explorations. Princes Street runs east and west, a point useful to bear in mind, as we shall frequently follow the Scotch custom of indicating direction by the points of the compass.

Edinburgh's chief points of interest happen to be arranged so conveniently for guide-book purposes, that we can conduct our reader to them by a series of walks in much the same order as they seem likely to excite his curiosity, at once making him acquainted with the city and with its lions. We shall thus work our way through the central group of celebrated spots, then extend our researches to the environs, and finally, for those who have time to spare, indicate the choicest excursions to be made in the vicinity. The task of description may here be prefaced by various heads of the practical information most required by strangers.

Railways.—There are three main routes from London to Scotland.

(1) The *East Coast* route from King's Cross Station, by the *Great Northern*, *North-Eastern*, and *North British* railways, through Newcastle, arriving at *Waverley Station*, Edinburgh.

(2) The West Coast route of the *London and North-Western Railway* (Euston Station), continued from Carlisle by the *Caledonian* line, arriving at *Princes Street Station*.

(3) The *Midland* line (St. Pancras Station) which, at Carlisle, joins the *North British* "Waverley" route to arrive at the *Waverley Station.*

The trains by the last-mentioned line are not quite so fast as the others ; but, to make up, they are sometimes not so crowded, and this line on the whole is the most picturesque. The East and West routes rival each other in point of speed, their fastest trains doing the journey in about 8 hours. The fares by all three are the same, tourist return tickets being given at a considerable reduction—£2 : 10s., third class, between Edinburgh and London. All have morning, mid-day, and evening expresses in either direction, the best trains with corridor and dining cars, both 1st and 3rd class ; and there is sleeping accommodation on the night trains. The L. and N.W.R. alone keeps up the old division into 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class, which will be found on through trains ; else, the so-called second class is almost extinct in Scotland. The trains of this line are decidedly the best for reaching Glasgow and some points of Western and Central Scotland. Those passing through Edinburgh for the east coast by the Forth Bridge route can use through tickets and avoid a change of station by arriving on either of the North British lines.

Steamers.—Different Steamboat lines ply between London and *Leith*, *Granton*, and *Grangemouth* (20 miles up the Forth), with railway connections to Edinburgh. Each company runs a good boat twice or thrice a week, doing the distance, weather permitting, in 30 hours or less. The saloon fares being a few shillings less than the railway 3rd class tickets, this is the cheapest way of travelling, especially if circumstances do not encourage expenditure for food on the voyage. Seasoned passengers, and those of a hopeful or speculative disposition, may contract with the steward for all their meals at a very reasonable rate.

The local pleasure steamboats will be dealt with under *Leith.*

Stations.—The two main stations are respectively at the east and west ends of Princes Street. The latter, known as the *Princes Street Station*, is the Edinburgh centre of the Caledonian Railway and its connections. The other is that of the North British Railway, known as the *Waverley*, which occupies a considerable space below the level of the east end of Princes Street, having been recently rebuilt and greatly extended in the process. Belonging to the North British Railway Company is an hotel, opened 1902, facing Princes Street ; this claims to be the largest hotel in Edinburgh. The *Princes Street Station* has also recently been enlarged and equipped with a commodious hotel which may be entered from the platforms.

Suburban Railways.—From the Waverley Station the *Suburban Railway* describes a wide circle round the south suburbs, touching Portobello and the hills shutting in the city on that side, and returning by *Haymarket* station at the West End in three-quarters of an hour or so to its starting-point. This line, however convenient for several quarters, can hardly be recommended to idle tourists, as it runs for the most part in deep cuttings with only an occasional peep of the fine scenery it traverses. The N.B.R. has a local line to Leith and the sea-side suburbs, as has the Caledonian from its station, whence also short branches run through the north-western and south-western suburbs to *Cramond*, *Colinton*, etc. The fine system of cable cars will, however, be found most advantageous for transit for short distances.

Tramways.—Beside the Waverley Station is the main ganglion of the tramway lines, by means of which it is possible to get to all parts of the city and to Leith, Portobello, etc. The system has recently been extended and greatly improved; the old circular route has been done away with, and the cars are now worked on the cable system. This is much more suitable than the use of horses in a city with so many steep ascents as Edinburgh. The best known and favourite drive by car is that to the Braid Hills, from which a view of the town can be seen, said to be the finest of the many fine ones. To reach this point of view, a walk of only five minutes from the tram terminus is necessary. Since the season of 1902 the cars have run on Sundays, though only half the number that run on week-days. The example of Glasgow in this respect no doubt stimulated Edinburgh, but the innovation came as a shock to many of the more conservative minds, who, however, by this time have doubtless recognised the value of the innovation. The cars bear their destination very plainly on their sides, and once any one has grasped the position of the more important suburbs he will be easily able to take the right car. In this, as in other respects, Edinburgh is a singularly easy place to find one's way about in.

Motor-Omnibuses.—The Scottish Motor Traction Company has now a good service of Motor-buses plying in all directions round Edinburgh. The motor-buses start from the Mound and Waverley Steps at frequent intervals for Roslin, Penicuik, Carlops, Forth Bridge, Cramond, Loanhead, Uphall, Dalkeith, Bonnyrigg, Newtongrange, Eskbank, Gorebridge, and intermediate places; a time-table which gives fares as well as hours of starting may be had for the asking from any of the conductors.

Coaches.—Yet another starting-point is to be found by the Waverley Station. Coaches so-called, but better described as *char-à-bancs*, start about every hour for the Forth Bridge, and others frequently for Roslin.

Cabs.—The cab fares are on much the same scale as in other cities, but begin at sixpence for driving two persons a short distance. No part of the city is beyond a 1s. 6d. or 2s. fare from either station. An extra payment is expected for night work, and on Sundays, when cabs are not always to be come by. Cabs may be hired at 2s. an hour for shopping, paying calls, etc.; 3s. an hour is the charge for taking a continuous drive. The cabmen of Edinburgh, as a class, compare favourably with those of London for honesty and civility, and the stranger who gives them an extra sixpence will find himself thanked. The charges for taxi cabs are high, being 1s. the first mile and 8d. each mile thereafter.

Porters.—The weather-beaten veterans, furnished with ropes and trucks for conveying luggage, who used to figure at Edinburgh street corners, seem to be vanishing like the "caddies" whom Smollett describes as in his day such an important and trustworthy corporation. At the railway stations, however, porters may still be found ready to accompany the traveller to his hostelry, which will often be so near as to make it hardly worth while taking a cab. Hotel omnibuses are unknown here, nor do hotel commissionaires attend the trains.

Money.—The use of gold has much increased of late years, especially in large towns; but the ordinary currency of Scotland is the £1 notes,

issued by the different Banks. Strangers must be careful to change these before recrossing the Border.

Hotels.—It is somewhat difficult to arrange and classify the hotels of Edinburgh. Roughly speaking, the first-class ones that lay themselves out for tourists are all in the line of Princes Street. We cannot undertake to discriminate between the merits of these, a task which in any case might prove vain, as it is too frequently the stranger's experience, in the height of the season, to be sent from one to another till vacant quarters are found. Guests arriving early in the day have a better chance than those who come by evening trains without having engaged rooms. All the hotels given in our first list are somewhat expensive, on the scale usual at tourist resorts—bedrooms with attendance from 4s. and 5s., *table d'hôte* dinners about 5s., and so on. Of these the *N.B.R. Hotel*, the *Caledonian Station Hotel*, the *Royal*, and *Balmoral* are all in Princes Street. The *Carlton*, which is large, is on the other side of the valley.

Other hotels where the charges would not be quite so high are the *Cockburn* (C. and Temp.); the *County*, in Lothian Road; the *Rutland*, Rutland Place; the *Roxburghe*, Charlotte Square.

Good Temperance Hotels are *Cranston's Waverley*, *Darling's Regent*, *New Waverley*, *Maitland*, and others. The principal commercial ones are the *George* in George Street, the *Imperial* in Market Street, and *Milne's*.

Of course those that are mentioned are only a tithe of the whole number, but are selected as representative of their respective classes. The charges in those mentioned in the last paragraph are reasonable enough; for example, from 5s. for bed and breakfast.

Among private hotels may be mentioned *M'Allan's*, 32 Melville Street, and *Queen's*, St. Colme Street. These formerly were rather temporary homes of a high class for *habitués*, but casual guests are by no means refused.

In the outskirts of the city are the *Braid Hills Hotel* (week-end terms 18s. 6d.) and the *Edinburgh Hydropathic* at Craiglockhart, both first class and finely situated; also the *Barnton Hotel* near Cramond Brig.

Restaurants of all kinds are not wanting. Many of the chief confectioners have excellent luncheon and tea rooms, as have also some of the drapers. The balcony at *Mackie's* overlooking Princes Street is much patronised. *M'Vitie's* is a formidable rival; also *Ferguson and Forrester*, known as *F. and F.* Refreshment rooms will also be found in the three great shops of Princes Street, *Renton's* and *Jenner's* at the east end, and *Maule's* at the west, as well as at the two railway hotels.

Baths.—The *Corporation Baths*, swimming and private, in Infirmary Street; Glenogle Road; and at Dalry, are excellent establishments; though cheap, not to be despised by the most fastidious. *Turkish Baths* in Princes Street (opposite the Mound); in Stafford Street (near the west end of Princes Street), and in Hope Street, Leith. *Sea bathing* can be had at Portobello, where there are also first-rate *Baths*. Edinburgh is ahead of London in having two flourishing *Bath Clubs* (the "Drumsheugh" and the "Warrender Park"), open of course to strangers only on introduction by a member.

Lodgings abound in Edinburgh, and, as already mentioned, will be found

most empty when the hotels are at their fullest; and they will usually receive strangers for very short periods. The best are in and about Melville Street, and the neighbourhood of the Caledonian Station. Less expensive ones may be looked for in the cross streets leading down from George Street, or in Albany Street and other quiet streets running parallel with the east end of Princes Street along the northern slope of the New Town. Still cheaper, and in some respects pleasanter quarters are vacated in the south suburbs during the absence of the University students. The recently-built suburban houses, even of a modest class, are more likely to have good bath-room accommodation, a weak point with some of the older dwellings. "Lodgings to let" are indicated here by a narrow projecting board like an arm of a guide post; and strangers must not be deterred by finding even spacious and well-furnished rooms situated up a "common stair," an arrangement frequent in Edinburgh, where a "self-contained house" is by no means indispensable to respectability, and "flats," single or double, have sometimes more accommodation than the "main-door" story over which they extend, while the houses are, as a rule, so solidly built, that the various occupants seldom disturb one another's privacy. Slight disadvantages of the flat system are the necessity of using two latch-keys, and for lodgers, of adding the landlady's name to their address.

THE NEW TOWN

Princes Street is one of the famous places of Europe, uns passed in its picturesque situation, at once chief thoroughfa street of business, promenade, and pride of the city. This sing line of hotels, clubs, offices, and shops, nearly a mile in leng faced by gardens and monuments, has been indeed marre some incongruities and affectations of architecture, which be more apparent from the other side of the valley. But lively bustle of its pavement, and the tempting display of shop windows give one little opportunity for dwelling on fa of detail that in the mass produce such a striking effect; th nothing could be finer than the overhanging edge of the Old Town opposite, with its many-storied buildings, ancient and modern, crowned by the venerable pile of the Castle, looking down on the green garden slopes. The sight of these tall "lands," at the back of High Street, when their countless windows begin to twinkle out in the twilight, is one not easily forgotten; and neither the Hradschin of Prague, nor the high perched city of Constantine in Algeria, to which it is sometimes compared, has a more romantic aspect than this "storied height, lying gray in sunshine," or even when shadowed by the cloud of smoke that makes "Auld Reekie's" characteristic atmosphere. From the Old Town, in turn, there is a fine view of the long and straight but varied frontage of Princes Street, the tops of its gigantic hotels gay with flags, among which the Stars and Stripes are well represented in the tourist season; while by night it displays a line of electric lamps, gleaming beneath the star-like illumination above.


PLAN of EDINBURGH
FIRTH OF FORTH
CRAMOND HARBOUR
GRANTON
NEWHAVEN
LEITH
LEITH LINKS
ROYAL BOTANIC GARDEN
INVERLEITH PUBLIC PARK
STOCKBRIDGE
CALTON HILL
DOCK'S LODGE
KING'S PARK
DUDDINGSTON
NEWINGTON
GRANGE
MERCHISTON
MORNINGSIDE
BLACKFORD HILL

General Post Office

[Entrance for all general business through the great hall facing north, parcels on the side by the bridge. Sunday delivery, on application, from 8 to 9 A.M.]

We might be expected to take the Castle first as the capital of Edinburgh; but it seems more practical to begin with the **Post Office**, a handsome Italian building which stands at the east end of *Princes Street*, occupying the site of the old Theatre Royal at one corner of the *North Bridge*. The huge new North British Station Hotel, with its dominating clock-tower, has transformed the aspect of this part of the street. The North Bridge leads to the Old Town, over the railway; and the stranger who expects to see a river here must understand that the "Bridges" are rather viaducts spanning depressions of ground.

The Register House, depository for the public records and registers of Scotland, faces the Post Office, the open space between suggesting the Mansion House heart of the City of London as a central point of communication, though here tramways take the place of omnibuses. In front of this building is an equestrian bronze statue of the Duke of Wellington by Sir John Steell; and on the wall may be consulted meteorological instruments and reports displayed for public information. The steeply descending street at the north-east corner is the main road to Leith.

The early Scottish records suffered from a series of misfortunes, some having been carried off and destroyed by Edward I., and others by Oliver Cromwell. Some of the latter were returned at the Restoration, but one of the vessels by which they were sent, with its contents, was lost at sea. The Earl of Morton, who was Lord Register of Scotland in the reign of George III., has the merit of suggesting a suitable building for the preservation of these national documents, and he succeeded in obtaining a sum of £12,000 from the proceeds of forfeited estates for its erection, which was commenced in 1774. The Lord Clerk-Register and Keeper of the Signet is at the head of the establishment, which includes various offices, such as those of the Lords Commissioners for Teinds; the clerks and extractors of the Court of Session, the Jury Court, and Court of Justiciary; the Great and Privy Seal; the Registrar-General; and the Lyon King-of-Arms. The principal building was designed by Robert Adam. It forms a square of 200 ft., surmounted by a dome of 50 ft. diameter, and embraces upwards of 100 apartments for the transaction of public business. Among these, the Great Room, containing the older records, is distinguished for its handsome proportions.

The Calton Hill fills the vista eastward. Before taking the line of Princes Street, it might be as well to turn along its eastern continuation **Waterloo Place**, so as to gain a general view of the city from this prominent crag. On the way will be noticed a feature occurring several times in Edinburgh streets, the crossing of those on a lower level by a bridge, here known as the **Regent Archway** and admired for the lightness of its open colonnades. To the right stands the castellated *Jail*, which, overlooking from its rocky site the North British Railway, may have been our first greeting to Edinburgh. A flight of stairs on the right gives entrance to the **Calton Burying-Ground**, beside the Jail, where the most famous monument is that of David Hume, buried here 1776, but the most prominent the obelisk in honour of the Political Martyrs of 1794, the young advocate Muir and others. Another monument is to the memory of Abraham Lincoln and the Scottish American soldiers who fell in the Civil War in America. This burying-ground formerly extended across the road, some of the graves lying beneath the Calton Hill, to the walks of which we mount by a staircase opposite the Jail.

THE CALTON HILL

This abrupt height of 355 feet makes one of the most striking features of Edinburgh, adorned by the classical monuments which illustrate her claim to be the modern Athens. Walks run round the steep sides, offering pleasant strolls and fine views in every direction. To gain the top at once, from the entrance stairway we turn up to the right, passing under the classical monument erected to Dugald Stewart, the famous Edinburgh Professor of Moral Philosophy, a reproduction, with some variations, of the Choragic monument of Lysicrates. Thus we come out in front of the **City Observatory**, adjoining which is the monument to Professor Playfair, the mathematician. The older building a little to the west is the old Observatory. A new **Royal Observatory** has now been established on Blackford Hill. The Calton Hill buildings, thus supplanted in their scientific importance, are nevertheless maintained by the city for public instruction of a popular kind.

Upon the summit stands **Nelson's Monument** (*admission*

3d.), a structure more like an observatory or a lighthouse than a monument. The top, gained by a circular stair, is 460 ft. above the level of the sea. A time-ball signal is attached to the flag-staff, and acts in concert with the firing of a gun from the Castle at one o'clock P.M. The views hence are striking and extensive. Looking westwards from Dugald Stewart's Monument, the eye is carried along the vista of Princes Street to the Corstorphine Hill, and over the symmetrical lines of the New Town "flinging its white arms to the sea." To the south, beyond the intervening valley, are the crowded buildings of the Old Town, covering the ridge that slopes from the Castle to Holyrood with roofs and chimneys, their outline relieved by spires and towers. In this direction the view is finely framed by a semicircle of hills—Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, Blackford, the Braids, and the Craiglockhart heights, with the Pentlands rising behind them. To the north are the seaports of Leith and Granton. On clear days Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi will be visible. Eastwards, lie Portobello, Musselburgh, and Prestonpans; North Berwick Law, the Bass Rock, and in the distance the Isle of May. The late R. L. Stevenson justly pronounces this the best view-point of all the Edinburgh heights, since it takes in the Castle and Arthur's Seat, naturally omitted from their own prospect.

Between the Observatory and Nelson's Monument stands the **National Monument**, a partial reproduction of the Parthenon of Athens, erected by subscription to commemorate the heroes who fell at Waterloo, and as a national Walhalla. The design and style were worthy of such a monument; but funds not being forthcoming to complete the edifice, it remains unfinished—an illustration of a well-known text and a subject for unkind jests, yet in its condition as an imposing fragment carrying out the suggested resemblance to the Acropolis of Athens.

Below the Calton Hill, Waterloo Place is continued by the *Regent Road* which, above Holyrood, unites with the *London Road* for Portobello. Between these two roads the projecting shoulder of the Calton is occupied by a horse-shoe line of handsome and finely-situated houses, the *Regent*, *Carlton*, and *Royal Terraces*.

On the southern slope, below the top of the hill, are the

extensive buildings and "yards" of the **High School**, erected here in last century after repeated removals brought about by change of circumstances and the growth of the town, its original site having been within the precincts of Holyrood. The style of the present building is finely classical, the columns of the portico being a reproduction from the Temple of Theseus at Athens. The front looks southwards, so that to see it to advantage we must pass along the Regent Road.

Across the road, opposite the High School, rises **Burns's Monument**, in the style of a Greek peripteral temple, the cupola being an exact copy from the monument of Lysicrates at Athens. Its original purpose was as a shrine for Flaxman's marble statue of Burns, but this was removed to the National Gallery. The monument, which is not beautiful despite its classic model, is now closed to the public, and the Burns relics which it enshrined have been removed to the City Chambers Museum.

Returning to our starting-point, let us now follow Princes Street westward from the Post Office. At once, on the open side, is passed an edifice the existence of which may not be suspected by strangers, its flat roof, on a level with the street, disguised as a garden. This is the **Waverley Market**, a spacious area often used for flower shows, concerts, and political demonstrations. It may easily be entered from the stairs here going down into the **Waverley Station**, the subterranean depths of which have several side entrances, and for carriages an inclined plane from the Waverley Bridge.

The **Waverley Bridge** is the first opening on the left, passing over the station; it is continued by *Cockburn Street* running obliquely and steeply up to the High Street at the Tron Church (p. 41), while *Market Street* mounts by the south side of the Gardens towards St. Giles's (p. 35). Opposite, to the right, *St. Andrew* and *St. David Streets* lead into St. Andrew Square.

Above the terraces and parterres of the Gardens, facing the next block, rises the **Scott Monument** (*admission 2d.*), the top of which commands a view that might be called magnificent, if we had not to keep our superlatives for the same prospect seen from points of greater vantage. The architect of this Gothic spire was George Kemp, a young man of great promise, who did

not long survive his achievement. Some of the details have been apparently borrowed from Melrose Abbey. The principal niches are filled with figures of Scott's personages, and underneath the marble canopy is his statue by Sir John Steell.

In the same division of the Gardens are three bronze statues: of *Livingstone*, the traveller; of *Adam Black*, the publisher, Lord Provost and Member of Parliament for Edinburgh; and of *Professor Wilson*, better known as "Christopher North." Almost opposite the Scott Monument is Jenner's new shop, which might be called a monument to the original proprietor, and can perhaps claim to be, architecturally, the most ambitious shop in the kingdom.

The Gardens are now broken by the **Mound**, the humble name of the most stately bridging of this valley, where a stairway and a curved road mount to the Old Town by the sides of two classical Temples of Science and Art, both designed by W. H. Playfair, to whom Edinburgh is indebted for many of its structures in this style. This point may be taken as the Trafalgar Square of Edinburgh.

The Royal Institution (facing the street) used to contain a sculpture gallery which proved some attraction to visitors; it is now, however, used as the School of Art and is closed to the public. The sculpture has been partially distributed among local schools. The Royal Society is also housed in this building.

The National Gallery, standing behind the Royal Institution, contains a fine collection of paintings. Admission to this daily, from 10 to 4, free, except on copying days, Thursday and Friday, when a charge of 6d. is made. Sunday, 2 to 5, free. In the eastern wing is held the Spring Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy.

Among the old masters there are good specimens of Vandyke, Veronese, Watteau, Greuze, Van de Velde, Teniers, and many others, both of the Italian and the northern schools. In modern art the principal pictures are of the Scottish school; but the "Judith" series by Etty, and the famous portrait of Mrs. Graham by Gainsborough, are of themselves amply sufficient to represent English art. Reynolds, Hogarth, Landseer, Wilson, are also fairly represented; and there is a good collection of water-colour drawings bequeathed by the late John Scott, Mrs. Williams, and others. Few deceased artists of the Scottish school are unrepresented here, and the collection of modern art is yearly increasing, although no grants of public money ever come to enrich the Scottish National Gallery.

The Scottish school of painters ranks among its number numerous celebrities. The first of any note was George Jameson, born at Aberdeen in 1586. He studied under Rubens, and became so famous as to be styled the Scottish Vandyke. Charles I. sat to him for his portrait, as did other great men of the period. To him succeeded Scougall; John Baptiste Medina, a native of Brussels; Aikman; Allan Ramsay, a son of the poet; the two Runcimans, Brown, Nasmyth, David Allan, Graham, Sir H. Raeburn, Wilkie, Thomson, Duncan, David Scott, Harvey, David Roberts, John Phillip, Drummond, Bough, Watson Gordon, Fettes Douglas, Pettie, M'Whirter, Orchardson, Lockhart, and many others.

The first octagon contains a valuable collection of portraits, of which the most interesting are: Hume, the historian, by *A. Ramsay;* Burns, the poet, *Nasmyth;* Gibson, the sculptor, *Graham Gilbert;* Christopher North, *Sir Henry Raeburn;* Wilkie, the painter; Gay, the poet; Francis Horner; Sir John Moore; Mrs. Ker of Blackshiels, *G. Romney*, etc.

Throughout the galleries there are some good marble busts by modern artists. In the last octagon will be found a collection of statuettes, etc., including a beautiful Torso of Venus, in gray marble. Here too are three models in wax, time-discoloured and worn, but undoubted works of Michel Angelo. Flaxman's statue of Burns faces the entrance.

The *West Princes Street Gardens*, formerly private but now open, are more extensive and picturesque than the other section. A fine equestrian statue put up to the memory of the officers and men of the Scots Greys who fell in the South African War at once attracts attention. A military band in the kiosk here, on Wednesday and Friday afternoons, assembles a popular gathering. In the corner next the Royal Institution and opposite the **New Club** (the chief Club in Scotland), stands Sir John Steell's marble statue of *Allan Ramsay*, author of the "Gentle Shepherd." Farther on, almost opposite the **University Club**, is one of *Sir James Simpson*, the famous physician, by William Brodie, R.S.A. A little east of this the Liberal and Conservative Clubs stand close together; and among the gay shops of Princes Street opens a covered **Arcade**, as a refuge on wet days.

Princes Street ends in a wide meeting-place of some half-dozen ways, the chief of them the *Lothian Road*, by which the trams go off southward for Merchiston and Morningside. At the corner rises the handsome new Station of the *Caledonian Railway.* Hereabouts will be found a group of some important ecclesiastical buildings of the city, which may now be mentioned.

Opposite the station, at the western corner of the Gardens, is **St. John's Episcopal Chapel**, an elegant structure of the Florid

Gothic order, designed after the model of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to which a recent addition has been made on the east. Dean Ramsay, long incumbent of this chapel, and widely known from his *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, is commemorated by a tall Iona Cross erected outside.

St. Cuthbert's or the **West Church**, recently restored, stands just below in striking contrast. This, through the popularity of its present minister, Dr. MacGregor, is largely attended by curious strangers as well as by members of the Scottish Establishment, and here, as well as at St. Giles's, has been introduced the innovation of daily service. Its architectural features are not the attraction. Formerly the Edinburgh pleasantry was that St. John's looked like a German toy, and St. Cuthbert's like the box it was taken from. After the restoration and enlargement of the latter the text was suggested as motto: "I will pull down my barns and build greater." Unfortunately this building is pretentious as well as unsuccessful, and rather forces itself upon attention in the magnificent view north-westwards from the Mound. De Quincey is one of the eminent men buried in the churchyard.

A bequest of £100,000 was left in 1895 to build a large hall, to be called the **Usher Hall**, and to serve the purposes not provided for in the Municipal Buildings. It has been finally decided to adapt the U.P. Synod Hall in *Castle Terrace* to this object.

St. Thomas's Chapel stands modestly half-hidden in the south-west angle of the opening that ends Princes Street. This unpretentious edifice holds a peculiar place, as claiming to belong to the Church of England without being under the Scottish Bishops. A generation ago it was recognised by the then Bishop of Carlisle as affiliated to his diocese; and the ministry of the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond made it a notable centre of Evangelical teaching after a school now almost extinct. There were some half-dozen chapels, all over Scotland, in the same anomalous position; but most of them, we understand, have now conformed to the Scottish Episcopal order.

At the farther corner of the first block of *Maitland Street*, the almost straight continuation of Princes Street, rises the tower of **U.F. St. George's Church**, replaced on its old site by the Caledonian Station. This congregation, though not officially so

distinguished, has all along been practically the chief body of the U.F. Church in Edinburgh, and one of the most active centres of Scottish religious life; a pre-eminence it owed to its former minister, Dr. Candlish; and the influence of his successor, Dr. Whyte, seems no way diminished.

From this point, by a side street to the right, or by the oblique line of *Queensferry Street* from the end of Princes Street, we at once gain the broad vista of **Melville Street**, a generation ago the most fashionable in Edinburgh, and still a choice place of residence, though it and its side streets are now a good hunting-ground for the more expensive kind of lodgings. At the western end, Melville Street is finely closed by **St. Mary's Cathedral** of the Scottish Episcopal Church.

The architect, Sir Gilbert Scott (who died a year before its completion), founded his design on the Early Pointed Style. The plan consists of choir, transept, and nave, with north and south aisles; library and chapter-house; a lofty spire at the intersection of the transepts, and two western spires, the latter not yet erected. The height of the central tower and spire, including the iron cross on the summit, is 295 feet. Like other spires of the same architect, it is criticised as having a too topheavy effect. The tower contains a fine peal of 10 bells, the tenor (the largest) weighing 42 cwt. The main entrance to the Cathedral is by the west portal, *Palmerston Place*, consisting of a richly-moulded doorway, flanked by arched recesses, with red granite shafts. The interior, viewed from any point, is very impressive. Within the enclosure, at the north end of the building stands *East Coates House*, one of the few examples of old Scottish mansions yet surviving in Edinburgh, now used as a choir school. The foundation is owed to a munificent bequest of the late Misses Walker of Coates, representatives of an old Episcopalian family. The opening ceremonial took place in 1879. The cost hitherto has been over £100,000; but funds are still to seek for completing the design.

This grand church is commonly spoken of by Episcopalians as *the* Cathedral; but English visitors should remember that in the eye of the law it is nothing but a dissenting chapel, while they must try to realise how in this country the position of dissenter is one of entire equality. Socially, the Catholic and Episcopalian churches are perhaps at an advantage, their more æsthetic forms of worship recommending themselves to the cultivated class; and, it may be said that, among the Presbyterian churches, the most fashionable are those that exhibit the Calvinistic theology undergoing a process of sublimation. As between the U.F. Church and the Establishment, the slightest idea of inferiority never occurs. The U.F. Church, consisting of the amalgamation of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches recently carried out, has welded into one all those who generally agree in rejecting any control or subsidy of religious belief by the State, irrespective of small differences of opinion

in regard to form of worship. The Established and U.F. Churches hold indeed nominally the same creed; but, besides the one marked divergence of opinion indicated, differences of sentiment and ritual exist, while even in the congregations who agree in rejecting State control schism in matters of doctrine or discipline has occurred, and lines of cleavage and fresh fusion may not altogether be things of the past. On this volcanic soil we must tread lightly, nor would it be easy to guide the uninitiated through still smouldering controversies; but so much has been said for the enlightenment of certain strangers, too apt to express offensive wonder when they find that heaven as well as earth is not always ruled from the meridian of Greenwich or Lambeth. Once and for all, let it be explained that we use the word church, when unqualified, for a building of the Scottish Establishment; though of late the chapels, as they were formerly styled, of the Episcopal and Catholic communions begin to take the same title.

After this digression, we can turn back to trace our way through the principal thoroughfares of the New Town, before coming to deal with the part more rich in historical associations. It may be mentioned here that the tramway line continuing Princes Street, westward between *Atholl* and *Coates Crescents*, leads straight in about half a mile to the *Haymarket Station*, which N.B.R. passengers from the north find convenient for the west end.

At the east end of Melville Street rises the dome of **St. George's Church**, one of the city's conspicuous landmarks. By a passage from the back of this church may be entered **Charlotte Square**, of late years a good deal given up to doctors and professional offices. In the garden stands the *Scottish National Memorial* to Prince Albert, a bronze equestrian statue designed by Sir John Steell, the groups and bas-reliefs on the pedestal being by different artists. The gates leading to this are open.

George Street opens on the east side of this square, a broad and stately street occupying the crest of the ridge behind Princes Street, communicating with it by the descents of *Castle*, *Frederick*, and *Hanover Streets*, at the top of which respectively stand bronze statues of Dr. Chalmers, Pitt, and George IV. Many of the finest buildings here are the offices of banks and other companies, and the George Street shops are at least as good as those more likely to catch the eye of tourists in their favourite haunt. No. 39 Castle Street, near the north-eastern corner, should draw us aside as the town residence of Sir Walter Scott for more than a quarter of a century. The south

section of this street frames for us a view of the Castle Rock, rather disfigured by the pile of barracks. At the intersection of Frederick Street, on the left, we look down a steep vista, closed by the tower of *St. Stephen's Church*, beyond which is a glimpse of the sea. In the next block, on the right, a plain building, with a portico and four Doric columns, contains the **Music Hall and Assembly Rooms**, chiefly used for concerts, but the scene of more than one famous public gathering. Across the way is Mr. Blackwood's shop, so famed in literary annals. Then Hanover Street descends to Princes Street, whose shops have here overflowed round the corner. On the north side, Frederick and Hanover Streets run straight down under different names for their continuations, each of them the line of a cable tram route, to which we shall return presently. On the left of the eastern block of George Street is **St. Andrew's Church**, memorable as the scene of the Disruption of the Scottish Church in 1843.

St. Andrew Square closes George Street at the east end, a principal place of business, its centre ornamented by the tall *Melville Monument*, erected 1821 to the first Lord Melville, of that Dundas family who, through the Tory domination of the French war time, were almost the rulers of Scotland. Impeached for laxity in dealing with public money, he was acquitted by the House of Lords, but not altogether by public opinion ; so that a well-known Radical orator, the father of Dr. Jameson of South African fame, alluding to the statue on this monument in a line with those of George IV. and Pitt, spoke of them as "Vice standing between Tyranny and Corruption."

This square was once a favourite place of residence, in which David Hume and Lord Brougham lived ; but it is now rather a site for banks and other public offices. In the centre of the east side, standing back from the other buildings, is the *Royal Bank*, containing a spacious telling-room, with dome-shaped roof. In front is an equestrian statue of John, fourth Earl of Hopetoun. On the south are the *British Linen Company* and *National Banks*. The former, an elegant building designed by the late David Bryce, R.S.A., has a frontage of isolated Corinthian columns in the style of the Roman triumphal arch, and the telling-room is adorned with polished pillars of solid granite. The offices of the great rival insurance companies, the *Scottish*

Widows' Fund and the *Scottish Provident Institution* are handsome buildings on the west and south sides of the square. The new building at the south-east corner is also an insurance office.

From either side of St. Andrew Square is a short turning into **Queen Street**, at the eastern end of which, with the *United States Consulate* over the way, stand the new buildings of the **Scottish National Portrait Gallery**, which also contain the rooms of the *Royal Scottish Geographical Society*, and the **Museum of Antiquities** lately transferred here from the Royal Institution. On Thursdays and Fridays there is a charge of 6d. for admission to both collections; on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays they are open free, 10 to 4 P.M.; Monday closed.

This handsome building (R. R. Anderson, LL.D., architect) was erected at the cost of Mr. J. R. Findlay (the principal proprietor of *The Scotsman* newspaper), who also gave £10,000 towards the foundation of the collection of portraits itself. The collection is already of much interest, including portraits of Burns, Scott, Carlyle, Chalmers, Combe, Claverhouse, Hume, Ramsay, Wilkie, and many of the Scotch nobility. The chief drawback of such a collection is that it must include some bad pictures of well-known characters, as well as good ones of more obscure subjects. One noticeable feature is the number of medallions by the two Tassies, a book about whom has been published by Mr. J. M. Gray, the late curator.

The *Antiquarian Museum* has a good illustrated catalogue (1s.) explaining the exhibits, which are arranged to trace the progress of civilisation and culture in Scotland.

Among the miscellaneous curiosities are the *branks*, an ancient Scottish instrument of punishment made of iron, and fastened upon the head, for the purpose of serving "as a corrector of incorrigible scolds"; *the thumbikins*, a well-known instrument of torture, much used against the Covenanters, one of its last victims being Principal Carstares who, after the Revolution, got a present from the Privy Council of the particular thumb-screw, the pressure of which he resisted with so much courage, and which, when he tried it, King William declared would extort from him any secret he possessed; the ancient Scottish beheading machine, known as *The Maiden*, that "dark ladye," as Coleridge might have called her, that is said to have bestowed her fatal caress on her own inventor; *John Knox's pulpit* from St. Giles's Church, a somewhat doubtful relic; original copies of the *Godly Band* of 1557, the progenitor of all the Covenants; the *National Covenant* of 1638, signed by Montrose when he began his career as a Covenanter; the *Solemn League and Covenant* of 1643, with the subscription of Archbishop Leighton; one of the banners of the Covenant borne by the Covenanters at the battle of Bothwell Brig; the blue ribbon worn by Prince Charles as a Knight of the Garter when in Scotland in 1745; and a parting ring given to him by Flora Macdonald.

Eastward, Queen Street is continued by **York Place**, at the north-east corner of which is **St. Paul's Chapel**, the chief English church before the building of St. Mary's. Opposite it stands the **Roman Catholic pro-Cathedral.** Behind this, at the corner of Leith Walk, will be found the **Theatre Royal**, rebuilt again and again after being destroyed by fire.

We now return to Queen Street, which runs below George Street, with a fine look out northwards over the gardens (not public) forming one side of it. In the first block, westward from the Portrait Gallery, is passed the **Philosophical Institution**, an excellent library and reading-room, with a subscription beginning at 8s. a quarter, for which one has almost all the accommodation of a club, besides high-class lectures and concerts usually given in the adjacent **Queen Street Hall.** Beyond are an old-established boys' school, rather grandiloquently known as the **Edinburgh Institution**, the **Hall of the Royal College of Physicians**, and the **United Service Club.** Offices and shops have, to some extent, invaded this street, but many of the houses recall days when the New Town was a place of aristocratic resort. At the corner of the west end, turning up to Charlotte Square, a memorial, looking like a miniature of the Scott Monument, has been erected to Miss Catherine Sinclair, the author of *Holiday House*, through whose benevolence fountains and other public accommodations were supplied to various parts of the city.

Below Queen Street run *Heriot Row*, with its complement *Abercromby Place*, then in turn *Northumberland Street*, *Great King Street*, *Cumberland Street*, and *Fettes Row*, the last overlooking an open space, formerly the limit of the New Town, which beyond it has taken a new start in less regular form.

At the west end of Queen Street let us turn down on the right into **Moray Place**, a stately polygon, still one of the most dignified quarters of the New Town, and chief of a chain of more or less circular openings that here diversify its rectangular lines. By these curves, bearing south-eastwards, we might come back to the road which, as *Queensferry Street*, made an obtuse angle from the west end of Princes Street. Taking this line to the right we soon gain Telford's grand **Dean Bridge**, spanning the *Water of Leith*, at a height of over 100 feet, where, with the new fashionable district of *Drumsheugh* at our back, we look

down the stream upon a deep glen which makes one of the most picturesque views to be found within the bounds of any city. The Water of Leith, that turns up here and there in the Edinburgh streets, has lately been purified so as to do itself justice as the chief feature in this fine scene. The prospect upwards, somewhat disfigured by a distillery in the foreground, is well wooded and closed by the ridge of *Corstorphine Hill.* Beyond the bridge, *Trinity Episcopal Chapel* stands as *tête du pont* of a handsome and growing suburb.

So far the leading features of the New Town may be perambulated in an hour or two. To its outskirts we will return with those readers who have time for a more leisurely survey. Now we pass at once to the Old Town, where the task of sight-seeing is not to be done in haste.

THE OLD TOWN

HERE we no longer delay our visit to the *Castle*, to which the usual way from Princes Street is up the Mound, past the Galleries. The stately building behind, on the left, standing out like a buttress of the Old Town, is the **Bank of Scotland**, which strangers must not take for a national institution, though it is the oldest among several chartered banks issuing their own notes. The head of the rise is faced by the **U.F. High Church**, making part of the block of buildings that also contains the **U.F. Church College**, and, behind, the **Assembly Hall** of the same body. By the front of this edifice we turn up to the right, where either a staircase may be taken direct into the top of *High Street*, or the steep *Ramsay Lane* bending up by a group of new buildings with red roofs, rather *criard* at present as a patch on the weathered gray, but no doubt to be mellowed by time. This edifice, incorporating Allan Ramsay's house, is called **University Hall**, established by Professor Patrick Geddes as a residence for students, artists, and other amateurs of plain living and high thinking, somewhat on the model of Toynbee Hall, an interesting experiment worthy of success. Two or three smaller institutions of the same kind, under a quasi-recognition from the University, one of them for ladies, have done much to sweeten the old closes and wynds at the top of the High Street close by. Into the end of this known as **Castle Hill** the lane emerges by an Outlook Tower (*admission* 3*d.*), where a *Camera Obscura* supplies a favourite spectacle for juveniles.

Turning to the right, we come at once on the *Castle Esplanade*, its north side displaying monumental crosses erected to the memory of comrades by different Scottish regiments, the south wall looking over the road which forms another approach

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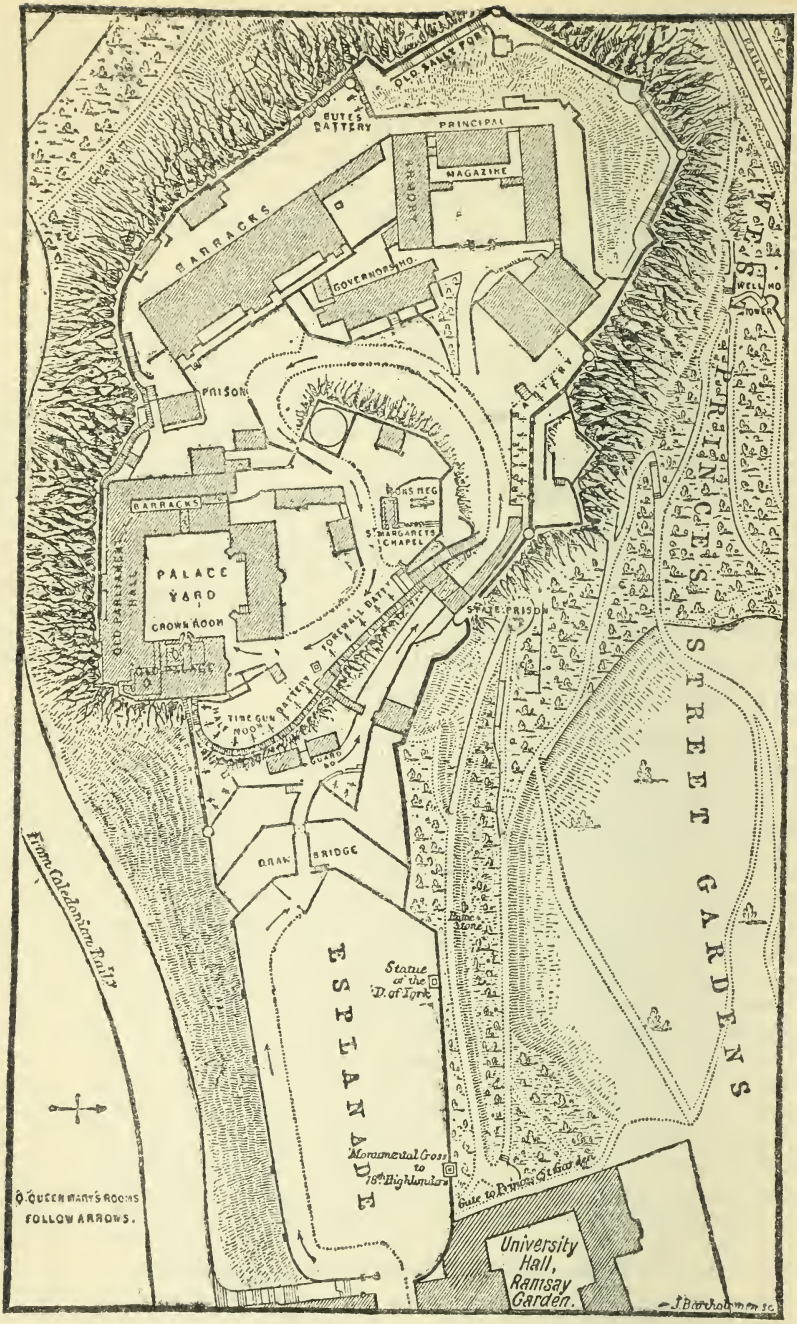
EDINBURGH CASTLE FROM THE GRASSMARKET

circling the Rock, from the west end of Princes Street. Straight in front below the *Half-Moon Battery*, is the gate, open all day till sunset (on Sundays after 3.30). The apartments, however, are shown only 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. in summer, and 11 A.M. to 3 P.M. in winter. At the drawbridge will be found a picket of *commissionaires*, authorised to turn an honest sixpence by showing strangers over the Castle ; but there is no charge for admission to any part.

THE CASTLE

Edinburgh Castle stands upon a precipitous rock 300 feet high, forming the abrupt end of the ridge that rises from Holyrood. Before the invention of gunpowder it was almost impregnable, but now its main use is as barracks, and very ugly and uncomfortable barracks they are that disfigure such a noble site. The only entrance is on the east side, where we cross the drawbridge unchallenged by the soldiers who guard it in their kilts and imposing plumes. To be in keeping with the modern sentiment, a Highland regiment is usually stationed here, though in old days philabeg and sporran were more like to be lodged in the Castle dungeons.

The Highland Dress.—These kilted soldiers are not always Highlandmen, their manly and picturesque dress tempting young men of all parts of the kingdom into famous regiments of our army, answering to the French Zouaves or the Austrian Jägers. Indeed it is said that lately certain recruits had to be turned out of the Black Watch because they spoke only Gaelic, and could not bend their wild Highland spirits to the restraints of discipline. But if the cult of the tartan be a piece of latter-day romance, it has taken deep root all over Scotland in the blood of a hundred battle-fields, endearing even the hearse-like plumes of the head-dress, which are quite a sartorial excrescence. Scoffers have gone so far as to assert that the Highland dress, in its present form, was the invention of an English tailor, nay, of a Quaker ; it has also been suggested that the patterns of tartan were introduced into Scotland by Malcolm Canmore's English queen. The favour of a later sovereign has certainly fostered the use of this costume, which is, of course, a modification of the simple plaid which the hardy clansmen belted round them for sufficient garment. Well adapted for activity and for military display, it answers to Dr. Jäger's requirements, by giving an unusually thick covering round the middle of the body, a matter of importance both in hot and cold climates, for if the citadel of life be thus guarded, the extremities readily learn to defend themselves. In civil life, kilts seem to be coming back into favour, especially for juvenile wear and as evening dress for young men ; but it is rather the upper class who now affect what used to be a sign of inferiority, when, as Macaulay tells



GROUND-PLAN OF EDINBURGH CASTLE.

us, this dress suggested a thief to lowlanders, and even a well-to-do thief's sweetheart could boast of her Gilderoy—

> He never wore a Highland plaid,
> But costly silken clothes!

Strangers who may feel tempted to adopt the "garb of old Gaul" should know that it can hardly be worn to advantage without youthful familiarity. "The white-kneed Cockney, conscious of his kilt," is like to cut a sorry figure. But those bent on making experiment would find the proper tartans of all the clans, and many others, in the Princes Street shops.

It is not amiss to take occasion, here and there, of thus instructing the tourist in such points as may excite his curiosity.

Now let us go on to visit Edinburgh Castle, passing upwards from the entrance through the *Portcullis Gate*, and underneath the old State prison in the *Argyll Tower*, restored at the expense of the late Mr. William Nelson, publisher. Thus we come out upon the *Argyll Battery*, commanding Princes Street Gardens and a fine view of the New Town. The favourite view-point, however, is the battery above, to which we mount either by the road winding to the left, or by steps leading up more directly past the Argyll Tower. Going out on the roof of this tower, we should find the Old Town and Arthur's Seat brought into the prospect; while the view northwards extends over the sea to the shores of Fife and the *Ochil Hills* to the west, with the Grampians sometimes rising dimly beyond.

The lion of the upper battery is *Mons Meg*, a huge piece of artillery, said to have been made at Mons, in Belgium, 1476; but another story gives it out as forged by a Galloway blacksmith and his sons. After doing good service to the Stuart kings it burst in the 17th century, and in the 18th was transferred to the Tower of London, but restored by the Duke of Wellington on the petition of Sir Walter Scott.

Behind Mons Meg is **St. Margaret's Chapel**, probably the oldest building in Edinburgh, a relic of Norman architecture named after Malcolm Canmore's queen. This little chapel, long neglected and even used as a magazine, was in 1853 restored through the efforts of Sir Daniel Wilson of Toronto, author of a well-known book on "Old Edinburgh"; and of late years it has been further cared for, but still serves as nothing better than a bazaar for photographs and such like.

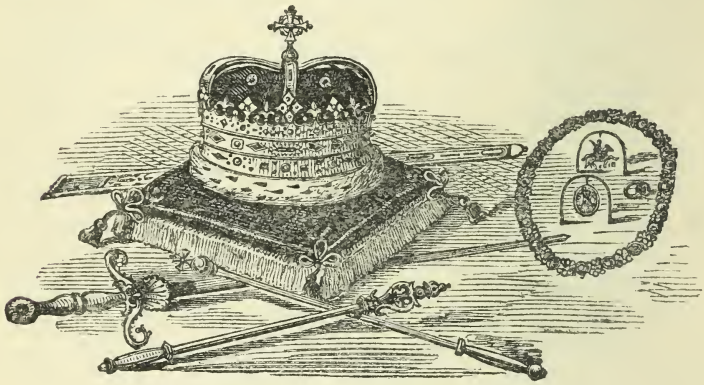
To the right, we pass on to the *Half-Moon Battery*, where at

1 P.M. may be witnessed the firing by electricity of the time-gun that startles every stranger within hearing, and stirs many an Edinburgh watch from its pocket.

Below this battery lies the square of *Palace Yard*, in which are the apartments open to visitors.

The Crown Room, reached by a stair on the east side, contains the **Scottish Regalia**, Crown, Sceptre, Sword of State, and Lord Treasurer's wand of office, exhibited to curious or covetous eyes in a strong cage within a bomb-proof vault.

The *Honours of Scotland*, as these insignia were called, have an inter-



THE REGALIA OF SCOTLAND.

esting history; and, as Scott remarks, we cannot wonder at the fond desire which Scottish antiquaries have shown to refer their date to

Days when gude King Robert rang.

James V. added to the Crown the two concentric circles, and a large cross *patée*, upon which are the characters J. R. V. The Sceptre was also made in the same reign (most probably during the king's visit to Paris in 1536), when preparing for his marriage alliance with France. The Sword of State, a beautiful specimen of early art, has an earlier date than the sceptre, having been presented to King James IV. by Pope Julius II. in 1507. The crown served for the last time at the Scottish coronation of Charles II. The sceptre performed its last legislative office by ratifying the Treaty of Union with England on the 16th of January 1707.

The interesting story of the Regalia, and their removal to Dunnottar Castle, is given at length in Sir Walter Scott's *Provincial Antiquities of Scotland*. Patriotic Scots were so strongly agitated by the Treaty of Union with England, which they considered as a wanton surrender of their independence, that the Government of the day thought it prudent to remove anything calculated to rouse the national feelings. The various articles were therefore thrown into an old oak chest, and locked up in

the Crown Room, their existence almost forgotten until 1817, when a desire arose to search for the lost treasure, and a committee (including Sir Walter Scott) proceeded to the spot. The king's smith was commanded to force open the great chest, the keys of which had been sought for in vain; and great was the joy when the various articles were discovered, exactly as they had been surrendered by the Earl-Marshal about a hundred and ten years before.

Beside the Regalia are exhibited some other relics, the principal one the Collar and George of the Garter, given by Queen Elizabeth to James. The miniature set in the oval jewel of the Garter bequeathed to King George IV. by Cardinal York, is considered to be a portrait of the Countess of Albany, wife of Prince Charles Edward, known also by her connection with Alfieri.

Adjoining the Crown Room, but having a separate entrance from the square, is *Queen Mary's Room*, where, in the inner apartment, Mary Queen of Scots gave birth to James VI. The event is commemorated by the initials H. and M., and the date 1566 over the doorway. The original ceiling remains, and the initials I. R. and M. R., surmounted by the royal crown, are wrought in the panels. On the wall is the following inscription, surmounted by the Scottish arms:

Lord Jesu Chryst, that crounit was with Thornse,
Preserve the Birth, quhais Badgie heir is borne,
And send Hir Sonne successione, to Reigne stille,
Lang in this Realme, if that it be thy will.
Als grant, O Lord, quhat ever of Hir proceed,
Be to Thy Honer, and Praise, sobied.
19th IVNII, 1566.

The south side of the square is taken up by the old *Banqueting Hall*, in which the Scottish Parliament sometimes met. This also was long treated with neglect, at one time turned into an hospital; but now restored by the munificence of Mr. William Nelson, and finely ornamented by a collection of weapons and armour, it takes its due place as one of the Edinburgh sights.

Edinburgh Castle has been the scene of many romantic events and daring exploits.

The pond'rous wall, and massy bar,
Grim rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

During the contest between Bruce and Baliol, it was taken by the English in 1296, and kept by them thirty years; but was recovered by a midnight attack in 1313. The perilous expedition was undertaken by thirty men, commanded by Randolph, Earl of Moray, guided by Francis, one of his own soldiers, who had been in the habit of descending

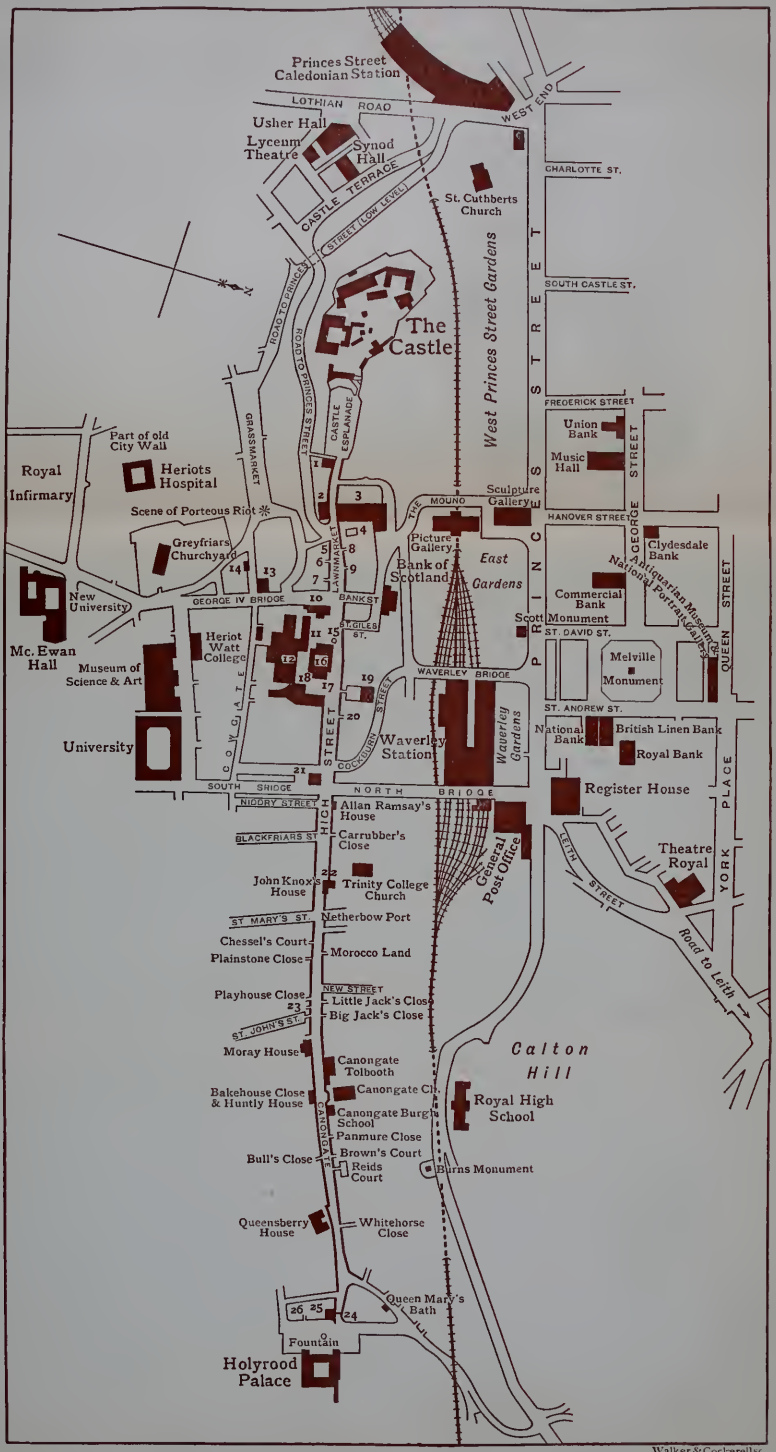
the cliff surreptitiously to visit his sweetheart. The darkness of the night, the steepness of the precipice, and the danger of discovery by the watchmen, rendered the enterprise such as might have appalled the bravest spirit. They scaled the wall by a ladder which they had brought with them. Francis, the guide, ascended first, Sir Andrew Gray was second, and Randolph himself third. Ere they had all mounted, however, the sentinels caught the alarm, raised the cry of "Treason!" and the constable of the Castle and others, rushing to the spot, made a valiant though ineffectual resistance. Randolph was for some time in great personal danger, until the gallant constable was slain, when his followers fled or fell before the hands of the assailants. After this Bruce ordered the fortress to be demolished, lest it might be again occupied by the English.

Edward III., on his way from Perth, caused it to be rebuilt and strongly garrisoned, but it was retaken in 1341 by an ingenious stratagem. A man, pretending to be an English merchant, came to the governor, and told him that he had on board his ship in the Forth some wine, beer, biscuits, etc. A bargain being made, he promised to deliver the goods next morning at a very reasonable rate; at the time appointed, twelve men, disguised in the habit of sailors, entered the Castle with the goods and supposed merchant, and instantly killed the porter and sentinels; Sir William Douglas, on a preconcerted signal, then rushed in with a band of armed men, and quickly made himself master of the place, after having cut most of the garrison in pieces.

The Castle has frequently served both as the residence and the prison of the Scottish Kings. The Scottish barons, under the feudal system, nearly equalled their kings in riches and in power, and sometimes even possessed themselves of the royal person to sanction their ambitious designs. Thus James II. in 1438 was held here in a sort of honourable durance by Chancellor Crichton, till, by stratagem contrived by his mother, he was smuggled out in a trunk. But he did not very long enjoy his liberty, being soon after taken by a band of armed men while hunting in the woods of Stirling, and carried back to the Castle. It was here also that William, the sixth Earl of Douglas, and his brother were put to death, having been enticed into the Castle by Crichton, who feared the great power and wealth of the Douglases.

In the year 1573 the fortress was gallantly defended by Kirkaldy of Grange against the Earl of Morton and Sir William Drury, and in 1650 it sustained a siege against Cromwell, but yielded to a threat of mining. In 1745 it held out stoutly for King George against Prince Charles Edward, while his troops occupied the city.

Immediately under the north face of the Castle, within the Princes Street Gardens, will be found the ruins of the **Wellhouse Tower**, which formed a part of the first town wall built in 1450. It served also as an outwork of the Castle, and, as its name implies, secured to the garrison access to a spring of water at the base of the rock. The well having fallen into



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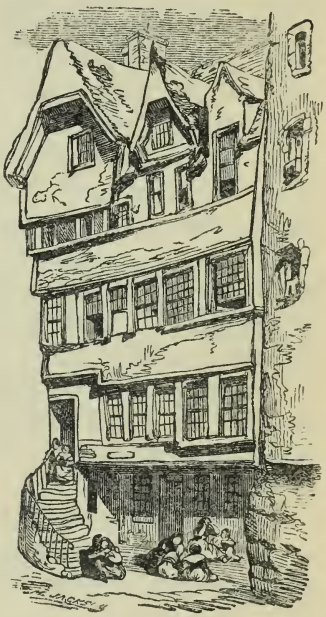
KEY TO NUMBERS.

1 Duke of Gordon's House.
2 Assembly Hall.
3 United Free Assembly Hall and College.
4 James's Court, where Dr. Johnson lodged with Boswell.
5 Corner of West or Upper Bow.
6 Riddle's Close (Bailie MacMorran's House).
7 Deacon Brodie's Court.
8 Lady Stair's Close.
9 Baxter's Close (where Burns lodged).
10 County Buildings (site of John Dowie's Tavern).
11 Signet Library.
12 Parliament Hall and Advocates' Library.
13 Edinburgh (Carnegie) Public Library.
14 Magdalen Chapel, Cowgate (pre-Reformation).
15 Heart of Midlothian.
16 St. Giles' Cathedral.
17 Market Cross.
18 John Knox's Grave.
19 City Museum, Council Chambers.
20 Craig's Close.
21 Tron Church.
22 One of the five wells erected in 1680 for the first artificial water-supply.
23 Canongate Kilwinning Lodge of Freemasons (Burns was Poet Laureate).
24 Old Holyrood Gateway.
25 Holyrood Court House and Sanctuary.
26 Royal Mews and Guardhouse.

disrepair, was restored by the officers of the Sutherland Highlanders in 1873.

Before leaving the Esplanade, let us linger at the south wall for a prospect in the only direction not commanded by the views open to us above. Here we look over into the *Grassmarket*, and upon the grounds of *Heriot's Hospital*, then beyond to the southern suburbs, and the Pentlands in the background. By a flight of steps at the lower corner, we might descend at once into the Grassmarket, but leaving this for the present, we take the long line of the **High Street**, running straight down to Holyrood, divided into the sections, *Castle Hill*, *Lawnmarket*, *High Street*, *Netherbow*, and *Canongate*, but all colloquially included under the one name.

Now historical and literary associations begin to crowd thick upon us. A few quaint old houses still remain, once the residence of the rank and fashion of the Scottish Court, but these are mostly in a dilapidated condition. One of that range nearest to the Castle was the mansion of the Duke of Gordon, whose rudely-carved ducal coronet may still be seen. Embedded in the gable-wall is a cannon-ball, said to have been shot from the Castle in 1745.



SPECIMEN OF OLD WOODEN-FRONTED HOUSE (NOW TAKEN DOWN).

Beyond the opening of Ramsay Lane, we pass the back of the U.F. Church Buildings. To obtain this site there were removed some of the most interesting old houses in Edinburgh, one of them the palace of Mary of Guise, Queen of James V. and mother of Queen Mary. Some of the wood-carvings and panels may be seen in the Antiquarian Museum. Opposite, on the right side, is the *Tolbooth Church* and **General Assembly Hall** of the Church of Scotland, a handsome modern building in the Gothic style, surmounted by a spire tapering to the height of 241 feet.

The first meeting of the General Assembly was held in Edinburgh in 1560. At present the Assembly consists of some 400 members, clerical and lay, elected by the various presbyteries into which the country is divided, who choose annually from among their own number a president, named the Moderator. The Sovereign is represented by a commissioner, usually a Scottish peer, who resides for the time at Holyrood Palace. The meeting of Assembly takes place in May.

A little farther down, on the north side of the Lawnmarket, is *James' Court* (erected about 1725-27), where David Hume the historian resided before he removed to the New Town, and Boswell proudly entertained that most ungracious guest, Dr. Johnson. Opposite, on the right side, *Riddle's Close* contains one of the new Students' Settlements that are doing so much for the social deodorisation of this quarter. It is well worth a visit, and will give a good idea of the accommodations once thought lordly enough for aristocratic residents. Then on the left comes *Lady Stair's Close*, named after Elizabeth, Dowager Countess of Stair, one of the most interesting characters of Old Edinburgh, whose singular story is the groundwork of Scott's tale of "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror." Her house was restored, or rather rebuilt, by Lord Rosebery, her descendant; and presented to the Town; it is now open to the public. The close adjoining, called *Baxter's*, contains the lodging first occupied by Robert Burns in 1786.

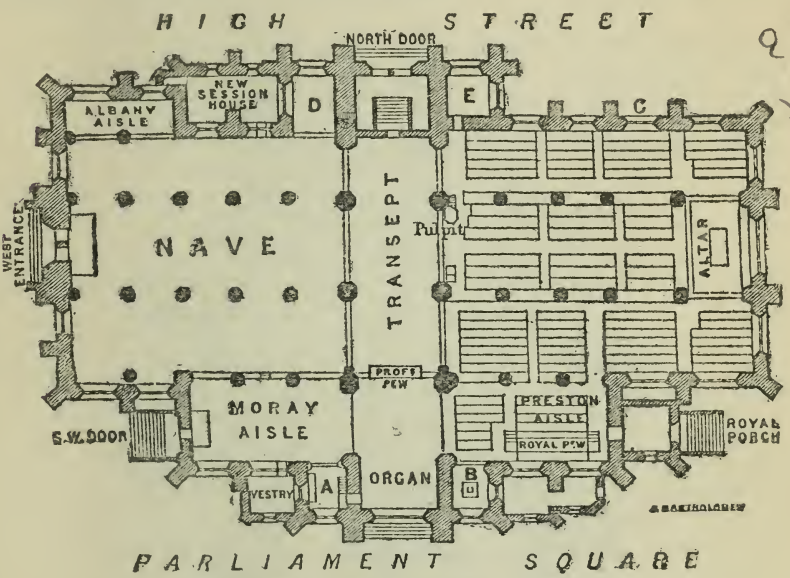
Tall as some of these houses are, they were built higher in the days when the Old Town included all Edinburgh, some then having a dozen stories or more, packed with inmates of different classes.

At the bottom of the Lawnmarket, *George IV. Bridge* goes off to the right, and *Bank Street* descends to the Mound on the left. At the corner of the former is a famous "sweetie" shop of absorbing interest to juvenile visitors. Opposite rises the neat building of the new **County Hall**, by the side of which we pass over an open space towards *St. Giles's Cathedral*, where a heart-shaped design upon the paving stones near the Duke of Buccleuch's statue marks the site of that old *Tolbooth* and Jail famous as the **Heart of Midlothian.** This open space is **Parliament Square**, its centre filled by St. Giles's, its side formed by the *Law Courts*. In old days the High Street here was blocked up by the "Luckenbooths" and other small shops known as "Krames" built into the wall of the church. On the

south side, the slope where the Courts now stand was the churchyard; but the only trace of this is a stone in the paving marked I. K., 1572, believed to cover the remains of **John Knox**—thus buried, according to Dr. Johnson's uncharitable desire, in a highway.

ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL

[Admission 3d., except on Mondays and at Service time. (Closed on Saturday.) Entrance from High Street.]



GROUND-PLAN OF ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL.

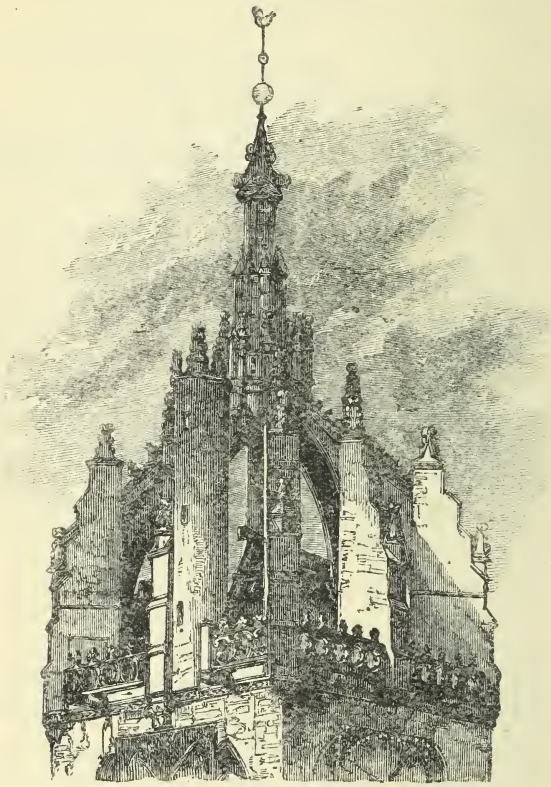
A. Tomb of Regent Moray.
B. Chepman's Aisle, and Tomb of Montrose.
C. Tomb of Napier.
D. Hammerman's Chapel.
E. Old Session House.

The ancient Parish Church[1] of Edinburgh is named after St. Giles, abbot and confessor, and Patron Saint of the City, whose arm, enshrined in silver, was long preserved among its relics. The present building is the erection of various periods, and suffered much from alterations and restoration done in days when ecclesiastical art seemed to Scotsmen a snare of the evil one. Up to our own generation it was divided into three churches for separate worship; but has now been worthily

[1] Although commonly called *Cathedral* it is, more correctly speaking, a *Church*, hence often called "The High Church." There was no Bishop's chair (*cathedra*) before the Reformation.

restored to its former spacious dignity, at the instance and mainly at the expense of Dr. William Chambers. If famous authors have given that which they had to glorify this romantic town, we see how more than one of the Edinburgh publishers has come forward with silver and gold in the same cause.

The history of St. Giles's is one of national interest. Originally the



CROWN AND SPIRE OF ST. GILES'S.

city consisted of one parish, and St. Giles's Church was the only place of worship. It is first mentioned in the year 1259, in a charter of David II., and in the reign of James III. (1466) it was made collegiate, and placed in some respects under the direct jurisdiction of the Pope, with Provost and Chapter. The Scottish poet, Gavin Douglas, was elected Dean or Provost in 1501. After the Reformation the church was greatly disfigured (as were many sacred edifices at that time), partitioned into separate places of worship, and the sacred vessels and relics were sold by the magistrates to defray the expense of the alterations. In 1603, before the departure of

James VI. to take possession of the throne of England, he attended divine service in St. Giles's, and delivered a farewell address to his Scottish subjects, assuring them of his unalterable affection. With the establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland under Charles I., Edinburgh was erected into a bishopric, and St. Giles's Church was appointed the Cathedral—a distinction which departed with the abolition of Episcopacy in 1638. An attempt made in 1636 to introduce the new "service-book" of Charles I. led to the ludicrous scene when Jenny Geddes threw her cutty-stool at the Dean of Edinburgh. On the 13th October 1643 the Solemn League and Covenant, which had been prepared by Alexander Henderson, was sworn to and subscribed within the walls.

The exterior has not wholly recovered from the ignorant meddling of former restorers; but it presents some fine features, particularly in the crown and spire, and in the East window. The interior has a stately effect, enhanced by the faded regimental flags hanging from the roof, and the many fine monuments old and new, while indeed the number and size of the pillars, however admirable from an artistic point, seem a little to unfit the building for its purpose as a parish church.

The Choir is fitted up with oaken stalls for the judges and magistrates, who attend divine service in their robes on special occasions. In the fine aisle to the south, named after Preston of Gorton, who bequeathed to the church the arm-bone of St. Giles, is the Royal Pew, occupied by the Lord High Commissioner at the Assembly time. Adjoining it (marked B on the plan) is the small chapel founded by Chepman, the "Scottish Caxton," where also the remains of the great Marquis of Montrose were interred, eleven years after his execution, which took place in Edinburgh in 1650.

The Nave—the latest restored portion of the building—contains the Moray and Albany aisles, the former of which is fitted up as a separate chapel, containing (A in plan) the tomb of the Regent Moray, who was interred here immediately after his assassination at Linlithgow, when the funeral sermon was preached by John Knox. The Albany aisle contains a pillar decorated with the arms of Robert, Duke of Albany, and Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas, who are supposed to have founded this chapel as an expiatory offering for the murder of the Duke of Rothesay (eldest son of Robert III.) at Falkland, in 1402.

Among the monuments, three are noticeable for the lavish use of colour shown in them, as well as for their sculpture—Montrose's tomb, in the *Chepman Chapel* (beside the organ); the mural monument to the late Lord Justice General Inglis on the wall of the *Preston Aisle;* and, recently added, in the *Hammermen's* or *St. Aloy's Chapel*, to the right of the entrance, the sumptuous Argyll monument that outdoes the others in glowing richness.

Several memorials will be noticed, the latest a bronze plaque to R. L. Stevenson representing him life-size lying on a couch. There is a brass to William Chambers, who might be called the pious refounder; and a memorial window to another member of the family. The church is rich in stained glass of varying merit. The one beside the organ takes its subject from secular history, the upper half showing the murder of Regent Moray, and the lower John Knox preaching his funeral sermon.

The *Pulpit* strikes one as rather too much in the confectionery style,

There is a fine *Altar*, or what, in a Presbyterian church, may be called a compromise for an altar. The *Font* is a copy from one by Thorwaldsen.

To the horror of a few true-blue Presbyterians still extant, St. Giles's has a very good organ, and the services are of a ritual and musical type, in strong contrast with the old simplicity of Scottish worship. The military service at 9.15 on Sundays makes a favourite spectacle for strangers. Daily service is held at 3.30 in the Moray Aisle, near which a tablet on the floor preserves the memory of that irreconcilable *Jenny Geddes*, who would surely turn in her grave if she knew to what this church had come.

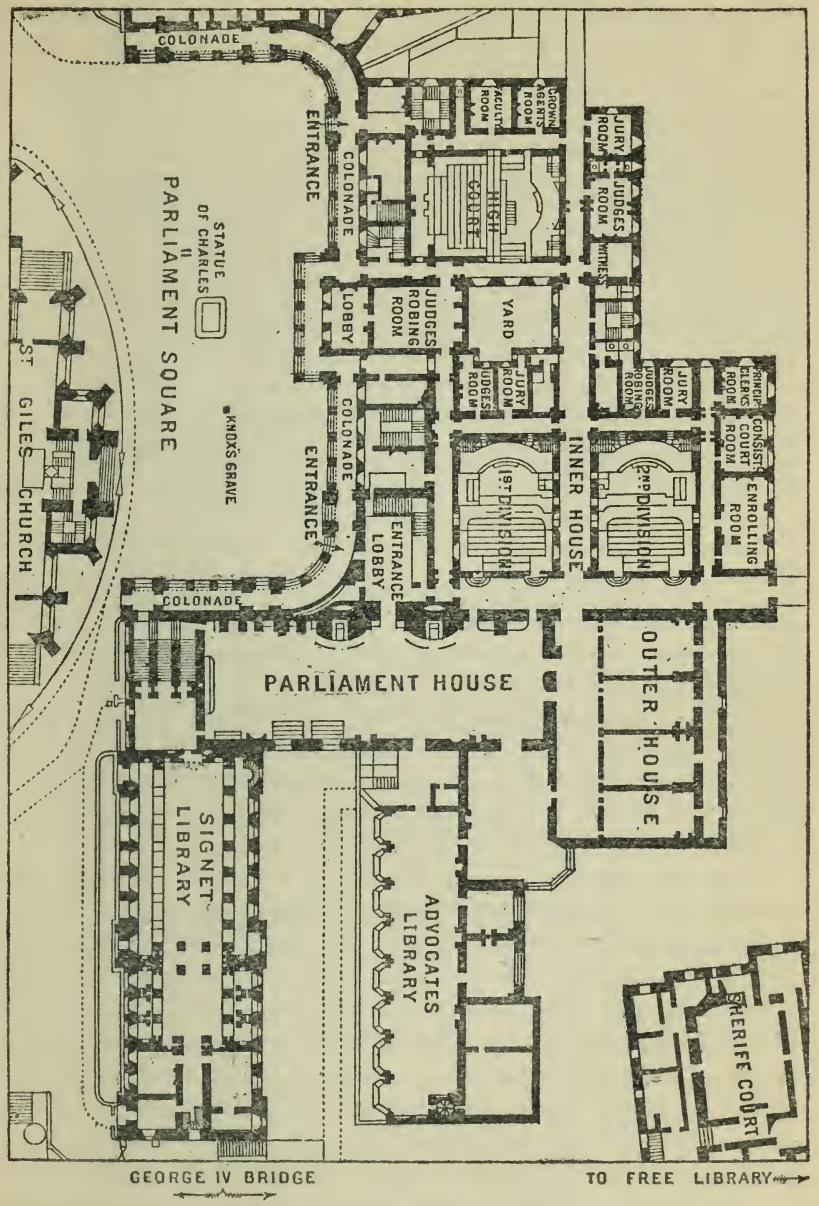
THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE,

the ancient meeting-place of the Scottish Parliament, has been appropriated since the time of the Union to the use of the Supreme Courts. The present building was erected between the years 1632 and 1640, but subsequently, with the exception of the great hall, almost totally renewed. The public entrance is at the south-west angle of the square, and there is free admission by a not very prominent doorway close to the corner of the church.

The great hall or *Parliament House* offers a lively scene during the sitting of the Courts, being the promenade of busy or willing-to-be-busy advocates, consulting with clients and solicitors, or exchanging idle gossip, which makes this place the focus of local wit and scandal, as well as of justice. *Advocate* is the Scotch synonym for barrister, except at Aberdeen, where, by a freak of privilege, it has been extended to solicitors, elsewhere known as *writers* in Scotland. This hall, 122 feet by 49, with a lofty roof of carved oak, and adorned by statues and portraits of distinguished Scottish lawyers, is well worth a visit for its own sake. The subject of the *Stained Glass Window*, on the south side of the hall, is the inauguration of the Court in 1537 by James V., who is in the act of presenting the deed of confirmation by Pope Clement VII. to the Lord President. The other figures represent Dunbar, Archbishop of Glasgow, the Abbot of Cambuskenneth, and judges and nobles of the time. This window was executed at Munich in 1868, from a design by Kaulbach, and cost £2000. The side windows are also noticeable, as are the great carved fireplaces.

The *Outer House*, where the Lords Ordinary sit, is reached from below this window, and consists of four small courts, where civil cases are tried for the first time. The *Inner House* is divided into two divisions (First and Second), where appeals are heard from the Outer House and Sheriff-Courts. The *High Court of Justiciary*, the supreme criminal tribunal of Scotland, is situated in another part of the building.

The Judges are thirteen in number, a *Lord Justice General* or *Lord President*, and a *Lord Justice Clerk*, making up the thirteen. Strangers should apply to the ushers for entrance into any of the courts, where they may be interested by the forms of legal procedure here. A jury consists of twelve, except in criminal cases, when it numbers fifteen.



PLAN OF PARLIAMENT HOUSE AND LAW COURTS.

The Parliament House is built on a slope, and we must descend into the lower stories for **The Advocates' Library** (access to which is obtained through the great hall of the Parliament House), one of the five libraries in the United Kingdom entitled to a copy of every book published in Great Britain. A large additional library hall was opened in 1884. It may be remarked that the collection is liberally put at the service of all who can show themselves able to use it to good account.

This library contains the most valuable collection of books in Scotland, the printed works amounting to some 300,000 volumes, including exceedingly rare and curious works in Scottish poetry, of which there is a printed catalogue. The manuscripts are extensive, and readily accessible by means of a catalogue, in MS., which occupies nine folio volumes. The most prominent part consists of collections formed in the 17th century by Sir James Balfour and Sir Robert Sibbald, and relating mainly to the civil and ecclesiastical history of Scotland. The Gaelic MSS. collected by the Highland Society during their inquiry into the authenticity of Ossian's Poems are also here. The funds of the library are chiefly derived from the entrance fees of the members of the bar. In one of the lower apartments may be seen Greenshield's statue of Sir Walter Scott, the original manuscript of *Waverley*, and the *Confession of Faith*, signed by James VI. and the Scottish nobles of the Privy Council (1589-90).

At the west end of the Hall, we enter the rooms and **Library** of the **Writers to the Signet**, an important body taking rank above ordinary solicitors, as practising only before the Court of Session and performing also duties of conveyancing generally performed by barristers in England. Their library contains upwards of 50,000 volumes, and is rich in the archæological department, especially in British and Irish history.

At the back, occupying the upper part of a new building looking into the Cowgate, is the **Library** of the **Solicitors to the Supreme Court**, another great legal corporation. Abbreviations of these professional qualities, *W.S.* and *S.S.C.*, are commonly used in Scotland as titles of address; as is C.A. (Chartered Accountant), initials which have puzzled strangers on door-plates and letter headings.

Leaving the Parliament House, and making for the other end of the square, near Knox's supposed grave, we find an equestrian statue of *Charles II.*, on a site said to have been originally intended for one of Cromwell, who would have made better company for the stern Reformer. Beyond, at the east end of St. Giles's, the opening is filled by the restored **Market Cross**, the original of which stood hereabouts. This restoration was the gift of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, who had the satisfaction of witnessing its completion in December 1885. The building is octagonal, surmounted by turrets, and having a door admitting to the top on its east side. From the centre rises the original shaft or pillar (surmounted by the heraldic unicorn), which had been carefully preserved after the destruc-

tion of the previous erection in 1756. From the Cross the Scottish Heralds and Pursuivants (Rothesay, Albany, Marchmont, Unicorn, Carrick, and Bute) are wont, as of old, to proclaim royal edicts "in glorious trumpet clang."

This group of public buildings has interrupted, on the right side, the course of *High Street* proper, which we now regain. Opposite the Market Cross, from the left of the street, opens an archway into the **Royal Exchange**, a square enclosing the lately reconstructed Municipal Buildings of Edinburgh. At the top there is kept a *Museum* of civic curiosities and relics, to which visitors are admitted. The **Council Chamber** contains a fine bronze statue in Roman costume of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, which has a curious history. It is said to have been cast in France, and was shipped from Dunkirk to Leith, where, in unloading, it fell into the harbour, and lay for a time submerged. On its recovery it was presented by the possessor to the city, without his daring to state that it represented the Pretender.

The Municipal Buildings have been much improved already, and are being so much extended that they promise, when complete, to rank among the finest of their kind. Their extension has absorbed the adjacent inn, once famous in literary history as *John's Coffee House.* Not far from this is *Craig's Close*, also associated with the printing-press, containing as it did the noted printing-office of Andrew Hart, and the residences of the two famous bibliopoles, Creech and Constable. Beyond, *The Scotsman*, chief newspaper of the north, long had its quarters, about to be transferred to a magnificent block of buildings in the new North Bridge Street.

On the right side of the street, below Parliament Square, is the **Police Office.** Down this broad thoroughfare, its crowded pavement often brightened by the uniforms of Highland soldiers, its squalid closes once the residence of peers, bishops, and judges, we descend to where the **Tron Church** fills a square at the head of *Cockburn Street* (p. 16), where also High Street is intersected by the line of the **North** and **South Bridges**, the former of which, beginning at the Post Office (p. 13), is now being worthily renovated as *North Bridge Street.* The church at this lively meeting of ways takes its name from the *Tron* or weighing beam, that once served also as a pillory to which offenders were nailed by the ears. Here formerly, obstructing the thoroughfare, stood the *Guard-House*

of the City Guard, a body of veteran Dogberries as unpopular as inefficient.

Before descending into the *Canongate*, a diversion may be made that will include several other prominent features of Old Edinburgh, and some new ones, carrying us round a devious course to the south of the line taken from the Castle.

The **Grassmarket** we saw lying below the Castle Esplanade. The simplest if not the shortest way to it is by a road from the west end of Princes Street, dipping down below St. Cuthbert's Church, skirting the Gardens and the Castle Rock, passing under an archway, and along "the King's Stables" by the site of the former Tilting-yard, to enter the north-west corner of this open space, now much modernised, but still showing some traces of old city walls (not the oldest) on the Greyfriars' side, and in the *Vennel*, a steep lane running up to George Heriot's Hospital. On Wednesdays the horse-fair here makes a lively scene. On the south side is the **Corn Exchange**, sometimes used for political demonstrations. At the east end was the place of execution, where suffered so many a victim of faction and tyranny.

The **Cowgate** runs out of the east end of the Grassmarket under George IV. Bridge, roughly parallel with the High Street at a lower level. This long gloomy street, once occupied by nobility and gentry, is now given up to the lowest classes, and the pairs of policemen seen here and there at frequent intervals are a hint of its character. Amateurs of the disgusting and brutal sometimes visit this Alsatia on Saturday night under charge of the police; but most tourists are content with a peep down into it from the railed openings of the Bridges. Yet here are buildings worth inspection, notably one of the most ancient bits of Edinburgh, the **Magdalen Chapel**, containing some remnants of what little old ecclesiastical glass remains in Scotland. This chapel, seen almost at once on the right of the street, used for mission services, and connected with the *Livingstone Dispensary*, may be visited for the trouble of ringing the bell. It contains also some relics of the Marquis of Argyll, executed 1661. The new red pinnacled building farther down, an excrescence from the Parliament House, is the S.S.C. Library. Beyond this point, sweetness and light must hardly be looked for in the Cowgate, whose most striking ornament will be the

washing displayed at the high-piled windows by its slatternly inhabitants, to a large extent Irish.

From the north-eastern corner of the Grassmarket, we mount to **George IV. Bridge** by the winding way of *Victoria Street*, replacing the old **West Bow**, down which Captain Porteous and many a better man were hurried to execution. Among the tall buildings that now line it will be noticed on the right, *St. John's Church*, recalling how here was an abode of the Templars, afterwards transferred to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. The West Bow, in Goldsmith's time, as he tells us, was the site of the Edinburgh Assembly Rooms.

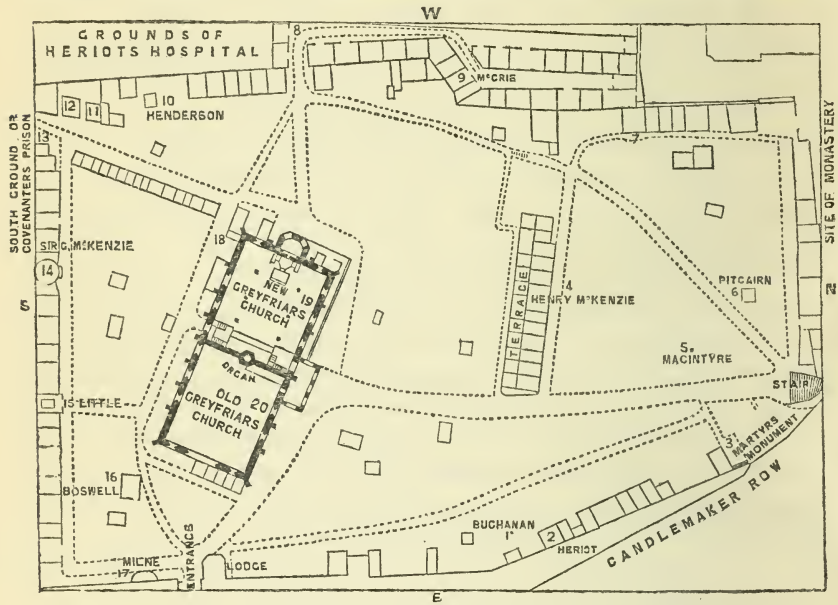
The top of the ascent is faced by the **Sheriff Court** contiguous to the superior courts. Turning along *George IV. Bridge* southwards, on the right we have the **Free Public Library**, endowed by Mr. A. Carnegie with £50,000. Beyond the bridge over the Cowgate, on the same side, at the junction with *Candlemaker Row*, by which we might have emerged from the Grassmarket, is the little monument erected by Lady Burdett Coutts to "Greyfriars' Bobby," the celebrated dog that died of grief on its master's grave in the adjoining churchyard.

Here we reach the entrance to the garden of the old Greyfriars' monastery, now a graveyard, which has been well called the "Westminster Abbey of Scotland," where back to back, after the Scottish manner, stand the *Old* and *New Greyfriars' Churches*. The former, next the street, rebuilt in our century after a fire, is memorable for the ministrations of Robertson the historian, and later, for those of Dr. Robert Lee, who, to the Presbyterian scandal of his day, introduced the ritualistic innovations or revivals that have since leavened the Church of Scotland, and even to some degree her rivals.

This place saw the birth of a very different religious movement, for here in 1638 was signed the *National Covenant*, written on a parchment "above an ell square," in which the subscribers swore to maintain Presbyterianism, and to resist what they designated "contrary errors, to the utmost of their power." After the document had been signed in the church, it was carried to the burying-ground and spread upon a flat gravestone still extant, namely that of Boswell of Auchinleck, to be subscribed by as many as could approach. It is mentioned as an extraordinary instance of religious zeal, that hundreds not only added to their signatures the words *till death*, but actually signed it with their blood. Copies may be seen in the Advocates' Library and in the Antiquarian Museum.

The tombs represent some of the chief families of Scotland, many of

them elaborately funereal in a bygone style, and not a few long haunted by memories of hate and suffering, like that of the "Bluidy Mackenzie" (south wall), Lord Advocate of a persecuting government; or like the *infelix campus* not far off, that long "alley of tombs" projecting from the south-west corner, where, after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, more than a thousand Covenanters were penned up for months in the open air, awaiting sentence.[1] It was such cruelties that burned into Scottish



GROUND PLAN OF GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD.

References to the Tombs.

1. George Buchanan.
2. George Heriot.
3. Martyrs' Monument.
4. Henry Mackenzie (Man of Feeling).
5. Macintyre (Gaelic poet).
6. Pitcairne (Dr.)
7. Old sculptured monument.
8. Entrance to Heriot's Hospital.
9. M'Crie (biographer of Knox).
10. Alexander Henderson.
11. Adam (of Blairadam).
12. Robertson (historian).
13. South ground (Covenanters' prison), Black the chemist, Tytler, etc.
14. Mackenzie (Lord Advocate).
15. Little-Gilmour of Craigmillar.
16. Boswell of Auchinleck.
17. Milne (Master Mason).
18. Allan Ramsay, Maclaurin, Dr. Hugh Blair.
19. Lauder and Ruddiman (inside of church).
20. Memorial window to George Buchanan.

hearts the hatred of Prelacy only now beginning to heal. The *Martyrs' Monument* is situated in the lower part of the ground, next the city wall; its inscription relates the fate of the Marquis of Argyll, James Renwick, and how about one hundred noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and others,

[1] This projection does not appear in our plan.

"noble martyrs for Jesus Christ, were executed at Edinburgh at the time of the Restoration, and interred here."

Other noticeable tombs will be found marked in our plan.

From Greyfriars, the short bend along *Forrest Road* brings us to the head of the *Meadow Walk*, a fine avenue leading down to and across the spacious playground of the **Meadows**, formerly a marsh or lake bordering Old Edinburgh to the south. On the right of this walk, are the new buildings of the **Royal Infirmary**, now indeed some quarter of a century old, after the Scottish baronial style, on the modern system of separate blocks, and able to accommodate about 600 patients. On the left lies **George Square**, the largest in the city, still an abode of substantial gentility, and once the height of Edinburgh fashion. Walter Scott's father lived at No. 25 after removing from his house in *College Wynd*, the latter long ago destroyed, but its probable site marked by a tablet as a hint of the poet's birthplace. In *Buccleuch Place*, behind the bottom of George Square, was Francis Jeffrey's early married house, where a knot of his and Sydney Smith's friends struck out the idea of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Hence let us turn back to the head of *Meadow Walk*, where we have on the west side **Lauriston**, through which a tramway runs communicating with the main line at *Tollcross*. The large building and enclosure seen almost at once to the right here is **Heriot's Hospital**, the oldest of Edinburgh's many charitable endowments for education. A little farther, on the opposite side, is **George Watson's School** for boys, rather blocked up here at the bottom of *Archibald Place*, but it is better seen from the Meadows. This institution has been transformed so as to become the largest middle-class day school in the country.

Heriot's Hospital has another kind of interest in its fine site and architecture. Admission daily, except Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 4 o'clock.

This handsome edifice owes its foundation to George Heriot, jeweller to James VI., whose name will be familiar to all readers of *The Fortunes of Nigel*. Upon the Union of the Crowns, Heriot followed his royal master to London, where, doubtless, his trade became much more profitable. He died in 1623, leaving the principal part of his estate (£23,000)[1] in trust to the magistrates and ministers of Edinburgh, to found an

[1] The *Annual Income* of the Trust is now about £40,000!

hospital for the maintenance and education of poor fatherless boys, sons of freemen of the city of Edinburgh, and to establish ten bursaries at the University of Edinburgh for the education of so many poor scholars. The plan of the building has been attributed by some to Inigo Jones, by others to Sir Robert Aytoun the poet; but it is believed that the original design proceeded rather from the King's Master Mason of the time, William Aytoun.

The building consists of a quadrangle, with large square towers at each angle. The north front has a central tower higher than the rest, under which an archway leads to the inner court, which is adorned with the statue of the founder. The south front contains the chapel, and the western wing the dining-hall and council room. The ornamental details are different in each window; but they present, when viewed as a whole, perfect uniformity. The architecture of Heriot's Hospital, Wintoun and Pinkie Houses, etc., belongs to the same school, one peculiar to Scotland, seemingly compounded of French, Flemish, and Italian elements, with native adaptations and developments—as a whole unlike anything in other countries, certainly unknown in England.

The Civil War breaking out soon after the building was finished, the first inmates were the sick and wounded of Cromwell's army, after the battle of Dunbar; and it was occupied as a military hospital until 1658, when Monk restored it to its rightful occupants. From that year down to 1886, it continued to be both a school and place of residence for the successive Heriot beneficiaries. Now, however, under the provisions of a Scheme issued by the Endowed Schools (Scotland) Commissioners, the foundationers—"150 poor orphans"—are non-resident, receiving an annual allowance for board; and the building is employed only for the purposes of a day-school, to which fee-paying as well as free scholars are admitted.

A good view of the Castle Rock is obtained from the terrace at the north side of the Hospital,—looking across the Grassmarket.

After this slight diversion along *Lauriston Place*, let us take the line east from the top of Meadow Walk to visit the various buildings of the University. At once, in *Teviot Place*, we find the **Medical College** close to the Infirmary, as is fitting, a handsome building in the early Italian style, which will doubtless turn out as many good doctors as came from the former quarters of this famous school. Beyond it, is the more ornate mass of the **M'Ewan Hall**, recently presented to the University by one of the city members, to serve as a theatre for academical and other functions. It was also provided by the terms of the gift that the hall should fulfil some of the functions of a Town Hall, and it has already been the scene of some notable occasions, but it will probably be superseded in these respects by the Usher Hall (see p. 19).

We are now at the back of the old *College*, where the Arts,

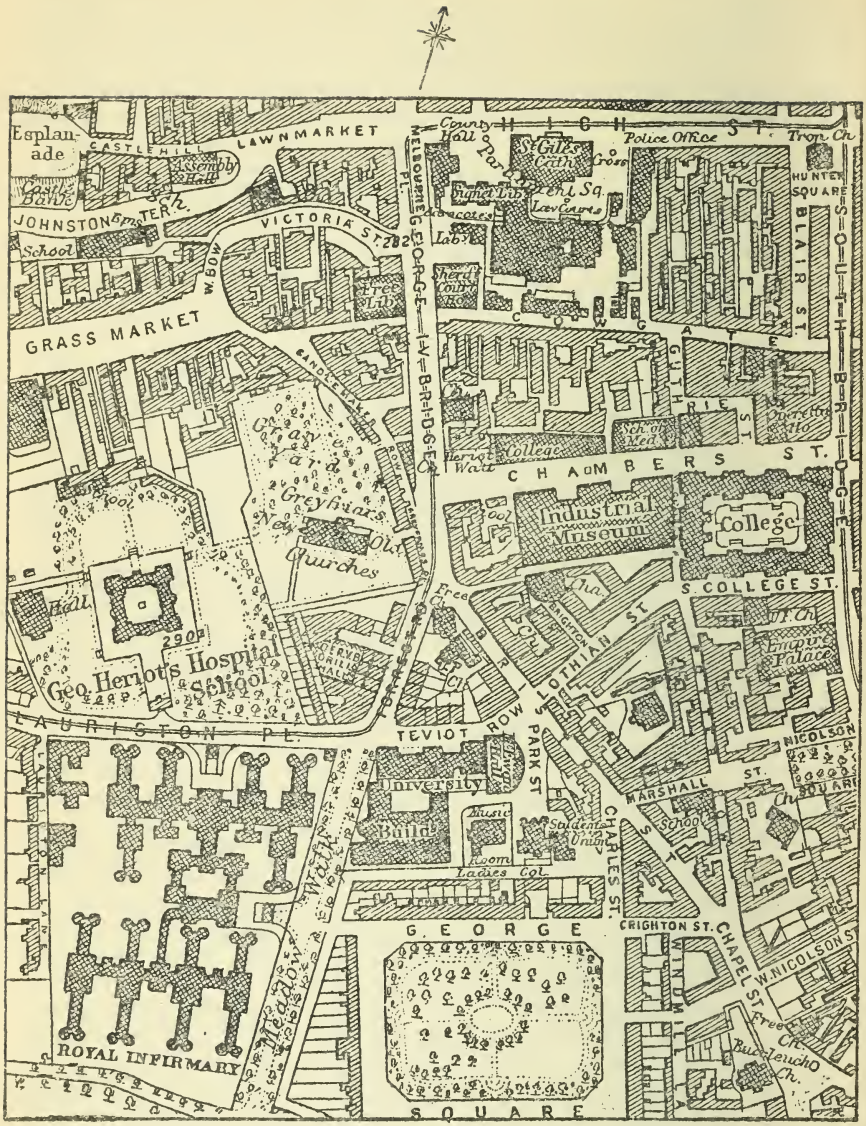
Law, and Divinity faculties are still quartered. To reach the front, one must pass by *Lothian Street* and *South College Street*, along the south side, unless he turn up *Bristo Street* on the left, to approach more worthily by the broad thoroughfare of **Chambers Street**, on the other side, adorned by a statue of the publisher to whom Edinburgh owes more than this improvement. The hunter of old-book shops will not complain if he lose his way among the somewhat mean precincts of the University, which faces on to the main thoroughfare continuing the line of the North and South Bridges.

THE UNIVERSITY

The College or University of Edinburgh dates its existence from the year 1582, when James VI. was sixteen years of age. Till that time there had been but three Universities in Scotland — St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. The site was originally a suburb, consisting mainly of gardens and straggling buildings, containing the church of St. Mary in the Fields, or Kirk-o'-Field, well known as the scene of the mysterious murder of Darnley.

The first professor was Robert Rollock, of St. Salvator (St. Andrews), appointed in 1583, and afterwards made Principal. About the year 1660, by means of benefactions from public bodies and private individuals the establishment had attained a respectable rank among similar institutions. As a school of medicine it first rose into repute under Dr. Alexander Monro, who became professor of anatomy in 1720; and in this department it has gained distinguished pre-eminence. In the other branches of knowledge its reputation was advanced by Maclaurin, Black, Ferguson, Stewart, Robison, Hamilton, Forbes, Brewster, and other eminent men.

The building is four stories in height and rectangular in form, the east and west sides being 255 ft. in length, and the south and north sides 358 ft. The entrance is from South Bridge Street by a portico supported by four single-block Doric columns, each 26 ft. in height, over which runs the inscription: "*Academia Jacobi VI., Scotorum Regis Anno post Christum Natum*, M.D.LXXXII. *Instituta. Annoque* M.DCC. LXXXIX. *Renovari coepta; Regnante Georgio III., Principe Munificentissimo; Urbis Edinensis Præfecto, Thoma Elder; Academiæ Primario, Gulielmo Robertson; Architecto, Roberto Adam.*" The dome erected over the principal entrance, by bequest of the late Robert Cox, W.S., Edinburgh, is crowned with a figure of Youth, designed by John Hutchison, R.S.A. The inner quadrangle presents a continuous range of massive buildings in a semi-Grecian style of architecture, a stone balustrade forming a raised gallery all the way round. At the angles, and on the west side, there are spacious piazzas; and exactly opposite the main entrance is a marble statue of Sir David Brewster, by the late William Brodie, R.S.A., erected in 1870.



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PLAN OF THE UNIVERSITY AND MUSEUM.

The *University Library*[1] occupies nearly the whole of the south side of the square ; the principal hall being 198 ft. long and its gilded arched ceiling more than 50 ft. in height. A series of marble busts is arranged along each side. The library contains upwards of 220,000 volumes and about 7500 manuscripts. Among the latter is a fine copy of *Fordun's Scotichronicon*, in folio, from which Goodall's edition of 1775 was printed ; and *The Protest* by the nobles of Bohemia and Moravia, addressed to the Council of Constance in 1415, in reference to the burning of John Huss and Jerome of Prague—a parchment document with 100 signatures and as many seals. The library of Drummond of Hawthornden, the Halliwell collection of Shakespearian literature, the library of General Reid, and the MS. collections of the late David Laing, are among the principal bequests. The Court-Room of the Senatus contains portraits of the first Principal Rollock, of John Knox, George Buchanan, Napier of Merchiston, Thomson the poet, Robertson the historian, and others.

Edinburgh University comprises faculties of divinity, law, arts, and medicine, the last being the most renowned in our time. The government and patronage were placed on their present footing in 1889, under the Universities (Scotland) Act. The curators are seven in number,—four elected by the Town Council, and three by the University. The appointment to some of its chairs is made by the Crown, and to others by the curators and the legal bodies. The head of the University is the Chancellor ; the other officials are the Rector, Principal, and Parliamentary representative. The Lord Rector is elected every three years by vote of the students, when there is usually a keen contest for the honour, into which immature politics generally enter, or the question may be between some distinguished writer and some influential local notability. The two sessions begin respectively in October and May, the latter being confined to certain branches of study. There are nearly 300 bursaries, scholarships, fellowships, and money prizes, for the most part smaller in value than at English Universities, but amounting to a large aggregate sum.

The number of students is between three and four thousand. Many of these, however, do not go through a complete course, but merely attend, or make show of attending certain classes required to qualify for their professions ; while not a few used to be content with a casual smattering of knowledge which Scotsmen are disposed to hold in reverence ; but with this generation the practice of taking a degree has been on the increase, and the standard of qualification is higher. The curriculum here more resembles that of a German than of an English University ; and there is a want of cohesion and social life among the undergraduates, many of them mere schoolboys prematurely thrown on their own guidance, an ordeal out of which they seem able to come less harmfully than southern lads of the same age. Scattered among the population of a large city, free from all scholastic discipline out of class hours, men of very different ages and ranks, often obliged to live with the narrowest economy, Scottish students have seldom such pleasant memories to look back on as the Oxonian or Cantab, yet here

[1] The Library is open daily from 10 to 4 in the Winter Session ; from 10 to 3 in Summer.

may be better learned hard lessons of exertion and restraint that have brought so many to fame from poor beginnings. The one Scottish University which has a certain air of Anglican dignity and lettered ease, St. Andrews, seems to be blighted by east winds of fortune; and an attempt there to introduce something like the system of college life failed in suiting the independence of Caledonian nature. At Edinburgh some successful steps have lately been taken towards cultivating social intercourse among the students, especially in the University Settlements promoted by Professor Geddes. (See p. 26.)

The main thoroughfare in front of the University leads on southwards as *Nicolson Street*, and under other names, to the suburb of *Newington*. Almost at once it passes on the left the classic front of the **Royal College of Surgeons**, whose museum is open free 12 to 4 (except on Tuesdays). On the other side of the street is a popular building of very different character, at which it is to be feared some medical students waste too much of their time, *The Empire Music Hall*.

Turning northwards from the University gate, by the street on the right we reach the site of the old Infirmary, where is now another institution well known to students, the **Corporation Baths**, containing, with other baths, excellent swimming basins for both sexes, where a swim may be had for twopence, except on first-class days, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, when the charge is doubled and the water changed. A similar Bath, but without a female side, has recently been opened in *Caledonian Crescent* near the Dalry Road.

Opposite *Infirmary Street*, bounding the north side of the University, runs *Chambers Street*, by which we may have approached from the end of George IV. Bridge. On the north side of this is the **Heriot-Watt College**, a well-equipped technical school of old standing. On the other side, contiguous to the University Buildings, stands the **Museum of Science and Art**, one of which any city might be proud. (Admission on week days 10 to 4, and also on Wednesday evenings 6 to 10, *free*. On Saturdays it is open free, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., and on Sundays from 2 to 5 P.M. This Museum, opened in 1866, is a branch of the London Science and Art Department.

Each of the three main halls on the ground floor is the principal hall of one of the three departments of the Museum, viz. the *Art* and *Ethnographical*, the *Natural History*, and the *Technological Departments*, the remaining halls or galleries of each department being adjoining or

over these. The Library (access by corridor to right of entrance) contains about 14,000 volumes, also specifications of Patents from the year 1614 to the present time, and affords free reference to all British and many American and French Patents. On the *Upper floor* over the Library is a unique collection of the Minerals of Scotland, and in the gallery adjoining there is the Geological Survey collection of the rocks of Scotland.

The visitor enters the Museum on the north side of the *Great Hall*, passing under the great gateway from the Tope at Sanchi, near Delhi. To the right are casts of Indian Tombs and details from Indian palaces; the huge Leaning Obelisk from Central America, and a group of Celtic and Runic Crosses (typical examples are the Celtic cross slab from Nigg and the Ruthwell Cross with interesting Runic inscription); Babylonian and Assyrian sculpture; Greek sculpture, including the Order of the Mausoleum from Halicarnassus with frieze and colossal figures of Mausolus and Artemisia. On the south side are the Choir Screen from Hildesheim, the Romanesque doorway from Barfretstone Church, and the tall, upright casts from the Cathedrals at Chartres, Amiens, and Bordeaux, representing Gothic art of the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries respectively. The elaborately sculptured pulpits by Niccola Pisano (1260) and his son Giovanni (1240-1320) mark the beginnings of Renaissance art in Italy, and among the Renaissance works at the east end of the hall are the Ghiberti Gates, the Marsuppini and other tombs; a collection of arms and armour, and several finely executed models reproducing the decoration of Italian interiors.

The *Furniture Hall* is entered by the north-east corridor of the Great Hall, and contains a collection of cabinets, chests, tables, chairs, etc., of different periods and styles, and a very large and fine panel of tapestry, "The Triumph of Prudence."

The main *Natural History Hall* may be entered here. On the *Ground Floor* is the collection of mammals, etc., and suspended at the level of the gallery the skeleton of a whale (Sibbald's Rorqual) 78 feet in length. The collection of birds on the first gallery shows on the east side the remains of extinct species, with, near the centre of this wall, a fine specimen of the now extinct Great Auk. The fishes are on the second gallery, a remarkably fine collection of fossil specimens occupying the east and south sides; the recent fishes are on the west side of the gallery. Reptiles and fossil plants occupy the room opening off this gallery.

Natural History Hall No. 2 contains on the ground floor a continuation of the mammals; note here two fine specimens of the Irish extinct Gigantic Deer. The collection of birds is continued on the first gallery from the adjoining one on the same floor; shells are arranged in the railing cases. On the second gallery is the general collection of minerals.

Natural History Hall No. 3 (British Zoology) includes a very fine collection of British birds; among the eggs are two specimens of those of the Great Auk. On the first gallery of this hall the shell collection is continued, and the second gallery contains the Zoological educational, or type collection, largely used by students.

In the West Wing of the building the *Main Hall of the Technological Department* shows illustrations of Civil Engineering, including lighthouses, bridges, arches, etc., and of Mechanical Engineering, among those being

the original "Wylam Dilly" locomotive and one of Boulton and Watt's engines, and models of various forms of machinery (about 100 of these were made in the Museum workshop, and some of them can now be worked by simply pressing an electric button); models of ships and marine engines; guns and gunnery, and several diagrammatic models which may be set in motion by the visitor.

Ascending the stair to the *First Gallery of the Great Hall* the visitor is again in the Art collections. To his left is a case of Greek Pottery, and beyond it several floor cases containing a small collection illustrating Greek and Roman archæology, succeeded by specimens of the minor arts of Europe arranged in the cases which occupy the whole length both of the gallery and the corridor. The east end of the corridor opens into a hall with, on the south side, Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities, and on the north side Chinese and Japanese work in metal, lacquer, ivory, etc. Returning to the gallery of the Great Hall, we find on the south side specimens of glass, ancient and modern; Chinese, Japanese, Continental, and British ceramics; and near the clock at the west end several cases with fine examples of Italian and Hispano-moresque majolica.

Passing from this point under the arch which leads to the first gallery over the Machinery Hall, the visitor will find an extensive *Ethnographical Collection*, showing the implements, weapons, dresses, etc., of savage peoples. This collection begins in the railing cases to the right where the carvings and drawings on mammoth bones—the earliest evidence of man's existence—are associated with remains of the Palæolithic period. Farther on is an interesting model of a dolmen and a large number of objects of the Neolithic time. The specimens in the wall cases are in geographical relation, and range from Arctic America to the Andaman Islands. At the north-west corner of the gallery the collection passes to the adjoining hall with illustrations of the arts of Siam, Burma, Persia, and India. An opening on the east side of the Ethnographical Gallery leads to the Textile Hall, where, in addition to the general collection of textiles, a number of fine specimens of *lace* are exhibited.

Ascending to the higher gallery of the Great Hall we find wall cases containing an extensive collection of Economic Botany, the specimens set out on the floor being related mainly to Forestry and Agriculture. The south-west gallery on this floor is devoted to Type collections of Geology, Botany, and Physiology, with apparatus and appliances all more especially of interest to those engaged in teaching.

On the west side of a corner house in Chambers Street, on the opposite side to the University, is a stone recording that in a house which stood near this spot Sir Walter Scott was born (see p. 45).

From the College and Chambers Street, a few minutes' walk along the tram line of the South Bridge, by the windows of many clothiers' shops, brings us back to High Street at the Tron Church.

HOLYROOD

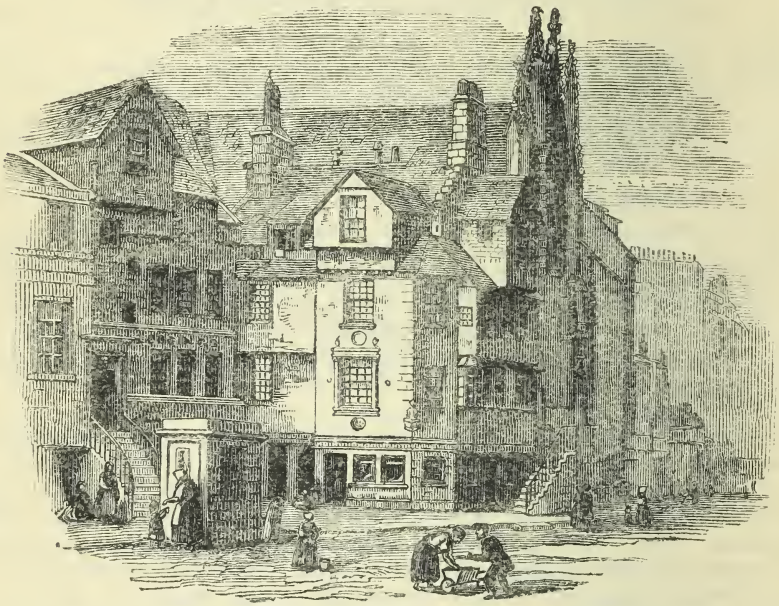
THE CANONGATE AND ARTHUR'S SEAT

High Street (*continued*).—Beyond the intersection of the Bridges we enter the narrowing and steeper end of this long street, where the well-dressed stranger may find himself passing, through coarse company, especially if it be Saturday night, when the way is barred by many a group now gathered round an obstreperous drunkard, now round an open-air preacher carrying on war against the misery and vice so clearly brought to light under the incongruous glare of electric lamps. But it is only fair to say that Edinburgh, like other cities, is improving year by year as education reaches the lower strata of her population.

What often strikes a stranger here is the prevalence of drunkenness, even early in the day, especially at holiday times. This is indeed a national sin; and there is one taunt to make a Scotsman be ashamed of his country, yet something may be said to diminish if not to excuse the apparent evil. The men seen so helplessly overcome at noonday, are perhaps of ordinarily sober habits, all the more readily affected by occasional indulgence in cheap and fiery spirit. The whisky drunk by the lower classes here is a demon that takes no disguise. It seems that, while there is more brutal intoxication in Scotland, there may be less toping sottishness than in England. A man does not drink so much, but when he does give way it is with more scandalous effect. A woman frequenting public-houses implies a lower depth of degradation. In the north, a larger proportion of the population are abstainers; young people and the class of domestic servants, for instance, drink water where in English families they would expect beer. In all classes, there are still too many Scotsmen religious in the worship of their native Bacchus, vulgar and violent deity as he is; but every year, it is hoped, adds to the number of protestants against this perverted fanaticism, and helps on a much-desired reformation. By what is called the Forbes Mackenzie Act, all public-houses have long been closed on Sunday, when, however, in this part of the city, as in others, if all stories are true, a good deal of *shebeening* or

illicit drinking goes on. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the austerity of Scottish Sabbatarianism drives many into vicious indulgence; and much is to be hoped from the churches taking an interest in honest amusement as a help and not a hindrance to religion. But a sneer often thrown out by strangers against the supposed hypocrisy of Scotsmen only shows ignorance of a country where those most concerned about Sabbath observance are the deadliest enemies of its drinking habits.

Till destroyed by recent improvements, at the left corner stood a quaint timber-fronted house, noticeable as having contained Allan Ramsay's shop. A little farther down a new building



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE (A.D. 1490) REPAIRED 1853.

will be seen, over the entrance to which is sculptured a boy's head in stone, below the inscription *Heave awa', chaps; I'm no deid yet.* This commemorates a tragedy that sent a thrill through the whole country a generation ago, when on a Sunday morning one of the old "lands" collapsed, burying many families in its ruins. No. 135 is *Carrubber's Close*, where was opened the first regular playhouse of Edinburgh, and also the first Episcopal Chapel, fitting company grim old Presbyterians must have thought. *Playhouse Close*, in the Canongate, farther down, was the site of the next theatre, in which the acting of

Home's *Douglas*, as the work of a clergyman, gave rise to loud scandal.

John Knox's House projects into the street (admission, 10 to 4, by tickets at the shop below, 6d.). Grave doubt has been cast on the connection of the Reformer with this interesting old building; and the legend seems a modern one which makes it his residence while minister of St. Giles's 1559-1572. Over the door is the admonitory inscription:

Fear. God. above. al. and. yi. nichbour. as. yi. self.;—

and, close beneath the window from which he is said to have preached, a rude effigy points to the name of God carved upon a stone above in Greek, Latin, and English.

A little below Knox's House go off *St. Mary's* and *Jeffrey Streets*, formed by the Improvement Commissioners of Edinburgh, with the view of opening up the denser masses of old buildings. The latter diverges northwards in a curve, and contains the reconstructed **Trinity College Church**, which originally occupied a site lower down on the line of railway. This old church was founded in 1462 by Mary of Gueldres, consort of James II. The stones were carefully numbered when the church was taken down, and thus the original fabric, containing many fine specimens of carved work, was preserved. On the right, St. Mary's Street runs across to the end of the Cowgate.

Here once stood the **Netherbow**, the lower gate of the city; and now begins the **Canongate**, running down to Holyrood, a narrower line of street, till last century residence of many of the ancient Scottish nobility, and main thoroughfare between the palace and the city.

The first opening to the right is **St. John Street**, where, at No. 13, Lord Monboddo and the beautiful Miss Burnet resided, and where Burns was a frequent guest. No. 10 was the residence of James Ballantyne, the printer of the Waverley Novels. Smollett lodged for some time in the old house with the tall circular abutment. Almost to the present generation this street continued to be the home of respectable citizens. Below St. John Street is **Moray House**, occupied by Oliver Cromwell during his visits to Edinburgh, before and after the battle of Dunbar. The death of Charles I. and the Union between England and Scotland are both said to have been hatched at

this historic mansion, from which, on his wedding day, the story goes, Argyll saw Montrose led to the execution that a few years later would be his own fate. The house is now used as a Normal School in connection with the Free Church of Scotland.

The **Canongate Tolbooth**, on the opposite side, was erected in the reign of James VI., and is a good specimen of the French style of architecture adopted in Scotland. Over an archway is the inscription—"*Patriæ et posteris*, 1591"; and on a niche in the building are painted the arms of the Canongate, consisting of a stag's head with a cross between the antlers, and the motto —"*Sic itur ad astra*," commemorating the legend of the founding of Holyrood Abbey.

In the churchyard of the **Canongate Church**—a large square building on the same side—are interred Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, David Allan the artist, and Fergusson the poet. Burns himself erected the simple stone over Fergusson's tomb. In our own day Sir J. W. Gordon, the President of the Scottish Academy, and Dr. Horatius Bonar were buried here.

On the north side, a Board School for the Canongate district has been erected on the site of *Milton House*, the mansion of Lord Milton (1692-1766), an eminent Scottish judge; and lower down is **Queensberry House**, now a House of Refuge for the Destitute, once residence of the nobleman who built Drumlanrig Castle in Dumfriesshire, at present represented by the Duke of Buccleuch. The poet Gay lived here for a time under the patronage of the Duchess of Queensberry.

Near the foot of the Canongate, on the north side, entering through *White Horse Close*, we find the former **White Horse Inn**, one of the oldest hostelries in the city, let in tenements by the Edinburgh Social Union. On the opposite side is the **Abbey Court-House**, formerly a sanctuary for debtors. Up to the last generation, broken-down gentlemen and others were fain to take refuge in these precincts, which allowed them Arthur's Seat and the Queen's Park as a playground, but only on Sunday could they safely visit the city. Many amusing tales were told of pent-up debtors who, venturing forth to play a sly game of golf, or lingering too long at Sabbath evening convivialities, had literally to outrun the constable, or lose their restricted liberty.

Here we debouch upon the open space before *Holyrood*, in the centre of which is the elaborate carved fountain erected by Prince Albert, a facsimile restoration of the ruined one in the quadrangle of Linlithgow Palace. We might have gained this opening by either of the parallel streets known as the *North* and the *South Back of Canongate*, affording, for the most part, a dreary spectacle of gasworks and breweries, though the latter

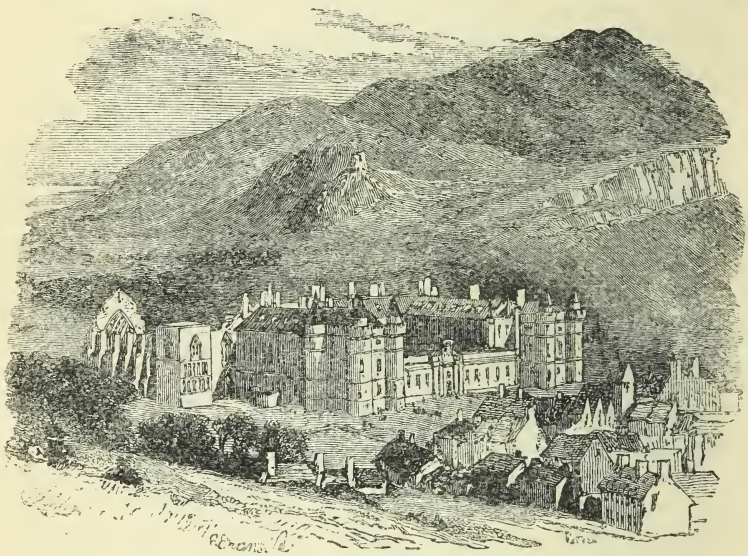
OLD WHITE HORSE INN, CANONGATE.

shows some attempt at architectural keeping made in recent buildings. This is a continuation of the *Cowgate*, a peep of which will be enough for all but the most enthusiastic antiquarians. To the *North Back of Canongate*, a path leads down from the front of the High School by the Burns Monument, and a carriage drive winds upwards from the north side of the Abbey to that terraced road below the Calton Hill, which overlooks such a fine view beyond the prosaic features of the foreground. Visitors to the Palace should, at all events, turn as far as the corner in this direction to see the quaint little building called **Queen Mary's Bath**, over which Rizzio's murderers are said to have escaped.

HOLYROOD

The Palace is open daily, 11 to 4 in winter and 10 to 5 summer, *free*, except when occupied by the Lord High Commissioner, or otherwise. The entrance leads straight into the courtyard; and the historical apartments are entered at the corner of the piazza to the left.

This "house of many memories" was originally a convent, as its ordinary name, *The Abbey*, implies, and like so many other monastic



HOLYROOD.

establishments it owes its existence to David I. that "sair saint to the Crown." The legend connected with its foundation is preserved in the armorial bearings of the borough of Canongate. The king, it seems, about the year 1128, hunting in the forest of Drumsheugh, was thrown to the ground and attacked by a stag which had been brought to bay, but fled at the sight of a cross miraculously interposed betwixt it and the defenceless monarch. In gratitude for this deliverance he founded and endowed the Church of the Holy Rood, granting to it, and to the canons regular of St. Augustine serving God therein, the privilege of erecting a borough betwixt their church and the Netherbowgate of the city, which changed its name to the "Canongate" or Gate of the Canons. Succeeding monarchs heaped favours on the establishment, so that at the dissolution it was accounted the most opulent abbey in Scotland.

It does not appear how soon any part of the building was adapted to the purposes of a royal residence. The poems of Dunbar seem to show

that the Abbey was inhabited by James IV. as a permanent residence. It is ascertained, however, by an inscription upon the building, that the tower and high-roofed buildings, containing what are called Queen Mary's apartments, were built by James V. Not long afterwards the whole Abbey, except the church, then a fine Gothic edifice, was burned by the English, who (1544) landed and captured Leith, but were repulsed from the city by a well-directed fire from the Castle. Both the abbey and palace recovered from the effects of this disaster, to become the principal residence of the court, and the scene of important public transactions during the reign of Queen Mary, that unfortunate princess of much-questioned character for whom austere Scotland has since had such a soft place in its heart, though one side of it was so hardened against her in life-time.

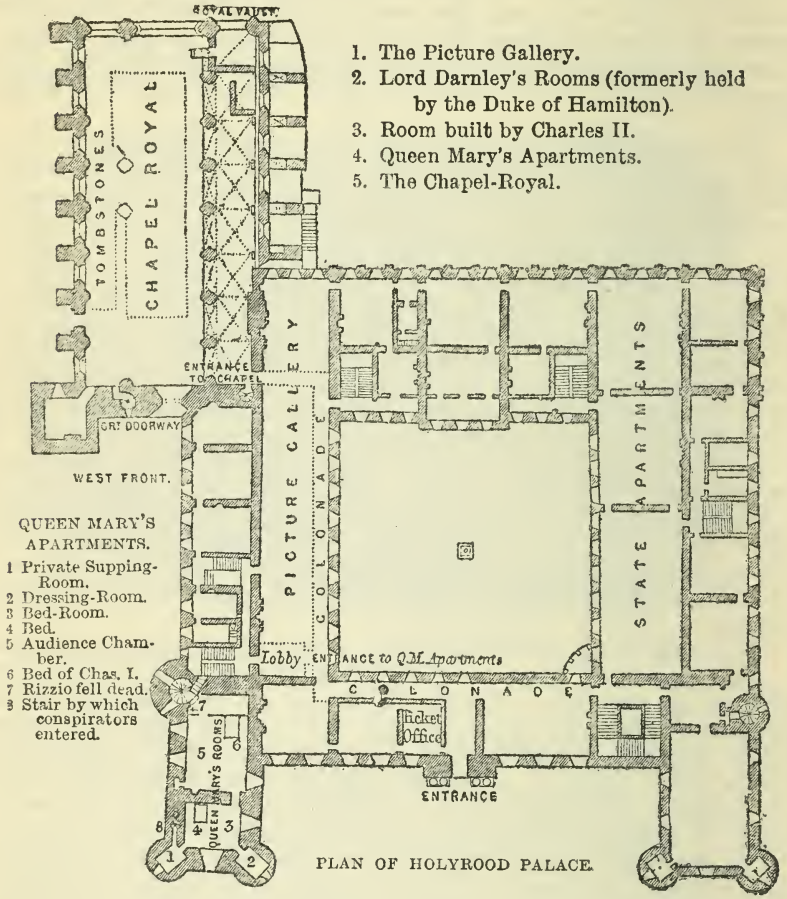
The most romantic and famous story of this period is the murder of the royal minion Rizzio. Darnley, who headed the conspirators, entered first, and casting his arm fondly round the Queen's waist, seated himself beside her at table. Lord Ruthven followed in complete armour, looking pale and ghastly, as one scarcely recovered from long sickness. Others crowded in after them, till the closet was full of armed men. While the Queen demanded the purpose of their coming, Rizzio, who saw that his life was aimed at, got behind her and clasped the folds of her gown, that the respect due to her person might protect him. The assassins threw down the table and seized on the unfortunate object of their vengeance, while Darnley himself took hold of the Queen, and forced them asunder. It was their intention, doubtless, to have taken the favourite out of Mary's presence, and to have killed him elsewhere ; but their fierce impatience hurried them into instant murder. George Douglas, a natural brother of the Earl of Morton, set the example by striking Rizzio with the dagger which he had snatched from Darnley's belt. He received many other blows. They then dragged him through the bedroom and ante-room, and despatched him at the head of the staircase with no less than fifty-six wounds.

The whole of the palace, except the double tower with the adjoining building containing Queen Mary's apartments, was again burned at the close of the Civil War. Charles II. showed a liberal attention to the condition of his ancient metropolis, and he it was who erected the present palace, consisting of a quadrangle, with piazzas, in the French taste of Louis XIV.'s reign. James II. of England resided at Holyrood for a time before his accession to the throne, and by stately and formal courtesy towards the proud aristocracy of Scotland, laid the foundation of that attachment to his person and family which afterwards showed itself in unsuccessful insurrections. As Duke of York and Albany he bequeathed his name to "The Duke's Walk," a level space extending from the back of the palace to the verge of the park, once shaded with lofty trees. In the eventful years 1745-46, Charles Edward Stuart occupied the palace both before and after the battle of Prestonpans. At the end of last century it served to accommodate the exiled Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. of France, with the emigrant nobility attached to his person. When again driven from his country by the Revolution of 1830, the same unfortunate prince and his family found refuge here once more until 1832. George IV., on

his visit to Edinburgh in 1822, held levees in the palace, and it may still be used as an occasional royal residence. The King and the Duke of Edinburgh lived here while attending the University.

Once a year, in May, the palace wakes up to receive the Lord High Commissioner to the Assembly, who, with more or less state, plays the part of Viceroy for a fortnight.

Another ceremony which takes place at General Elections in the Picture



Gallery, before an audience chiefly of ladies, is the assembling of some dozen peers to elect sixteen of their order as representatives in the House of Lords. This peerage ought to be a select body; for the sovereign, who can make belted knights by the score, can now no more create a Scottish peer than an honest man, as was arranged at the Union. Many of the Scottish nobility sit in the House of Lords by other titles, as peers of the United Kingdom.

Order in which visitors are conducted by the guides, whose services, however are not necessary :—

The Picture Gallery, the largest apartment in the palace, measures 150 ft. by 27. It is hung with some hundred portraits of Scottish kings, real or apocryphal, most of which are unworthy of notice, having been manufactured in the 17th century by the same painter. An exception must be made for the four pictures occupying two sides of screens at the end of the gallery. This double diptych is supposed to have been executed by an artist of the Van Eyck school as altar-piece for Trinity College Church, and was given back from the royal collection at Hampton Court. The paintings, fine and well-preserved specimens of 15th-century work, represent James III. and his queen, Margaret of Denmark, at devotions ; and on the reverse side, the Holy Trinity, and the Provost of the Church.

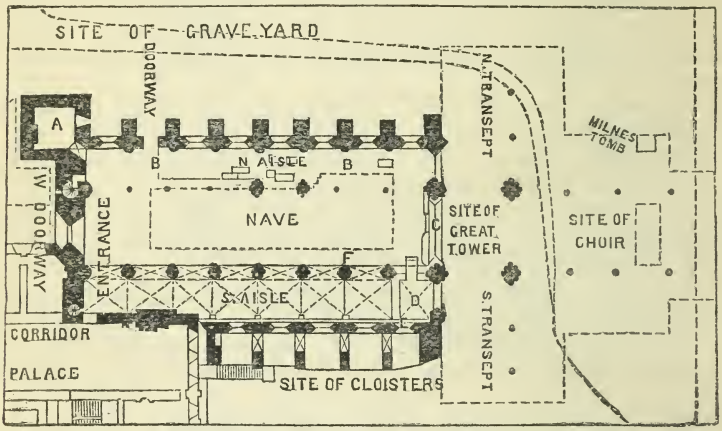
On the same floor are *Lord Darnley's Rooms*, containing tapestries (the prevailing design on which is nude boys climbing trees), and also several portraits—among which are one taken to be young Lord Darnley No. 105 ; Charles II. in armour, No. 107 ; Queen Mary, No. 115 ; and Anne of Denmark, Queen of James VI., No. 108. In the handsome room to the left, amongst other portraits, are one of James VI., No. 122 ; and one of Douglas, eighth Duke of Hamilton, No. 124 ; also two ancient tapestries (one representing the appearance of a flaming cross to Constantine the Great). The bedroom contains several more portraits (*e.g.* first Duke of Hamilton, No. 131), pictures, and tapestries. Lord Darnley had access from these rooms by a private stair to the Queen's above.

Queen Mary's Apartments are the most interesting in the palace, and remain much in the same state as when occupied by her. Passing through the Audience Chamber (where stands the bed of Charles I., on which Prince Charlie slept in 1745-46), we enter Queen Mary's bedroom, with an ancient bed and other furniture. The roof of this, as of the previous room, is divided into panels, on which are painted various initials and coats-of-arms. On one side of the room is the door of the secret passage by which the conspirators against the life of the Italian Rizzio (1566) entered, and adjoining is the little private supper-room where they found their victim. He was dragged out from this to outside the door of the Audience Chamber, and despatched at the head of the staircase. On the flooring is shown a dark spot in which the eye of faith still sees the stain of his blood.

The *Chapel Royal* is entered at the farther end of the piazza on the same side. The fragment which remains forms the nave of the ancient church, and amidst the additions of a later age, the original work of the 12th century may still be traced. The west front, although partly the work of different periods, is on the whole in the most beautiful style of Early English ; and its sculptured arcade, boldly-cut heads, and rich variety of ornament in the doorway, are much admired. The windows above are additions of Charles I., who appears to have been desirous to use the chapel for the Episcopal service of the Reformed church ; and he was crowned in it in 1633. James VII., by an attempt to celebrate mass

within its walls, roused the popular displeasure, which vented itself upon the building.

The chapel contains several interesting tombs and monuments. In the belfry tower (A), at the N.W. corner, is a well-executed marble monument to Lord Belhaven (1639). A row of tombs of several members of the Scottish nobility and others are ranged along the north aisle. In the royal vault (D) were deposited the remains of David II., James II., James V. and Magdalen his queen, Henry Lord Darnley, and other illustrious persons. Darnley's body is said to have been disinterred by order of James VI., and reburied at Westminster Abbey; but according to Dean Stanley (*Memorials of Westminster Abbey*) it more likely remains



GROUND PLAN OF HOLYROOD ABBEY CHURCH.

A. Belhaven Monument.
B. Tombs of Noblemen.
C. End of Nave—now closed.
D. Royal Vault.

here. On the removal of Trinity College Church, a body, believed to be of its foundress, Mary of Gueldres, Queen of James II., was reinterred here. On the south wall may be seen a monument to Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, who celebrated the unhappy marriage of Queen Mary with James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, in the great hall of the palace, according to the Protestant form then in use. Rizzio's grave is in the passage leading from the quadrangle. A recent grave in the chapel is that of the late Countess of Caithness, a devout spiritualist, who believed that Queen Mary was re-incarnated in her person.

The gardens of Holyrood are now open to the public on Monday afternoons.

ARTHUR'S SEAT

Behind, and to the side of Holyrood extends **Holyrood Park**, in the middle of which rises *Arthur's Seat* (822 feet), "a hill for magnitude, a mountain in virtue of its bold design," whose outline is compared to the form of a sleeping lion. How

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ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL AND ARTHUR'S SEAT.

it came to be one of Arthur's many seats in Britain, no antiquarian can tell. Round its base runs the excellent carriage road called the **Queen's Drive,** making a circular walk of an hour, which commands beautiful sea- and landscapes at almost every turn.

The bold wall of rocks overlooking the city is the **Salisbury Crags.** Along their curved face runs the walk known as the *Radical Road*, a favourite resort of Sir W. Scott, which would bring one down into the park above the St. Leonard's gate. Strangers short of time or breath might take this walk as a substitute for ascending Arthur's Seat; but the first pull is a little steep; and not every foot is to be trusted on the steep slopes below the path.

Between the Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat lies a valley known as the **Hunter's Bog,** to be explored with caution when it is being used as a rifle range. As one goes along the Drive in this direction, a vault will be seen on the hillside containing some fine old workmanship, which is the former shrine of St. Margaret's Well, transferred here from Restalrig.

On the farther shoulder, overlooking *St. Margaret's Loch* and the Parade Ground, stand the ruins of **St. Anthony's Chapel,** an old beacon for mariners, beside which is a famous wishing well. There is a fine view of Edinburgh from the ruins, and the scene is otherwise interesting from its association with incidents in Scott's *Heart of Midlothian.* Near the east park gate a pile of stones, marking the spot where a man called Muschat murdered his wife in 1720, was the meeting-place of Jeanie Deans with Robertson, "Gentleman George." By this gate, the park may be left for the road leading by *Jock's Lodge* Barracks to Portobello.

Beyond *St. Margaret's Loch,* the Drive mounts round the eastern end of the hill, where it skirts another small loch called *Dunsappie.* Then, lying below, to the south-east, comes the larger *Duddingston Loch,* a great resort of Edinburgh skaters, in the bed of which some interesting prehistoric remains have been found. At the village of **Duddingston** may be seen the house where Charles Edward slept before the battle of Prestonpans, also a fine old Norman church, of which Thomson, the well-known Scottish landscape artist, was minister. Beyond the village is the Duddingston station of the Suburban Railway. The mansions and parks in the foreground are *Duddingston House* and *Preston-*

field. On an eminence about a mile to the south rises *Craigmillar Castle*, a favourite residence of Queen Mary, which we shall visit presently.

The road now takes the south flank of Arthur's Seat, passing under a remarkable range of porphyritic greenstone columns known as **Samson's Ribs.** Opposite this end of Salisbury Crags, we may turn down to the lodge at **St. Leonard's Hill,** near which is shown a cottage said to be Jeanie Deans's home. The large new building here is the Messrs. Nelson's printing and publishing establishment, by which one might cut across to the Newington tram line for Princes Street. Else, the circuit can be completed by passing beneath or along Salisbury Crags to the Holyrood gate of the park.

No one who can should omit to make the ascent of *Arthur's Seat*, which need not take half an hour. The usual way is by St. Anthony's Chapel, keeping above the farther side of the Hunter's Bog, and following a track that winds to the summit. A somewhat easier but longer route is to attack the sloping back of the hill from Dunsappie Loch. Edinburgh lads know a shorter and steeper way up from the head of the Hunter's Bog; but this is not recommendable to those who have reached years of discretion. In fine weather, some kind of modest refreshment can usually be had at the top; and the view from the English border to the Grampians is simply superb.

THE SOUTH SIDE

We have already pointed out how the southern suburbs of Edinburgh are finely situated below a range of heights, the wildest parts of which have only of late been opened to the public, so that their attractions may be overlooked by those not equipped with guide-books up to date.

Tram Route.—A good way of seeing the best part of Edinburgh for a few pence is from the top of the cars running at the interval of every few minutes about the Old Town, as can be done in an hour or so. To do this it will be necessary to change once or twice, as the old Circular Route has been abandoned, but the changes are very simple. Take a cable car to *Morningside* and change at *Churchhill* and *Salisbury Place* (*Newington*), and so back to the General Post Office. The stranger who prefers to walk may always take the tram-lines for guide.

At the west end of Princes Street, by the Caledonian Station, the car turns south up the **Lothian Road.** Presently comes a wide opening on the left, where the **Lyceum Theatre** will be found in *Grindlay Street.* Then the line traverses a now imposing quarter, intersecting the thoroughfare of *Fountainbridge*, which to the left would carry us into the Grassmarket by the **West Port,** scene of the Burke and Hare atrocities. A little farther on, at *Tollcross*, the car coming from Princes Street *viâ* the Mound and Lauriston joins us from the left and continues to *Marchmont Road.* Presently the main line sends off another branch to the right by *Gilmore Place* for *Colinton Road* and the extreme western suburbs. It then holds on by the **Barclay U.F. Church** (a striking building that does not go without criticism) to mount upon the open **Bruntsfield Links,** an annexe of the Meadows, still used for the short-hole

game of golf. From this high ground, there is a good view of the city over the Meadows. Along Bruntsfield Links the tram line makes a divergence westward, skirting **Merchiston** to *Morningside*. *Merchiston Castle*, home of Napier, inventor of logarithms, has become a private school of note. *Warrender House* and *Grange House* are two more old family mansions, now enclosed among the growth of these southern suburbs.

At *Churchhill*, where the road descends into the valley below the Braid and Blackford Hills, the tram route turns eastward, passing through the pleasant but commonplace suburbs south of the Meadows, by **Grange Cemetery**, in which are the graves of the Free Church champions, Hugh Miller, Dr. Chalmers, and Dr. Guthrie; and so to *Salisbury Place* near the south-western foot of *Arthur's Seat*, which may here be reached by *Park Road* and the *St. Leonard's Gate*. The tram now joins that from Newington, and runs northwards by *Clerk Street*, *Nicolson Street*, and the *Bridges* to the Post Office.

To active and leisurely tourists we would suggest an extension of this route by taking the line of southern heights on foot through **Morningside**. Instead of turning off at *Churchhill* with the cable car line, follow the direct branch to *Morningside Drive*, which runs straight on into the valley, at the bottom of which is the *Morningside Station* of the Suburban Railway. On the left, near the head of the descent, an inscription commemorates the *Boroughmuir* or *Bore Stone*, where was erected the Scottish Standard before the battle of Flodden. Below this, such names as *Canaan Lane* and *Jordan Lane* have suggested some puzzle as to their origin. The next rise of ground brings us upon the heights, turned into a fine park. The cable cars have lately been extended up this hillside, and will carry one as far as the golf-links and the *Braid Hills Hotel*, from which one may go to *Swanston* (see p. 100).

The **Braid Hills** are now laid out as the public golf-ground of Edinburgh, apt to be crowded with players, who have to take tickets and wait their turn. Near the pavilion there is a modest refreshment-room; and the new first-class hotel declares itself a health as well as a pleasure resort. The *Mortonhall* Golf Ground, beyond, is private. The continuation of the ridge eastwards is the part to be sought by non-golfers.

Blackford Hill, on whose furzy steeps many a "truant boy," besides Sir Walter Scott, used to go trespassing in search of birds' nests, has become one of the public pleasure grounds for which Edinburgh is so well off. The direct access is by following from Morningside Station the line of the Suburban Railway, then a path running a little to the south of it. The ascent makes rather a rough scramble, but will be rewarded by a magnificent view from the shelter at the top; or indeed from any part of this rugged height looking boldly over to the shores of Fife across the city "where the huge Castle holds its state," as Marmion saw it.

From the back of Blackford, there is a pretty path across the burn and by the *Hermitage* woods to the Braid Hills.

Holding on along the top, with the city always in view, and dipping down a little on the east side, we come upon the buildings of the new **Royal Observatory**, that now stand here in commanding isolation. The two turrets will attract attention by their drum-shaped roofs, replacing the usual dome form. This building contains the late Lord Crawford's valuable collection of instruments bequeathed to the city, as well as some of those from the old Calton Observatory, which latter is likely to be turned to more popular use. The New Observatory, which will henceforth control the electric clocks, gun-fire, etc., of Edinburgh, is not open to the public; but those qualified to profit by it may be admitted on application to the Astronomer-Royal for Scotland.

The road from the Observatory leads down to the eastern entrance of *Blackford Hill*, by a red archway, which looks much out of place here. This stands above the *Blackford Station* of the Suburban Railway, gained by turning down to the left. With the southern suburbs spread out like a map in front, there is no danger of wandering astray; one has only to hold on till he cross the tramway line, or follow that of the railway into the south-eastern suburb of **Newington**, seen stretching southwards to the prominent church tower of **Liberton**, the old *Leper-town*, which seems like to become a suburb of the city one day, and is already the site of more than one of its institutions, such as the "Original Ragged School," founded by Dr. Guthrie.

Beyond, on a wooded eminence to the south of Arthur's Seat, appears *Craigmillar Castle*, which the unwearied pedestrian may take this opportunity of visiting. We warn him, however, that though it appears to be little more than a mile off, it will turn out an hour's tedious walk, in part between the high walls that so disfigure Scottish roadsides, and without the help of any such pleasant short cuts as would probably be found in England. The weakness of the Scottish law of trespass it is, perhaps, that so strengthens enclosures in this part of the world.

For *Craigmillar*, take the road to the right from the Archway, which leads into a high road running south from Newington. Here there is a choice of provoking detours; the plainest and pleasantest way from this point, and not so much longer as it seems, would be to hold on southwards across a hollow (instead of turning back at an angle for the Dalkeith Road), at the bottom of which the cross road should be taken that mounts up to *Liberton Church Tower*. From this point, strike across eastwards to the spire of the U.F. *Church*, where the *New Dalkeith Road* is crossed, and a byway keeps straight on for the *Old Dalkeith Road*. Down this second highway, turn a little to the right, then take the first road on the left, which leads up to **Craigmillar Castle**, now well looked after as one of the lions of the neighbourhood. The outer courtyard is open; for the inner court and precincts, the key must be got from the custodian in the first cottage, as one turns out of the road.

The castle consists of a strong tower or keep flanked with turrets, and connected with inferior buildings. A date preserved on the rampart wall refers its erection to the year 1427; but the first name connected with it is that of John de Capella, who possessed it in 1374. John, Earl of Mar, younger brother of James III., was imprisoned here in 1477. James V. occupied the castle occasionally during his minority; and it was so often the residence of Queen Mary, that the adjacent village, where her French guards were quartered, acquired the name of Little France. A broad stair conducts to the summit of the tower containing several arched chambers, one of which is pointed out as Queen Mary's dormitory—a chamber measuring only 7 by 5 ft., and having one window. The banqueting hall is lofty, and must at one time have been highly decorated. Carved in the window seat is a half-obliterated diagram of a game called "The Walls of Troy." The castle is surrounded by some fine old trees, one, the largest plane tree in the Lothians, said to have been planted by Queen Mary.

The road by which we reached Craigmillar will take us on,

in ten minutes, to the *Duddingston Station* of the Suburban Railway, which offers the easiest way of getting to this ruin. Hence we might go on to the *Queen's Drive*. If, a little short of the station, we were to turn to the left by the telegraph posts, a mile or so of this road, without much to recommend it but the view of hills on either side, would carry us into the Dalkeith Road by *Cameron Bridge*, and a turning at once to the left, along Craigmillar Park Private Golf Grounds, leads into the main Roslin Road, where will be found the *Craigmillar Park* terminus of the tram-line, and a few hundred yards townwards, at the bottom of the hollow, the Suburban *Newington Station*. All the cars hence run to the Post Office, a smart half-hour's walk.

If one were making for the middle or west end of Princes Street, and wished to avoid the bustle of the Bridges, something also would be saved in distance by turning a little to the left from the tram route, and taking the parallel line of *Causewayside*, which would bring one in by the east end of the *Meadows*. Thus we pass Messrs. Ballantyne's large printing works, cross the tram line running west through Grange, and keep on by **Sciennes** (Sheens), a name recording the convent of St. Catherine of Siena, which had a short life here before the Reformation. A modern convent has been established farther west near Morningside.

Along the south side of the Meadows an omnibus plies to *Slateford*, which would be a help for gaining the far western suburbs. Across this open space we can make obliquely for the *Meadow Walk* traversing its centre north and south, and thus pass by the Infirmary to George IV. Bridge and the Mound.

The way which we took along the face of Blackford Hill is to be done only on foot. But one of the finest drives about Edinburgh commands much the same prospect, going out by Morningside, and passing behind the hill to Liberton to return through Newington, or farther round by Craigmillar into the Queen's Drive. Those who wish to see the south side of Edinburgh to advantage and at their ease, in a couple of hours or so, cannot do better than take a carriage for this round.

THE NEW TOWN SUBURBS

The *North Suburbs* are to be easily explored by help of the two cable tram lines running from Princes Street up *Hanover* and *Frederick* Streets. The former, taken at the Mound, carries us in a straight line over the ridge of George Street, down *Dundas Street* and *Pitt Street*. At the bottom of the descent it makes a bend by the printing works of Messrs. Clark, with **Canonmills** on the right hand, then crossing the Water of Leith, passes on the left *Tanfield Hall*, where, after the Disruption, the Free Church Assembly found its first humble quarters, now occupied by Morrison and Gibb, well-known printers. Thence it runs straight down the long line of **Inverleith Row** to *Goldenacre*, from whence by a short walk we reach the northern suburbs of *Newhaven* and *Trinity*. These sea-side suburbs, which now are almost part of Edinburgh, will be visited presently by way of Leith. For the moment, let us make a diversion on the right of the tramway to a part of Edinburgh not often visited by strangers since the Zoological Gardens here were swept away forty-two years ago.

To the east of Inverleith Row, reached by a turning from it beyond the grounds of *Warriston House*, or by following the Water of Leith on its right side from the *Canonmills Bridge*, and crossing the next bridge, lies the **Warriston Cemetery**, finely laid out and commanding a good view of the city. Alexander Smith the poet, Sir James Y. Simpson, the introducer of chloroform, and many Edinburgh worthies of the last generation are buried here.

Opposite the cemetery, on the other bank of the stream, are the **Powderhall Grounds**, a place of great resort for athletic gatherings. The entrance must be reached at the other side, from the *Powderhall* station of the N. B. line to Leith, or by the line of *Broughton Street*, which leads down from the Theatre

Royal into an elderly suburb, in which perhaps the chief feature is the **Catholic and Apostolic** or *Irvingite Church* at the corner of *East London Street*, remarkable for its internal decoration in colour and always open to view. This suburb grows towards Leith through **Bonnington**, hardly recognisable now by its old name of "Bonny Town," which, like **Broughton**, was once a separate place, embedded in the expansion of the city. Past *St. Mary's Church*, a curving continuation of Broughton Street descends to the tramway line at Canonmills.

About the middle of Inverleith Row, on the west side, is the entrance to the **Botanical Gardens** (open free till sunset; on Sundays after 11 A.M.), which are justly among Edinburgh's chief boasts.

This garden is one of the oldest in the kingdom, having been founded in 1670 by Sir Robert Sibbald, Regius Professor of Botany in the University. Its first site was the district lying in the valley below the North Bridge, still known as the Physic Garden; but during the last century it was removed to Leith Walk, and thence, about eighty years ago, to Inverleith Row, since which it has been nearly doubled by the absorption of the Caledonian Horticultural Society's experimental garden, and other purchases.

The garden now measures 27 Scots acres (=34 English), laid out with great landscape gardening skill, and includes (1) a general collection of hardy plants arranged according to their natural orders; (2) a collection of British plants; (3) medicinal plants; (4) a bog garden and pond for water plants; (5) a rock garden; (6) a pinetum; (7) lawns, shrubberies, walks, etc. There are also greenhouses and hothouses, containing extensive collections of plants of scientific, medical, horticultural, and economic interest; an excellent palm-house, and a museum,—all open to the public.

The botanical teaching of the University is conducted here, with an average of between 400 and 500 students each summer session. Adjoining the museum are the lecture-room and laboratories, the latter being furnished with microscopes, etc., for students and private investigators; and near the centre of the garden stands the Herbarium, which can be consulted on application.

The range of conservatories, in which recent improvements have been made, are at the north end of the gardens. The large *Palm House* here is especially noticeable, as also the *Rock Garden* (near the south-east corner, beyond the pond) showing hundreds of specimens of Alpine plants. The old Winter Garden, at this end, seems to be in a somewhat dilapidated plight.

Under the name of the **Arboretum**, the Botanic Gardens have now taken in, on the west, the grounds of *Inverleith House*, which serves as residence for the Professor of Botany and Regius Keeper. From the eminence here one gets another fine view of the city and its environs, and

the shady slopes, laid out with walks and seats, make a most pleasant resort.

Through the Arboretum, we pass out to a broad road, across which is the new **Inverleith Park**, that will be another ornament to the city when the trees are grown. This is a place of popular rather than fashionable resort, serving the north side of Edinburgh for a playground, as the Meadows on the south; but it presents a lively scene on summer evenings when a band plays.

On the farther side rises the conspicuously ornate pile of **Fettes College**, which, though only a generation old, claims, in some respects, to be the chief school in Scotland (see *Introduction*).

Beyond Fettes College, will be seen the buildings of the new *Poorhouse*, and to the south the woods of Corstorphine. In front of the college a broad walk leads us down into a still, in part, open road, where we soon come on the tramway from *Frederick Street*, which might also have been gained by passing down between the Arboretum and the Park and following the Water of Leith upwards for a few minutes to where the cars cross it at *Stockbridge*. The present terminus is at the corner of another broad avenue, leading along the west side of the Park.

With these rails to keep us straight if necessary, we can afford to wander a little here and there. The row of houses beyond the tram terminus is **Comely Bank**, where a tablet on No. 21 marks Carlyle's modest residence. By this road we might walk out a mile or so to **Craigleith Quarry**, the huge reservoir of stone from which Edinburgh is mainly built, and there turn back on the *Queensferry Road*, seen all the way above on the left till it converges with the lower road through Comely Bank. At various points there is communication between the two; and the upper route would take us to the west end over Dean Bridge.

If we choose the Stockbridge tram for our guide, this presently passes the *Academy Cricket Ground*, once a pleasant sight on the way, now enclosed by a hideous hoarding, perhaps in the interests of gate-money for the sports and matches of which it is the scene. A few minutes more brings us to the Water of Leith at **Stockbridge**, to which the New Town makes a rapid

social as well as physical descent. A pennyworth of tram through this suburb, then by the *Royal Circus* and *Howe Street* to Frederick Street, would save a mile's walk uphill. But if one be in no hurry, a diversion may be made on either side by crossing the bridge, then turning along the Water of Leith.

To the right, passing along an uninviting line of tenements, we soon reach the entrance to the paved walk at the bottom of the ravine below the *Dean Bridge*, to which we can ascend, passing under it to turn back through a distillery, and by the old village of **Dean**, preserved here like a fly in amber. This is a fine, though little-frequented promenade, the high banks on either side laid out as gardens, and overhung by places and terraces. Near the beginning of it stands a Grecian temple enshrining **St. Bernard's Well**, a mild sulphur spa of which one may drink *ad lib.* for a penny, with a look at the newspaper, and much exhortation from the custodian as to the neglected merits of this spring, that yet has earnest votaries. Lord Gardenstone erected the temple, recently renovated and surrounded with a miniature *kur-garten* through the liberality of the late Mr. William Nelson, himself a regular morning client of this water, though he lived at the other end of the city.

To the left of Stockbridge, a not quite straight but plain line of communication leads to the tram by which we came down Pitt Street for Inverleith Row. By the way, on the left side of *Henderson Row*, are seen the classical buildings and "yards" of the **Edinburgh Academy**, the "New Academy" as it was in Sir Walter Scott's day, since when, up to our own generation, it was indisputably the first school in Scotland. Fettes College, backed by a huge endowment, gave it a staggering blow, from which, however, it appears to have recovered, and now numbers about 400 pupils. Among its distinguished pupils have been Archbishop Tait, F. Robertson of Brighton, Professors Clerk Maxwell and P. G. Tait, R. L. Stevenson, Andrew Lang, and a host of local worthies.

The *Western Suburbs* present few features of interest for strangers, beyond those already mentioned. The most fashionable terraces and crescents stand about the two high banks of the Water of Leith, the picturesque ravine below being open only in tantalising glimpses. They are connected by the *Dean*

Bridge, and higher up by *Belford Bridge*, which from *Palmerston Place* by the side of *St. Mary's Cathedral* leads over to the more suburban quarter of **Ravelston**, where a good many villas have been built about the grounds of the educational hospitals on that side. Between these bridges, the left bank is crowned by the **Dean Cemetery**, beautifully laid out, where lie buried Lords Jeffrey and Cockburn, Professors Wilson and Aytoun, with many local celebrities. From the Queensferry Road, over Dean Bridge, the cemetery is reached by turning up to the left by the little *Dean Church*, as soon as the road gets clear of its terraces.

Corstorphine Hill is a long wooded ridge crowned with a tower conspicuous in all views to the west of the city. The tram running in this direction from Princes Street branches at the Haymarket Station, where the left line turns up through the suburb of **Dalry** to *Colinton Road* and the foot of the *Craiglockhart Hills*. The right branch passes **Donaldson's Hospital**, one of the most sumptuous of Edinburgh's charity schools (admission, Tuesday and Friday afternoons, by order from the Treasurer, 61 Castle Street), to **Coltbridge** and **Murrayfield**, a suburb whose growth threatens to destroy the road's open prospect towards the Pentlands. From *Coltbridge*, where the Water of Leith is again crossed, an omnibus, every hour or so, carries us on some 2 miles to **Corstorphine**, a pleasant village with an old church, more like the pride of some English parish than is common in Scotland, among the grounds of several mansions. Beside the road are Messrs. Laird's Nurseries and Winter Garden, open to inspection.

The pleasantest way to Corstorphine on foot is to cross the Dean Bridge, and take the *Ravelston Dykes Road* running immediately above the broad Queensferry Road. Half an hour's stroll brings us thus to the gate of *Ravelston House*, beyond which a shady lane turns on the left, with the woods of *Craigcrook*, once Lord Jeffrey's seat, in view to the right side. This lane soon winds up to the point called **Rest-and-be-Thankful**, where seats have been put for enjoyment of one of the finest views of Edinburgh. The continuation of the right of way is too much between high walls, but it would take us over the hill into the village of Corstorphine, so as to return by the high road on the other side, where the tram meets us at Coltbridge.

This is a favourite Sunday walk of the Edinburgh west-enders, who, a generation ago, hardly thought it becoming to extend their Sabbath ramblings beyond the Dean Cemetery, or some other picturesque burying-ground that seemed to give a religious flavour to the stroll.

Southward of Corstorphine, beyond the railway line, is Saughton Park, of about forty acres, bought by the town in 1902, and laid out as a golf course of nine holes. On part of this the 1908 exhibition is being held. It is to be reached by any of the trains running through the working suburb of Gorgie to the terminus, or by a temporary station on the railway.

LEITH AND THE FORTH

Leith, the Piraeus of the modern Athens, though a separate borough with a population of nearly 70,000, is joined to the city by the broad thoroughfare of Leith Walk, which takes one in less than 2 miles from Princes Street to the sea. To tell the truth, Leith is not more interesting to the ordinary tourist than most other busy ports ; unless for a certain picturesqueness in a mingling of solid and rather gloomy main streets with dingy and squalid quarters, among which *Quality Lane* reminds us that here once were homes of gentility. But it will probably be visited, if only for a view of Edinburgh from the Pier Heads, or to take advantage of the pleasure steamers plying all day in summer from the West Pier. (Hotels : *Old Ship*, *Commercial*, —*Baltic*, frequented by foreign ship captains.)

Leith may be reached by frequent trains from either station ; or by the trams running down Leith Walk, from Princes Street They start at various suburban points, and the stranger must note their destination for one or other part. The trams for *Newhaven* run into Leith by *Great Junction Street*, turning off to the left at the *Ferry Road*, where a short walk along the line to the right would bring one to the *Caledonian Station*, and by Commercial Street to the *West Pier.* The cars which pass the entrance to this pier are marked *Custom House* or *Commercial Street*, and run a little farther on to the west side of the drawbridge over the Water of Leith, which forms the harbour. On the other side of this is *Bernard Street*, to which run the cars so marked by way of *Constitution Street.*

Cable cars pass the *Theatre Royal*, at the head of Leith Walk, on their way to *Pilrig Street*, by a loop line *viâ* York Place. They were formerly drawn by horses, but now all the haulage is by cable. A little way down Leith Walk, the broad *London Road*,

ENVIRONS OF EDINBURGH

Published by A & C. Black, London.

John Bartholomew & Co. Edin[r]

with Portobello as its first stage, goes off to the right under the Calton Hill. At **Pilrig** we reach the Leith boundary, where electric cars continue the route as far as Leith, a separate burgh. Most of the journey is somewhat monotonous, nor, if we turn off to the west side of the harbour by **Great Junction Street**, is there much to be seen beyond crowded pavements and tall tenements.

By the eastern line, which divides at the head of the town, we pass down **Constitution Street**, the chief thoroughfare, on the right of which lie **Leith Links**, an extensive common and golf-ground, where two mounds, locally known as the *Giant's Brae* and *Lady Fife's Brae*, were turned to account as batteries by Cromwell in 1656. On the left side of the street is *South Leith Church;* on the Links, entering from Constitution Street, *St. James's Episcopal Chapel*, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott. The *Roman Catholic Chapel* stands back from the left side of the street. Beyond the opening to the Links, on the right, are the *Municipal Buildings*, *St. John's Church*, the *Post Office*, the offices of the chief Cable Companies, and the *Corn Exchange*.

At the foot of Constitution Street is the main entrance to the docks by *Constitution Place*, where, from an unpretentious little station, trains start for *Portobello*, to be reached also along the shore by some 3 miles of dreary road, part of which was once the main highway to London. The tram, turning to the left, past a new statue of *Robert Burns*, takes us on by **Bernard Street** almost to the drawbridge over the Harbour.

By going up the east side of the harbour, back into the heart of the old town, one would come to the **Tolbooth Wynd**, much renovated, but still showing some traces of the past, as in the curious old sculptured tablet of the Association of Porters over *Sugar House Close*. From the end of this, *Charlotte Street* would carry us to *Constitution Street* or on to the Links; but, if the lions of Leith are our object, we should rather turn up *Kirkgate* to reach the front of **South Leith Church**, a 15th-century one, of a venerable dignity uncommon in Scotland. Opposite is the **Trinity House**, containing some good portraits by Raeburn, D. Scott's well-known picture of Vasco de Gama rounding the Cape, and models of ships, among them of the vessel which brought Queen Mary over from France. Turning to the right, one would soon reach *Great Junction Street*, through a green

opening that gives small hint of the knot of alleys improved away here in our own day, relics of a time when Edinburgh exercised such jealous lordship over her neighbour as to forbid the making of streets broad enough to admit a cart. It is the old grudge against this tyrannous mastery that still survives as a strong sentiment of independence in the smaller town, standing in the way of municipal amalgamation.

By turning down the same side of the harbour, the **East Pier** is reached, which encloses it on this side. A walk of half a mile or so along either pier, designed as they are for business rather than for idle promenading, gives fine prospects out to sea, up the Firth to the Forth Bridge, and on the large island of **Inchkeith**, lying 4 miles off, occupied by a light-house and strong fortifications. The two pier heads are connected by a ferry.

Our goal is more likely to be the **West Pier**, for which, from Bernard Street, we cross the drawbridge and hold on past the **Custom House** to the pier gate almost opposite the North British Station, or apology for such. From the gate it is a walk of a few minutes to the starting-point of the steamers, which, however, may be reached by cab.

The Galloway Pleasure Steamboats are a very popular institution in Edinburgh, not enough known to tourists. The sailings will be found advertised every morning during the season on the front page of the *Scotsman* and other papers. At very cheap fares may be had excursions to the favourite watering-places of the adjacent coasts—*Elie* in Fife, *North Berwick* in Haddington, etc., which may or may not include a sail round the *Bass Rock* or to *May Island;* for the voyagers by these craft are usually not so much concerned about time as to get plenty of sea air for their money. As tide allows, trips run up to *Stirling*, a journey made somewhat long by the windings of the Forth. Evening cruises in fine weather are much patronised. There are sailings on Sundays, and extra ones on Saturdays. The boats have saloons and refreshment bars, the latter, in more ways than one, not altogether their most admirable feature.

At Leith the line of *Commercial Street* is continued past the *Caledonian Station* and *Leith Fort*, now little more than a barrack. From the Steamboat Landing a short cut may be made by following the dock rails westward and taking a path along the sea-wall to where the road crosses the railway. Thus, in a mile or so we pass round the shore, with hardly any break of continuity and still less show of sea-side amenity, to **Newhaven**, which

with its harbour and knot of red-roofed houses projects into the sea, forming a patch of picturesqueness in the Dutch style. This village is remarkable for a distinct community of Scandinavian fisher folk, who rarely intermarry with their neighbours. The Dutch-rigged figures of the women in their picturesque costume are a feature of the Edinburgh streets, where they act as fish-hawkers. Charles Reade's novel, *Christie Johnstone*, treats a good deal of this peculiar people. The inns here (*Peacock*, *Marine*) have a reputation for fish dinners, as at Greenwich, but a good deal cheaper.

The tramway through Leith runs by *Ferry Road*, a little way above the sea, stopping a few hundred yards behind *Newhaven*, whence a broad straight road leads down past the *Caledonian Station* to the harbour. An omnibus plies along the shore between Leith and Granton; but, as has been said (p. 70), it is necessary to walk to the terminus at Goldenacre to catch a tram.

Beyond Newhaven, separated from it only by a bank laid out as a public garden, comes **Trinity**, a suburb of snug dwellings shut up in leafy lanes, the principal feature of which used to be the *Chain Pier*, that old resort of Edinburgh swimmers, where one could get a plunge in deep sea water at any hour or state of the tide, *e.g.* at daybreak of the New Year, as was the way with some hardy youths. But of late years its popularity became trenched upon by the public and private baths so much in vogue here; and even schoolboys deserted it, unless when a race was in question. Finally, in 1898, this structure, already somewhat dilapidated, after a useful life of more than three-score and ten years, received the *coup de grace* from an October storm, and we hear of it as not likely to be rebuilt; nor is it yet settled what may take its place.

The shore now becomes monopolised by the embankment of the N. B. Railway, which has a station at *Trinity*. Turning up under the railway, we find the road continued behind it to **Granton**, only a few minutes off. By the *Wardie Hotel* a passage mounts up to the broad *Granton Road*, which would carry us southwards to the Caledonian Station of that name, where there are hourly trains for *Princes Street;* or, making a turn to the left at the head of Granton Road, we should reach the tram

terminus, for which, from *Trinity*, we take all the turns to the left, these roads running inland towards the *Ferry Road*, which crosses the end of Inverleith Row at *Goldenacre*, where the cable cars from the Mound come within a mile of the sea.

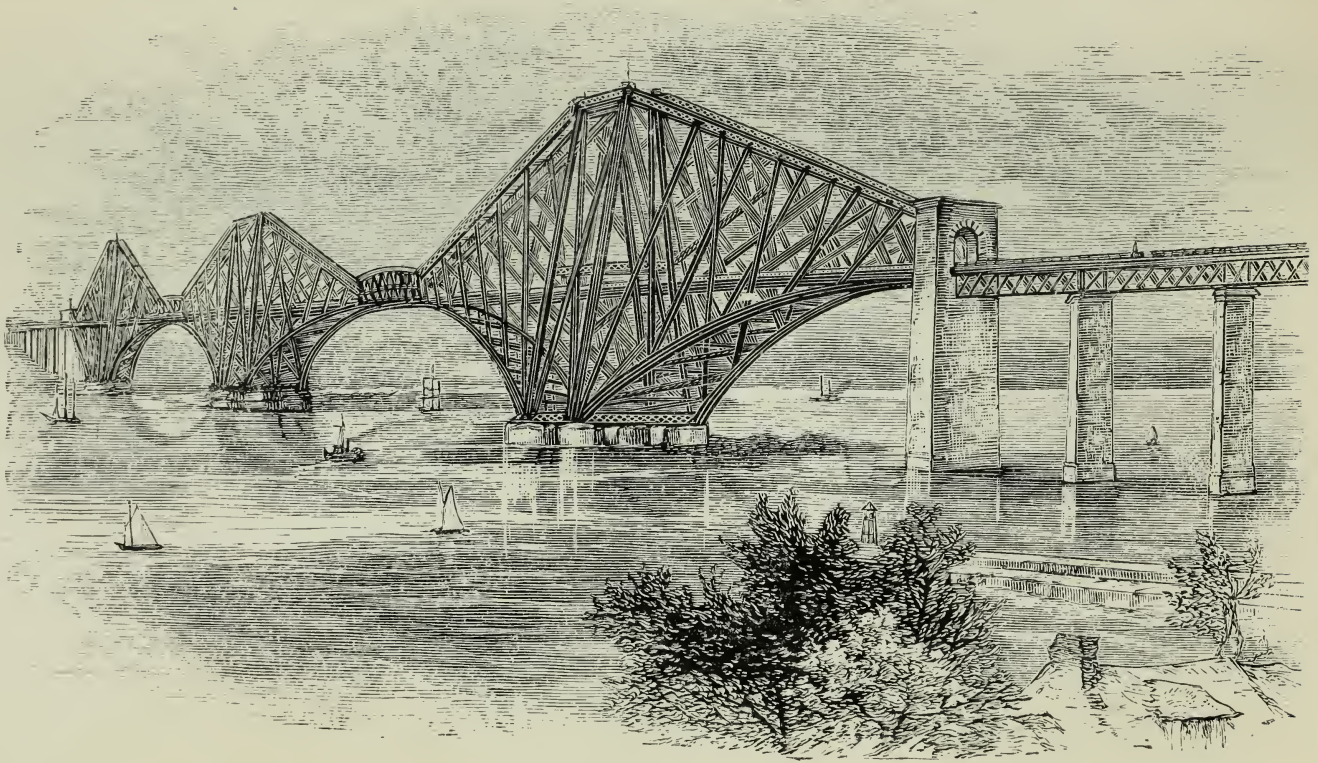
At **Wardie**, the east end of Granton, a small archway opens through the embankment, the sea-face of which here serves as a democratic bathing-place. A few steps farther on another opening lets us on to the long and strong *Breakwater*, that makes an airy promenade. From this, and best from the bend nearly half a mile out, swimmers get a capital early morning plunge when the tide suits; but on alternate weeks, at any becoming hour, the sides will be found rather too well fortified by a slippery *glacis* of seaweed.

The Breakwater forms the east side of *Granton Harbour*, made at great cost, and by no means deserted, though it has not answered the expectations of its projectors, especially since the *Forth Bridge* replaced it as main crossing of the N. B. Railway. From the station on the pier steamers still run across to *Burntisland* in Fife; and a line of good boats plies to London. The *Granton Hotel* is behind the pier, where the main road from Edinburgh debouches. Sailing and rowing boats are to be hired in the harbour.

We can follow the shore for a mile or so, past the grounds of *Caroline Park*, formerly a seat of the Duke of Argyll (who charged Jeanie Deans to send him a Dunlop cheese to Caroline Park), now used as a printing-ink and chemical manufactory; then by the fragment of *Royston Castle* to the old flooded quarry, formerly used as a marine station for scientific research. But this stretch is not very interesting, and after a time the road fails us, though we could keep the sea-side all the way up to the Forth Bridge.

THE FORTH BRIDGE

The trip to this famous triumph of science is most commonly done by the large brakes, with their red-coated drivers, that ply frequently in the season from Princes Street, at a charge of 1s. (return double) for the drive of 9 miles. The railway, of course (*Waverley Station*), would carry us more quickly to *Queensferry*. The road goes out by the Dean Bridge and the new Queensferry



THE FORTH BRIDGE.

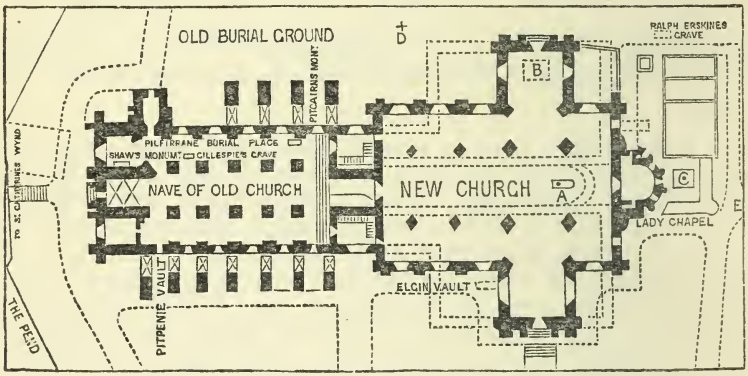
Road, looking over to the sea beyond Fettes College, and dropping towards Craigleith Quarry. On the left are passed the woods of Corstorphine and Craigcrook. Leaving on the right the village of **Davidson's Mains**, otherwise known as *Muttonhole*, which seems like to be swallowed up in the suburbs, we come by *Barnton*, terminus of a new Caledonian branch line, to the *Almond River*, crossed about a mile above its mouth by **Cramond Bridge**, scene of the old story of an adventure of James V. The banks of this river are well worth exploring, and so is Lord Rosebery's park of *Dalmeny*, which now borders the road on the right for some 3 miles. On the left are *Craigie Hill* and the village of **Dalmeny** with a small but fine Norman church. Then the coach descends to **Queensferry**, stopping at the *Hawes Inn* (scene of Chapter II. in Scott's *Antiquary*) which lies below the south end of the **Forth Bridge.**

The *Forth Bridge*, such a striking object from many points of the country about Edinburgh, was formally opened for traffic by the King, then Prince of Wales, March 1890. Boldly designed by Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker on the ancient and simple principle of the "cantilever" (or balancing brackets)—which combines the support of an arch with the tension of a suspension bridge—it took seven years to build by 4000 men, costing over £3,000,000, and not a few lives, besides the wonderful resource, ingenuity, and energy that overcame the stupendous physical difficulties of so gigantic a work. It consists of two huge steel girder bridges of 1710 feet span, besides smaller ones on each side, able to withstand the enormous pressure of 112 lbs. on the square foot. Several of the principal piers or foundations of these great spans had to be built up from the bottom of the sea with great "caissons," or metal cases, gradually filled with concrete and sunk. The northern central pier partly rests on Inchgarvie Island. From the base of the deepest pier to the top of the cantilevers is 450 feet, and the clear space under the centre spans above the surface of the water is 150 feet. The total length, including the approach viaducts, is over a mile and a half.

At the point where the Forth Bridge crosses the Firth a tongue of land projecting from the northern shore narrows the Forth to half its usual width, and affords safe anchorage on its western side in the Bay of St. Margaret's Hope. This bay, land-locked, and protected by the uplands of the Lothians on the south and the Ferry Hills on the north, has been chosen as the site for the new naval base. The transformation will be great. In days to come this quiet bay may rival Ports-

mouth or Chatham in its world-wide importance, and even surpass them by reason of its strategic suitability and proximity to the Fife and Lothian coalfields.

The opportunity might be embraced of going on 5 miles beyond to **Dunfermline** (Hotels: *City Arms*, *Royal*, etc.), once residence of the Scottish kings, now a thriving place of linen manufacture, but still preserving the remains of the *Palace* where Charles I. was born, the *Monastery*, destroyed by the English in Edward I.'s reign, and the *Abbey Church* in which Malcolm Canmore, his queen Margaret, Robert Bruce, and other Scottish princes were buried. The ruins of the latter are in part replaced by a modern Parish Church.



GROUND PLAN OF DUNFERMLINE ABBEY CHURCH.

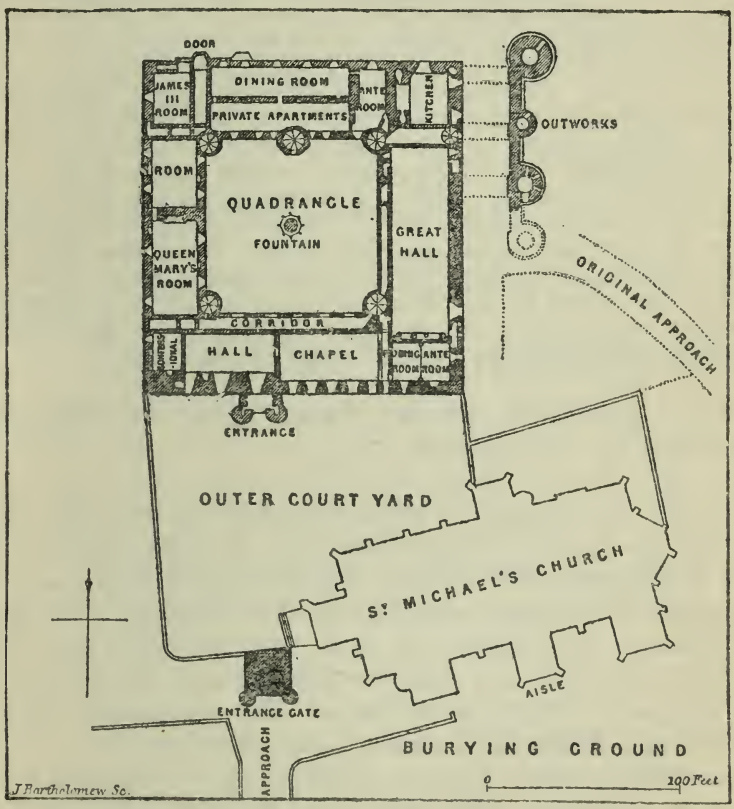
A. Grave of King Robert the Bruce.
B. Royal Burial-place.
C. Tomb of St. Margaret.
D. Site of Ancient Abbey Cross and Wallace's Mother's Grave.
E. Entrance from St. Margaret's Place.

N.B.—The dotted lines indicate the walls of the old Abbey Church, so far as traced.

The *Church*, in 1560, fell a sacrifice to the blind zeal of the early Reformers, who demolished all except the nave, which they converted into a place of Presbyterian worship. It is of Norman architecture, and considered a fine example of that style,—massive and plain, yet lofty and elegant. There is a beautiful western doorway, and some of the piers of the nave are ornamented as in Durham and Peterborough. In the windows are good specimens of stained glass, which have been inserted from time to time of recent years; and on the walls a few interesting ancient monuments—a particularly fine one being that erected in 1702 by Queen Anne to William Schaw, the king's architect. The remains of the Church were some years ago roofed, repaired, and in great part restored by Government, and placed, with the Monastery and Palace, under the charge of a custodian. From the tower there are fine views, particularly of Edinburgh and the valley of the Forth.

In the new church some beautiful monuments are erected to members of the family of the Bruces of Broomhall (Earls of Elgin). One of these, by Foley, to General Robert Bruce, some time Governor of the young Prince of Wales, is deservedly admired. The three panels are illustrative of a journey made by the King when Prince of Wales and General Bruce to the Holy Land. In this transept there is also a fine monument by Miss Grant to Lady Augusta Stanley, wife of Dean Stanley of Westminster.

The *Town House* of Dunfermline contains some pictures worth seeing, among them a huge cartoon, "The Spirit of Religion," presented by the artist, Sir Noel Paton. Not far from this, in a deep glen, is the cave oratory of St. Margaret. The *Free Library* was given by Mr. Andrew Carnegie.



GROUND PLAN OF LINLITHGOW PALACE AND CHURCH.

The trains to Glasgow, from the other end of the Forth Bridge, would carry us to **Linlithgow** (*Star and Garter* Hotel, C. etc.), another old seat of Scottish Royalty, a little way back

from the south bank of the river. Linlithgow is a town of about 4000 inhabitants, which has lost some of its interest by the disappearance of old houses like that from which the Regent Moray was shot. From the station, along the main street, after a few minutes, turn up to the right for the ruins of the Palace, rising at the edge of a considerable lake.

Linlithgow Palace is a quadrangular building, externally rather heavy from the want of windows, but the interior is of more elegant construction. Above the principal gateway was the Parliament Hall, begun by James IV., finished by his successor. The west side is the most ancient, and contains the room where Queen Mary was born, 7th December 1542. The north side of the quadrangle was built by James VI. shortly after his visit to Scotland in 1617. In the centre of the court are the remains of the elaborately-carved fountain erected by James V., reproduced in front of Holyrood Palace. The palace was reduced to its present ruinous condition by the English dragoons under General Hawley, during 1745-46.

The adjoining church of *St. Michael's*, founded by David I., is one of the few specimens left of the ancient Scottish parish church. The interior, after undergoing various disfigurements, has now been restored to something like its original state. It was in an aisle of this church that James IV. saw the strange apparition which warned him against his fatal expedition to Flodden Field. A fine stained-glass window has recently been placed in the church by the officers of the "Challenger" expedition, and others, to the memory of the late Sir Wyville Thomson, the eminent naturalist, who belonged to this neighbourhood.

From Linlithgow we can return direct to Edinburgh (18 miles), by the main line.

Should the stranger be disposed to find his way back from *Queensferry* on foot, a lovely walk may be taken through the park of **Dalmeny**, where there is a public footway; but an order is required for carriages, and dogs are not admitted. Pass along the shore to the Lodge, and enter by the wicket gate, then on by 3 or 4 miles of leafy avenue, between the sea and a fine expanse of slopes and thickets. About half-way is passed **Barnbougle Castle**, restored by Lord Rosebery, then on the other side the modern mansion of **Dalmeny**. The drive would carry us on to the lodge gate, from which by the road over *Cramond Bridge* it is about a mile to **Barnton Station**, where are hourly trains for *Princes Street* to serve the latest offshoot of Edinburgh villadom, rapidly growing round its golf-links.

But a pleasanter if rather longer way is to follow the shore,

striking off from the drive just beyond Barnbougle, to the mouth of the river (5 miles from Queensferry Pier), opposite which *Cramond Island*, occupied as a farm, may be reached on foot at low water. Here there is a ferry (free). One may now take the road for *Barnton*, up the right bank of the river, or follow the shore to *Granton*, some 3 miles, the last of them rather rough walking.

Either in going to or returning from *Queensferry*, one might use the pleasure steamers mentioned as plying from the west Pier at Leith. One of the most popular of their trips is that to *Aberdour*, whence most of the boats go on to the Forth Bridge, and bring one back to Leith, all for sixpence; or some make first for Queensferry, going home by Aberdour, a round done in a little over two hours.

Aberdour (Hotels: *Woodside*, *Aberdour*, *Star*, *Forthview Temperance*, etc.) is a very pretty little resort on the Fife coast, a few miles up the Firth. It has always been a great goal for trippers, but the railway now brings summer visitors from all parts; and it would not be easy to find a quiet family watering-place with so many charms of wooded crags, safe shores, and pleasant inland walks.

The bay is shut in by the island of **Inchcolm**, on which stands prominent the old abbey in good preservation and still partly occupied, to be visited by boat from Aberdour. The pier where we land lies under *Hawk's Crag*, a picturesque eminence, to the east of which what used to be a very pretty shore walk, now somewhat spoiled by the railway, leads in a little over 3 miles to *Burntisland*. Behind the pier rise the ruins of *Aberdour Castle*. The village is to the west of this, standing back from the sea, behind a front of woods and gardens down to the very edge of sloping rocks well adapted for bathing, as are the White Sands on the farther side of Hawk's Crag. At the western end is the entrance to the grounds of the Earl of Moray's seat **Donibristle**, open to the public Tuesdays and Thursdays. A fine avenue leads to the house, the only romantic feature of which is the charred shell of the central portion destroyed by fire three times, till the owner accepted what seemed a decree of fate. The two wings are joined by a subterranean passage. The grounds also contain the ruins of **Dalgety Church** and its old tombs.

Donibristle and its demesne are well seen from the steamer on its way from Aberdour to Queensferry. Higher up, **Inverkeithing** appears in a bay. But now the boat turns to the southern shore, passing under the Forth Bridge, by the little island of *Inchgarvie*, to make for the harbour-pier in the town, where we might land to return some other way, as already suggested. If we stick to the boat it carries us back in sight of the woods of *Dalmeny* and *Barnbougle Castle*, then past *Cramond Island* and the mouth of the *Almond River*, and by Granton to Leith.

The Bass Rock. Another excursion that may be recommended to the reader fond of sailing is any of those towards the mouth of the Firth, which will take him round the *Bass Rock*, in view of the ruins of *Tantallon Castle*, and of *North Berwick Law* on the shore. By rail, or by boat, he can reach **North Berwick** (Hotels: *Marine*, *Royal*), which its fine golf-links have made the most fashionable summer resort about Edinburgh, a little over 20 miles off. Here, a boat may be taken for the Bass, in favourable weather, or from the inn at *Canty Bay* (10s.). This prominent cone of rock (420 feet) is thickly inhabited by sea-fowl, especially solan geese. The Castle, now demolished, was formerly used as a state prison, that won an evil name through the sufferings of persecuted Covenanters; and it figures in R. L. Stevenson's romance of *Catriona*.

PORTOBELLO AND MUSSELBURGH

Let us now take the shore eastwards from **Leith**. To *Portobello*, the miniature Margate of Edinburgh, trams run frequently, passing round the Calton Hill, through *Abbeyhill*, and by the side of *Jock's Lodge*, politely called **Piershill**, where the cavalry barracks are. Behind them is the little village of **Restalrig**, once a place of some importance, as may be seen from the remains of its fine old church, the parish church of Leith, which lies about a mile from it over the Links. Near Restalrig is a small lake known as *Lochend;* and here was once the well of *St. Triduana*, celebrated as a miraculous cure for blindness, which did not save it from being destroyed by the North British Railway. Up to Piershill, the road hardly gets clear of the town, and the rest of it is rather dull.

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TANTALLON CASTLE AND THE BASS ROCK.

There are countless trains from the *Waverley Station*, those that go by *Haymarket* fetching a compass round Arthur's Seat (see p. 62), the others taking much the same line as the tram, to enter Portobello by the hideous group of brick and bottle works at its western end. From the station it is an easy quarter of an hour's walk to the end of the Pier, where a plunge may be had up to 9 A.M. (or all day on condition of wearing a costume). There are also bathing machines and safe family paddling on the flat sands; but the water here seems of questionable purity.

Portobello (Hotels: *Queen's Bay*, *Royal*, *Argyle*, etc.) has such a fine name that one would fain advise strangers to leave it "unseen, unknown." "We have a vision of our own. Ah, why should we undo it!" It is indeed rather a snug place of several thousand inhabitants, with some touches of pretension in the architecture of its long sea front. The Marine Gardens (admission 6d.), open for the six months of summer, include skating-rink, bandstand, and other entertainments of the Exhibition type. Portobello is now incorporated with Edinburgh; the parade has been enlarged, and extends the whole length of the sea-front. It is also adorned with a sumptuous Baths Establishment.

At the east end, Portobello runs into **Joppa**, a rather more choice suburb, with a station of its own, near which a private mansion has recently been adapted as the first-class *Queen's Bay Hotel*. This has some notable points, such as the iron railing copied by a local workman from the Scaliger monument at Verona. Behind, is an unlovely expanse, fringed by a dozen isolated houses known as the "Twelve Apostles." The best feature in the view is Arthur's Seat, under the southern slope of which a walk back may be taken (three or four miles) by *Duddingston Loch* and the *Queen's Drive*, followed in either direction to enter the city by *St. Leonards* or at *Holyrood*.

Electric cars connect Portobello with **Musselburgh** (3 miles), also reached by rail. The road for some distance runs pleasantly by the shore, coming to the Esk through the long hamlet of *Fisherrow*, several of whose houses are said to be built on Roman foundations, and which is to Musselburgh what Westminster is to London. Thus we cross into the ancient town, whose most celebrated modern citizen is commemorated by a statue near the bridge to Dr. David Moir (the "Delta" of

Blackwood's Magazine), author of *Mansie Waugh* and other works famous in Scotland long before the "Kailyard" school of fiction came so much into fashion beyond the Border. Here the station lies to the right, a little way up the river; on the left from the bridge we turn down into the long street of the borough.

This place (*Musselburgh Arms* Hotel) is chiefly visited for its good golf-ground, which brings Edinburgh families to spend the summer in the villas bordering it. These links are also the Edinburgh race-course. The ancient Chapel of *Loretto* has been replaced by *Loretto School*, one of the best private schools in Scotland. At the east end of the town stands *Pinkie House*, a fine Jacobean mansion, consisting of two sides of a quadrangle, with an elaborately beautiful fountain in the centre, and some interesting apartments, especially the Painted Gallery, 120 feet long. Near this was the battlefield of **Pinkie.** That of **Prestonpans** lies 3 miles east; and about the same distance south-east is **Carberry Hill** where, in 1567, Queen Mary surrendered to the insurgent nobles.

Behind the town, on higher ground, are the parish church and railway station of **Inveresk**, a military post of the Romans, by whom the oldest of Musselburgh's three bridges is believed to have been built.

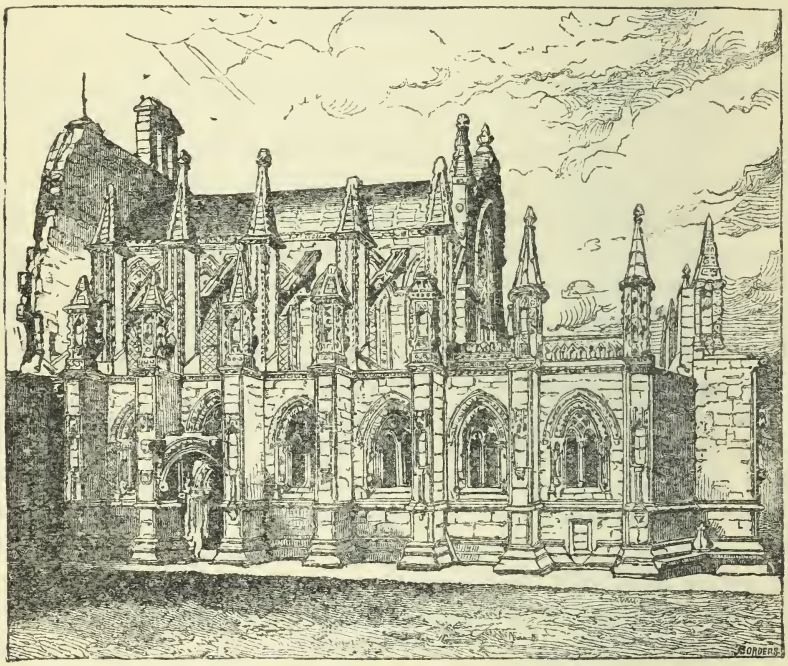
ESKSIDE

Besides having the sea and a group of mountains at its doors, Edinburgh is fortunate in some very fine river scenery close at hand. Of several streams within a dozen miles, any one of them worth exploring, the most beautiful and famous is the *North Esk*, which, descending from the Pentlands to join the *South Esk* below Dalkeith, falls into the sea at Musselburgh. This name, given to so many rivers, is of course the same as *Usk*, *Exe*, *Axe*, and other Celtic words signifying water, *whiskey* among them, which is a contraction of the Gaelic *uisge-beatha* (*usquebaugh*) answering to *eau de vie*.

The banks of the North Esk are not only most picturesque, but associated with the memory of many authors who have had their home or sojourn here—Drummond of Hawthornden, Ben Jonson, Allan Ramsay, the Tytlers of Woodhouselee, Scott, De Quincey, "Delta," and Mrs. Oliphant, whose novel, *Valentine and his Brother*, gives some tempting glimpses of Eskside. Poets and novelists seem now to have deserted this river; but it keeps up its connection with literature, less laudably, by means of the paper mills that too much disfigure some parts of it. One of the desecrators, indeed, under the name of "John Strathesk," is himself known as an author for his *Bits from Blinkbonny*, a good specimen of what may be called the "Early Kailyard School."

The most romantic spots here are **Roslin** and **Hawthornden**, which make the favourite excursion for all Edinburgh tourists, once they have seen the city and can get a fine day. The distance to Roslin is under 8 miles by the high road that goes out by Newington. The trip is usually taken by the coaches plying from the east end of Princes Street, whose red-coated drivers are always on the look-out for custom. This

makes a drive of a little over an hour. It is not, however, advisable to bind oneself to one particular coach by taking a return fare, as nothing is saved thereby, and the time at Roslin is limited. The coaches go and return by different roads. While at Roslin, an hour and a half or two hours is not at all too long, especially if the glen at Hawthornden be explored.

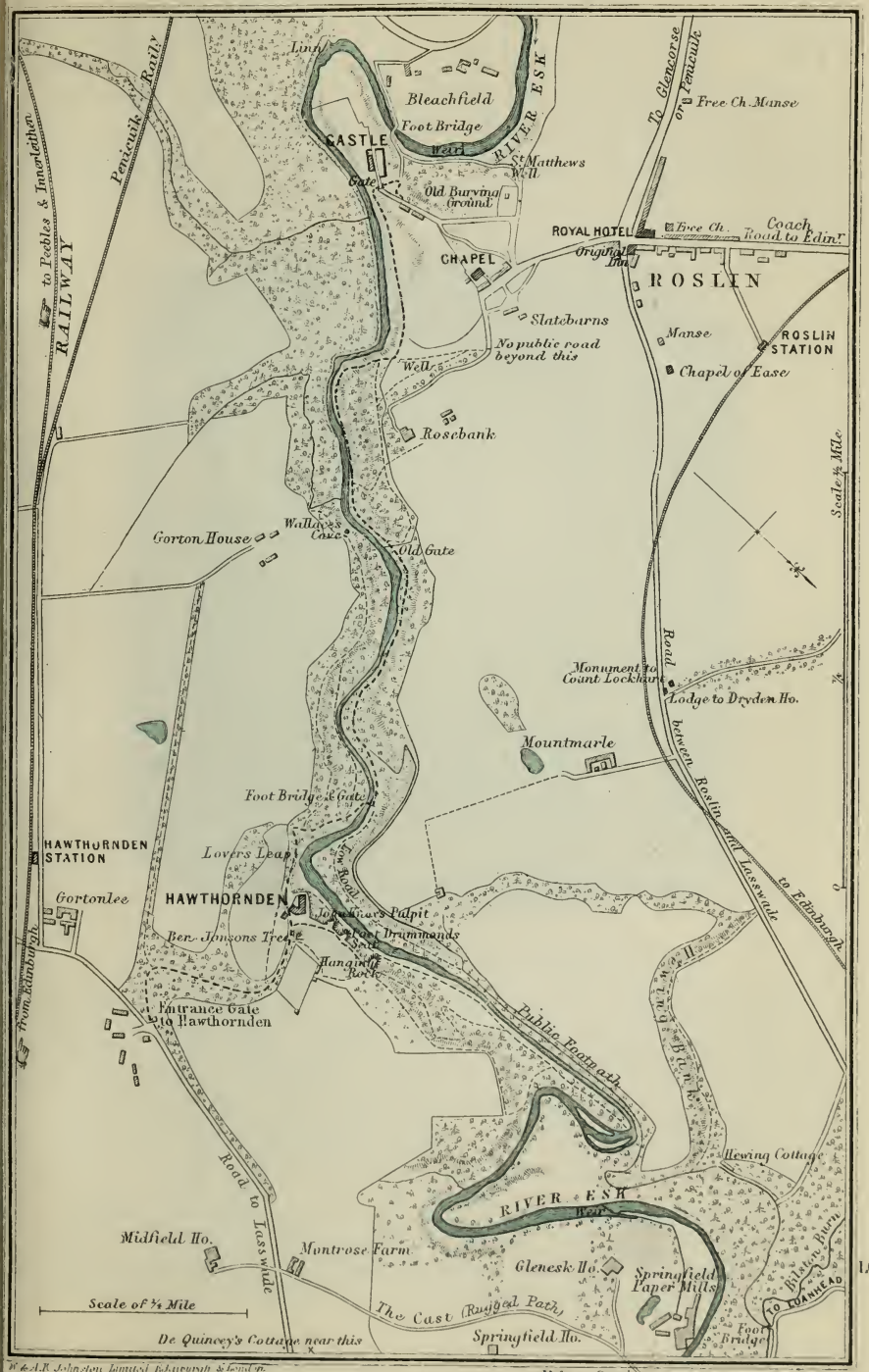


ROSSLYN CHAPEL (1446).

There are several railway stations within about 2 miles of Roslin, return tickets to one being available at any of them, all, though on different lines, belonging to the N. B. R. Co. (*Waverley Station*): *Roslin*, on the Glencorse line; *Rosslyn Castle*, on the Penicuik line; *Hawthornden* and *Rosslynlee*, on the Peebles line; *Polton*, terminus of a branch. For the relative positions of these we must refer our readers to a map, the several circuitous railway routes forming a labyrinth to which it is difficult to give any clue.

The best station to arrive at is *Roslin*, from which we pass

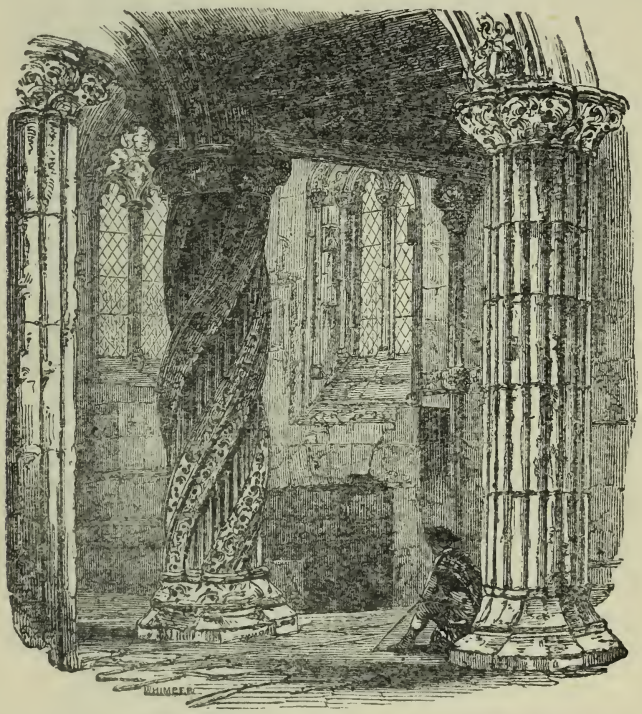
ROSLIN AND HAWTHORNDEN



On arrival at Hawthornden Station, the Tourist first visits Hawthornden, then walks through the Glen to Roslin, as shown by the dotted line, or the route may be reversed

Published by A. & C. Black, London

through the village to the *Royal Hotel* and the *Original Inn* opposing each other at its foot, where the coaches stop. Hence guide-boards show us the way to the *Chapel*, open on week-days, 10 to 6, at a charge of 1s., and on Sundays for the services (Episcopal) at noon and in the afternoon. If we wish to gain the river bank, without visiting the Chapel, a path to the right



THE 'PRENTICE PILLAR, ROSSLYN CHAPEL.

just short of it must be taken ; the road beyond the Chapel is private. This path leads to the *Castle* close at hand, where 6d. is charged for admission ; but by passing under the drawbridge, we can gain the open path along the left bank of the river as marked on the accompanying plan. The name *Roslin*, it will be noticed, is spelt more elaborately in the Castle and the Chapel.

Rosslyn Chapel, one of the richest gems of Gothic architecture in Scotland, remarkable for the bold variety of its decoration, was founded 1446 by William St. Clair, Earl of Orkney and Lord of Rosslyn. Only the chancel was completed, and the transept begun, of what had been

originally designed as a stately Collegiate Church. At the Revolution of 1688 part of it was defaced by a mob from Edinburgh, but it was repaired in the following century by General St. Clair. The 3rd Earl of Rosslyn, following up the work of his predecessor, completed the repairs with scrupulous attention to the preservation of their original character, and the late earl continued the work in various ways. The 3rd Earl, grandfather of the present peer, built the small Chapel at the west end; he is buried in the churchyard, while many of his ancestors lie within the Church, buried in their armour. The most remarkable feature of the Church is the richness of its detail both within and without. This exuberance shows French or Spanish influence. The stone ceiling, a wonderful piece of work, passed intact through the riots.

Of the elaborate details, the most celebrated feature is the "'Prentice's Pillar" with its finely-sculptured foliage. The legend goes, here as elsewhere, that the master-builder, unable to execute the design of this pillar, proceeded to Rome to study. During his absence the apprentice went on with the work; and the master, stung with envy at finding it completed on his return, struck this presumptuous rival dead with his mallet.

Beneath the pavement of the chapel lie the Barons of Rosslyn, all of whom, till the time of James VII., were buried in complete armour. The grave of a 14th-century ancestor of the founder (William St. Clair) is covered by a sculptured stone, representing the knight with a dog at his feet; the story being that in a rash moment this St. Clair staked his head to King Robert the Bruce against the estate of Pentland that his favourite dogs, "Help" and "Hold," would pull down a deer before it crossed the Glencorse burn, as they did after an exciting chase, and the baron, out of gratitude, built the chapel of St. Katherine, now submerged beneath the waters of the Compensation Pond in Glencorse.

The superstitious belief that on the night before the death of any of the Lords of Rosslyn, the Chapel appears in flames, is the subject of Scott's fine ballad of "Rosabelle":—

> Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
> Where Rosslyn's chiefs uncoffined lie,
> Each baron for a sable shroud
> Sheathed in his iron panoply.

The ruins of **Rosslyn Castle** stand upon a peninsular rock overhanging the picturesque glen of the Esk, the only access being by a bridge thrown over a deep incision in the solid rock. The castle was long the seat of the St. Clair family, whose titles, Sir Walter Scott remarks, at one period of history would have wearied a herald, yet who were perhaps not so wealthy as an English yeoman. The oldest part is the Tower, built in the beginning of the 14th century.

The family name came from France in its original form *Saint Clare.* Sir William Sinclair, in the reign of Alexander I. (1107-1124 A.D.), obtained from that monarch the barony of Rosslyn. His great-grandson Henry, the second of the St. Clair line of the Earls of Orkney, built the great keep or south-west tower. A succeeding baron, William, was one of the subscribers to a letter sent by the nobility of Scotland to the Pope, asserting the independence of their country; while William, who

founded the chapel, filled some of the highest offices in the state under James II., and was himself nearly related to royalty. The large additions which he made to the castle exhibit many French features. In 1455 James II. gave Sir William the earldom of Caithness in exchange for Nithsdale; and afterwards, in consideration of the elegant buildings he had erected, conferred upon him the dignity of Grand Master Mason of Scotland, a title which remained in the family till 1736, when it was given over to the Scottish masonic craft. In 1544 the castle was burned by the English forces of Henry VIII. It was partially restored after 1580 by Sir William St. Clair, whose arms, as well as those of his wife, are seen on a shield over the fireplace of the great hall. The building was continued by Sir William of Pentland, his son. The ceiling of the dining-room, which is richly decorated, bears in the centre panel the Rosslyn arms, and the date 1622. It is immediately after this that the castle seems to have been in its most complete condition. The north-west side was battered down and the castle plundered by General Monk in 1650. A partial restoration was afterwards effected, but it was again attacked and plundered by a mob in 1688, and is now in a very ruinous condition.

The neighbouring moor of Rosslyn was the scene of a celebrated battle, fought in 1302, in which the Scots, under Comyn, then guardian of the kingdom, and Simon Fraser, defeated three detachments of the English in one day.

ST. CLAIR'S GRAVESTONE.

Before going on to Hawthornden, the visitor should descend to the open space by the riverside above the Castle. This arena, known as the "Stanks" (*Etangs*), was in the 16th century an open-air theatre for plays acted by gypsies, who in the early weeks of summer used to hold a great yearly gathering here under the patronage of the Rosslyn family. From this point, one might make one's way up the meandering and grandly wooded course of the river, passing near *Glencorse Barracks*, *Beeslack*, which was used as the headquarters of Mr. Gladstone in his Midlothian campaigns, then to **Penicuik**, past the paper mills to which it owes its prosperity. A visit to Penicuik by its picturesque railway line might be undertaken

another day, or might be combined with an excursion through the Pentlands as suggested under that head.

But tourists here for a single day do right to turn down the stream for *Hawthornden*, by a path winding along the high wooded bank of a grand glen, where one might believe oneself far from any town, but for the foulness of the water that drains from those obtrusive mills. This ravine, which seems belittled by the name *den*, in Scotland often used for smaller hollows, is a scene to linger in for hours, and so long as we keep to the left bank, we have a right of way to follow for some miles. Driving is out of the question here ; and there are parts of the steep path where one must look to one's footing.

The mansion and grounds of **Hawthornden** are on the other bank, gained, after half an hour's walk, by a foot-bridge where 1s. must be paid, and the same toll is levied, at the lodge beyond, on visitors entering by that side from the Hawthornden Station, about a mile from the river. This payment entitles one to stroll through the grounds ; but the curious *Gorton* caves (on the right bank, near the remains of an old bridge a little way above the present one) are not, we understand, open to the public.

Hawthornden is not a very picturesque or imposing mansion in itself, built as it was with an eye to defence rather than convenience, but it has a fine situation on a precipitous cliff, and the interest of having been the home of William Drummond, the poet, born here 1585, who died in 1649, of grief, it is said, for the death of Charles I. The modern house is the work of various periods, the nucleus being a ruined tower beside the entrance. Drummond is noted as the first Scottish poet who wrote in modern English. The melancholy tone of his works is attributed to an unhappy love romance. A seat in the rock, near the house, is called the Cypress Grove, after his moral treatise on the vanity of human life, said to have been composed here. Another seat is pointed out as the place of the celebrated meeting with Ben Jonson, who, in the year 1618, undertook a journey to Scotland on foot, partly with a view of spending some time with Drummond ; and much of the obloquy against Jonson is said to have arisen from the publication of Drummond's notes of their conversations.

Under the mansion lie several subterranean apartments scooped out of the solid rock, and curiously connected with each other by passages of disproportionate length. A spring-well, hewn out with much labour, shows that they were designed for more than a brief space of retirement. Whether they are the rude dwellings of an aboriginal race, or were constructed at a later period, as a temporary retreat, we may suppose that necessity alone could reconcile human beings to such dreary mansions. Tradition makes Bruce find a refuge here ; as the Gorton cave, higher up,

is associated with the name of Wallace. There are many similar caves in Scotland, as upon the banks of the Teviot, the Jed, and other rivers.

A stroll through the grounds of Hawthornden is well worth a shilling; but if we do not care to pay tax to the poet's descendant, the path takes us on along the left bank, to an overhanging projection of which we can descend presently for a good view of the house on the opposite cliff.

This shaded footpath gains the top of the bank, and after a time cuts across the head of a long bend in the river to make a turn on the left by the *Hewing Cottage*, said to be so called from some slaughterous memory of the old battle-field. Beyond this, we might turn back by a road for Roslin, about 2 miles; or, holding always to the right, we presently regain the high bank at a part where recent frosts or slips have made the passage along its broken edge a matter of caution, and from it descend among the knot of chimneys where a bridge would carry us across to *Polton Station*.

But we may still hold down the left bank by a path which, for a time, makes a change for the worse. It improves, however, after a mile or so, as it rises on the high ground about **Lasswade**, another place of paper mills and of suburban residences. Coming among these, one must keep one's eyes open to follow the path between iron railings; but if one strayed up by the road, turning to the left from the river, this divagation might be rewarded by a sight of the partly-thatched cottage, opposite the gate of *Dunesk House*, where Scott spent some of the happiest years of his early married life. De Quincey's house was on the other side of the river, nearer Polton.

The path takes us on before Dunesk House to *Lasswade Church* and churchyard, enclosing a fragment of the old church, and beside it the tomb of the Drummonds, over the entrance to which a memorial tablet to the poet has recently been erected, roses being trained upon the roof in allusion to his own epitaph now inscribed—

> Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
> The murmuring Esk. May roses shade the place!

About Lasswade we could find more than one railway station to help us home. If we would still trace the course of

the Esk, we must now take leave of its romantic banks, crossing the bridge to follow the high road (2 miles) to Dalkeith. The left side is taken up by the grounds of *Melville Castle.*

Dalkeith (Hotels: *Cross Keys*, *Harrow* C.) is a considerable borough, containing a fine old parish church partly in ruins. From *Eskbank Station*, by which we come in on the Lasswade road, it is a long walk through the town to the farther extremity, where is the entrance to **Dalkeith House** or *Palace*, one of the chief seats of the Duke of Buccleuch, built on the site of a castle of the Douglas family. The house contains some good pictures, which, as well as the adjacent grounds, are open to visitors in the absence of the family on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The renowned gardens are also to be seen on the same days by application at the gardener's lodge. On Sunday, 11 A.M. and 3.30 P.M. there is service at *St. Mary's Chapel* within the park. Motor-buses run nearly every hour from Edinburgh.

The *North* and *South Esk* meet in Dalkeith Park. On the latter, near Dalkeith, are the grounds of **Newbattle Abbey** (Marquis of Lothian). The house contains a very fine collection of pictures and carvings, shown to strangers on Wednesdays and Saturdays in the absence of the family. Under the drawing-room is the *Crypt* of the old Abbey, another of David I.'s legacies to posterity. Recent archæological discoveries here will enhance the interest of a visit. The Park, open daily, is renowned for its grand trees, one of them said to be the largest beech in the kingdom.

At *Dalkeith* and at *Eskbank* there are stations; and we can also return to Edinburgh, if it so pleases us, by **Gilmerton**, where a curious cave, hewn out of the sandstone rock by a blacksmith of last century, is supposed to have given Scott the hint of Wayland Smith's subterraneous forge in *Kenilworth.* At **Burdiehouse**, in the same vicinity, there are some extensive limestone caverns. A rather shorter road from the lower part of the town passes near *Craigmillar Castle* on its right. If one were bent on following the *Esk* to the sea, the rather dull road of over 4 miles to *Musselburgh* goes off to the right a little way short of the Palace gates.

THE PENTLAND HILLS

THIS is the name of the miniature mountain chain that rises so boldly to the south-west of Edinburgh, throwing out foothills to the very edge of the city. It extends for 16 miles, at several points to be crossed by a couple of hours' walk; and more than one of its summits rise to nearly 2000 feet. Somewhat bare and stern in their salient features, recalling the Covenanters to whom they gave refuge, the Pentlands enclose many a pleasant nook, and several picturesque lakes and water-courses turned to prosaic account for the water supply of the city and the mills of the Esk. This region is not enough known to strangers, nor even to most citizens of Edinburgh; and a few pages may well be given to indicating, in outline at least, some of its chief attractions.

One of the best-known points is the so-called **Habbie's Howe**, reached within a little distance by a good road that passes round the north-east corner of the Pentlands, and strikes off up the Vale of *Glencorse*, past the *Compensation Pond*. This lovely spot, with its ravine and waterfall, is often the goal of a drive; but it is not the real *Habbie's Howe* identified with Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," the scenery of which is the *North Esk*, below **Carlops** (*Hotel*), another favourite point some miles farther on the main road, the nearest station being *Broomlee*, whence also may be explored the neighbourhood of **West Linton** (*Inns*), a high-built village rising in repute as a health resort.

Colinton on the north-west is a good point for exploring the other side of the Pentlands, reached by frequent trains from *Princes Street* Station, and only some 2 miles or so from the *Colinton Road* terminus of the tramway. The high road passes between the *Craiglockhart Hydropathic Establishment* and the

village of *Slateford*, which might also be reached by boat or along the banks of the canal. Colinton lies in a finely-wooded ravine of the Water of Leith, that would put to shame Dr. Johnson's dictum about the trees of Scotland; but the neighbourhood is unfortunately too much disfigured by mills. About a mile to the south-east of the village lie the woods of *Dreghorn Castle*, and directly south *Bonally Tower*, formerly the residence of Lord Cockburn.

From Colinton the high road runs on along the foot of the hills, by the course of the Water of Leith, which rises at their north-western end.

Near *Currie*, 5½ miles from Edinburgh, are the ruins of **Lennox Castle**, originally the property of the Earls of that name, and frequently the residence of Queen Mary. Farther on, along the same road, then turning down from the hills, we reach **Dalmahoy**, the seat of the Earl of Morton, who represents the Lochleven branch of the great family of Douglas. Dalmahoy House contains interesting papers regarding Queen Mary, among them the warrant for committing her to Lochleven Castle, 16th June 1567. Here also are preserved the keys that were thrown into the loch on her escape from Lochleven Castle. Adjoining Dalmahoy, on the west, is *Hatton House*, a fine old mansion, some parts of which are of very ancient date. Through the grounds of Dalmahoy one might strike down to the canal, the banks of which would be a plain guide for some three hours' walk to Edinburgh; or, a couple of miles farther north could be gained *Ratho Station*, where there are frequent opportunities of catching one of the main line trains from Glasgow or Stirling.

For exploring the recesses of the Pentlands a special guide-book would be useful; and such a one we can recommend in a shilling brochure published under the auspices of the Scottish Rights of Way Society, which is eminently practical as well as heartily appreciative.[1] This Society has done good service in opening up and marking out ways that were formerly matters of dispute or hardly known except to a few. Bartholomew's "Pedestrian's Pocket Map of the Pentland Hills," with its

[1] *The Pentland Hills, their Paths and Passes*, by W. A. S. (J. Bartholomew & Co.).

traced paths and list of itineraries, would also be a good companion here; but the smaller map in the little guide-book by "W. A. S." is enough for most purposes.

By the help of these publications the veriest stranger can enjoy several fine rambles through the Pentlands. We will outline one in which we have tested our *confrère's* accuracy, and which will take the reader right across these hills by perhaps the shortest and easiest route.

To **Glencorse.**—From Colinton we ascended the road to *Bonally Tower*, and round the western side of its grounds, by a lane leading on to the open hill-side. Here one of the Scottish Rights of Way Society's welcome direction-boards showed the way to Glencorse, marked throughout by white posts. Passing the Bonally Pond on the right, we reached the head of the glen running southwards, where we were more than 1200 feet above the sea. Here one is well told to "look across the lower part of Glencorse, with its picturesque Compensation Pond (in whose placid waters are submerged the ruins of the ancient Chapel of St. Katherine), and away over the plain in the south towards the Moorfoots; but the near view to the west is what at once commands attention. There, in all its grace of outline, shown to the very best advantage, stretches the main southern range of the Pentlands. To the left, rising steeply up above the Glencorse Pond, stands Turnhouse Hill, on whose eastern slope was fought out with the Covenanters, 220 long years ago, that fatal fight of Rullion Green. Next come the broad gray fronts and shoulders of Cairnethy and Scald Law (1893 feet); and then the eye is led on by beautiful lines of grassy slope and heathery ridge, until it rests upon the sharp and culminating peak of Kips in the west. Truly a most lovely Highland scene, and yet within a few miles of the metropolis!"

Our path led on to the carriage road up *Glencorse*, where we were 4 miles from Colinton. Here we might have turned westward to follow the water up to the pseudo *Habbie's Howe;* or, in the other direction, have soon gained, at *Flotterstone Bridge*, the high road, which in 6 or 7 miles or so would take us back to Edinburgh by Morningside, or southwards on to *Carlops* by the old Carlisle coach road. Going south on this road, one might turn off to the left in a mile or so for *Penicuik;* following it towards Edinburgh about as far on, a turn to the right would

take one to *Glencorse Station* near the *Fisher's Tryst Inn;* then we could wander on some 2 miles more for Roslin and the leafy banks of Esk, a rich contrast to the scenery we had left an hour behind.

On the main road to Edinburgh one diversion must not be overlooked. Soon after rounding the bold end of the Pentland ridge, and just before commencing the steep descent of some 2 miles to Morningside, a road to the left leads (½ mile) to **Swanston** Farm and Cottage, the summer home in boyhood of R. L. Stevenson, Edinburgh's latest and not least famous son of letters, who loved the Pentland scenery so well. Here a fine view is obtained over the Firth of Forth. The pedestrian need not retrace his steps, as from Swanston there is a direct way down, by cart-road and field-path, past *Comiston Park* and farmhouse to Morningside. On crossing the Braid Burn at the foot of the hill we may either bear to the left for the road to Craiglockhart, or turn to the right down the burn and rejoin the high road just at the beginning of the houses, not five minutes' walk from the Morningside Suburban Railway Station and tramway.

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MELROSE.

MELROSE, ABBOTSFORD, DRYBURGH, etc.

In our Introduction it has been pointed out how Edinburgh is within reach of many famous and beautiful scenes, to which if we conducted the reader, this would grow into a guide-book for half of Scotland. Referring him to our general *Guide to Scotland*, we will conclude with one specimen of the longer excursions, the one most likely to be taken by visitors, both as lying on a main route from the south, and as closely associated with the memory of him who has done so much to make Edinburgh a place of pilgrimage. What may be called Sir Walter Scott's country, "where every field has its battle, and every rivulet its song," is about an hour's journey from Edinburgh, by fast train, on the *Waverley Route* to Carlisle; and all the trains in either direction stop at *Melrose*, where there is ample accommodation for tourists. From the train going south, between the stations of *Fushiebridge* and *Tynehead*, may be seen to the left **Crichton Castle**, and to the right **Borthwick Castle**, the latter restored of late, and each to be visited from either station in about an hour's walk; while by following the course of the stream one can pass from one to the other in about half an hour. Farther on, the railway reaches *Gala Water*, a tributary of the Tweed, which gives its name to the manufacturing town of **Galashiels** (Hotels: *Abbotsford Arms; Commercial* C., etc.—pop. 12,822). This is one of the most thriving seats of the Scotch woollen manufacture, comprising tartans, tweeds, and shawls. The higher ground is traversed by the remains of an ancient wall, supposed to be the *Catrail*, the old British barrier, and near it, at *Rink*, on an eminence, is a British camp.

Galashiels is connected by a short railway branch (5 miles) with Selkirk, and the *Abbotsford-ferry* station on this line is the nearest to Abbotsford, more usually visited from Melrose.

MELROSE

Hotels: *George*, *Abbey* C., *King's Arms*, *Waverley* (*Temp.* C.), many smaller. *Hydropathic* about a mile westward.

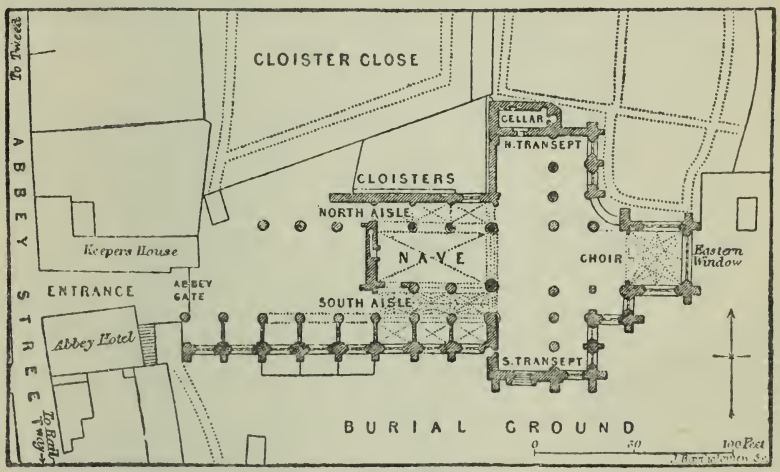
This smart and openly-built town of under 2000 inhabitants stands near the banks of the Tweed, surrounded by hills and pretty pastoral scenery, a situation that does not allow airiness to be reckoned among its merits; but it is one of the few places in Scotland that has some reputation as a comparatively mild winter resort. The red stone of which many houses here, like the Abbey, are built, gives an unusually warm look to Melrose and its dependencies *Dingleton*, *Darnick*, *Gattonside*, and *Newstead*. The nucleus of the scattered town, with the chief hotels, will be found just below the railway station, where, on turning into the market-place, with its old *Cross*, an opening at the farther corner gives us at once a glimpse of Melrose's chief lion, the ruins of the Abbey, unfortunately on this side too much shut in by other buildings, some of which, in the careless old times, were allowed to steal fragments of their neighbour's magnificence. This is more or less the original of Scott's Monastery of *Kennaquhair* ("Know-not-where"), a pleasantry of nomenclature repeated in Carlyle's *Weissnichtwo*. The custodian's house is at the back of the Abbey Hotel, where, any day except Sunday, the key may be had for 6d.; the economical visitor might survey the exterior gratis by walking round the churchyard enclosure. As we know on the poet's authority, though he confessed not to be speaking from experience, the proper time to see Melrose aright is by moonlight; but at all times it makes an impressive spectacle, as the best Scottish example of ecclesiastical architecture in its golden age.

The **Abbey of St. Mary**, founded by David I. in 1126, was the home of the first Cistercian community in Scotland. The style is a mixture of the Second Pointed and Flamboyant, the Church built in the usual form of a Latin cross, with a square tower in the centre. The ruins, a sad relic of successive acts of violence, are entered by the *Nave*, intersected by what was formerly a Rood loft. The *Transept*, with its elaborate carving, is the finest part. The *Chancel* retains its beautifully fretted stone roof, and east oriel window, though much defaced. The south doorway and the tracery of the south window are also to be specially noticed.

In the *Aisle of St. Mary* is the tomb of Michael Scott, the wizard. A large slab of polished marble near the east window is believed to cover

the remains of Alexander II. Robert Bruce's heart came to be interred here, after Lord James Douglas's unsuccessful attempt to carry it to the Holy Land; and this also was the burial-place of the Douglas who fell at Chevy Chase, and others of the same great family. Sir David Brewster was buried in the churchyard, at the east end of which is the tombstone erected by Sir W. Scott to his faithful servant Tom Purdie.

Passing beyond the Abbey, and making a slight circuit either to right or left, we come in a few minutes to the Chain Bridge over to *Gattonside*. This footbridge gives a good look up and down the Tweed, which, when in flood, makes a miniature Niagara of the dam just above. Down the stream, about two



PLAN OF MELROSE ABBEY.

miles, is seen the railway viaduct at *Leaderfoot*, where also a road bridge crosses. There are pleasant footways on both sides. For an hour's saunter, one might take the path up the right bank, passing by the edge of an elevated green, behind which lies the Parish Church, then holding on below the Hydropathic to reach, in a mile or so, the Stone Bridge, which may be crossed for a walk back by road to *Gattonside*, and must be crossed if one be driving from the one place to the other, Melrose having no immediate bridge except that one for foot passengers. So much of Melrose may be seen in an hour or two. In summer a brake awaits the forenoon trains arriving about the same time from north and south; this will carry tourists round to both Abbotsford and Dryburgh.

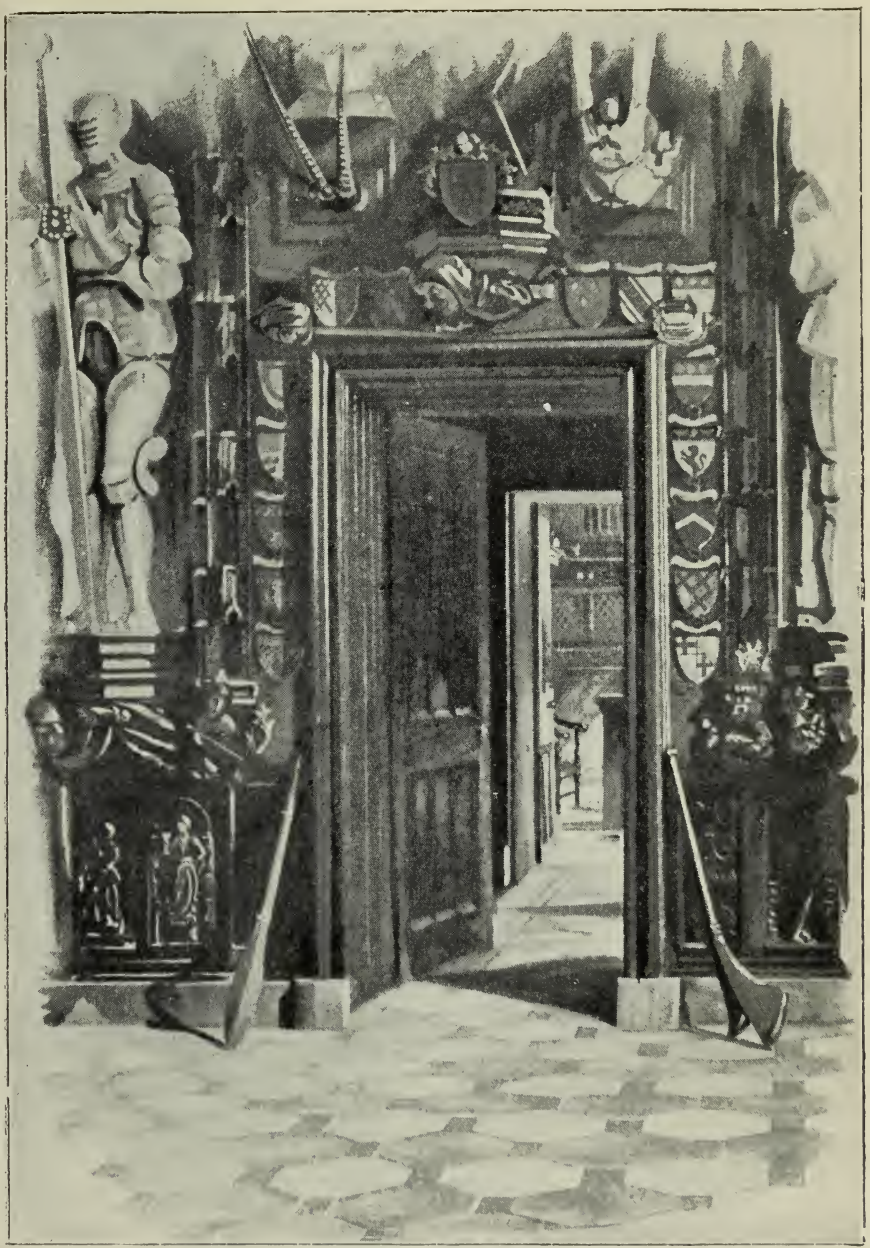
Abbotsford[1] lies about 3 miles up the river on the right side. The high road leads past the Hydropathic. Where it is joined by the riverside footpath above the Stone Bridge, a guide-post shows us the Selkirk Road to the left, which soon opens up views of the Gala Water valley and the chimneys of Galashiels on the opposite side of the Tweed. A byroad running off almost at once to the right would pleasantly add a little to our walk, following the bend of the river more closely; when it has crossed the railway this becomes a field path leading by two farms to a lane along the wooded bank till Abbotsford appears among the plantations, by the side of which we must strike up to the high road running behind the mansion. There is a shorter footway from *Darnick*, the village beside the Hydropathic.

A board at the corner of the grounds informs strangers how to proceed in visiting a mansion which, it is declared by a later Sir Walter, the novelist of our own generation, "would make an oyster enthusiastic." Admission from 10.30 to 5 P.M. in the summer months, a charge of 1s. being made. Visitors are conducted through the *Study*, the *Library*, the *Drawing-room*, the *Armoury*, and the *Hall*, ornamented with portraits, relics, heraldic blazons, the various feudal "properties" that were the Delilah of this great writer. The pictures are chiefly in the dining-room, which is not shown. The old door of the Edinburgh Tolbooth has been built in at the west end of the house.

The best view of Abbotsford is from the other bank. What strikes one is that Scott's imagination somewhat glorified this riverside, and that he might have chosen a finer site for his "lordly tower," now overlooked by several smug villas sentinelling the chimneys of Galashiels that bristle in the valley opposite. The place was his own creation, and almost all the trees were planted by himself.

Some 5 miles down the stream from Melrose, upon the other bank is **Dryburgh Abbey**, whither, if not for its own ruined grandeur, many a pilgrim's steps are bent to the grave

[1] *Abbotsford: the Personal Relics and Antiquarian Treasures of Sir Walter Scott*, described by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. (A. and C. Black.)



William Gibb.

ABBOTSFORD—ENTRANCE HALL.

of the poet and novelist who has made this countryside classic ground. There is a choice of roads, and the route is usually varied for driving parties. The shortest way is by the road going out beside the railway to *St. Boswells* (station), where a guide-post directs to the Chain Bridge over the river, a rather shorter cut to which could be shown through the village. A mile longer, but less steep, is the road leaving Melrose between the Abbey and the river, for which a footpath might be taken on the other side of the Abbey, coming into the road at *Newstead*, a village notable for the sundials displayed by several of its old houses. A mile farther on is reached the *Leaderfoot Bridge*, which one might cross to take the hill road by *Bemerside*, for Dryburgh, or keep along the right bank 2 miles to *St. Boswells*, where there is a Railway Hotel. The Abbey stands on the left side of the Tweed; and admission (1s.) must be sought at the Lodge near the principal gate.

"The hoary Abbey of Dryburgh, surrounded with yew trees as ancient as itself," dates, like Melrose, from the reign of David I., and it also tells its own tale of hostile incursions and reforming fanaticism. Beside the cruciform church, of which the principal remains are the west gable of the Nave, the ends of the Transept, and part of the Choir, the ruins of the monastery still stand in considerable fragments, with an ivy-grown circular window for their finest feature. In *St. Mary's Aisle*, the most beautiful and interesting part of the church (north transept), *Sir Walter Scott* lies buried beside his wife, his eldest son, and Lockhart his son-in-law and biographer.

Behind *Dingleton*, the quarter of Melrose lying south of the railway, rise the **Eildon Hills**, three conspicuous cones, two of them over 1300 feet in height. On the northern one is an ancient *Camp;* and here is believed to have been the Roman station *Tremontium*. The three hills are fabled to have been cleft by the wizard Michael Scott; they were also associated with Thomas the Rhymer, the ruins of whose abode are shown at *Earlston* on the other side of the river. Any of the summits commands a very extensive view. On the shoulder of the ridge is a good golf-course, reached by passing beside the large buildings of the asylum. At the back nestle the woods of *Eildon Hall*, and below, to the south-west, stretches *Bowden Moor*.

There are some lovely nooks hereabouts, such as the **Rhymer's Glen**, between the Eildon Hills and Abbotsford,

where Sir Walter, like old Thomas of Ercildoune, met many an airy fancy; then on the other side of the river, **Fairy Dean,** up the course of the Allan Water, understood to be "Glendearg," scene of the White Lady of Avenel's appearances, reached by crossing the stone bridge above Melrose, and presently taking a gate on the right of the road upwards.

Should our reader spend more than a day or two here, he would find *Smailholm Tower* and *Flodden Field* each 8 miles away; *Newark Castle*, 11 m.; *Jedburgh*, 14 m.; *Kelso*, 16 m.; nor are these all the ruins and scenes famous in Border history within reach of Melrose by road or rail. [1]

[1] See *The Scott Country*, by W. S. Crockett (A. & C. Black).

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

INDEX

THE END

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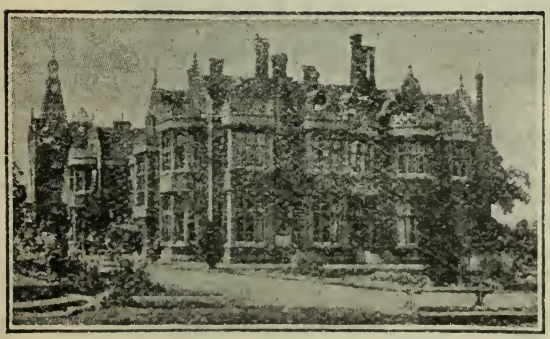

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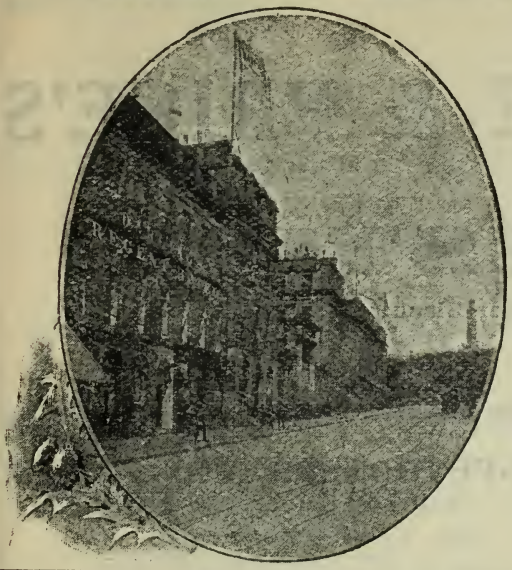

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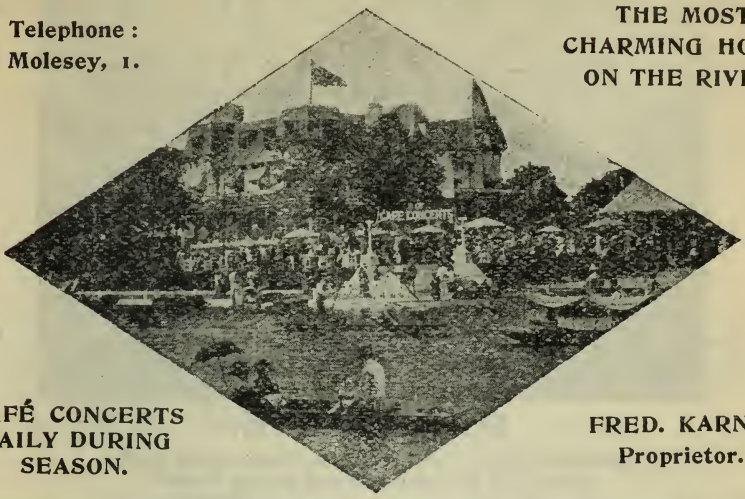

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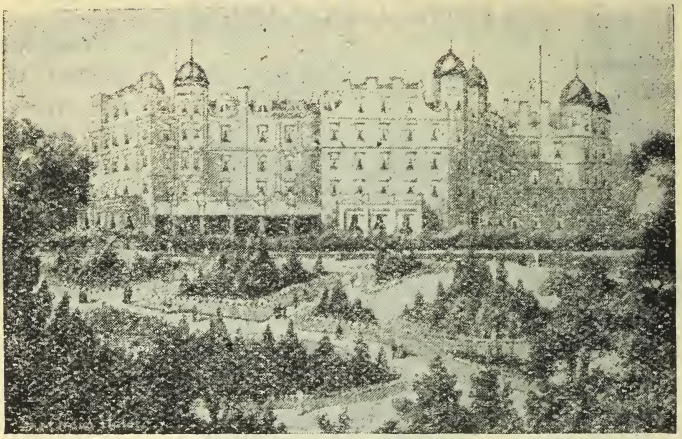

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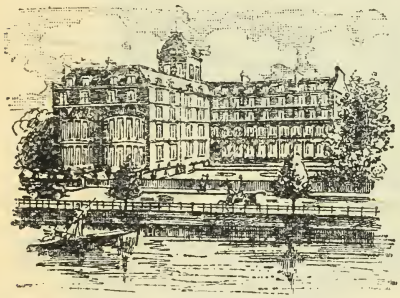

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Splendid Situation facing Centre of Bay.

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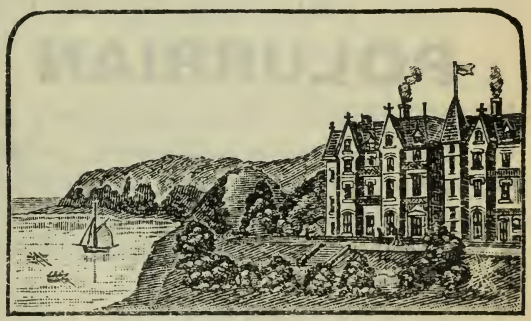

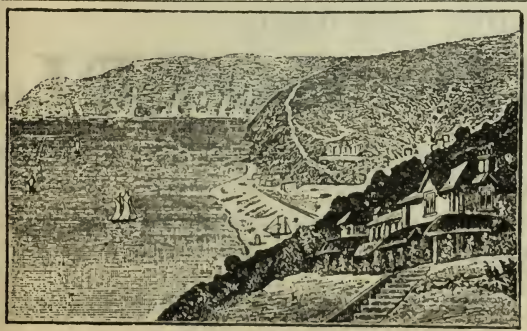

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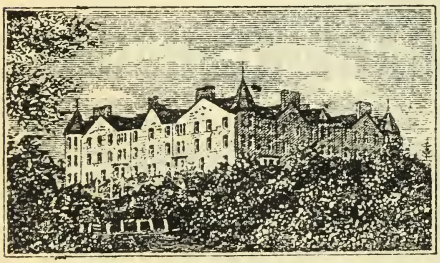

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No. 20.—George Romney's Home (1742 to 1755), Walney Bridge and Island, and Furness Abbey Tour, *via* Sowerby Wood.

For further particulars see the Company's Illustrated Tours Programme, to be had gratis at all Furness Railway Stations; from Mr. A. A. Haynes, Superintendent of the Line, Barrow-in-Furness; and at the Offices of Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son; also at the principal Bookstalls.

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AND	HOURS.	AND	HOURS.	AND	HOURS.	AND	HOURS.
Bristol . . in	2	Plymouth . in	4 hs. 7 ms.	Leam'gt'n Spa in	1¼	Chester . in	4¼
Weymouth ,,	3¼	Penzance . ,,	6¼	Birmingham . ,,	2	Birkenhead ,,	4¼
Exeter . . ,,	3	Oxford . . ,,	1¼	Wolv'hampt'n ,,	2¼	Cardiff. . ,,	2¾
Torquay . ,,	3¾	Worcester. ,,	2¼	Shrewsbury . ,,	3	Swansea . ,,	4

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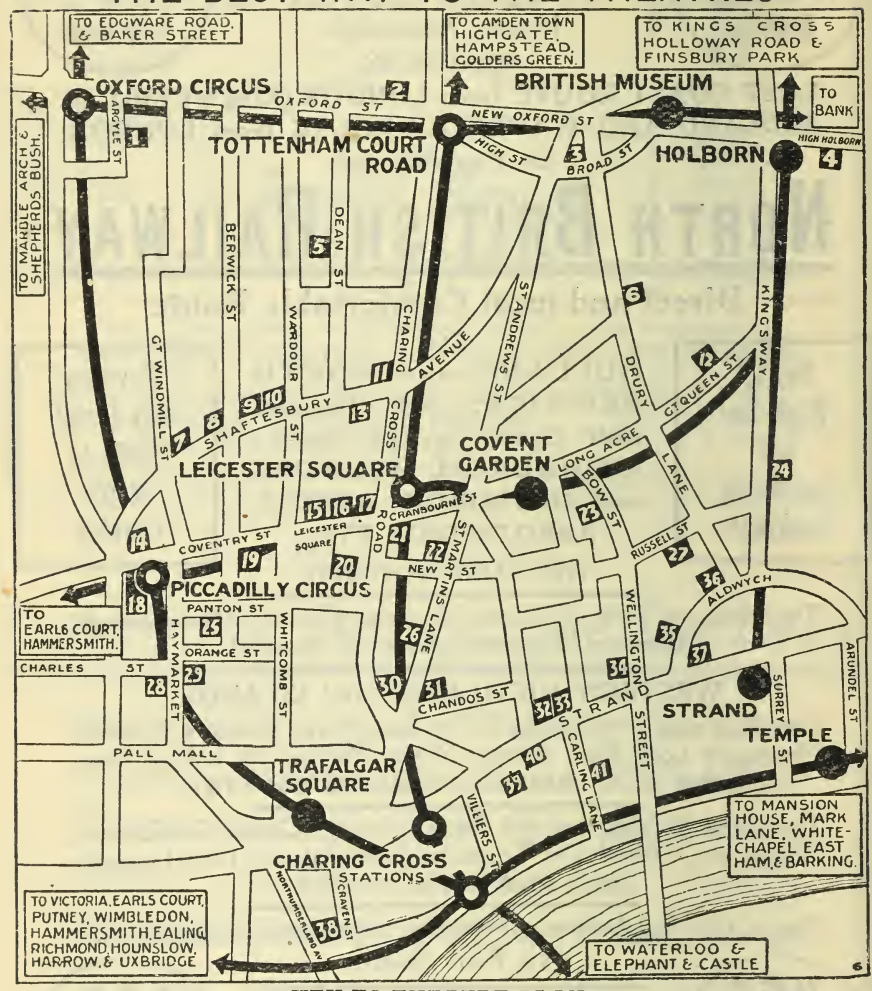
THE BEST WAY TO THE THEATRES



KEY TO THEATRE PLAN.

32 Adelphi
36 Aldwych
20 Alhambra
8 Apollo
31 Coliseum
25 Comedy
Coronet (*Notting Hill Gate.*) [*S.W.*)
Court (*Sloane Sq.*,
23 Covent Garden
18 Criterion
16 Daly's
27 Drury Lane
26 Duke of York's
15 Empire | 30 Garrick
37 Gaiety | 9 Globe
29 Haymarket
17 Hippodrome
28 His Majesty's
4 Holborn Empire
12 Kingsway
24 London Opera House
34 Lyceum
7 Lyric
6 Middlesex Music Hall
22 New
5 New Royalty
2 Oxford Music Hall
11 Palace
1 Palladium
14 Pavilion
38 Playhouse
19 Prince of Wales
3 Princes
10 Queen's
41 Savoy
St. James's (*Dover St. and St. James's Park Stn.*)
Scala (*Goodge St., S.W.*)
13 Shaftesbury
35 Strand
39 The Little
40*Tivoli
33 Vaudeville
Victoria Palace (*Victoria*).
21 Wyndham's

* At present being rebuilt.

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