dicity and Hospitality. I spent a short time with Sir John and Lady Swinburne, whose mind and manners would give attractions to a spot less agreeable than Capheaton. Near this place is a lane, called the Silver Lane, so called from some Roman sacra and coins having been found there.

Upon my return I visited Wallington, the seat of my highly-respected friend John Trevelyan, Esq. This noble mansion was the residence of the late Sir Walter Calverly Blackett, Bart. whose memory will be long remembered for every quality which can adorn a leading character in a large and opulent county. The grounds are finely wooded and truly beautiful. The woods have been planted about seventy years. The beech, elm, and oak, are highly thriving; and the larch are considered to be the finest and the largest in the kingdom. The gardens are very spacious and well stocked, and contain a great extent of glass pineries, vineries, &c. and also a numerous collection of herbaceous and other plants. In a piece of water near the house, I saw some beautiful nymphæ albæ and nymphæ luteæ, gracefully grouped with other aquatic plants, growing in great perfection, which the refined taste of the owner has led him to cultivate with equal care and judgment. In the house are a fine whole-length portrait of Sir W. C. Blackett, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the colours happily in

high preservation; two pictures of the Blackett family, by Sir Peter Lely; a portrait of Mrs. Hudson, sister of Sir John Trevelyan, by Gainsborough; and a portrait by Hoppner, of which it may be most justly remarked, that, had the beauty pourtrayed in the picture been less, it had been in that degree less like its amiable and accomplished original, Mrs. Trevelyan. There is also a very fine collection of curious and valuable china.

Adjoining to Wallington is the hamlet of Cambo, only worthy of notice on account of its having given birth to the ingenious Mr. Brown, better known by the appellation of *Capability* Brown. Upon my return to Hesleyside, I saw, in a little hamlet not far from the mansion, a vestige of the miserable condition to which the Border Country between England and Scotland was frequently reduced before the Union, (one of the happiest measures that ever occurred for the benefit of both countries,) in a strong ancient square building, called, in the Border times, *a peel*, into which, upon a signal of an approaching Scottish irruption, the adjoining farmers and their cattle took refuge. The former and their families occupied the upper rooms, and the latter were kept below; and the entrance was secured by a strong door, and a massy bolt of oak. There are several such buildings along the borders, remaining as melancholy memorials of an age of rapine. At Hesleyside a spur is kept as

a curiosity, which at that period used to be sent up in the last dish at the table of the chieftain, to denote to his lawless followers that their provisions were exhausted, and that they must scour the Border Country for more.

CHAP. III.

DEBATEABLE LAND—THE SHEPHERDS—FEROCITY OF THE ANCIENT BORDERERS—ANECDOTE OF BERNARD GILPIN—A ROYAL REMARK UPON A COW—BEAUTIFUL RIDE TO JEDBURGH—DOCTOR JOHNSON'S ENTRANCE INTO SCOTLAND—THE CATHEDRAL OF JEDBURGH—SCOTTISH GARDENERS—THE LITTLE NOSEGAY GIRLS—THE PRISON—EILDON HILLS—MELROSE—REMARKS UPON ITS ARCHITECTURE—A LUNAR MISTAKE—THE TWEED—A TRAVELLER'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF EDINBURGH.

THE imagination can scarcely picture a more dreary ride than I had from Hesleyside to Burness, a distance of nearly twenty miles, although called, in the random reckoning of the natives, only twelve. Not a tree or a hut was visible. The clouds, which rolled heavily and low, as soon as I ascended this desert began to disburthen themselves with the copiousness of a shower-bath all the rest of the way. High up in these mountains of heath, two melancholy drenched shepherds, wrapped up in their plaids, and their flocks plucking the scanty blade, and shaking off the rain from their fleecy coating, were all of animated nature that I saw, save an attendant game-keeper, who, having been annually accustomed to spread desolation amongst the grouse of these mournful and trackless borders, conducted me through

them, by the assistance of remembered marks and points of land, to our first stage, as if we had been at sea.

Before the Union, this tract of country was called the *Debateable Land*, as subject by turns to England and Scotland, and was frequently the theatre of many a sanguinary scene. This unhappy state of warfare is well described in Home's Douglas:—

> " A river here, there an ideal line
> " By fancy drawn, divides the *sister* kingdoms.
> " On each side dwells a people, similar
> " As twins are to each other, valiant both,
> " Both for their valour famous through the world;
> " Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,
> " And, if they must have war, wage distant war;
> " But with each other fight in cruel conflict."

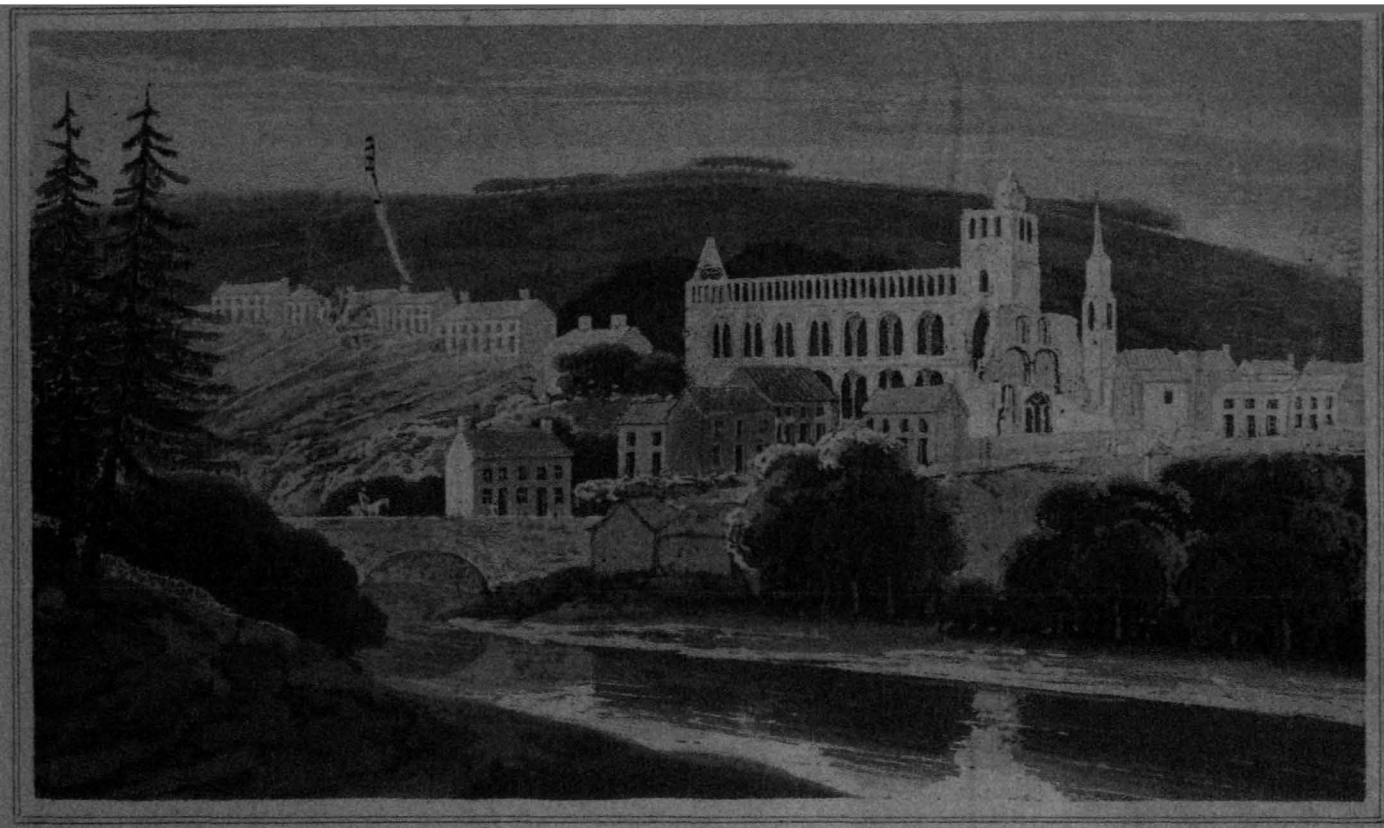
This country was inhabited by a ferocious banditti, trained to arms, who lived entirely by plunder on both sides the barrier; and what they plundered on one side they exposed to sale on the other, and thus eluded the arm of justice. So skilful were they in robbery, that they could twist a cow's horn, or mark a horse, so as its owners could not know it; and in every other lawless manœuvre their daring craft and ingenuity set the most active vigilance at defiance.

Yet, although in this barbarous state, they were not insensible to the mollifying influence of religious persuasion, as will be proved by the following curious circumstance, which I have extracted from the Life of Bernard Gilpin, Rector of Houghton-le-Spring, in the reigns of the Queens Mary and Elizabeth. This excellent man resided some time on the Border Country, to endeavour to civilize the rugged inhabitants, and to impress them with the truth of the Christian religion. One Sunday morning coming to a church in these parts, before the people were assembled, he observed a glove hanging up, and was informed by the sexton that it was meant as a challenge to any one who should take it down. Mr. Gilpin ordered the sexton to reach it him: but, upon his utterly refusing to touch it, he took it down himself, and put it in his bosom. When the people were assembled he went into the pulpit, and, before he concluded his sermon, took occasion to rebuke them severely for these inhuman challenges. "I hear," said he, "that one among you hath hanged up a glove even in this sacred place, threatening to fight any one who taketh it down: see, I have taken it down;" and, pulling out the glove, he held it up to the congregation; and then shewed them how unsuitable such savage practices were to the profession of Christianity; using such persuasives to mutual love as he thought would most affect them. So barren was all

the Border Country, that a person telling King James a surprising story of a cow, that had been driven from the north of Scotland into the south of England, and, escaping from the herd, had found her way home, "The most surprising part of the story," replied the King, "you lay the least stress on; that she could *live* through the Debateable Land."

The inn at Burness is clean and comfortable: its larder furnished a tolerable repast, and its library two volumes of the Arabian-Nights' Entertainments, and Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides. I found the learned Doctor was not much admired as a tourist by the landlord, who was a Scotchman, and who gave me a dreary account of the forced ejectment of the peasantry of the Highlands. Amongst other stories of extreme hardship, he related that one hundred and twenty families had lately been driven from their farms by the military, who were called in aid of the operation of the law. Upon inquiry afterwards, I found that the statement, as far as related to this military ejectment, was not correct; and had no doubt been introduced into the story, to increase the disgust entertained against the present mode of merging the small farms into large ones, by the lower classes, who generally see with a microscopic eye, and who, alive only to immediate feeling, cannot think that any future good can atone for present privation.

My melancholy ride to Burness augmented, by contrast, the charms of the scenery which opened upon me soon after I remounted my horse, as a sable frame frequently increases the effect of a brilliant picture. After riding over about two miles of ground, in which oats were much cultivated, (a characteristic feature of an approach to Scotland,) I entered Roxburghshire, the frontier of which, in this direction, is distinguishable for picturesque beauty. The road to Jedburgh lay through meadows, here of vivid green, there of a rich mossy yellow colour; on either side were country seats, handsome plantations, winding streams, thick woods, and ruddy rocks rising majestically above them, crowned with luxuriant shrubs. Every object harmonised with its neighbour, and the neatness of the humble cottage was blended with the gaiety of the elegant mansion. Each winding of the road exhibited fresh subjects of admiration. Industry and prosperity shed animation over the whole. In all my rambles I never saw Nature in a lovelier form than she appeared in this ride of fifteen miles. The eastern entrance to Scotland, by the way of Berwick, is, I am told, as barren, as this is prodigal of beauty. I could not help exclaiming, "Is this "Scotland?" I regretted that Dr. Johnson had not entered Caledonia in this direction; the sweetness and luxuriance of the scene might perchance have mitigated, if they would not have entirely charmed away, the severity of prejudices which were conceived and cherished by



Jedburgh.

Drawn by Sir John Carr.

Published by Matthews & Leigh, Strand. 1809.

a long residence in the metropolis of England, and which he appears to have quitted for the sole purpose of endeavouring to confirm: the lateness of season, too, in which he travelled (for the Doctor did not commence his tour till the month of August, in 1773), was well suited to such an object.

Jedburgh is a royal borough, and the county town; it is surrounded by hills, at the bottom of which flows the river Jed. The remains of the cathedral, which unites the Saxon and Gothic architecture, are very fine; part of it is much dilapidated, and part has been repaired, and converted into a Presbytery church. In other places the same spirit of economy has led the plain and unaffected followers of Calvin to perform their simple worship amid the mouldering ruins of monastic magnificence. King David the First, of Scotland, consecrated his memory by richly founding and endowing the monastery of Jedburgh, as well as those of the neighbouring towns of Kelso and Melrose.

It is not possible to conceive any situation more romantic than that of Jedburgh; it is surrounded, and in some parts intermingled, with nurseries, orchards, and gardens, which give it, in this respect, very much the resemblance of Upsala, in Sweden. The trees here bear very fine fruit, particularly pears; and in this neighbourhood may be seen

the most successful results of skilful husbandry. Scotland has great reason to be proud of her farmers, who, by that thirst for information and habit of reflection peculiar to their countrymen, are enabled to unite theory to practice, and to extend the system of rural economy to its utmost perfection. It is a curious and an undoubted fact, that Scotland preceded England in the cultivation of the garden. John Leslie, the Catholic Bishop of Ross, who flourished in the year 1560, informs us, in the second edition of his History of Scotland, that Glasgow abounded in orchards and herbs; and Anderson, in his History of the Rise and Progress of Commerce, mentions that, in 1509, England could not furnish a sallad; and that cabbages, carrots, turnips, and other plants and roots, were imported from the Netherlands. History tells us also, that, till gardeners and various sorts of plants were *imported* from foreign countries, one of the Queens of Henry the Eighth could not be supplied with sallad, and other vegetables which she fancied. It is generally believed that the Scottish gardeners are superior to the English; but this, I am well informed, is not the fact: it is true that the former are better educated; but a Scottish gentleman has an objection to a gardener of his own country, unless he has been in England some years.

Scottish agriculture is greatly improved within these last

twenty years. Some of the best land close to Jedburgh lets at the very high rate of 6*l.* and 7*l.* per acre; the average rent is 2*l.* 5*s.* per acre. Turnips are much cultivated in the neighbourhood, where, as is the case in the Borders towards Hesley-side, the rise in the value of land has been astonishing. A respectable farmer informed me, that a farm belonging to the Marquis of Lothian, not far from Jedburgh, which was formerly let for 226*l.* was upon the expiration of the lease lately re-let for 1,010*l.* and that another rose from 120*l.* to 680*l.* per annum. The inhabitants derive their principal support from a considerable woollen and a small stocking manufactory, and bleacheries. The walks near the town are extremely beautiful, particularly that which leads to the Steward Field, to which as I was wandering, I was much pleased with the urbanity of three little girls, who were returning to the town, each the proud and merry mistress of a large nosegay, or, as it is called in Scotland, "*a flower*," and who, unasked, presented me with the finest roses in their possession. I thought myself in the neighbourhood of Lyons. These little traits are characteristic of the natural urbanity of a people, and therefore worthy of being noticed in the traveller's journal. Upon the banks of the river are shewn the vestiges of artificial caves, used as places of concealment during the Border wars.

The prison is over the gateway; it is small, but clean

and well ventilated: there were only two male and two female prisoners in it, a circumstance very honourable to the morals of the country. Each prisoner is allowed eightpence per day. The objections to this prison are, that there is no yard for exercise, and no privies. It is under the superintendence of a provost and four baillies.

I much regret that my arrangements did not admit of my going to Kelso, one stage distant, as I was well informed that the scenery all the way, and the town itself, are highly beautiful and interesting. About two miles after leaving Jedburgh, the charming meanders of the Tiviot attract the eye of the traveller; and, as I passed the park of Sir John Scott, I observed some of the finest oak, ash, and elm trees, I ever saw. Lord Minto and Admiral Elliott have delightful seats and grounds in the neighbourhood. On my left I passed Eildon-hill House, apparently in an unfinished state: it was erected by a gentleman who had a lucrative contract for victualling French prisoners. Immediately behind this mansion, the Eildon Hills, whose conical tops are seen at a great distance, arise very abruptly from a flat corn country. The genius of Walter Scott has raised a great portion of this country to the rank of classic celebrity: in his Lay of the Last, and, as it was well observed, the *sweetest*, Minstrel, he speaks of a wizard, called Michael Scott—

" That when in Salamanca's cave
" Him listed his magic wand to wave,
" The bells would ring in Notre Dame!
" Some of his skill he taught to me;
" And, warrior, I could say to thee
" The words that cleft Eildon Hills in three."
Canto ii. p. 52.

Upon the summit of the most northerly hills are the vestiges of a Roman camp. Melrose is the first stage from Jedburgh to Edinburgh; here the great attraction is the abbey, or abbacy, of that name, founded, as before observed, by David the First, of Scotland, in 736, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and long celebrated for the venerable and exquisite beauty of its Gothic architecture, which, when time shall have levelled its last column with the dust, will excite the interest and admiration of distant times, in the commemorative lines of the poet I have just quoted, who has an estate and country house in its neighbourhood. This abbey is said to have been the largest in the island, and its beautiful ruins now measure 943 feet in circumference. Melrose has been so often described that it is unnecessary for me to attempt that delightful task; I shall content myself with observing, that in elegance of design, in delicacy of form, and in justness of proportion, it is not surpassed, perhaps not equalled, by the remains of any other pile of sacred antiquity in the kingdom. Many of its minuter ornaments, representing oak-leaves, cabbages, &c.

are of the most exquisite workmanship. The eastern window has long been a subject of merited eulogy. This abbey in some degree resembles York minster, particularly in the buttresses and pinnacles; in its smaller ornaments it is much superior; it exhibits the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and sculpture to be found in Scotland. There, as at Jedburgh, the body of the abbey is converted into a kirk of Presbyterian worship.

How creditable to the country and gratifying to the traveller would it have been, had the Scottish reformers, when they placed their pulpits within the walls of these august remains, imbibed some portion of the exquisite taste which raised them, and imparted it to their more modern edifices of devotion! Who, without a sigh, can contemplate the blind zeal which prostrated to the earth so many stately papal structures? Who will not be thankful to the great but furious hero of the reformation in Scotland, for *not* having laid low the beautiful abbey of Melrose?

This, and many other fine remains, incontestably prove the great progress which the Scotch had made in the arts at a very early period, and remain as so many monuments of their exalted taste and munificence. Walter Scott has so finely described the abbey, and has so forcibly told the reader, "Go visit it by the pale moon-light," that it is now

much the fashion to contemplate it by the rays of that mild luminary. It is related of one enthusiast, whose pressing engagements prevented him from devoting more than two hours to the contemplation of this venerable object, and who resolved upon minutely following the recommendation of its minstrel, that by a sad mis-calculation he arrived at Melrose after the last quartering of the moon, and was obliged to return without being able to see

> —— the cold light's uncertain show'r,
> Stream on the ruin'd central tow'r."

I presume that one reason why the Bard has made this recommendation is, that the building may be more insulated to the eye, as its close neighbourhood to the town is a circumstance much to be regretted. The shadows of the night have no doubt the effect of detaching it from the profane society of the adjoining dwellings, and of giving it the appearance of more becoming solitude.

There is nothing in the town worth seeing. The road to the Caledonian capital crossed the Tweed, and lay through a rich country generally interesting, and exhibiting high proofs of cultivation. This beautiful river opened in the most exquisite manner, flowing clear, full, and majestically, through groves of fine and venerable wood, lofty craggy hills half-covered with brush-wood, and verdant banks

enriched with a variety of flowers and foliage, and overshadowed by a luxuriant growth of timber. The banks of this enchanting stream were the seat of the ancient pastoral poesy of Scotland, and have been long dear to the Muses. Several noble seats and parks, and the increased number and bustle of people and carriages, announced the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, which the common people call Auld Reikie, reik meaning smoke.

I have seen a considerable number of cities, but have never yet seen one so peculiarly novel and romantic, and very few so grand and impressive, as Edinburgh. The morning after my arrival, I was conducted to the centre of the Earthen Mound, with my back towards the castle, where the contrast of the objects within my view excited at once my astonishment and admiration. On my right, upon an elevated ridge, stood the Old Town, with its lofty houses, in sombre and sullen majesty; on my left the New Town, resembling Bath in the gaiety and splendour of its buildings; below a vast valley, once the bed of a lake; before me the North Bridge, bestriding this valley, and resembling an aqueduct, behind which rise the craggy summits of the Calton Hills, and on the side of them stands the castellated form of the new bridewell. The imagination cannot form such an assemblage of sublime and extraordinary objects. Nature and art seem to have happily exerted their energies in

bringing within one view all the varieties of their powers. The frontispiece engraving to the present volume is from this point of view. The classical eye has discovered some resemblance between Edinburgh and Athens; the castle has been compared with the acropolis, Arthur's Seat with Mons Hymettus, and Leith and Leith-walk with the piræus. If the North Loch and Cowgate were filled with water, Edinburgh would in a considerable degree resemble Stockholm, which stands upon insulated ridges of rock. This romantic city is constantly presenting a new picture with the progress of the sun, and upon the change of the atmosphere and the season: the stupendous and magnificent rock and castle finely grouping with every surrounding object. The ancient history of Edinburgh is well known; and to enumerate the vicissitudes to which it has been exposed by the political and holy wars of the country is foreign to my purpose. I shall only attempt to delineate those particular objects which engage the attention of the traveller, in the order in which I saw them; in the course of which it was my good fortune to be attended by some of the most respectable and intelligent persons of that capital, whose politeness and information enabled me to examine such objects with advantages not enjoyed by every visitor.

The situation of Edinburgh must be extremely healthy; it is surrounded by hills on all sides, except to the northward,

where the ground gently slopes to the Frith of Forth. It is bounded on the east by the Calton Hills, Arthur's Seat, and Salisbury Crags; on the south by the long ridge of the Pentland Hills, and the hills of Braid; and on the west by the Costorphine Hill; all of them objects of great beauty or interest. So many lofty mountains, and the opening to the north, frequently subject the city to violent, and sometimes terrible, storms of wind, by which persons walking in the streets have been often thrown to the ground; the effect however, upon the whole, is beneficial to the city, as every narrow street and passage is well ventilated. The extent of Edinburgh, from east to west, is about two English miles, and from north to south about the same distance; and its circumference about eight miles.

The principal part of the Old Town is raised upon a hill, which gradually rises from east to west, where it terminates in a rocky precipice of 300 feet in height, upon the summit of which stands the castle, now rendered, by the improvements in modern warfare, fit only for a garrison, though once entitled to the character given of it by Burns, in his Address to Edinburgh:—

"There watching high the least alarms,
"Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar;
"Like some bold vet'ran, grey in arms,
"And mark'd with many a seamy scar:

" 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."

Along the summit of this rocky eminence extends a magnificent street, rather more than a mile long, commencing from the castle, and terminating at the palace of Holyrood-house, called in different parts by the several names of Castle-hill, Lawn-market, High-street, and Canongate: other parts of the Old Town are built upon the ridges on either side of this hill, and on the southern hill is raised the new part of the Old Town, in which are several handsome streets, and a mixture of new and ancient houses: this part is connected with the other by a bridge of nineteen arches, only one of which appears, called the South Bridge, thrown over a valley, now formed into a long, dirty, and generally very crowded street, called the Cowgate, the view of which from the visible arch, on each side of South Bridge-street, is equally unexpected and interesting. Towards the North Loch, the houses in the Old Town are of an amazing height, having, from their sloping situation, three or four more stories at the back than in the front.

CHAP. IV.

THE NEW TOWN—CLERICAL IMPUDENCE AND MEDICAL MODESTY—BEAUTIFUL PROMENADE—STUPENDOUS EARTHEN MOUND—HUMOUROUS OBSERVATIONS UPON THE WAITERS—SCOTTISH NAMES—THE TWIN BROTHERS—EDINBURGH IMPROVED IN CLEANLINESS—A WHIMSICAL BUILDING—NAKED WAINSCOTS—JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE—HOLYROOD-HOUSE—ROYAL HEADS—THE STUARTS AND BOURBONS—INTERESTING PORTRAITS—QUEEN MARY'S CHAMBER—ANCIENT UPHOLSTERY.

THE New Town, the great ornament of Edinburgh, is built of stone, upon an elevated plain on the north. The singular beauty of its situation is equalled only by the graceful arrangement of its streets, and the splendid assemblage of its buildings. Yet, compared with the bustle and population of the Old Town, there is a tranquillity in the streets, similar to that which is to be found in Berlin, and which gives it the appearance of being thinly inhabited, and an air altogether melancholy. George's-street is very fine: the people of Edinburgh think it injured by what is whimsically called the *impudence* of the clergy, in bringing the church of St. Andrew so forward, and the *modesty* of the physicians, in placing their hall so far back.

The east end of this street opens into St.-Andrew's-square,

which does great honour to the architect. The rest of the principal streets run parallel with each other, nearly a mile in length, intersected at right angles, and at pretty nearly equal distances, by cross streets, about a quarter of a mile in length.

The situation of Queen-street, which opens to the north, (the fashionable evening promenade,) is grand and beautiful beyond description. The eye, enchanted, wanders over parks, plantations, and villages, adorning a gradual slope of about two miles to the Frith of Forth, which exhibits a noble expanse of water; its shores decorated with every variety of rural beauty, and its bosom embellished with gliding vessels and rocky islets; whilst the elevated hills of Fife-shire, and the mountains of Perthshire, form a beautiful back-ground to this magnificent scene. In my opinion, it greatly surpasses the view from Richmond-hill. It is truly delightful to join an evening promenade in this street when the sun is shedding his last light upon this exquisite prospect, and also shining upon a number of well-dressed and beautiful females, who add not a little to the witchery of the whole. This fine prospect is beginning to be interrupted by the recent elevation of new streets, and particularly by the houses on a piece of ground, called Heriot's-row. The view from Prince's-street, which opens to the south, is of a totally different nature: it commands the vast depth

between the two towns, called the North Loch, the Castle, the North Bridge, and one side of the Old Town, rising in an august and solemn manner. In a dark night nothing can be more extraordinary and original in effect than the lights from the windows in this part of the Old Town, as seen from Prince's-street. This street was till lately the residence of fashion; but such is the increasing opulence of the city, that most of the houses are either occupied or taken by shopkeepers of respectability.

An easy communication is preserved between the two towns by the North Bridge before mentioned, which is 1,125 feet long, from Prince's-street to the High-street; the height of its great arches, from the top of the parapet to the base, being 68 feet; and also by the Earthen Mound, which is about 800 feet long, 92 feet high at the south end, and 58 at the north. This mound was commenced in 1783, owing to a petty tradesman, named George Boyd, who lived in the Old Town, having prevailed upon some of his neighbours to join him in the expense of constructing a little causeway, for their convenience in visiting the New Town, instead of going round by the North Bridge. This simple and rude communication induced the magistrates to grant permission to the builders of the New Town to deposit their earth and rubbish in this spot, by which this stupendous undertaking has been effected. It is calculated, that, at an average,

eighteen hundred cart-loads of earth were deposited there every day, for a period which brings the total amount of earth to one million three hundred and fifty thousand cart-loads. Thus was this immense mound produced without any other expense to the magistrates than that of spreading the earth. A stone wall, with openings at intervals, has been lately raised upon it, to protect the passengers from the furious gusts of wind so frequently prevalent here.

The number of handsome hotels were amongst the early objects of my admiration. Some of them are as splendid as any in London, and prove the rapid advance which Edinburgh has made in refinement. The rooms are elegantly furnished, and the servants tolerably clean and very attentive. Not many years since, the inns afforded the most wretched accommodations, and the waiters were so filthy that it was whimsically said of them, that if you were to throw one of them against the wall he would stick there. Indeed, so late as the year 1768, a stranger coming to Edinburgh was obliged to put up at a filthy execrable inn, or bad private lodging. The word *hotel* was then only known to those who understood French or old English: but the Caledonian, like the English capital, has experienced great changes for the better.

The house which the Duke of Douglas inhabited at the Union in the year 1792, was occupied by a wheelwright; the house of the great Marquis of Argyle, on the Castle-hill, was possessed by a hosier; Lord Dunmore's house was left by a chairman, for want of accommodation; and, amongst other vicissitudes to which the great and the little are subject, I was struck with the palace of the present Duke of Queensbury having been converted into, and now used as, a venereal hospital In 1786, the areas for building shops and houses on the east and west side of the bridge, to the south over the Cowgate-street, sold higher, it is conjectured, than ground ever sold in any city.

Many of the best houses have a common door and staircase leading to the different stories above, as well as an ordinary street-door; and bells are almost universally and most judiciously substituted for knockers. Upon many of the doors, not only the names, but the places of abode of the occupiers, are affixed, to prevent the confusion which would arise from there being so many of the same name. I was informed that there are in one quarter of the city two brothers, living near each other, who are twins; and as they have two other brothers, they are designated on their doors as tertius and quartus; but, notwithstanding this precaution, they are so amazingly like each other, that even their own tenants frequently mistake them.

Upon his arrival in the Caledonian capital, an English stranger is at first surprised at the following definitions. A square is called scale-stair—a round stair, a turnpike—a court is often called a square. The Parliament-house is an exception—its site is sometimes called a close—sometimes a square. Now, properly, a close is a narrow lane; and a wynd, one of broader dimensions, which might allow a cart to pass. The same stranger might be disposed to think the lower Scotch never moved but by the compass. If he were in South Bridge-street, and to ask a Scotchman of the humbler sort his way to St.-Andrew's-square, it is ten to one but the answer would be, "Why you must keep straight northward, till you reach the Register-office, then turn to the westward, and the second turning to the northward again will tak' e to it." The streets are well paved, and kept tolerably clean.

Report has long been unfavourable to the cleanliness of the ancient part of the Caledonian capital, and I believe most justly so. Many travellers have mentioned with lively disgust the evening hour, when *omnium versatur urnâ*. It must have impressed the mind of a stranger with astonishment that a people so eminently enlightened should have been so long ignorant of habits, which, it might be fairly expected, would have been adopted by a country in the first stage of its refinement. It is therefore with great plea-

sure that I mention, that the police, having turned its attention to a subject of so much consequence, has succeeded in doing all that the construction of the houses in this part of the city will admit. The stranger, in his evening rambles, is now no longer subject to a warning from many a window, which is at length become an almost proverbial joke, and to the most disagreeable consequences of non-obedience to that warning. At a very early hour every morning the dirt is removed by carts, which are engaged for the purpose, and the winds soon purify the streets. A spirit of improvement in this sort of accommodation has lately very whimsically displayed itself at the inn of Alnwick, in Northumberland, where there is a *circular commodité*, with three elbow seats.

Upon entering many of the houses (and those of respectability) in Edinburgh, and, as I afterwards found, in other parts of Scotland, an English eye will be in some degree offended by the cheerless and uncomfortable appearance of naked wainscots, which have never been painted. Wainscots will rot in less time with paint than without, and perhaps the Caledonian preference in this particular may arise from philosophical economy. Very soon after my arrival at the capital, I had the pleasure of taking several evening walks to St. Bernard's Well, about half a mile from the capital. The well contains a spring of mineral water, mine-

ralised, as I was informed by a chemist, by sulphurated hydrogenous gas; over this well Lord Gardenstone has erected a handsome Grecian edifice, in imitation of Cybele's Temple at Tivoli. The public has access to the water, on paying a trifling remuneration to the person appointed to preside over it. As far as I could learn, under the influence of fashion, who reigns with undisputed authority from one end of the island to the other, the temple is not so much resorted to now as it was formerly. The verdant banks, decorated grounds, elegant villas, the shallow rocky bed of the river, and the little woods which embellish this favourite evening walk, are all very beautiful. Near the temple, a little to the westward, are the great mills, where the bakers of Edinburgh have their corn ground.

The interesting history of Queen Mary of Scotland naturally hastens the steps of the traveller to visit the place where she resided, in which to this day so many vestiges illustrative of her habits and life, leniently touched by the hand of Time, still remain. In going to Holyrood-house, I passed by one of the oldest stone houses in Edinburgh, that in which John Knox resided, which projects considerably into the High-street. I was shewn a window, from which, tradition says, this extraordinary man, whose robust genius was so well suited to the turbulence of the times in which he lived, used to harangue the people, and

pour out his anathemas against popery. Near this window is a figure in alto relievo, pointing to a radiated stone, on which is sculptured the name of the Deity, in Greek, Latin, and English. Opposite to this house, in the front wall of a house, are two very fine heads in alto relievo, supposed to be of Roman sculpture, and likenesses of Severus and his consort Julia. Of the origin of these heads nothing seems decidedly known. There is the following ancient inscription under them, supposed to have been placed there by a baker, over whose shop they once were :—

" In sudore vultus tui, vesceris panem. Anno——"
" In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."
Gen. iii. 19.

After the celebration of Mass in the great chamber of Holyrood-house, I joined some of my friends there, and inspected this venerable seat of royalty, which stands at the eastern extremity of the city, at the bottom of that part of the High-street called the Canongate. This great room or gallery is on the north side of the building, is one hundred and fifty feet long and twenty-seven broad, and about eighteen high; and is decorated, or rather disfigured, by the portraits of one hundred and eleven monarchs of Scotland, whose respective reigns would fill up about two thousand years. How faithful these portraits are the reader may judge when he is informed that they are all by *one* master, whose name

I do not regret to have forgotten, and that it is said a common porter sat for every one of these anointed heads. Such a miserable collection of trash I never saw but at the stall of some petty broker. They not only offend the eye, but augment the gloom of the room, and are altogether disgraceful to the building. Many of these execrable productions were defaced by the English soldiers, under General Hawley, after the defeat of the royal army at Falkirk, when quartered there in the year 1745; some have censured them for pettishly exhibiting their disinclination to the Scottish monarchs by the disfiguration; I blame them for not having boiled their kettles with them. This long and ugly room is used as a chapel for his Royal Highness Count D'Artois, and the nobility and their followers attached to him and the prostrate fortunes of his family, who are permitted, by the magnanimity of the country, to occupy the apartments in the east part and south wing of the palace.

To the unfortunate Count it has proved an asylum from his numerous creditors. What singular events occur in the history of princes, as well as of humble beings. The fugitive family of the last King of France find a sanctuary in the palace of the Stuarts, who, in *their* misery and exile, received consolation and support from the house of the Bourbons.

In one of the apartments of the Count, which, as well as the others, is wainscotted with oak, are portraits of her Royal Highness the Duchesse d'Angouleme, the last Dauphinesse, whose countenance very much resembles, in noble frankness, that of the unfortunate King her father; another of Madame Elizabeth; both well executed; and, I was informed by a French gentleman belonging to the household of the Count, very like the originals. There is also a copy, in oils, of Vernet, by Madame Elizabeth, valuable only as the production of so illustrious and persecuted a personage. There is very little, except a portrait of Charles the First and his Queen, and two pictures of their present Majesties, by Ramsay, capable by its attraction of detaining the visitor from the apartments of Queen Mary, which cannot fail of exciting the deepest interest, and of awakening many tender emotions. Her chamber is on the second floor, in which her bed and the furniture of the room remain as she left them. The bed of crimson damask, bordered with green silk fringes and tassels; and the cornice of the bed is of open figured work, and, considering its antiquity, in good preservation. Behind the hangings of this room, in part folded back, is the door of a passage leading to the apartments underneath. Through this door, it is said, Lord Darnley and the conspirators entered on the 9th of March, 1566, and effected the murder of Rizzio. The closet in

which this sanguinary transaction took place is in the north-west tower of the palace, and about twelve feet square, and opens into Mary's chamber, who was supping with the Countess of Argyle and the ill-starred Italian when the assassins dragged him away, (although he clung to his royal patroness for protection,) and butchered him in the adjoining chamber of presence, upon the floor of which some brown spots are shown, as the blood of the murdered musician. It may be just possible that this is not an attempt to impose upon the credulous, as I am informed that the stain of blood on timber is indelible. The chairs in the chamber are of singular construction, with very high sloping backs; and, however the taste of the present day might shudder to see them in a drawing-room, they are more truly comfortable than any I have ever sat in, though enriched with all the embellishments of modern upholstery. There are some pictures in this and the adjoining apartments, interesting only on account of their subjects.

CHAP. V.

CHARACTER OF QUEEN MARY—ANECDOTE OF A TRUE COURTIER—CONTEMPTIBLE JEALOUSY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH—A PARODY—ROYAL VERSES—MARY'S FIRST ENGLISH LETTER—THE CHAPEL—ARTHUR'S SEAT—A MUTINY—SUPERB PROSPECT—HUME'S MONUMENT—THE BRIDEWELL—THE REGISTER-OFFICE—THE BANK—SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE—ROSLIN CASTLE—SERMONS IN STONES—ANGELS AND BAGPIPES.

THE character of Mary has furnished matter for controversy for now upwards of two hundred years to many able writers: by those who have espoused her cause she has been depicted as a suffering saint; by her enemies as an angel of darkness. The truth may perhaps be found between: that she was not so spotless as the former, nor so criminal as the latter, have represented her to have been, is the most reconcileable to the various accounts transmitted of her. Bred up in a Court distinguished for its splendour and its levity, formed by the prodigal hand of nature to captivate all who approached her, and of a warm constitution, the unhappy Mary was exposed to scenes that were hateful to her feelings, and to temptations too powerful for her judgment and resolution.

She was eminently accomplished. At an early age she obtained such proficiency in the Latin language, that she declaimed in that tongue, publicly, in the hall of the Louvre, before the whole court of France; and, in an oration composed by herself, maintained that learning and the liberal arts were compatible with the female character. Of the French, Italian, and Spanish languages, she was also a complete mistress. She played, danced, and rode, to admiration. She also excelled in painting and needlework.

The following anecdote, from the Memoirs of Sir James Melville, who appears to have been a most consummate courtier and sycophant, will illustrate a little of the paltry mind of the jealous and sanguinary Queen Elizabeth, as well as exhibit his royal mistress, Queen Mary, in no unfavourable colours. Sir James was sent to the court of Elizabeth by Mary, as ambassador, to conciliate the English Queen, who was much offended with the conduct of Mary. The negotiator, having brought Elizabeth into good humour by his address, relates the sequel of that interview to have been as follows: "The Queen desired to know of me what colour of hair was reputed best, and whether my Queen's hair or her's was best, and which of them two was fairest? I answered, the fairness of them both was not their worst faults. But she was earnest with

me to declare which of them I judged fairest. I said she was the fairest Queen in England; mine the fairest Queen in Scotland. Yet she appeared earnest. I answered, they were both the fairest ladies in their countries; that her Majesty was whiter, but my Queen was very lovely. She inquired which of them was of highest stature? I said, my Queen. Then, said she, she is too high; for I myself am neither too high nor too low. Then she asked what kind of exercise she used? I answered, that when I received my dispatch the Queen was lately come from the Highland hunting; that, when her more serious affairs permitted, she was taken up with reading of histories; that sometimes she recreated herself with playing upon the lute and virginals. She asked if she played well? I said, reasonably, for a Queen." This passed before dinner, and Sir James, who was asked to dine at court with one of the ladies, was taken after dinner by Lord Hunsdean, who undoubtedly was instructed so to do by the Queen, to a quiet gallery, "that I might hear," continues Sir James, "some music; but he said he durst not avow it, where I might hear the Queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and stood a pretty space, hearing her play excellently well; but she left off immediately as soon as she turned her about and saw me. She appeared surprised, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand, saying she

was not accustomed to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked me how I came there? I answered, as I was walking with my Lord of Hunsdean, as we passed by the chamber door, I heard such melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how, excusing my *homeliness, as being brought up in the court of France*, where much freedom was allowed, declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment her Majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me for so great an offence. Then she sat down upon a cushion, and I upon my knees by her, but, with her own hand, she gave me a cushion to lay under my knee, which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She inquired whether my Queen or she played best? In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise. On my pressing earnestly my dispatch, she said I was weary sooner of her company than she was of mine. I told her Majesty, that though I had no reason of being weary, I knew my mistress's affairs called me home. Yet I staid two days longer, that I might see her dance; which being over, she inquired of me whether she or my Queen danced best? I answered, my Queen danced not so high or disposedly as she did."

Mary was so beautiful, that it is said, when she was walking in the procession of the Host, a woman rushed through the crowd to touch her, to convince herself that she was not an angel.

In the Scottish College at Paris were deposited several manuscripts relating to the unfortunate Mary, which, in all probability, have been destroyed during the French Revolution, with many other valuable documents.

It is said that when the celebrated David Hume last visited that city, the Principal shewed him some of these important manuscripts, and asked why he had written so unfavourably of the Queen, without having previously consulted them? The Principal then put some original letters into his hand, upon reading which the historian burst into tears. Mary, in her opinion of her own sex, seems to have materially differed from Selden, who, in his Table-Talk, observes, "That men are not troubled to hear men dispraised, because they know that, though one be naught, there is still worth in others: but women are mightily troubled to hear any of themselves spoken against, as if the sex itself were guilty of some unworthiness;" for when one of the Cecil family, a minister to Scotland from England, in Mary's reign, was speaking of the wisdom of his Sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, Mary stopped him short by saying, "Seigneur Chevalier, ne me parlez jamais de la sagesse d'une femme; je connois bien mon sexe, la plus sage de nous toutes n'est qu'un peu moins sotte que les autres."

How well Mary understood Latin will appear from the following impromptu, which she wrote in her way to Fo-

theringay Castle, when within the power of her savage rival. Stopping for a few hours at Buxton, with her diamond ring she wrote on a pane of glass at the inn where she halted,

Buxtona, quæ calidæ celebraris nomine lymphæ,
Forte mihi posthac non adeunda, vale!

How sweet a poet she was will also appear from the following affecting verses, which she wrote, as she saw for the last time the coast of France, when she was coming over to Scotland, and which seem prophetic of her future misery.

Adieu, plaisant pays de France!
O ma patrie
La plus chérie,
Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance;
Adieu, France! adieu nos beaux jours!
La nef qui déjoint nos amours,
N'a eu de moi que la moitié;
Une partie te reste, elle est tienne;
Je la fie a ton amitié,
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne.

For the gratification of the reader curious in such matters, I am indebted to a literary friend in Scotland for the following copy of the first letter which this unhappy Princess ever wrote in English:—

"Master Knoleis, y hauu har sum news from Scotland, y send zou to da the double of them. Y wreit to the Quin my gud sister, and pray zou to do the lyk conforme to that y spak zesternicht unto zou, and sut

hasti ansur y refer all to zour discretion, and will lipne beter in zour gud dalin for [illegible] persuad zou nemli in this langasg excus mi ivel wretein, for y never used it afor, and am hasted ze schal si mi bel whiulk is opne it is sed Saterday mi unfrinds wil be vth zou y sey nothing but trast weil, and ze send one to zour wiff zo may asur her schu wald a bin welcome to a pur stranger hua nocht bien aquainted with her wil notch bi over bald to wreit bot for the aquantans betwix ous, y wil send zou litle tokne to rember zou of the gud hop y hauu in zou ques ze send a met messager y wald wysh ze bestouded it reder upon her nor ain uder, thus after my commendations y prey God hauu zou in his kipin.

Your asurede gud frind,

MARIE R.

Excus my ivel wretein the furst time.

James the Fifth, the father of Mary, when he was dying at Falkland, of a broken heart, on account of the miscarriage at Solway Moss, predicted the disasters that impended over her and Scotland, "It came," said he, "with a woman," (alluding to the family of Stuart having obtained the crown by marrying into the family of Bruce,) "and it will be lost by one." To return to Holyrood-palace. This palace is of a square form. The western or principal front is heavy and gloomy, consisting of two double towers, connected by a gallery, surrounded by a ballustrade, in the middle of which is a handsome portico, adorned with four Doric columns, which support a cupola in the form of an imperial crown, under which is a clock, and over the gateway are the royal arms of Scotland, as borne before the Union. The front to the east is very light and

elegant; it consists of three stories; between the windows of the first are pilasters of the Doric order; between those of the second, pilasters of the Ionic; and between those of the third are an equal number of the Corinthian. The greater part of the present palace was designed by Sir William Bruce, a distinguished architect in the reign of Charles II. executed by Robert Mylne, who has a monument erected to his memory in the burying-ground of the antient monastery adjoining.

Close to the palace stand the remains of the chapel or church of Holyrood-house, the last relict of the wealthy abbey of that name. From the appearance of the ruins, the observer cannot fail to conclude that the chapel must have been a beautiful specimen of the Gothic architecture. James II. of England, repaired and fitted it up with considerable taste and splendour; a throne was erected for the Sovereign, twelve stalls for the Knights of the Order of the Thistle, and an organ; and Mass was performed with great solemnity, a celebration which induced the people, at the Revolution, in their fury against popery, to spoil it of all its ornaments, and to leave it a naked pile: with the same sacrilegious rage which characterised the early phrensy of the French Revolution, they tore open the graves of the royal and illustrious dead interred within its walls.

The reader will be as vexed to hear as I am to report, that this beautiful building owes its ruin more to the ignorance of an architect than to the barbarous zeal of an infuriated mob. At the instance of the Duke of Hamilton, the hereditary Keeper of the Palace, the Barons of the Exchequer issued a sum of money for repairing it; the walls were infirm with the age of six hundred years, and, instead of raising a slight roof, the sapient architect formed a massy one of flag-stones, which fell in on the 2d of December, 1768. The great eastern Gothic window fell so recently as in the severe winter of 1795. The belfry at the west end is tolerably entire. The remains of Lord Belhaven, who opposed the Union of the two kingdoms in a very eloquent, and, at the time, a much-celebrated speech, were interred within the roofless walls of the chapel. The environs of the palace are a sanctuary for insolvent debtors. That a pile of building should be capable of extending protection to any one against the just claims of the suffering creditor, that it should erect a barrier against the law, is disgraceful to the government in which such privileges are permitted to exist.

Adjoining to the palace is an extensive park, the appearance of which would naturally confirm an Englishman, especially had he entered Scotland by Berwick, in the suspicions which he had been taught to entertain of

the luxuriance of Scottish foliage; for scarcely is there the vestige of a tree to be found throughout this extensive park. The whole is brown and barren, and accords with the rugged, but magnificent, rocks and craggy hills, to which it leads in various directions. To the southward of the palace ascends with uncommon majesty a semicircular range of precipitous rocks, called Salisbury Crags, which immediately overlooks the city; and behind, with intervals of fertile valleys, rises the loftiest of these hills, called Arthur's Seat, the height of which is 796 feet above the level of the sea. I ascended it twice, and was amply remunerated for the toil and trouble of reaching its summit, upon which the following rather singular circumstance occurred in 1778. Government having determined to send the Earl of Seaforth's Highland regiment to India, without consulting the inclinations of the soldiers, and arrears of pay being due to them, they determined upon resisting the commands of their officers; and accordingly, one morning, when the regiment was at drill, the whole battalion shouldered their arms, and took possession of Arthur's Seat, the summit of which they made their head-quarters, from which they alike defied the threats and promises of their officers. At length an accommodation was agreed upon, through the address of the Lords Dunmore and Macdonald, two noblemen who were very popular with the High-

landers, and the mutineers returned to their duty, and embarked for their destination.

The view from this astonishing hill is truly superb. The eye ranges over the metropolis, the German Ocean, the course of the Forth, a richly-cultivated and populous extent of country, to the vast mountains of Benledi and Benlomond, until the Lawmonds, otherwise Wallace Markers, preclude all further view. The botanist and mineralogist will find ample subjects for investigation in these hills. About four hundred species of plants, both aquatic and alpine, and of all intermediate sorts, have been discovered in them. Arthur's Seat, and the adjacent rocks, are composed of whin-stone, which is used for paving the streets of Edinburgh, and the summits are supported by hexagonal pillars, somewhat basaltic.

At the foot of the greater hills are the ruins of the chapel and hermitage of St. Anthony, the whole of which must have been a very small establishment. The history of the chapel is very little known. The fraternity of St. Anthony had a monastery at Leith, supposed to be the only house of the order in Scotland. The brethren must have been fond of the rugged and sublime, to have erected their holy abode in such a spot.

To the north-west of the palace is the Calton Hill, a rocky eminence, commanding also magnificent prospects: nearly the whole of the city may be viewed from it; the town of Leith, the Frith of Forth, with its numerous shipping, the Isle of May, and the Bass Rock, and much of the scenery visible from Arthur's Seat. On the western side of the hill is the Calton burying-ground, in which, amongst other mausoleums, is one in the shape of a Martello tower, in which the remains of the celebrated David Hume are deposited, and which is visible from a great part of the city. Upon the summit of this hill a signal-house is erected, and it is in contemplation to raise the long-talked of monument to Nelson in the same elevated spot.

On the western side of this hill also stands the bridewell, a building the best adapted to its purpose of any I have ever seen. It was finished in 1796, from a design of the late justly-distinguished Mr. Robert Adam. It is a strong stone building, in the form of the letter D; the whole is surrounded by a wall, between which and the prison there is an area. It consists of five floors; the upper one is used as an hospital and store-rooms. A passage passes along the middle of the semicircular part of the building, with apartments on either side. Those towards the outside are used as dormitories, and those on the inner side of the semicircle, of which there are thirteen in each story, have an iron railing in

front, and look into the inner court, which is roofed and glazed, and lights the whole. Every part is composed of stone or iron, except the doors. The bed-chambers, which are each about eight feet long by seven broad, and furnished with a bed on an iron frame, and a table, are lighted by a long narrow window, the glass of which is fixed in a frame of iron, and turns upon the centre. Upon the top of the house are large cisterns, which supply every part of it with water. In the entrance of the Governor's house is a dark apartment, with high narrow windows, which commands every cell, and enables the proper officers to see whether the criminals are at work, without being observed by them. From this point of view, the interior resembles an aviary in form, and lightness of construction. The women spin, and the men pick oakum: they are never permitted to hold any communication with each other, and they are not allowed to take any exercise but what their work affords. In summer they work from six in the morning till eight in the evening, and in the winter from sun-rise to sun-set. The prisoners wear a prison dress, and their own is cleaned and preserved for them until the expiration of their confinement. I visited the kitchen, with which, as with every other part, I was highly gratified, on account of its arrangement and perfect cleanliness. The breakfast and supper of the prisoners is oatmeal-porridge and small beer, and their dinner broth, made of fat and vegetables;

and those who perform more than their task-work are allowed bread to their broth, purchased by the produce of the surplus of their labour, and a larger portion of porridge. On Sundays they have a portion of meat. The whole institution is under the careful inspection of the magistrates and the sheriff of the county, whose visits are frequent and regular. As a proof of the salubrity of the prison, and of the excellence of its discipline, I am informed by one of the principal magistrates of Edinburgh, that, although it has been used twelve years, during which it has constantly had, upon an average, not less than fifty persons confined in it, only four deaths have occurred in that period; and it is to be remembered, that many of the vicious of both sexes sent there frequently enter it in a state of extreme debility or disease, the fruits of a profligate course of life. This prison also affords protection to unfortunate females labouring under disease, not committed by any offence, but to whom it is necessary to be secluded from society for a time. The expenses incurred by this humane indulgence, which I believe is not often resorted to, are defrayed by subscription or otherwise, and are not permitted to encumber the funds appointed for the support of the bridewell. I have been particular in describing this building, because it is a perfect model for a correctional house, and, as far as human wisdom and philanthropy can provide, protects and secures the person, inflicts the punishment, and improves the health

and the morals of the offender, in a manner which confers lasting honour on the magistracy of the country.

The Register-office is a splendid building, and most favourably and judiciously placed at the east end of Prince's-street, from which it recedes opposite to the North Bridge. Of this graceful pile the Scotch are justly proud, as well on account of its beauty as its great national utility. Its front is 200 feet, and its depth 120. In the middle of the former, which is adorned with a fine entablature of the Corinthian order, is a projection, in which there are three windows and four Corinthian pilasters, supporting a pediment; and above is a large dome, 50 feet in diameter and 80 high: at either end of the front are smaller projections, containing each a Venetian window, and surmounted by a small cupola. The object of this building is to afford a place of deposit, indestructible by fire, for the records of the country, many of which have, at different times, been lost or mutilated; and every act connected with an alienation of property in Scotland, affecting creditors, must, in order to be valid, be registered here. To those who know the abominable and ruinous frauds which are practised upon creditors in England by secret conveyances, this institution must appear peculiarly valuable. In York and Middlesex there are register-offices. How much is it to be lamented that one is not erected in every provincial division!

The decorations of the interior do not correspond with the external beauty of the building. The rotunda under the dome is disfigured by a vast collection of old and modern record and other books, plainly bound, which, instead of being concealed by green silk and brass lattice-work, obtrude themselves upon the eye, and accord with the noble appearance of the room just as well as the hat of a mendicant would become a Knight of the Bath in his full robes. The statue of his present Majesty, by the Hon. Mrs. Damer, is not one of the happiest productions of that distinguished statuary. This building cost 40,000*l.* in erecting, and is only half of the original plan.

Amongst the beautiful modern structures which embellish this city, I must not pass over the Bank of Scotland, the south and west sides of which appear in the frontispiece. It stands nearly at the head of the entrance of the Earthen Mound. As it is reared upon the ridge of a hill, much labour and cost were expended in finding a solid foundation: it is said that there is as much stone and mortar below, not visible, as there is in the structure which is raised above it. A handsome stone curtain, with a ballustrade, conceals the dead wall on the north part of this structure, where the declivity is very great. The whole has a very light and elegant effect, and, seen from Prince's-

street, finely contrasts with the lofty sombre houses which are its near associates.

It is a fact worthy of observation, that there is not a single house in the New Town which has been built of Scottish timber; the whole having been brought from the shores of the Baltic—a circumstance owing to the plantations in Scotland being of recent date, although it is upon record, and sufficient evidences remain, that in former times it abounded with forests.

The day which, with some friends, I had selected for a visit to Roslin, being very favourable, we set off for that place, which has so often excited the admiration of all descriptions of visitors. It is about seven English miles south from Edinburgh, and some agreeable prospects embellish the road to it. The chapel is rather small; but it is a beautiful piece of Gothic architecture. It is 40 feet 8 inches from the floor to the top of the arched roof; 34 feet 8 inches broad, and 68 feet long. The inside is divided into a middle and two side aisles, by seven thick columns on each side, supporting pointed arches. The profusion of ornaments is astonishing, and would be tedious in description. Some of them are really "*sermons in stones*," or illustrations of the Bible, cut in stone in the most grotesque and extraordinary style.

At the south-east corner there is a descent by a flight of steps into a little crypt, or chapel. An old woman who shews the building is also a great curiosity, and tells a long gossiping story of the architect's knocking out the brains of his apprentice, because, during his absence, he executed a fine fluted column, called the Apprentice's Pillar, near the high altar, ornamented with wreaths of foliage and flowers, in alto relievo, twisting spirally round it in a style which excited his envy. In proof of the story she shews the head of the apprentice supporting a bracket in the wall, which resembles a bearded old man. Upon the architraves of one of the pillars there is an angel playing upon a *bagpipe*. I hope it is not to be presumed that he brought that instrument from Heaven.

Although there are now only a few cottages and houses at Roslin, it appears to have held at one time high rank amongst the cities of Scotland.

William St. Clare, Earl of Orkney and Caithness, who founded it in 1440, lived in great magnificence at his castle near this chapel. Mr. Hay, in his MS. in the Advocates' library, says, "About that time," (that is, at the building of the chapel,) "the town of Roslin, being next to Edinburgh and Haddington, in East Lothian, became very populous by the great concourse of all ranks and degrees of visitors that resorted to this Prince at his palace of the Castle of

Roslin; for he kept a great court, and was royally served at his own table in vessels of gold and silver; Lord Dirleton being his master household, Lord Borthwick his cup-bearer, and Lord Fleeming his carver; in whose absence they had deputies to attend, viz. Stewart, Laird of Drumlaurig, Tweedie, Laird of Drumerline, and Sandilands, Laird of Calder. He had his hall and the apartments richly adorned with embroidered hangings. He flourished in the reigns of James the First and Second. His Princess, Elizabeth Douglass, already mentioned, was served by seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvets and silks, with thin chains of gold, and other ornaments; and was attended by two hundred riding gentlemen in all her journeys: and if it happened to be dark when she went to Edinburgh, where her lodgings were at the foot of Blackfriar's Wynd, eighty lighted torches were carried before her."

As I quitted this beautiful pile, Harold's song occurred to me:—

" O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wond'rous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch fire-light,
And redder than the bright moon-beam.
It glar'd on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden."

Lay of the Last Minstrel, p. 191.

A short distance from the chapel stand the ruins of Roslin Castle, the ancient seat of the Saint Clares, in a situation of singularly romantic beauty, upon a mount above the North Esk, the approach to which is by a bridge thrown over a deep ravine, and resting on a rock on either side. Vast compact masses of the castle (supposed to have been built in the twelfth century) have fallen down, and lie on the declivity near the bridge. The scenery around is enchanting; but I saw, with regret, that the merciless hand of the woodman had sadly denuded the surrounding grounds which slope to the Esk. The walks about the chapel and castle are much frequented by the citizens of Edinburgh, and their families, in the summer. It is *their* Richmond-hill, where they enjoy the fruits of the beauties of nature. Strawberries grow in great abundance there.

CHAP. VI.

HAWTHORNDEN—ANECDOTE OF DRUMMOND—DALKEITH—HOTCH-POTCH—ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON—DALKEITH-HOUSE—THE ROYAL INFIRMARY—THE PARISH SCHOOL—THE NEW COLLEGE—THE SENATUS ACADEMICUS—REMARKS UPON THE DISCIPLINE OF THE COLLEGE—THE MEDICAL SCHOOL—REMARKS UPON THE PROFESSORS—MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE—ITS OBJECTS—ITS IMPORTANCE—THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

THE walk from the castle along the river to Hawthornden is exquisite beyond imagination. It much resembles, only that it is more expanded, the celebrated Dargle, in the county of Wicklow, in Ireland. At every meander of the river new beauties banquet the eye. The general appearance of the scenery is more graceful than grand. Rich, red, and grey rocks, just rising above a succession of trees and shrubs, profusely and elegantly arranged by the hand of Nature, who seems proud to contemplate her work in the dark mirror of the winding stream that flows below, characterise this delicious spot. At length we saw the classic walls of Hawthornden, crowning the summit of lofty rugged rocks, from which the venerable structure finely harmonises with the luxuriant vale below, and the "ver-

The Esk River.

Drawn by Sr John Carr.

Published by Mathews & Leigh, Strand 1809.

drous wall" of trees that rises on the opposite bank of the river.

This ancient residence of the amiable and harmonious Drummond was worthy of the Poet. His song and his sufferings spread an air of tenderness over the beautiful scene, which affects the mind as it engages the eye. It is a scene in which the vivacity of the gay would be tempered, and in which the unhappy might find consolation. The Poet was of high descent. His family became first distinguished by the marriage of Robert III. whose Queen was sister to William Drummond, of Carnock, one of his ancestors. After being educated at Edinburgh, in 1606 he studied civil law at Bourges, in France; but the spirit of poetry soon seduced him from that barren study, and conducted him to Hawthornden, to copy and commemorate the beauties of Nature, which she had so profusely scattered round his retirement. It was here that Ben Jonson came from London, on foot, on purpose to see him. Here he wrote his Cypress Grove and his Flowers of Sion; and here he would have continued to pour his harmonious verse, had not the death of a lady, to whom he was devoted and about to be married, forced him to fly from his own affecting reflections to Paris, and thence to Rome, where he resided eight years. How forcibly and poetically he felt the loss that drove him from his romantic shades will appear in the few follow-