

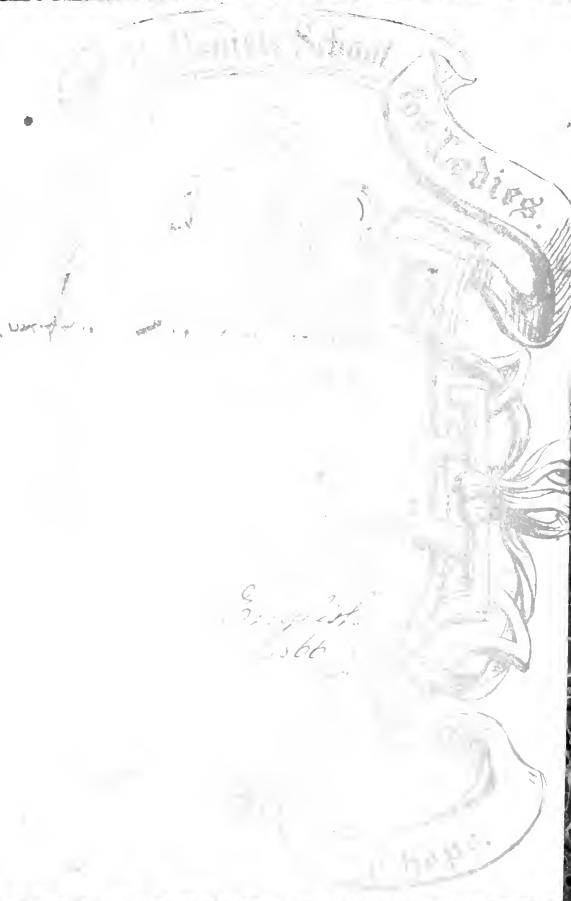
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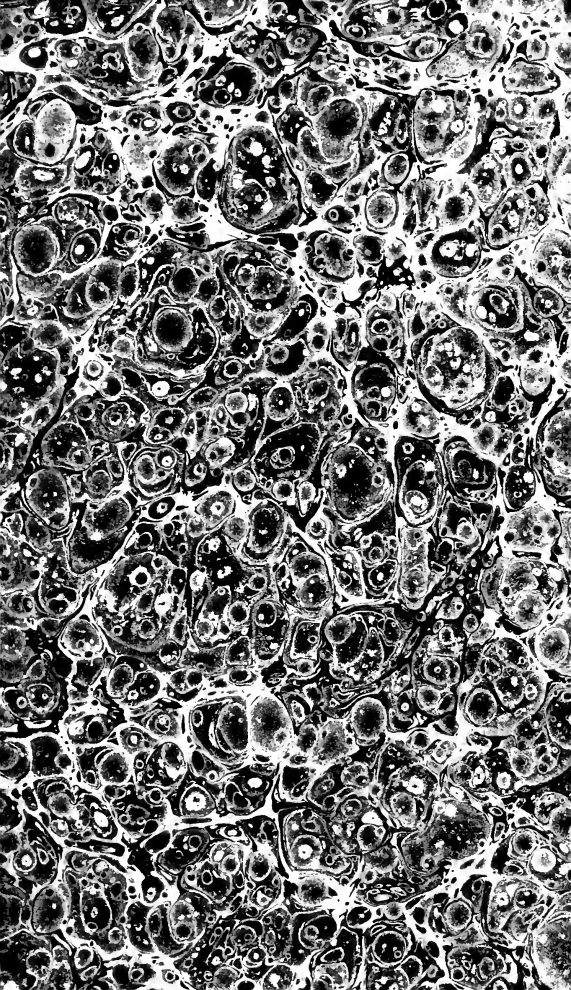
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O L D

E D I N B U R G H :

A HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE

ANCIENT METROPOLIS OF SCOTLAND.

LONDON:

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;

*Instituted 1799.*



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# OLD EDINBURGH.

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## CHAPTER I.

### QUEEN MARGARET.

THE romantic capital of Scotland owes not a little of the peculiar character which renders it so remarkable among the cities of Europe to the singularity of its site. The central county of the Lothians, in which it is situated, forms towards the south-east an extensive and wild hilly district, rising at some points to upwards of two thousand feet above the level of the sea. The Muirfoot, the Soutra, and the Lammermuir hills, all range, with varying elevations, around the same pastoral district; while beyond these, and within a few miles of the Frith of Forth, are the Pentland Hills, with their outlying heights nearly reaching to the sea. On the lower group of these, at the base of Arthur's Seat, the ancient Caledonians fixed the singular site of the Scottish capital.

The history of all great cities is in some degree linked with that of the district in which they are situated, and few capitals of northern

Europe can compete with Edinburgh, either in the imposing grandeur of its aspect, or in the romantic associations which cling to it. The voracious chroniclers of the middle ages assigned to it an origin nearly coeval with Jerusalem, and on more trustworthy evidence it is ascertained to have been occupied while the Roman legions retained precarious hold of the country north of the Tyne. The true era, however, in which its authentic history begins, is that of Malcolm Canmore, and his amiable queen Margaret, sister of the Anglo-Saxon prince, Edgar Atheling, who brought with her to Scotland the more advanced civilization of England.

The victory at Hastings, which brought the Anglo-Saxon kingdom in England to a close, exercised a remarkable, though indirect influence on Scotland in various ways, and in none more so than by the changes effected by means of the Saxon princess whom Malcolm Canmore promoted to share his throne. Christianity had then been introduced into Scotland by St. Ninian, St. Columba, and other primitive missionaries, for upwards of six centuries. We have little reason to believe that it had not partaken of the decline and corruption which so speedily marred the beauty of the spiritual edifice established by its Divine Founder. There were, however, among the Scots and Picts of the north, few of the worldly attractions by which it was so speedily debased at Rome; and its errors appear



rather to have arisen from the extravagances of asceticism than from the corruptions of wealth and dissoluteness. Much has been written on the early history of the Scottish Culdees, or *servants of God*, as their Celtic name implies ; and there is not wanting evidence indicative of great simplicity and earnest zeal, as well as the cultivation of learning and piety, among these primitive fraternities. At the period of the Anglo-Saxon princess's marriage, there appears to have been little intercourse with Rome, and scarcely any attempt to conform to its usages. The existing fraternities, or families as they were termed, were associations of a much more voluntary character than the monastic institutions of a later age, and many of the practices of the Romish church, including even the celibacy of the clergy, appear to have been either set aside or never adopted in Scotland.

The reform of all this, according to the standards of the Romish church, if to such a change the word reform can be applied, was the work of the princess Margaret, the queen of Malcolm Canmore. There can be no doubt, however, that she found much requiring reformation among a barbarous people, fresh from recent struggles with the Norse invaders, and the distraction of civil war. The king, her husband, appears also to have been one of those stern and bloody warriors whom a life of struggle moulds out of a fierce and indomitable spirit. His affection for his queen, however, seems to have been both sincere

and lasting. Her gentle disposition, tinctured though it was by the asceticism of the period, softened his impetuous fierceness, and made his wild nature bend subservient to her designs. In these she was no doubt mainly guided by Turgot, her confessor and biographer, whose great aim appears to have been to assimilate the church of Scotland to that of Rome. Provincial councils were accordingly summoned, at which Malcolm acted as the interpreter between the Celtic clergy and their Saxon queen.

The favourite palace of Malcolm and his queen was at Dunfermline, on the north side of the Frith of Forth, but the stronghold of Edinburgh Castle was a more suitable residence amidst the troubles of a warlike age, and there accordingly the queen appears to have most frequently abode, and to have fixed her court during the absence of her husband on his martial expeditions. We accordingly find abundant evidence of the extensive additions which she made to the castle in the descriptions furnished of it even so late as the sixteenth century, where such names occur as St. Margaret's Gate, St. Margaret's Well, her tower, her chamber, etc. ; all of which appear to have remained until the siege of the castle in 1572, when it was held out by the gallant sir William Kirkaldy, of Grange, on behalf of queen Mary, until the cannon of sir William Durie had nearly battered it to a shapeless heap of ruins. One highly characteristic relic of "the good

queen," as she was long termed, has however escaped the waste of time and war, and still attracts the interest of curious visitors by its association with its royal foundress. This is the little oratory, a plain but handsome Norman chapel, built by Margaret on the very summit of the rock, where for eight hundred years it has withstood the ravages of time, while all else around it has been transformed by the tastes and necessities of later ages. This interesting little chapel, after being long devoted to the base and dangerous uses of a powder magazine, was re-discovered only a few years since, and has been restored with considerable taste, for the purpose of forming a baptistry to the Episcopal chaplain of the garrison. Few architectural relics of old Edinburgh are likely to have stronger attractions for the curious tourist, who may love to explore such storied memorials of the past.

The queen, according to her earliest biographers, was regarded as a model of piety during her life, and the Romish church confirmed this popular canonization by a bull of pope Innocent IV., which permitted her to rank among the saints of the kalendar. The Breviary commends her virtues in the lessons appointed for her festival, and the old metrical chroniclers have recorded sundry quaint and extravagant legends in confirmation of the same. Archdeacon Barbour, for example, the metrical historian of "the Bruce," after narrating the surprise of Edinburgh Castle by

William Francis, one of the followers of earl Randolph, about the year 1312, adds, "that the event was revealed in prophecy to St. Margaret, 'the good holy queen,' who caused it to be painted upon the walls of her chapel; and there," adds the poet, who wrote about the year 1380, or nearly three hundred years after the death of the queen, "it remains." Even now, after the old chapel has been devoted for centuries to the use of a powder magazine, the chapel still shows some faint traces of colour, so that it is not impossible but further investigation may disclose less dubious indications of the painting to which the venerable father of Scottish poetry ascribed such prophetic import.

A beautiful little Gothic well, in the vicinity of Holyrood Abbey, built apparently about the beginning of the fourteenth century, and dedicated to St. Margaret, still yields a limpid stream, to which superstition ascribed miraculous virtues for healing the sight; while a quaint legend connects the name of queen Margaret with "the Balm Well of St. Katherine," which stands on the southern outskirts of the town. According to this tradition, during Margaret's residence in the Castle of Edinburgh, she commissioned her friend St. Katherine to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to bring her some oil from Mount Sinai. The saint executed her commission, and after long and sore travel, and escaping many perils on the way, she arrived on the height from which the southern traveller catches the first sight of Edinburgh, bearing

with her a vessel filled with the precious oil. The saint, it would seem, was so entranced with delight on once more catching a view of the city, with the lofty fortress in which the "good queen" dwelt, that she forgot all else, and letting fall the vessel, the sacred oil was all spilled on the ground. The pilgrim saint stood affrighted at the irreparable loss, for which such toil and dangers had been encountered in vain; when, lo! there sprang up on the spot a medicinal well of miraculous efficacy, on whose waters still floats the inexhaustible fount of holy oil—an unfailing cure for all cutaneous diseases. Such is the legend of the origin of the Balm Well of St. Katherine, where the sceptical may still have pointed out to them what was once regarded as the veritable oil brought from Mount Sinai.

The reformers of the sixteenth century demolished a beautiful little chapel erected beside it, in honour of St. Katherine, by one of the queen's royal descendants, and threw down the richly sculptured well, as a monument of superstition and idolatry. James VI., after his accession to the throne of England, restored the old well, but only to last for a brief period, the reformers of the Commonwealth having again demolished its carved mason work. The well, however, still remains, nor has the popular faith in the healing virtues of its waters entirely disappeared even in our own day. Unfortunately, however, for the reign of superstition, modern science is a more

effectual reformer of ignorance than even iconoclastic zeal, and the miraculous balm which seemed to the credulous to float on the water as if to shame the unbeliever, is now recognised as *petroleum*, a bituminous substance derived from the coal strata, and common in similar localities both in Europe and Asia.

The era of Malcolm Canmore, the supplanter of the usurper Macbeth, was a period of disorder and strife, for which the whole tastes and habits of the Scottish monarch peculiarly suited him, and his gentle queen was accordingly very frequently left to her own resources in the palace of Edinburgh Castle. A characteristic incident is related of him, on the authority of his son, David I. Malcolm, having received intelligence that one of his nobles had formed a design against his life, sought an opportunity of meeting him in a solitary place while they were hunting. "Now," said he, drawing his sword, "we are alone and armed alike; you seek my life, take it!" The penitent traitor threw himself at the king's feet, imploring forgiveness, and obtained it.

Margaret bore to Malcolm six sons, three of whom successively occupied his throne; and two daughters, of whom Matilda became the wife of Henry I. of England, and Mary, of Eustace, count of Boulogne. The care of her family, doubtless, beguiled many an hour in the old Castle of Edinburgh, and the austerities of her mistaken vigils, fasts, and long prayers.

upon which her biographer never wearies to enlarge, filled up much of the remainder of her time—so that the ancient Norman chapel still standing in the Castle of Edinburgh, with its sculptured chancel arch, forms a singularly appropriate memorial of the Saxon princess.

In 1093, William Rufus, the son of the Norman conqueror, having made war on Scotland, and surprised the Castle of Alnwick, Malcolm forthwith mustered an army and marched to its recovery, accompanied by his eldest son, Edward, leaving his queen and children in Edinburgh Castle. But Margaret, to whom he had hitherto intrusted the government in his absence, was now a prey to deadly sickness, and Malcolm's brother, Donald Bane, took advantage of the opportunity to lay siege to the castle, in the hope of gaining possession of the children and securing the succession to himself, in accordance with the ideas of Celtic rights, by which the succession passed to the next brother. Meanwhile, Malcolm pressed the siege of Alnwick with such vigour that the Norman garrison were hourly expected to surrender, when both he and his son were slain, the former, it is said, by treachery.

The queen, already wasted by long and severe sickness, and distracted by many anxieties, died of grief on learning the death of both her husband and son. Donald Bane now plied the siege of Edinburgh with renewed vigour, in the hope of obtaining possession of Edgar, the youthful heir to the throne. But

while the usurper, relying on the general steepness of the rock on which the castle stands, was intent only to guard the usual access, the body of the queen was conveyed through a small postern in the western wall, and down the steep declivity, to Dunfermline Abbey; while the royal children were at the same time carried off, and committed to the protection of their uncle, Edgar Atheling.

The bodies of the king and his eldest son were also ultimately interred beside the queen at Dunfermline, and various superstitious monkish legends attest the sanctity of the royal remains. According to one chronicler, the corpse of queen Margaret escaped the guards of Donald Bane by means of a miraculous mist, which rose from the earth as the bearers lifted it to proceed on their journey, and continued to envelop them till they reached Queensferry on the Forth, nine miles distant.

Another miraculous attestation to the sanctity of the queen, minutely narrated by Winton and other monkish historians, may, perhaps, notwithstanding the palpable extravagances of its character, be accepted as a tradition of the strong attachment borne by her to her husband. On the canonization of the queen, her body was removed from the original grave to be deposited in a costly shrine before the high altar. While the monks were thus employed, they approached the tomb of her husband Malcolm with their precious burden. The body, however, so runs the legend, became on



a sudden so heavy that they were obliged to set it down. Still, as more of the fraternity were called in to aid in lifting it, the body became heavier. The spectators stood amazed, and imputed the phenomenon to the monks' unworthiness, when it was suggested that the queen desired to retain her husband's company. On this hint Malcolm's body also was removed, and then that of the queen was carried to her shrine with ease.

Such were the childish legends and lying wonders which beguiled our fathers in these old times. But though that age of darkness is happily long past, the spirit of the erring church of Rome remains unchanged. Within these few years a convent has been established at Edinburgh, dedicated to this same favourite saint Margaret, and underneath the altar of its chapel have been deposited the canonized bones of some unknown *saint*, brought, by papal authority, from the catacombs at Rome, and placed in their new shrine, it is said, with a pomp of ceremonial unknown in Scotland since John Knox assailed the strongholds of Romish superstition, and, according to the homely adage ascribed to him, dug down the nests that the rooks might be forced to flee away!

## CHAPTER II.

## THE SONS OF QUEEN MARGARET.

THE death of Malcolm and his eldest son, followed as it was almost immediately by that of queen Margaret, left the newly formed Saxon kingdom of Scotland totally destitute of a leader; and Donald Bane, at the head of the fierce Celtic tribes of Argyle, the seat of the Dalriadic kingdom of the Scots, found no difficulty in securing the succession to his brother's throne. He was immediately proclaimed king, with the full concurrence of the Norwegian monarch, Magnus Barefoot, whose favour he purchased by the concession of certain islands wrested from him by Malcolm. Had Donald Bane succeeded in his attempt to obtain possession of Edinburgh Castle while his nephews remained within its walls, he would have made a speedy end of the succession of Malcolm and Margaret, through whom our present queen Victoria traces her descent from the great Saxon Alfred. The children, however, were carried safely beyond his reach before the castle fell into his hands, and a few years afterwards, Edgar, a son

of Malcolm, avenged himself on the usurper, and ascended his father's throne. The young monarch took up his residence in his mother's favourite palace within the Castle of Edinburgh, but his reign was of brief duration. He is said to have been interred in the castle, probably within the little oratory to which we have before alluded.

The influence of the Saxon princess, and the predominating effects of her zealous domestic training, are apparent in the history of her sons, who successively occupied the throne. The island of Inch Colm, on which Alexander founded a monastery dedicated to the favourite Scottish teacher St. Colomba, is visible from the Castle of Edinburgh; with its beautiful ruins, forming an attractive and most picturesque feature in the Frith of Forth. But it is his younger brother, David I., or St. David, as he is styled, to whom we must look as the true successor of St. Margaret. It was reserved for him to carry out the ecclesiastical changes projected by his royal mother, and to him we owe the foundation of the larger number of the great Scottish abbeys, including the celebrated abbey of the Holyrood, which became the favourite residence, and finally the chief palace of the Scottish kings.

David I., after his accession to the throne, resided for the most part in the Castle of Edinburgh, and thereby conferred on the neighbouring town all the advantages arising from its position as a royal demesne, and the

principal seat of the court. The idea, however, which we are able to form of the chief Scottish city of the twelfth century from such authentic notices as remain to us, furnishes a sufficiently homely and primitive picture of the progress of the country in civilization. Edinburgh was then an unwall'd town, occupying only the higher ridge of the hill in the immediate vicinity of the castle, where the oldest portions still stand, and would, in all probability, have borne no very favourable comparison with some of the larger English villages of our own day. In the central place stood then, as now, the venerable church of St. Giles, of the existence of which we have conclusive evidence so early as the middle of the ninth century, while the style of some of its oldest portions, demolished about the year 1760, leaves no room to doubt that it had shared in the revived taste for ecclesiastical architecture which so remarkably distinguished the reign of David I. The castle itself partook of the rude simplicity of the age, its main feature being a massive keep, which occupied the site of the present Half-moon Battery.

Around the old parish church of St. Giles, and crowding the narrow ridge between it and the castle, the rude thatched habitations of the citizens were clustered together, courting the protection of the fortress, in addition to the natural defences of their lofty site. On the one side they were protected by the north loch, filling the valley which now extends, as a

beautiful garden, between the old and new town; while on the other side, an equally effective marsh appears to have rendered impassable the low grounds occupied by the Cowgate and Grass-market. On the west side, the rude old Saxon fortress reared its frowning battlements; while the lower eastern ridge, which has been occupied for centuries by the ancient burgh of Canongate, was then covered by the copse and spreading oaks of the forest of Drumselch.

Here, according to the relation of one of the ancient service-books of Holyrood Abbey, occurred the incident which gave rise to the well-known legend of the White Hart. "King David," says the chronicler, "in the fourth year of his reign, was residing in the Castle of Edinburgh, then surrounded with 'ane gret forest, full of harts, hynds, todds, and sic like manner of beasts;' and on Rood-day, the 14th of September, after celebration of mass, he yielded to the solicitation of the young nobles of his train, and rode out to hunt in the neighbouring forest, notwithstanding the earnest dissuasions of Alkwine, his confessor, a canon-regular of St. Augustine, who urged him to devote the sacred festival to devotion rather than to pastime. The royal cavalcade rode gaily through the chase, 'with sic noise and din of bugils that all the beasts were raisit fra their dens.' The king, separated from his train in the ardour of the chase, was thrown from his horse, and about to be gored by a

white hart, 'with awful and braid tyndis,' when a miraculous cross was suddenly put into his hand, at sight of which the hart vanished. The king was thereafter admonished in a vision to found and endow a monastery for the canons-regular of St. Augustine, on the spot where he had been thus miraculously preserved; and hence the origin of the monastery of the Holyrood, so intimately associated with many later incidents of Scottish history.

The legend, absurd as it is, is curious, from the glimpse it affords us of the city at that early period, contracted within its narrow limits, and encircled by a royal chase, where the fox, the wild boar, and the deer found their abode on the very site of some of the most venerable edifices of the Scottish capital. The narrative, in all probability, had its origin in some real occurrence, magnified by the superstition of a rude and illiterate age; though authentic history assigns an earlier date to "The Black Rood of Scotland,"—a mysterious relic brought thither by queen Margaret, and clasped by her dying hands. It was bequeathed by her to her children, in accordance with the superstitious veneration of the period, as a treasure above all price, and was long regarded by the whole nation as one of its most sacred treasures. When Edward I. achieved the temporary subjugation of the Scots, the Black Rood of Scotland was carried to England and deposited in the shrine of St. Cuthbert, at Durham, where it continued to be an object of awful regard so

long as such relics commanded the veneration of the British nation.

The oldest known seal of the Abbey of Holyrood bears engraved on it the representation of an ancient ecclesiastical edifice of singularly rude and primitive form. Of this the author of "The Pre-historic Annals of Scotland" remarks: "A very curious seal, attached to one of the older charters of Holyrood Abbey, represents a structure so entirely differing from all the usual devices of the earliest ecclesiastical seals, that I am strongly inclined to look upon it as an attempt to represent the original wooden church, reared by the brethren of the Holyrood Abbey, on their first clearance in the forest of Drumselch. It manifestly represents a timber structure. The round tower is also curiously consistent with the older Scottish style, which the Romanesque was then remodelling or superseding. Viewed in this light, the old Holyrood seal is one of the most interesting ecclesiastical relics we possess, figuring, it may be, the primitive structure first reared on the site which is now associated with so many of the most momentous occurrences, both in the ecclesiastical and civil history of Scotland. The earliest charter to which it has been found attached is a notification by Alwyn, abbot of Holyrood, A.D. 1141; but both the style of workmanship and the curiously mixed lettering manifestly belong to an earlier period, and perhaps point to the existence of a *familia*, or Christian community,

established in the glades of Drumselch forest, long before the royal foundation of the Holyrood."

Whether this ingenious supposition of the existence of an ancient Culdee establishment prior to the reign of David I. be well founded or not, it is undoubted that David established there the Augustine abbey dedicated to the Holyrood, and committed to its charge the venerated relic which St. Margaret had bequeathed to her sons. The custodiers of what was deemed so precious a charge were not left without the means of adequately maintaining the royal foundation. David I. largely endowed it, as he did many other abbeys, acquiring thereby the quaint title long after conferred on him by a royal descendant of being "A Sore Saint for the Crown." In sir David Lindsay's ingenious "Satyre of the Three Estaitis," he introduces John Commonweal thus reasoning with the abbot on the corruptions of the church :—

"What, if king David were living in thir days;  
The whilk did found so mony gay abbeys;  
Or out of hevin, what if he luikit down?  
And saw the great abominatioun  
Among their Abbeys, and their Nuneries,  
Their public scandals, and their harlotries:  
He wald repent he narrowed so his bounds,  
Of yearly rent, of threescore thousand pounds;  
His successors make little praise, I guess,  
Of his devotion or his holiness."

To such unpalatable arguments the abbot replies by roundly rating John Commonweal for his presumption in daring to meddle with "sa



heich a matter ;” on which John quotes the judgment already pronounced by his betters :—

“ King James the first, roy of this regioun,  
Said that he was ane sair sanct to the crown ;  
I hear men say that he was something blind  
That gave away mair nor he left behind.”

Many changes, however, were to be effected on the commonwealth before the superstitious faith of the twelfth century, and its veneration for crosses, relics, and childish legends, was to be exchanged for the new opinions which sir David Lindsay so greatly contributed to render popular in Scotland. Meanwhile, the constant residence of David I. in Edinburgh Castle, and the erection of Holyrood in its immediate vicinity, largely contributed to lay the foundation of the future, which we are now to trace in the history of Edinburgh.

David's example was followed by his immediate successors. Malcolm IV., surnamed the Maiden, his grandson and immediate successor, resided frequently in the castle, and was a liberal benefactor to the brethren of the Holyrood. Nor were these examples of royal munificence without imitators ; nobles not only augmented its revenues, but sought admission among its brethren, as in 1160, when Fergus, the turbulent Thane of Galloway, after being thrice defeated by the royal forces, resigned for ever the use of arms, and exchanged his helmet for the cowl and tonsure of the brethren of St. Augustine.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

MALCOLM THE MAIDEN was succeeded on the Scottish throne by William, surnamed the Lyon, one of the most brave and chivalrous princes of all the royal line ; but, as happened with others of his gallant race, his chivalric deeds were frequently more glorious than profitable to his country. After successfully repulsing Henry II., who had invaded Scotland, he retaliated by crossing the border at the head of a numerous force, and wasting the northern counties of England with fire and sword. While before Alnwick, however, William was treacherously betrayed into the English hands, and, as was then commonly the case, the whole army retreated and dispersed on the capture of their leader. The captive monarch was not liberated until he had become bound to pay an enormous ransom, and had surrendered Edinburgh Castle, with three other principal fortresses of the kingdom, as security. Happily, however, the loss thus sustained by the reverses of war was restored by peaceful

means ; for an alliance having been concluded between William and Ermengarde de Beaumont, cousin to king Henry, Edinburgh Castle was gallantly restored as the queen's dowry, after having been held by an English garrison for twelve years.

The reign of Alexander II. is marked by another important addition to the ecclesiastical foundations of the Scottish capital. In the year 1230, this monarch founded and endowed the monastery of Black Friars, of the Order of St. Dominic ; bestowing, as seems probable, on the friars one of the royal residences for their first abode, styled in the earlier charters *Mansio regis*. All traces of the monastery have long disappeared, and its site is now occupied by the Surgical Hospital, but the ancient approach to it still bears the name of the Black Friars Wynd, and attracts the antiquary and the tourist by its picturesque old tenements, and the quaint legends of early date inscribed on the lintels of doors and windows. Alexander II. dates many of his charters from Edinburgh Castle, but the monastery which he had founded in its neighbourhood appears to have been his favourite residence, and his munificent example was followed by several of his royal successors, who added to its revenues.

In the reign of Alexander III., the son and successor of Alexander II., the Castle of Edinburgh became the permanent royal residence, and the depository of the national records and regalia, as well as the chief place for dispensing

justice. In 1251, the English princess Margaret, the daughter of Henry III., was brought thither to her young husband, then a youth of only ten years of age. As usual during the minorities of the Scottish kings, the kingdom was divided into rival factions, and the youthful king and queen were held safely in durance within the royal fortress, while the faction who retained possession of it governed in their name. The queen was two years older than her boy husband, and resented the restraint and loneliness of their abode, which, under the jealous care of their keepers, seemed to possess more of the character of a prison than a palace. She accordingly contrived to convey a private letter to her father, complaining that "she was confined to the Castle of Edinburgh, a sad and solitary place, and by reason of its vicinity to the sea, unwholesome." Henry was already employed in secretly organizing an English faction, with a view to bring Scotland permanently under his dominion, and this supplied a sufficient pretext for more active measures, if indeed it did not originate with him. When we consider that the singular isolated rock on which the castle stands has an area of upwards of six acres inclosed on its summit, and that it then included a palace which had been a favourite residence of the Scottish court for fully a century and a half, we can scarcely suppose that a girl of fourteen years of age could experience any very oppressive sense of restraint within its walls, unless other means

were resorted to, to awaken discontent in her mind. The earl of Gloucester was despatched to Edinburgh, accompanied by John Maunsell, the secretary and chief favourite of the English monarch, and after a secret consultation with the earls of Dunbar and Carrick, and other leaders, a hostile collision took place between the two factions in the streets of Edinburgh. Such contests continued to be of common occurrence in the Scottish capital until the final removal of the court to England. The English faction succeeded in surprising the Castle, and the young king, freed from the control of the rival party, assumed nominal rule. Alexander, however, as was afterwards abundantly proved, lacked only the wisdom and experience of years to enable him to shake off all factious incumbrances, and during his long and prosperous reign the independence of his country remained intact. His favourite residence was Edinburgh Castle, and his queen, we may presume, found it neither sad nor solitary when once her royal husband attained to the rights of manhood, and ruled not in name only, but in reality.

Alexander III. reigned for thirty-seven years, and proved himself a sagacious and brave ruler, an impartial legislator, and a wary politician. His death took place suddenly in 1286; his horse having fallen with him over a precipice, an event which filled the whole nation with grief. Wynton has preserved a short contemporary elegy on his death, which Ellis justly

remarks is far superior to any English song of that early date. It is as follows :—

“ When Alexander our king was dead,  
 That Scotland led in love and lee,  
 Away was sons of ale and bread,  
 Of wine and wax, of gamyn and glee;  
 Our gold was changed into lead.  
 Christ! born into virginity,  
 Succour Scotland and remede,  
 That stad is in perplexity.”

Gloomy as were the forebodings of the people on the sudden death of their favourite monarch, their worst anticipations could not exceed the real calamities in which their country was speedily involved. His granddaughter—familiarily known as the Maid of Norway—died not long after, and the contested succession to the crown between Baliol, Bruce, and others, followed, leaving Edward I. of England abundant scope for carrying out the ambitious schemes so frequently entertained by his predecessors. By intrigue and politic craft he got himself nominated umpire between the rival claimants to the Scottish crown. His next step was to get the strongholds of the kingdom lodged in his keeping, under the shallow pretext of holding them in readiness to hand over to the rightful successor. Sir Radulpho Basset de Drayton, a brave Norman knight, assumed the governorship of Edinburgh Castle, at the head of an English garrison. Other strongholds were occupied in like manner, and soon the whole kingdom seemed to lie prostrate in Edward's grasp. The Black Rood of Scotland, the special relic of Holyrood Abbey, fell into

his hands, along with the national regalia, as well as the most sacred treasures secured in the Castle of Edinburgh, including the documentary evidence which established the ancient independence of the kingdom.

The patriots of Scotland, under her "ill-requited chief," could dispense with such evidences of independence as require "charter proof." In the long and bloody struggles that followed, Edinburgh Castle was repeatedly besieged and taken. More than once its whole garrison was put to the sword, and its fortifications thrown down. In 1312, Robert the Bruce had followed up his first success with such vigour that, of all the Scottish strongholds, Edinburgh and Roxburgh Castles alone remained in the hands of the English. At this crisis the noble Randolph, a nephew of Bruce, whom he had recently created earl of Moray, resolved by a bold *coup de main* to complete the conquests which the Bruce had already conducted so nearly to a fortunate issue. He had previously had some secret communications with sir Piers Lombard, the English commander, with no better result than the incarceration of the governor in the dungeons of the castle by his own soldiery, when one of his followers offered to be his guide into the citadel of the garrison.

The father of William Frank, renowned as one of the boldest followers of the earl of Moray, had been in happier times the constable of Edinburgh Castle under the good king Alexan-

der. It chanced that his son then became attached to the daughter of one of the burghers in the neighbouring town ; and, as the soldier now told his chief, it had been his custom to let himself over the wall at night at a place where the extreme steepness of the rock seemed to render any guard unnecessary. The bold lover had found for himself a path up the apparently inaccessible cliff, and by this he now proposed to lead earl Randolph and his followers within the walls. A dark and stormy night, the 14th of March, 1312, was chosen for the execution of this perilous project. William Frank led the way up the precipitous cliff, followed by Randolph, sir William Gray, and thirty trusty Scots, bearing with them a scaling ladder, with which to mount the wall.

As this gallant little band stealthily clambered up the rock, a singular incident occurred, which had well nigh rendered the whole scheme abortive. As Barbour relates, they overheard from the ramparts above them the challenge of the English commander, as he went his rounds to see that the garrison was on the alert, and the sound had scarcely died away, when one of the English soldiers, hurling a stone over the battlements, shouted—" Away ! I see you well ! " This, as it proved, was a mere wanton frolic ; but the critical position of the escalading party may well be conceived, as they crouched in silence on their perilous path, and listened for any further sounds that should prove they were betrayed. But the noisy



bluster of a March gale, added to the darkness of the night, effectually concealed them, and the first warning the English garrison had of their presence was when they raised their slogan as they engaged hand to hand with their surprised antagonists. After a brief but bloody conflict the castle was won, and according to the shrewd policy of the Bruce, its fortifications were levelled, so as to leave the entire Scottish force unfettered for service in the field, without permitting Edward to entrench himself again in the national strongholds.

The Castle of Edinburgh repeatedly served very effectually the purposes of Edward. He was there in 1291, when both town and castle were surrendered to him. Twice in the course of the following year we find, from the evidence of charters executed there, that it had been the residence of the English monarch; and, in May, 1296, he received within the church in the castle, the unwilling submission of many of the Scottish nobles, acknowledging him as lord paramount—an example in which they were followed, a few months later, by William de Dederyk, provost of Edinburgh, with the chief burghers of the town. Earl Randolph, by dismantling the castle, effectually put an end to its further diversion to such anti-national purposes, and for twenty-four years thereafter it appears to have lain a desolate ruin, with perhaps the exception of the little chapel of St. Margaret, where some poor priest or monk may have maintained service.

Edinburgh has few associations with the Bruce; nor was it till after the great deliverer of his country was in his grave, that the long dismantled fortress was re-edified, to serve once more as the stronghold of the southern foe. Edinburgh, indeed, lay much too open to the inroads of the invader to form a safe residence for the Scottish court during so unsettled a period. In 1333, Edward III. visited Edinburgh on his route to Perth, and ordered the castle to be rebuilt and garrisoned. Sir John de Striveling was appointed governor; and the fortress put in a state of complete defence, as one of a chain of such strongholds, by means of which the invader hoped to hold the nation in subjection. But though sir John de Striveling held Edinburgh, the adjacent country was filled with bands of hardy Scots, ever ready to take advantage of a favourable moment for attack, and to intercept the supplies sent to the garrison. Sir Alexander Ramsay, of Dalhousie, in particular, after having succeeded, with a band of only forty resolute men, in raising the siege of Dunbar, retired with his followers to the caves still existing in the romantic glen of Roslin. The most extensive of these are excavated in the cliffs beneath the house of Hawthornden, celebrated long afterwards as the residence of the Scottish poet Drummond. These were so ingeniously constructed for concealment, as to elude the vigilance of the most cunning foe; the entrance being still shown in the side of the deep draw-

well, which served at once to cloak its purpose, and to secure for the occupants a ready supply of water. From this retreat Ramsay and his followers sallied out whenever opportunity offered, so as to keep the enemy in perpetual fear, and prevent them from turning their position to account for the main object of the invader.

Sir William Douglas, the black knight of Liddesdale, another hardy Scot, maintained a similar band of followers further to the south, and in like manner harassed the Edinburgh garrison. Prendergast, a Scottish follower of Baliol, chanced at this time to have rendered some signal service to the English governor, which was not, however, sufficient to make the southern knight forget the feeling with which a renegade and traitor to his country must ever be regarded even by an opponent. Prendergast resented some indignities wantonly put on him by the governor, and this only leading to further insult, he resolved to be avenged. Renouncing his allegiance to England, he escaped from the castle, and watching on the morrow, when the governor rode into the city attended only by a few followers, he sprang suddenly from a place of concealment, and plunged his sword into the heart of his foe. Prendergast immediately leaped to the saddle from which he had hurled the English governor, and dashing down the street at his utmost speed, he sought sanctuary within the church of Holyrood Abbey.

It furnishes a curious evidence of the powerful influence of the Romish church, that even at such a moment the supposed sanctity of the abbey was respected. The English pursuers found the assassin on his knees before the high altar in the chapel of the abbey, and superstitious awe, and the terror of the church's ban, compelled them to repress their fury. A guard was placed by them around the abbey, and for twelve days and nights Prendergast remained beside the high altar, dependent entirely on the supplies secretly conveyed to him by some of the monks, who longed to see the invaders banished from the kingdom. At the end of that time he effected his escape, disguised as a monk, and joining the black Douglas, he led him with a chosen body of followers in an attack on a part of the garrison, in which above four hundred English soldiers were left dead on the streets of Edinburgh.

The new governor appointed to hold the castle for Edward was sir Thomas Rokesby; but the charge appears to have devolved shortly afterwards on sir Richard de Limoisin, under whose governorship one of the most signal exploits of the predatory bands of Scots was effected which mark the annals of that troubled and eventful era. The Douglas, with William Bulloch, Simeon Frazer, Joakim of Kinbuch, and a chosen body of two hundred Scots, set out for Dundee, where they were received into a ship by one Walter Curry, with whom Bulloch, the contriver of the plot, had

already made the requisite arrangements. Having taken on board a cargo of provisions, they set sail, and casting anchor in Leith roads, William Bulloch presented himself to the governor of the castle, as master of an English vessel just arrived with a valuable cargo of wines and provisions on board, which he offered to dispose of for the garrison. The bait took; and the pretended trader appeared at the castle by appointment early on the following morning, attended by a dozen armed followers disguised as seamen; while Douglas, with the rest of the party, lay concealed in the gorse and underwood of the neighbouring slope. Upon entering the castle, Bulloch contrived to overturn a rude carriage laden with the pretended supplies, so as to obstruct the closing of the gates, and springing with his few attendants on the guard, he raised the well-known war-cry—"A Douglas! a Douglas!" At the appointed signal, Douglas and his party sprang from their concealment, and after a fierce conflict the English garrison was overpowered and put to the sword. Only the governor and six of his squires escaped the general massacre, and the castle, restored to the rightful possession of David II., was never again held by an English garrison, till it yielded to the summons of Cromwell after the battle of Dunbar.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE ACCESSION OF THE STUARTS.

It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the progress of the Scottish capital must have been greatly retarded by the long protracted wars which drove the court from its castle, and left it alternately the prey to invaders, or the battle-field on which their indomitable assailants were wont to harass and waylay straggling parties of the English garrison. For a quarter of a century, as we have seen, the castle lay in ruins; during the whole of that time, however, we must remember that the ecclesiastical establishments remained, though deprived of some of their sources of revenue, and generally forced to accept of abbots and superiors imposed on them by the invader. Edinburgh had then its Holyrood and Blackfriars' Abbeys, St. Giles's Church, St. Cuthbert's, St. Triduana's at Restalrig, and probably also St. Mary's-in-the-Fields, all parochial churches, with their priests and services—common alike to the invaders and the natives. We have already seen how the former respected the right of sanctuary, even in favour of the assassin of

their own leader ; and, erroneous as was the principle upon which they acted, we may infer from the fact what a restraining influence Christianity exercised in the rude mediæval era, overlaid and perverted though it was by so many of the gross errors and superstitions which the Reformation at length swept away.

Within a month after the surprise of Edinburgh Castle by the ingenious stratagem recorded at the close of the last chapter, the young king, David II., landed from France with his consort Johanna, and Edinburgh once more shared in the privileges and the burdens of a capital. When, a few years later, the disastrous raid of Durham terminated in the captivity of the king, the merchants and burgesses of Edinburgh became bound, along with those of Aberdeen, Perth, and Dundee, for themselves and all other merchants of Scotland, for the payment of his ransom.

After the return of David Bruce from England, he resided during his latter days in Edinburgh Castle, to which he made large additions. He built, on the site of the present half-moon battery, a lofty keep, afterwards known as *David's Tower*, which stood for upwards of two hundred years, and is specially referred to in the minute narrative of the siege of 1572, in which it was battered to pieces. Within this royal fortress he died in the forty-second year of his age, and was buried in the choir of the abbey church of Holyrood. With this brave and gifted, but unhappy prince, the

direct line of the Bruce terminated. He fell on evil days, and appears to have been one who in more peaceful times might have elevated the character of his people. Tradition represents him as beguiling his tedious captivity with his pencil; and Barnes relates that he left behind him, in a vault in Nottingham Castle, the whole story of our Saviour's passion, curiously engraven with his own hand.

With the accession of Robert II., the first of the Stuarts, a new era begins in the history of Edinburgh, which may indeed be emphatically styled the capital of the Stuarts. We now obtain some glimpses of its condition from contemporary records, which furnish a sufficiently humble picture of its early progress, and of the consequences of the repeated vicissitudes to which it was exposed. In 1383, the ambassador of Charles VI. of France was entertained there by the Scottish court, and in the following year it was in the hands of the English, under the duke of Lancaster. It chanced that the duke had been hospitably entertained by the monks of Holyrood, while an exile in former years from the English court, and in gratitude for this the abbey was spared when all else was given up to the flames. The progress of the invaders is thus quaintly noted by Wynton :—

“With all their men the way they took  
To Scotland, and at Melrose lay,  
And there they brynt up that abbay.  
Dryburgh and Newbottle, they twa,  
In till their way they brynt alsua.



Of Edynburgh the kirk brynt they,  
And would have done so that abbay,  
But the duke for his courtesy  
(Since he had wylom there herbry \*  
When he was out of his country :)  
Gart it at that time saved be."

The respite, however, was a brief one, for the Scots having retaliated, according to their wont, by a foray across the border so soon as the invaders had withdrawn, they returned the following year and destroyed whatever the gratitude of the duke had at first induced them to spare. Edinburgh was still an un-walled town; and such repeated invasions, which exposed its citizens to the full brunt of all the horrors of war, must have effectually checked its advance, however much favoured by the Scottish court. The town, nevertheless, was already rising to an importance which rendered its defenceless state a matter of serious moment, and the evil was now partially remedied by granting the citizens of good fame the novel privilege of building their houses within the fortress.

A curious contemporary account of Edinburgh at this period is furnished by Froissart, in giving a narrative of the reception of De Kenne, the admiral of France, who had been despatched to the assistance of the Scottish king. "Edinburgh," says he, "though the king kept there his chief residence, (and that is Paris in Scotland) yet it is not like Tournay or Valenciennes; for in all the town is not four

\* Harboured.

thousand houses ; therefore it behoved these lords and knights to be lodged about in the villages." The reception which these allies met with was even worse than their accommodation. We are told that the Scots " did murmur and grudge, and said, Who hath sent for them ? Cannot we maintain our war with England well enough without their help ? They understand not us, nor we them ; therefore we cannot speak together. They will anon rife and eat up all that ever we have in this country ; and do us more despites and damages than though the Englishmen should fight with us ; for though the English burn our houses we care little therefor ; we shall make them again cheap enough."

The picture thus furnished of the Scots of the fourteenth century is a sufficiently graphic one, and represents a state of manners which prevailed on the more exposed border districts to a much later period. The constant liability to have their houses plundered and burned, rendered the citizens indifferent about their furnishing or fitting, so that the straw roof of the dwelling was frequently carried off by its owner on his retreat, leaving the enemy to wreak their futile vengeance on its rude furniture and bare walls. At the same time they were proportionably anxious to make up for the absence of all household display by personal ornaments ; and hence the costly brooches, bracelets, and collars, and the general extravagance in dress, which was frequently attempted

to be restrained within due bounds by the enactment of stringent sumptuary laws.

Some of the early Scottish sumptuary enactments afford a curious insight into the manners of the age. The dress of lords, knights, yeomen, burgesses, and labourers, are each specially restricted within due limits, while that of the ladies is placed under such restraints as prove that female love of display is no taste of modern growth. One act, for example, passed in the reign of James II., imposes on the citizens the somewhat onerous duty of making their wives and daughters dress in a way corresponding to their estate, and especially enacts that "no women wear tails of unfit length;" an evil which the satires of sir David Lindsay show to have remained equally in need of curtailing in the following century; and which, indeed, some of the more zealous reformers of female dress appear to regard as still open to improvement even in our own day. By the same enactment, "Baron's and other pair gentlemen's wives" are forbid the use of silks or furs, as well as various other costly adornments, except on holidays; while husbandmen are restricted to gray and white, and their wives to "couchies of their awin making, not exceeding the price of 12 pennyces the elne."

Other acts of the same period, which relate to the prevention of fires, and to the accommodation of travellers, serve to show that the burghers' dwellings continued to be rude wooden tenements, of one or two stories,

thatched with straw. For the encouragement of innkeepers, all travellers are forbidden to lodge with their friends, or anywhere but in the public hostles, unless when they travel with a numerous body of followers, in which case, if their horses and baggage are harboured in the hostle, they are at liberty to find lodging elsewhere. Such were the habits of society in Scotland, and such was the condition of Edinburgh, in the middle of the fifteenth century; that mediæval era which has been supposed by some modern enthusiastic revivalists to have been a period remarkable for contented happiness, and the diffusion of moral and social blessings in wise gradation through all the various ranks of society.

## CHAPTER V.

## JAMES II. AND MARY DE GUELDRES.

THE forced residence of the royal poet, James I., at the English court during his earlier years, was the means of introducing some of the refinement of the more polished southerners among the Scottish nobles. During this reign, however, the favourite residence of the king was at Perth ; nor is it till his assassination in the convent of the Dominicans there, in 1438, that Edinburgh again, and permanently, takes its place as the Scottish capital. Thither his queen Jane, celebrated long before in "The King's Quair," fled, and took refuge with the young king, in its secure fortress ; and within less than forty days after the murder of the king, the assassins had been apprehended and brought to Edinburgh for trial. Little form of law was deemed requisite to sanction the cruel vengeance with which the parricidal deed of the conspirators was visited. The meaner agents were left to the hangman, while, with respect to the others, all the ingenuity of a barbarous age was employed to devise such novel and

exquisite tortures as should satisfy the indignation of the people.

The scenes that followed are sufficiently characteristic of the times, and show how little the royal pupil of Gower and Chaucer had succeeded in instilling into his people the refinement which follows in the train of poeie and the arts of civilization. The sufferings of the earl of Athol, an old man on the verge of seventy, were prolonged through three days. On the second of these he was exhibited to the gaze of the people, bound to a pillar at the cross of Edinburgh, and crowned, in cruel derision, with a hot iron coronet as the King of Traitors. His sufferings were terminated on the third day by the executioner's axe. The extreme age of the victim was not without its influence on the sympathy of the populace. But no feeling of pity was excited when the arch-traitor, sir Robert Graham, was subjected to still more barbarous and protracted cruelties, furnishing a scene of feudal vengeance which it is impossible to read of without loathing and horror. Yet it would be unjust to infer from such an account that the citizens of Edinburgh, or even the barons of Scotland, in the fifteenth century, were pre-eminently distinguished for barbarity. The scenes thus enacted at the cross of Edinburgh completely accorded with the prevailing spirit of the age, when the common death of every traitor was accompanied with torture. Æneas Sylvius, an Italian ecclesiastic, who afterwards filled the papal chair as

Pius II., was at that time resident in Edinburgh as the pope's nuncio for Scotland; and the only horror he expresses is at the crime of the regicides, while the cruel justice of the nation wins his admiration.

The young king, James II., was only in his seventh year when he was brought from the castle to Holyrood Abbey, attended by the three estates of the kingdom, and there crowned with unwonted magnificence. The castle had been his birthplace; and from this time the fortress and the pleasantly situated abbey in the neighbouring valley at the foot of Salisbury Crag, became the principal permanent residences of the Scottish court.

Queen Jane was nominated as the guardian of the young king, with a suitable allowance, while Archibald, earl of Douglas and Angus, was appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom. It was the lot of Scotland to suffer, to an extent that has no parallel in the history of any other European nation, from a succession of minorities, during which the country was too often left a prey to hostile factions, and all its best interests sacrificed to the ambitious projects of unprincipled rivals. The guardians of the nominal sovereign became for the time being the real possessors of kingly power, and hence the most unseemly stratagems were frequently resorted to in order to gain possession of the king's person. At this period the chancellor, sir William Crichton, was the most powerful and sagacious statesman in the

kingdom, and, under his vigilant management, the queen and her party soon found the young king placed entirely beyond their control. This state of things continued for two years, at the end of which time the queen visited Edinburgh, professing great friendship for the chancellor, and desiring to see her son. Having won her way to the good-will of the old statesman, she readily obtained access to the castle, and took up her abode there along with her retinue. After residing for some time and effectually lulling all suspicion, she gave out that she had made a vow to pass in pilgrimage to the white kirk of Brechin, a favourite resort of religious devotees of the period ; and bidding adieu to the chancellor over night, with many earnest recommendations of her son to his care, she withdrew to prepare for her departure at early dawn. No sooner was she thus left at liberty, than, getting the young king to her own apartment, she set to work with her maidens, and pinning him up among her linen, he was thus conveyed in a chest to Leith, and was far on his way to Stirling Castle before the chancellor was aware of the trick that had been played on him.

Stirling Castle was at this period in possession of sir Archibald Livingstone, and the latter no sooner found the king in his power, than he proceeded to raise an army for the purpose of laying siege to Edinburgh Castle. The chancellor was too crafty a diplomatist to risk even the appearance of open warfare against the king. A com-



promise was proposed by him which met his rival's views ; and the next scene witnessed in the old hall of Edinburgh Castle was the formal presentation of its keys to the boy-king, who had been so recently carried off from it hid in his mother's linen. That same evening, Crichton and Livingstone supped together with the king, and before they parted, the rivals amicably agreed on a division of the power that had fallen into their hands.

Not the least potent cause of the truce thus concluded between the rival statesmen, was their common enmity to the powerful house of Douglas, the head of which now made little concealment of his contempt for both as mere political knight-errants, who owed their fortunes to the mean wiles of state-craft. Favourably for their schemes, the haughty earl, of whom both stood in awe, was suddenly cut off by malignant fever at this very time, while lodging at the village of Restalrig, which lies between Holyrood Palace and the sea. He was succeeded by his son William, then a youth of sixteen ; and the wily old chancellor, watching like a hawk for his prey, now saw with delight the probability of accomplishing the destruction of the detested, but dreaded house of Douglas.

The young earl abated in no degree the pride of his family, but far surpassed the king in the magnificence of his retinue, and the number of his suite. This was made the pretext of Crichton's advances. The young

earl and his brother, lord David Douglas, were invited to join the court as friends most suitable for the king, alike by age and rank. No flattery was spared to ensnare the intended victims. In the castle of the chancellor, the magnificent quadrangular ruins of which still stand in the vale of Tyne, distant about eleven miles from Edinburgh, they were entertained with the most magnificent hospitality of the age. The spot is celebrated by Scott, in *Marmion*, nor is the enmity between the houses of Crichton and Douglas forgotten :—

“The castle rises on the steep  
 Of the green vale of Tyne:  
 And far beneath, where slow they creep,  
 From pool to eddy, dark and deep,  
 Where alders moist and willows weep,  
 You hear her streams repine.  
 The towers in different ages rose;  
 Their various architecture shows  
 The builders’ various hands;  
 A mighty mass that could oppose,  
 When deadliest hatred fired its foes,  
 The vengeful Douglas’ bands.”

It was not, however, the design of the crafty chancellor to make his own stronghold the scene of revenge on the vengeful Douglas. The suspicions of the inconsiderate young earl having been completely lulled, he was induced to proceed to the Castle of Edinburgh, accompanied by his brother, lord David, sir Malcolm Fleming, and other adherents. There they were received with every show of favour, and dined at the same table with the king; but under all this treacherous display of welcome, the most deadly designs were concealed.

Already the axe and fatal block were prepared, and before the entertainment closed, a bull's head—the well-known Scottish symbol of destruction—was set before them. They recognised the fatal signal, and sprang from the board, but being immediately surrounded by armed men, they were led forth, in defiance of the tears and entreaties of the young king, and beheaded in the western court of the castle, while the king's presence was made use of to give legal force to a mock trial, by which they were condemned as his enemies. In the year 1753, some workmen employed in digging the foundation of a new storehouse within the castle, found the golden handles and plates of a coffin, supposed—though on no very satisfactory evidence—to have belonged to that in which the victims of Crichton and Livingstone's vengeance were interred. The popular estimation of this base deed may be inferred from the rude old rhymes quoted by Hume of Godscroft, the historian of the house of Douglas :—

“Edinburgh Castle, town, and tour,  
God grant ye sinke for sin;  
And that even for the black dinour  
Earl Douglas gat therein.”

In this cruel deed was laid the foundation of a long train of civil strife, involving both the king and the country in its miserable consequences. James, the seventh earl of Douglas, succeeded in ingratiating himself with the young king, and found little difficulty in inducing him to call the murderers of his kins-

men to account for mal-administration during the early years of James's minority. Crichton and Livingstone appealed against a decision granted by the king while under the influence of their avowed enemy ; and while the chancellor held out, in the name of the king, the Castle of Edinburgh during a blockade of nine months, even while he was personally abetting the besiegers, the city and its neighbourhood were ravaged and spoiled by both factions ; the besieged were declared traitors, the castles of Crichton and Livingstone stormed, their baronies seized, and their honours attainted. These wrongs the chancellor and his friends failed not to retaliate on their rivals, and thus the wretched kingdom became a scene of anarchy and bloodshed. The Douglas faction at length succeeded in bringing the heir of the Livingstones to the block. But the chancellor's shrewd cunning outwitted the Douglas' power ; and the earl no sooner withdrew from court, than the former regained the entire favour of the facile young king.

Crichton had owed his safety so frequently to the security afforded him by the strength of Edinburgh Castle, that he took the first favourable opportunity for adding to its fortifications, as appears from the evidence of various claims for restitution of the expenses thus incurred. In 1450, he received the lands of Castlelaw from the king to repay not only the large sums expended by him on the fortification, but also in return for £400 lent by him to the monarch.

Sir William Crichton lived to an old age, though beset by a host of powerful enemies. The Douglasses transmitted their hereditary quarrel to each successive heir, but the crafty statesman outwitted their persevering revenge, and the Douglas at length perished by a blow of the young king's own dagger, in Stirling Castle. The chancellor sought to atone for the deeds of a life of craft and violence according to the wont of the old Romish creed. He founded and endowed a collegiate church, beside his castle in the vale of Tyne, and vainly hoped that in purchasing the favours of a corrupt and venal priesthood, he was making his peace with God. His family suffered the retaliation which he himself escaped ; and the old church still stands in the imperfect and mutilated state in which it was left at his death. The era to which we now refer was, indeed, equally remarkable for the grossness of the clergy, and for the liberality with which the laity strove to win the Divine favour by the endowment of churches, the founding of chantries, and the like vain oblations substituted for that pure and undefiled religion of the heart which is alone acceptable to God.

The death of James II., in 1460, by the bursting of a cannon at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, once more involved the kingdom in all the miseries attendant on a minority, from which they had so recently escaped. His young queen, Mary de Gueldres, a heroic but licentious princess, abandoned herself after his death to

such vicious courses as soon deprived her of all the influence otherwise pertaining to her position as the mother of the infant king, James III. Yet she also accompanied the neglect of the virtues which most adorn a woman, with such largess to the church as was styled *piety* in the language of that grossly corrupt age. She founded and endowed a beautiful collegiate church at Edinburgh, and dedicated it to the Holy Trinity, appointing masses to be said for the soul of her royal husband and his predecessors on the throne, as well as for her own. The regulations established for controlling the conduct of clergy appointed to the royal foundation furnish a curious insight into the manners of the age; and the sculptures with which the church was decorated, though exceedingly rich and varied in design, evinced the same impure and profane tastes. "Many of the details of the church," says the author of the *Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time*, "are singularly grotesque. The monkey is repeated in all variety of positions in the gurgils, and is occasionally introduced in the interior among other figures that seem equally inappropriate as the decorations of an ecclesiastical edifice, though of common occurrence in the works of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The varied corbels exhibit here and there an angel, or other device of beautiful form; but more frequently they consist of such crouching monsters, labouring under the burden they have to bear up, as seem to realize

Dante's *Purgatory of Pride*, where the unpurged souls dree their doom of penance underneath a crushing load of stone." Some of these sculptures, even above the very site of the high altar, included caricatures of monks and friars—a singular evidence of the irreverent and faithless spirit of the age. All these incongruous, grotesque, and profane decorations added, however, to the value of the old church as a historical memorial; while as a whole it was pronounced by Mr. Rickman to be "a small but very beautiful cross church," and its interior was described in still more glowing terms, as "a very beautiful decorated composition with the capitals of the piers enriched with foliage, not exceeded in design or execution in any English cathedral."

Unhappily this beautiful example of mediæval Scottish art no longer exists. It was demolished in 1848 by the North British Railway Company. The city corporation, however, having been appealed to, to avert the destruction of so fine a specimen of national architecture, have had its materials removed under the direction of a skilful architect, and it is understood to be their intention to rebuild it, with the original materials, on a new site.

The collegiate church of the Holy Trinity was still in progress when its royal foundress, Mary de Gueldres, died, and was interred, according to the directions of the foundation charter, in the church. On its recent demo-

lition her remains were disinterred, and being placed in a new coffin, with a suitable inscription, were deposited in the royal vault in Holyrood Abbey, where they now lie.



## CHAPTER VI.

## JAMES III.—THE BLUE BLANKET.

THE long minority of James III. drew to a close amid the usual difficulties and dangers attendant on delegated authority unrestrained by well-defined rules. In 1469, the Scottish capital once more witnessed a royal coronation. In the month of July, Margaret, princess of Denmark, landed at Leith, amidst the liveliest demonstrations of popular welcome. She was married to king James, with great pomp and solemnity, in the abbey church of Holyrood, the royal bridegroom being then in his eighteenth and the bride in her sixteenth year. Not the least acceptable feature of this royal wedding was the gift of the islands of Orkney and Shetland, tendered in security for the queen's promised dowry. This important territorial pledge, though mortgaged for the comparatively small sum of eight thousand florins, the Danish court failed to redeem, and these northern islands have ever since continued to form a part of the Scottish dominions.

These wedding festivities were speedily fol-

lowed by a struggle for freedom from the nobles, who had, as usual, held the young king in pupilage, and ruled in his name. The duke of Albany, the king's brother-in-law, fled to the continent; but the younger earl of Mar was seized and committed a prisoner to the ancient Castle of Craigmillar, the beautiful ruins of which still form so striking an object on the rising ground to the south of Edinburgh. Considerable uncertainty rests on his fate, but he is said by one historian to have been bled to death in Craigmillar Castle; and this old tradition of his fate was recalled to mind, when, in 1818, a skeleton was discovered in one of the lower vaults of the castle, which had been walled up, while the wretched victim of absolute power appeared to have been secured by a chain to the floor of his dungeon.

In due time a prince, the destined successor of his father, was born; and when, on attaining the age of twenty-five years, the king had, according to a usual form, revoked all alienations of crown property, and especially the custody of the royal castles, ceded during his minority, he delivered over the Castle of Edinburgh to his queen, with an annual pension, and full power to appoint her deputies, and intrusted to her the keeping and government of their son, prince James.

Alexander, duke of Albany, the younger brother of the king, a scheming and ambitious man, plays a prominent part in the incidents of this reign. A romantic escape, effected by

him from Edinburgh Castle, adds another to the many historic events connected with the old fortress. The duke of Albany was confined in a tower which overhung the northern face of the rock towards the town, with only one attendant, or chamber-chiefd, as he was called, when a small trading vessel arrived in the neighbouring Firth, with a cargo of Gascon wine. Negotiations having been opened with the castle, the duke was permitted to receive two small casks of wine, one of which contained a letter, warning him of the necessity of immediate escape, and a coil of rope to aid him in effecting it. The new supply of wine afforded an excellent excuse for inviting the captain of the guard to sup with him, while he supplied the soldiers with such abundance of liquor that the way for escape was soon clear. The rope was then fastened to the window of their apartment, and the attendant, letting himself down first, fell and broke his thigh. The duke, following with more caution, reached the ground in safety, and, taking up his disabled chamber-chiefd on his back, he made good his escape to the French ship, and was in full sail down the Firth before his absence was known to the governor of the castle.

It was during this period of extreme weakness of the crown, and division among the nobles, that the city of Edinburgh obtained some of its most important and valued privileges; and the office of heritable sheriff within the town, which is still claimed and exercised

by the lord provost, was first conferred on its chief magistrate. Along with these gifts, the complete control of the trained bands and armed citizens by their own magistrates was confirmed by the gift of the craftsman's banner, styled the Blue Blanket. According to ancient traditions, this banner was wrought by the fair hands of queen Margaret. It has ever since been a special object of regard to the burghers of the Scottish capital, and has been unfurled in many a battle, both for royal and civic rights. Its use in the latter capacity is referred to in no very satisfactory terms by king James VI. in his *Basilicon Doron*, where he says, "The craftsmen think we should be content with their work, how bad soever it be; and if in anything they be controlled, up goes the Blue Blanket." On the 8th of June, 1488, the unhappy James III. fell by the hands of his rebellious nobles on the field of Stirling, when fleeing from the traitorous band, headed by his own son, James IV., then a youth of seventeen years of age.

## CHAPTER VII.

## JAMES IV.—THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

JAMES IV. was crowned at Edinburgh in June, 1488, under circumstances that seemed to promise anything rather than beneficial results to his distracted country. He was only in his seventeenth year, and in the hands of councillors who had already made a tool of him in their rebellion against his father; yet his reign of twenty-five years is one of the brightest in the history of Scotland, and furnishes some peculiarly interesting associations connected with the Scottish capital.

Immediately after the coronation, which took place in the Abbey of Holyrood, the young king sent his heralds to demand the restitution of the castle in his name. This was conceded, as well as the other royal strongholds throughout the kingdom, and he began his reign with the full powers of sovereignty, though at the head of a distracted nobility. Soon after the royal coronation, a parliament was held in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, in which the victorious faction enacted various

harsh and severe laws against the adherents of the late king, suspending or depriving all officers of state, and handing over all churchmen taken in armour to be punished by their ecclesiastical superiors. All this, however, was but as the clouds that give way at the dawn. The king already gave evidence of a peculiar affability and sagacious wisdom, which rendered him one of the most popular sovereigns that ever occupied a throne; while his chivalrous tastes, and his liberal patronage of learning and the arts, made his court the most illustrious of his day in Europe.

During this reign the castle was a favourite residence of the sovereign, and a tilting ground inclosed on the plain immediately below the rock to the south of the castle, was the scene of many a royal tournament and gallant passage of arms, the fame of which attracted knights from the chief courts of Europe. One notable encounter is recorded, which took place between sir John Cockbevis, a famous cavalier of the Low Countries, and sir Patrick Hamilton. The king overlooked the field of contest from the castle wall. The Scottish knight's horse having failed him in the second onset, they encountered on foot, and continued the contest for a full hour, until at length the foreign knight was struck down to the ground, and about to be slain—for the challenge was to fight to the death. At this critical moment king James threw his bonnet over the castle wall, as a signal to the marshals of the lists to

stay the combat; while the heralds proclaimed the Scottish knight the victor.

But the court of James IV. was no less celebrated for its scholars and poets, than for its chivalrous knights and its feats of arms. In this reign the printing-press was introduced, and the earliest examples of Scottish typography were produced at Edinburgh, under the special patronage of the king. Gawin Douglas, afterwards bishop of Dunkeld, the well-known translator of Virgil's *Æneid* into Scottish verse, and the author of "The Palace of Honour," dedicated the latter poem to the king, as his gracious prince. The poet was promoted to the provostship of the collegiate church of St. Giles at Edinburgh, and enjoyed the favour of the king throughout his whole reign. Walter Kennedy, sir John Ross, Roull, and other early poets, were also fostered under the genial patronage of the king. But the most celebrated of all the royal favourites, and one whose genius still remains uneclipsed by all who have succeeded him, was William Dunbar, justly pronounced by Ellis to be "the greatest poet that Scotland has produced."

The poems of Dunbar contain some curious allusions to Edinburgh, as, for example, in part of a play, where a dwarf is introduced in the character of Wealth; he thus speaks:—

“ For sekerly the truth to tell,  
I come among you here to dwell;  
Fra sound of St. Giles’s bell  
Never think I to flee.

Wherefor in Scotland come I here,  
 With you to bide and persevere  
 In Edinburgh, where is merriest cheer ;  
     Pleasant disport, and play ;  
 Which is the lamp, and A per se  
 Of this region, in all degree  
 Of wellfare, and of honesty,  
     Renown and rich array."

In another poem, Dunbar pays the Scottish capital the singularly choice compliment, "Were honour *tint*, or lost, it might be found in thee." His verse, however, is not always so laudatory ; and one of the most graphic and lively of his minor poems is a satire, entitled "An Address to the Merchants of Edinburgh," written probably about the year 1500, and exhibiting a most curious picture of the state of the Scottish metropolis at that early period. One single stanza will suffice to give an idea of the highly graphic character of this interesting delineation, where the poet pictures the common street minstrels, whose skill was confined to one or two hackneyed tunes :—

"Your common minstrels have no tune,  
 But 'now the day daws,' and 'into June ;'  
 Cuninger men maun serve saint cloun,  
 And never to other craftis claim ;  
     Think ye no shame  
 To hold sic mowis on the moon,  
 In hurt and slander of your name !"

Various other equally interesting local allusions are to be found in his poems. But an incident of more general interest gave rise to one of his two chief works, "The Thistle and the Rose," written to celebrate the union of James IV. with Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII. of England. Up to this time,



though the Scottish kings had frequently resided at Holyrood Abbey, it was only now, in anticipation of the arrival of the English princess, that the king set earnestly to work to build a palace beside the abbey, worthy of the royal residence. While this work was in progress, and every preparation was making for the royal nuptials, messengers arrived at Edinburgh from pope Julius II., bearing as gifts to the Scottish king a sword and diadem, richly wrought with acorns and oak-leaves of gold, and which had been consecrated by the pontiff on Christmas eve. The beautiful large sword and rich gold scabbard are still preserved in Edinburgh Castle, along with the ancient regalia of Scotland, which include the crown of Robert the Bruce.

On the 7th of August, 1503, the princess Margaret of England made her public entry into Edinburgh, amidst rejoicings and costly displays, such as probably the Scottish capital never before witnessed. Entering the city from the west, they were entertained by a romantic play suited to the occasion, in which a knight-errant engaged with a rival, and rescued his distressed lady-love from the hands of her ravisher. At the city gate the Grey Friars, whose monastery they had to pass in the Grass-market, received the royal pair, and presented their most valued relics for them to kiss. At another gate, a band of virgins, attired as angels, sang a joyous welcome, and then presented the keys of the city to the young queen ;

and so in like manner, along the whole way down the High-street and the Canongate, they were entertained with religious mysteries, allegorical plays, and processions of monks and priests. The Somerset herald, who attended the princess, along with the archbishop of York, the bishop of Durham, the earl of Surrey, and other English nobles, has preserved an account of the reception at Holyrood, and of the costly hangings and furniture of the palace, which proves that the Scottish court at that period equalled in taste and magnificence that of any capital in Europe.

Two princes successively born at Holyrood Palace died in infancy, and the third, who speedily succeeded to the throne as James v., was born at Linlithgow in 1512. But the alliance with England, though it ultimately led to the accession of James's great grandson to the English throne, did not prevent war, with all its disastrous consequences, from breaking out between the king and his royal brother-in-law, Henry VIII.

Among the warlike preparations made by king James long prior to this collision with England, his master gunner, Robert Borthwick, was employed in casting a set of brass ordnance for him in Edinburgh Castle, and seven of these guns, remarkable for their size and beauty, obtained from the king the name of the Seven Sisters. On one occasion, when trying a new culverin from the castle ramparts, he narrowly escaped the fate of his grandfather,

the piece having burst and flown in fragments around him. The Seven Sisters, with ten other pieces of ordnance, fell into the hands of the English at Flodden, and were boasted of by the earl of Surrey, their captor, as being more beautiful than any cannon which king Henry possessed.

The author of *Marmion* has conferred a new popularity and interest on the singular supernatural warnings which, both at Linlithgow and Edinburgh, were believed to have announced to the king the fatal results that would follow, if he persisted in the meditated war with England. The ancient city cross was an octagonal structure, surmounted by a lofty Gothic pillar, on the summit of which the Scottish unicorn upheld a small cross. From this structure the heralds published all acts of parliament and public citations; it was, therefore, a vision pregnant with peculiar meaning when the phantom heralds of the unseen world appeared on the cross summit, and cited the king and the Scottish leaders by name, to appear before its dread tribunal:—

“ Then on its battlements they saw  
 A vision passing Nature’s law,  
 Strange, wild, and dimly seen;  
 Figures that seem’d to rise and die,  
 Gibber and sign, advance and fly,  
 While nought confirm’d could ear or eye  
 Discern of sound or mien.  
 Yet darkly did it seem, as there  
 Heralds and pursuivants prepare,  
 With trumpet sound, and blazon fair,  
 A summons to proclaim:  
 But indistinct the pageant proud,  
 As fancy forms of midnight cloud,

When flings the moon upon her shroud  
A wavering tinge of flame;  
It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,  
From midmost of the spectre crowd,  
The awful summons came."

The poet has here in no way exaggerated history; nor, singular as this supernatural event may appear, do we doubt that it did actually occur. Its explanation probably is to be sought for in the desire of the Scottish nobles to induce the king to abandon his rash design of war, which they thus tried by playing on his superstitious fears. If so, however, it was in vain. In defiance, as it seemed, of earth and Heaven, the headstrong monarch led forth the flower of Scottish chivalry to perish on the bloody field of Flodden. So ended the prosperous reign of James IV.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## JAMES V.

THE first enclosure of Edinburgh with fortified walls took place, as has been already said, in the reign of James II. One consequence of the great prosperity enjoyed under the reign of James IV. appears to have been the rapid extension of the town beyond these limits. A large suburb, including the Cowgate, where many of the nobles' and bishops' palaces were built, had sprung up to the south of the walled town. Now all was consternation. A wall was rapidly built to protect this new suburb, and such was the effect of the panic, and of the check produced by its causes on the progress of the Scottish capital, that scarcely a single house was erected beyond the second wall for upwards of two centuries. Considerable portions of this old wall and one of its towers remain, the latter of which still bears the name of the "Flodden Tower."

Another long minority was to succeed, for the infant, James V., was only two years old; and

the streets of Edinburgh exchanged the gorgeous pageants of the chivalrous James IV. for fierce tulzies, in which blood was shed as on the open battle-field. The most celebrated of these was the famous "Cleanse the Causeway," a street broil, which yet had many of the characteristics of a pitched battle between rival factions in civil war. The queen, Margaret of England, had accepted Archibald, earl of Angus, in marriage, whereupon the earl of Arran marched to Edinburgh at the head of a numerous body of kinsmen and retainers, and laid claim to the regency, as the nearest of blood to the king. The earl of Angus mustered five hundred armed followers, and likewise repaired to Edinburgh to assert his rights, which he claimed through his royal countess. Arran meanwhile had assembled the chief nobility of the west at the palace of James Beaton, archbishop of Glasgow, still a stately though decayed mansion, standing at the foot of Blackfriars Wynd, in the Cowgate. So soon as he learned of Angus' arrival, he ordered the city gates to be secured, little dreaming of the formidable host he was enclosing. The earl of Angus received early intimation of the rash proceedings of his rival, and lost no time in mustering his followers, whom he drew up in battle array in the lower part of High-street, within the Nether-row.

While things were in this critical position, an incident occurred peculiarly characteristic of the clergy of the period, and which has been

frequently narrated, from the interest attaching to the principal actors. Gawin Douglas, the poet, who was uncle to the earl of Angus, and at that time bishop of Dunkeld, resided in his palace in the Cowgate, very little apart from that of the archbishop of Glasgow, where the rivals of his nephew held their deliberations. Gawin Douglas accordingly repaired to the archbishop, and appealed to him as a churchman to use his influence with his friends to compromise their differences, and prevent the bloodshed which otherwise must ensue. The archbishop excused himself on various accounts; and when closely pressed by Douglas, at length exclaimed, "On my conscience I cannot help it!" As he uttered this, he struck his breast in the heat of his asseveration, and thereby betrayed a concealed coat of mail under his churchman's robes, whereupon Douglas retorted, with a happy play upon the words: "How now, my lord? methinks your conscience clatters!"

A fierce and bloody contest ensued. The citizens for the most part sided with the earl of Angus; nearly a hundred of the earl of Arran's followers were slain, including his own brother, the master of Montgomery, and other leaders of distinction; and the treacherous archbishop of Glasgow, after being dragged by the incensed Douglasses from behind the altar of the church of the Blackfriars, whither he had fled for refuge, owed his life to the mediation of the worthy bishop of Dunkeld, whose attempts

to avert the conflict he had only a few hours before repelled.

While scenes such as this disgraced the capital, and filled the whole country with lawless violence, the young king pursued his studies under the direction of Gawin Dunbar, afterwards archbishop of Glasgow; and his sports, with the aid of the poet, sir David Lindsay, the future lord lyon herald. Their residence was for the most part in the Castle of Edinburgh, but so little did either faction heed the nominal sovereign in whose name they professed to act, that the furnishing of his apartments had to be paid for by his tutor, and even his wearing apparel was supplied by his sister, the countess of Morton.

Sir David Lindsay gives some curious insight into the privacy of the royal boy, during this period of faction and civil strife; and describes with pleasant and lively truthfulness, the pastimes by which the leisure of the young king was beguiled. The Castle of Edinburgh was his abode for safe protection from the frequent feuds without; but when not prevented by the disturbed state of the town and neighbourhood, he frequently rode forth with his attendants in the neighbouring chase, and even occasionally took up his residence in the adjacent castles of Craigmillar and Dalkeith. But, as Lindsay tells us in one of his liveliest satires, in which he has pictured the obsequious rivalry of the fawning courtiers in humouring the juvenile king,—



“Imprudently, like witless fools,  
They took the young prince fra the schools,  
Where he, under obedience,  
Was learning virtue and science,  
And hastily put in his hand  
The governance of all Scotland.”

The boy-king was only twelve years of age when thus taken from school to assume the reins of government. The duke of Albany had deserted the kingdom, the queen's party was struggling for possession of the king's person as a tool of faction, and all true government seemed to be at an end, when a number of the nobles adopted the device of investing the young king with the full powers of royalty, in the hope of thereby terminating the frightful anarchy that prevailed. On the 22nd of August, 1524, the king made his solemn entry into Edinburgh, attended by the lords, and proceeded to hold a council in the Tolbooth, with sceptre, crown, and all the insignia of royalty. An old historian gives an amusing account of the result of this novel experiment in governing:—The king and the lords remained together at Holyrood for the space of a year, with great triumph and merriment, till a benefice chanced to fall vacant, and then the whole quarrelled together about the disposing of it. Three years of faction and lawless turbulence ensued. But the king now drew near manhood, and already showed evidences of decision and ability beyond his years.

It is in this reign, and about the period of James v. attaining to his majority, that the first

indications of the movements which brought about the reformation of religion in Scotland began to appear. The church in Scotland, as elsewhere, had become grossly corrupt. The clergy, instead of being the teachers of virtue, and examples of a consistent and holy life, had ceased even to respect common decency. Simony, licentiousness, ignorance, and the most base tampering with their public and official trusts, were notorious as existing among the great body of them, insomuch that the name of a priest or monk, instead of suggesting the idea of a teacher of religion, and a practiser of the highest virtues, was synonymous with the impersonation of indolence and vice. The influence of such a state of things it is not difficult to conceive. It realized once more the picture drawn by an inspired prophet:—"My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge. They eat up the sin of my people, and they set their heart on their iniquity; and there shall be, like people, like priest."

In the midst of this terrible state of things, aggravated by the prevailing lawlessness of a country of whom it could so long be truly said, "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child!" there was raised up by Divine Providence one who was in some sense the precursor, sent to bear witness of the coming light of the Reformation. This distinguished personage in so important a crisis of Scottish history was sir David Lindsay, the poet. Pinkerton has said of him: "Sir David was more the re-

former of Scotland than John Knox: for he had prepared the ground, and John only sowed the seed." His position gave him peculiar influence. As a special favourite of the king, he was beyond the reach of the enmity of the licentious churchmen whom he satirized. His mode of attack, moreover, was enjoyed by many who only looked to the amusement of the passing hour, without perceiving the results that must flow from such a system of popular instruction. The dramatic works of the poet, and especially his "Satire of the Three Estates," were accordingly enacted before both court and people, to the delight of all. On the north-west side of the Calton Hill, at Edinburgh, a deep natural amphitheatre still bears its old name of Greenside, where this popular drama was played in presence of Mary de Guise, the queen of James v., and of the nobles and people. In it the excesses of the clergy and the gross corruptions of the church were exposed with a freedom never surpassed by John Knox, and hence some writers have assumed that the king was not averse to reformation. Yet if such was the case, it did not prevent the same malignity being manifested in Scotland as elsewhere, to all who dared to differ in doctrine from the church of Rome; and the reign of James v. was accordingly signalized by the execution of sundry heretics, Lollards, or favourers of Martin Luther, as they are variously termed, several of whom were burned on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh.

James v. married, in 1537, the princess Magdalen, eldest daughter of Francis I. of France; and her reception at Holyrood, and her entry in state into Edinburgh, were marked by the utmost magnificence and loyalty of an age specially fond of such displays. But the rejoicing was of brief duration. Ere six weeks had elapsed, king James followed the remains of his fair young bride, and saw them laid in the royal vault of Holyrood Abbey, amidst the greatest public mourning that had ever been known in Scotland. Buchanan, who was an eye-witness, mentions that it was the first occasion on which mourning dresses were worn by the Scots.

Mary de Guise, the second queen of James v., plays a part in the history of Scotland, and of its capital, inferior only to that of her hapless daughter, queen Mary. All the parliaments during this reign assembled at Edinburgh; and it more and more assumed the exclusive character of the capital of the kingdom. The palace which had been begun by James IV., beside the Abbey of Holyrood, was continued by his successor; and tradition still assigns to him the erection of the north-west towers of the palace, the only portion of the original building which has survived the successive conflagrations and demolitions to which it has been subjected.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE DAWN OF THE REFORMATION.

It was impossible that the collision between the grossly corrupt church of Scotland and the people could be long averted, in the reign of James v., when the neighbouring country of England was passing through the singular ordeal by which it was prepared under Henry VIII. for the Reformation. But the marriage of James v. to Mary of Lorraine, daughter of the duke of Guise, undoubtedly tended to increase the violence of the strife between the reformers and the adherents of Rome. Throughout the whole reign, the influence of sir David Lindsay's writings was widely felt, and it cannot be doubted that his private interest with the king, whom he had tended from his childhood, was directed to the same end. But in the new queen, the churchmen had a much more powerful agency for their immediate purpose, though the reforming poet finally triumphed. The queen was undoubtedly a woman of ability, and characterized by such virtues as might have shone with great lustre, and been

productive of the happiest effects on her adopted country under more favourable circumstances ; but her lot was cast in the midst of that momentous strife of great principles, in which unhappily she was led by her hereditary associations and early education to take the side of error and persecution. Hence her name is associated with the struggle for liberty of conscience in Scotland, as the great upholder and instigator of the persecution and bloodshed which prevailed during the long minority of her ill-fated daughter, queen Mary, and which paved the way for all that has given her name so sad a pre-eminence in the national annals.

Whether under the direct countenance of the queen, or merely encouraged by her known partiality to the Romish cause, there is no doubt that soon after her arrival in Edinburgh the persecution against all who favoured the reformed doctrines became more violent, while the proceedings of Henry VIII. of England added to the virulence of the incensed churchmen. Many fled to England and the continent to escape the danger which threatened them ; while others were induced, through fear, to bear a faggot, or as the old Scottish writers term it, "to burn their bill," in token of recantation. "The form of burning one's bill," says Keith, "or recanting, was this :—the person accused was to bring a faggot of dry sticks and burn it publicly, by which ceremony he signified that he destroyed that which should have been the instrument of his death."

In 1534, sir William Kirk, Mr. Henry Hendryson, master of the Grammar School of Edinburgh, and sundry other inhabitants of the town and of the neighbouring port of Leith, were summoned to appear before an assembly of the bishops in Holyrood Abbey, some of whom abjured and publicly burned their bills, and others fled to foreign lands; but two of them, of whom Knox has preserved a particular account in his History of the Reformation in Scotland, were brought to trial in the presence of the king at Holyrood Abbey. These were David Straiton, a gentleman of property, and Mr. Norman Gourlay, whom the historian describes as a man of reasonable erudition.

In David Straiton, as in so many others of that age, the first movements of rebellion against the intolerant sway of the corrupt church of Rome, flowed from the lively indignation at the pride and avarice of the priesthood, and a resolute opposition to their unjust claims. He had provided for himself a fishing-boat, with which it was his frequent custom to go to sea to fish. Thereupon the prior of St. Andrew's and his factors came upon him for the tithe of the product of his labours. His answer was sufficiently explicit. If, said he, they must have the tiend of what my servants won from the sea, it is only reasonable that they should come and receive it where the whole stock was got; and so, as was afterwards witnessed against him, he caused his servants to throw every tenth fish into the sea. The prior

forthwith brought an action against him for non-payment of tithes ; and on his failing to make good his charge, he summoned him to answer for the more heinous crime of heresy. The account which the great reformer, John Knox, gives of his conversion is nearly as follows :—He was greatly troubled at this charge of heresy, and forthwith began to frequent the company of such as were godly ; though before he had been of a stubborn and worldly character, and one who specially despised all religious discourse or reading. But now a marvellous change appeared. He delighted in nothing but such reading, and was a vehement exhorter of all men to concord, peaceableness, and contempt of the world. It chanced on one occasion that the laird of Lowriston, a kinsman of his own, was reading to him from the New Testament, in a quiet place in the fields, and as God had appointed, he chanced to read these words of our Divine Master : “ Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.” At these words he suddenly, as one ravished, cast himself on his knees, and looking up to heaven, with hands extended for some time, he at length burst forth in these words : “ O Lord, I have been wicked, and justly mayest thou withdraw thy grace from me. But, Lord, for thy mercy’s sake, let me never deny thee nor thy truth, for fear of death or corporal pain.” The issue, as Knox observes, proved that his prayer had not been made in vain.



A solemn conclave of the bishops and chief dignitaries of the church was held in the Abbey of Holyrood, presided over by the king in person. Great exertions were made to induce Straiton to recant, but in vain. He stood on his defence, maintaining his opinions, but alleging that he had committed no offence worthy of punishment. He was then condemned to be burned, as an obstinate heretic. He appealed to the king for mercy, which, says Knox, he would willingly have granted to him, but the bishops proudly answered that the king's hands were bound in the case of a heretic, and that he had no grace to extend to those who were condemned for sins against the church.

The place where Straiton and Gourlay were led forth to be burned, was the same green hollow on the northern slope of the Calton Hill, already described as the scene of some of the earliest known dramatic performances at Edinburgh, and where public sports, tournaments, and the burgher musters, called the weapon-shaws, had been customarily held since the reign of James II. These early Scottish martyrs failed not to witness a good confession at the stake; and Straiton, especially, remembered that solemn warning of his Divine Master, which had so deeply impressed his heart, and exhorted the people to renounce their superstition and idolatry, and to learn for themselves, from God's word, what was the pure faith of which the church was now the persecutor

instead of the teacher. They were led, says the old Scottish reformer, to a place beside the Rood of Greenside, and there they two were both hanged and burned, "according to the mercy of the papistical kirk." Among those who escaped from sharing in the like fate at this period, was James Hamilton, sheriff of Linlithgow, and brother of Patrick Hamilton, titular abbot of Ferne, one of the earliest of the Scottish reformers, who was burned at St. Andrew's in 1527. In August, 1535, as we learn, Cranmer introduced Mr. James Hamilton to Cromwell, as a gentleman who had left his country for no cause but "that he favoured the truth of God's word." Two years after this, David Beaton became archbishop of St. Andrew's, and was raised to the dignity of a cardinal, and under his influence the flames of persecution were rekindled with redoubled fury. Notwithstanding their tyranny, says Knox, the knowledge of God did wondrously increase within this realm, partly by reading, and partly by brotherly conference, which in those dangerous days was used to the comfort of many; but chiefly by merchants and mariners, who, frequenting other countries, heard the true doctrine affirmed, and the vanity of the papistical religion openly rebuked. Dundee proved, along with the port of Edinburgh, the most formidable source of such danger to the exasperated upholders of the old and corrupt church. A very strait inquisition was made in both places by cardinal Beaton, and divers per-

sons were compelled to abjure and burn their bills, some in St. Andrew's, and some in Edinburgh. About the same time, captain John Borthwick was burned in effigy, but, by God's good providence, his person escaped their fury. This, the historian adds, was done for a spectacle and triumph to Mary of Lorraine, lately arrived from France as wife to the king James v.

The flames of persecution being thus effectually kindled, they were not allowed to be extinguished during the remainder of the king's reign; and however much he may have personally disliked such proceedings, he was compelled not only to permit them, but to witness and countenance them by his presence. Yet it is marvellous to think that on the very spot, on the green slopes of the Calton Hill of Edinburgh, where some of the martyrs of this reign witnessed a good confession at the stake, the court and clergy, with the queen at their head, patiently beheld the exhibition of sir David Lindsay's satire of the Three Estates. A few extracts from this early dramatic performance will show how wonderfully the good providence of God was employing the favourite of the king, with his bold satiric pen, to compass the downfall of the corrupt and persecuting church. The first part introduces a number of allegorical characters, such as Diligence, Wantonness, Sensuality, Falsehood, Deceit, etc. Among the rest, Verity appears, and most solemnly, and with much beauty, exhorts both king and prelates to rule justly, and to teach not only by precept

but by example. Thereupon, Deceit, Flattery, and Falsehood hold council together, and resolve on accusing her to the spirituality of heresy, as the readiest means of getting rid of an unwelcome intruder. The plot succeeds;—the abbot, the parson, and the spirituality all unite in putting down Verity, lest she should come within hearing of the king. In answer to a threat of the stake and faggots if she ventures to teach any more in the kingdom, she replies:—

“ I have said nothing but the verity ;  
 But, with the king, what time that I be known  
 I doubt, ye freres of spiritualitie  
 Shall rew that ever I came to this countrie ;  
 For if the verity plainly was proclaimed,  
 And specially to the king's majesty,  
 For your traditions you will be defamed.”

On this Flattery bursts in exclaiming :—

“ What book is that, harlot, into thy hand ?  
 Out ! well away ! 'tis the New Testament,  
 In English tongue, and printed in England,  
 Heresie ! heresie ! fire ! fire ! incontinent !”

Verity replies, by declaring that the New Testament contains no heresy but Christ's own word, most sweet, a well of sincerest verity ; and then kneeling down, she solemnly prays God to arise and strive with those who thus trampled under-foot his gracious word ; whereupon she is put in the stocks.

Chastity appears and meets with a similar reception ; the prioress telling her that Dame Sensuality had warned her of such dangerous company ; and after being rejected and buffeted by the abbot, parson, and all the ecclesiastical dignitaries, and being turned out of doors by

the nuns, she resorts at length to the laity, and receives a kindly welcome from a poor shoemaker and tailor.

The whole satire is of the same free and plain-spoken character. *The Pardoner* plays an important part in succeeding scenes, and exposes the vice and greed of the clergy in a similarly popular and truthful style. The effect of such exhibitions on the popular mind could not fail to be strong and lasting; and that the clergy would gladly have put down the bold satirist we have good evidence from the fact that, not long after, Kyllor, a blackfriar, prepared a play, or religious mystery, in the same style, for which he was condemned to the flames. "A blackfriar," says Knox, "called friar Kyllor, set forth the history of Christ's passion in the form of a play," that is, one of the miracle plays which so commonly formed a part of the service on the principal holidays of the church in the middle ages. This he both preached and acted openly in Stirling, in the presence of the king, on the morning of Good Friday, 1539. In this play all things were so livelily expressed, that the common people understood and confessed that, as the priests and Pharisees persuaded the people to refuse Christ Jesus, and caused Pilate to condemn him, so did the bishops and priests of their own day blind the people, and persuade princes and judges to persecute and condemn such as profess Jesus Christ and his blessed Evangel.

This popular exposure of the persecuting spirit of these modern Pharisees roused their utmost indignation, and as the poor friar had no such friends at court as had sufficed to secure impunity to sir David Lindsay's satirical exposures, he was forthwith summoned to answer for his offences before a consistory, held, as usual, at the Abbey of Holyrood. The Scottish cardinal David Beaton; Gawin Dunbar, king James's former tutor, now archbishop of Glasgow and lord chancellor; and George Crichton, bishop of Dunkeld, took the lead in this proceeding, by which they were to furnish fresh proof of the justice of the poor friar's allegory. Along with the chief offender, they also summoned before them sir Duncan Symson, Robert Forrester, dean Forret, vicar of Dollar, and canon-regular in the monastery of Inch Colm, and friar Beveredge, all of whom were condemned to the stake on the 28th of February, 1539, and were the same day burned to death on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh. The charge against Robert Forrester, a gentleman, as appears from Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, was that he had in his possession books suspected of heresy. Knox describes dean Forret as a man of upright life, and Foxe has preserved an interesting account of him in his Book of Martyrs. His father was master of the king's stables in the reign of James IV., and his name repeatedly occurs in the treasurer's accounts among those attending on the court. It appears from other instances of

trials for heresy, that the archbishop of Glasgow, who was a man of learning and a liberal patron of letters, had little inclination for these violent proceedings, and would willingly have spared some whom these zealous Scottish inquisitors burned at the stake.

How far the moderate views of the king's former tutor, superadded to the influence of his favourite courtier, sir David Lindsay, might have affected the policy of James v. in relation to the increasing demands of the people for the reformation of the church, it is now difficult to determine. But Knox relates in his history some curious accounts of visions with which the king was troubled, and warnings of judgments he believed himself to have received, which seem to indicate a mind preyed on by remorse for his part in such cruel and unjust persecutions. Little further time, however, was left for repentance or amendment. Involved by the influence of the cardinal, and other leaders of the Romish party, in an imprudent war with England, and in a hopeless struggle with his own subjects, he died at his palace of Falkland of a broken heart, on the 13th of December, 1542, in the 31st year of his age. Both of the king's sons were dead, and as he lay, racked by the fever which preyed on his wasted frame, intelligence was brought him that the queen had given birth to a daughter at Linlithgow Palace. The news, which in happier hours might have cheered him, seemed only to add to his hopeless

despondency. With a melancholy reflection on the fortunes of an infant born to the crown which had brought him such sorrow, he gave the friends around his couch a parting look of recognition, turned himself on his pillow, and expired. He was interred in the Abbey of Holyrood with the wonted pomp that waits on the obsequies of kings, and not without some of the more valued accompaniments of true mourning. His favourite adherents appear to have been most strongly attached to him; and his early servitor and faithful friend, sir David Lindsay, as lord Lyon herald, directed the mournful ceremony which laid his royal master by the side of his first young bride, queen Magdalen, in the vault of Holyrood Abbey. The daughter whose birth was announced under such sorrowful circumstances, was the beautiful, but unhappy, Mary queen of Scots.

Among those citizens we have mentioned as summoned before the bishops at Holyrood, in 1534, to answer the charge of heresy for their adoption of the scriptural doctrines of the reformers, it is interesting to find the name of Henryson, one of the masters of the High School of Edinburgh. The precise date of the foundation of this celebrated seminary is uncertain; but an act of the town council, in 1519, prohibits all parents and guardians from placing their youth at any other school under pain of incurring a heavy fine. About the middle of the sixteenth century, a venerable mansion, still standing at the foot of Blackfriars



Wynd, in the Cowgate—and which has been noted as the scene of more than one remarkable occurrence while occupied as the archiepiscopal palace—was hired for the accommodation of the Grammar School. In 1557, a handsome new school was built on the site of the old monastery of the Blackfriars; and that was again replaced in 1777, by the building at the foot of Infirmary-street, now occupied as a surgical hospital. We may be permitted to depart from chronological order, to remind the reader that in this latter building were educated sir Charles Bell, sir Walter Scott, lord Brougham, lord Jeffrey, and many more of the most distinguished Scotchmen of recent times. In 1829, the Edinburgh High School was removed to a noble Grecian building on the Calton Hill; and there, with all the facilities and advantages which modern improvements can bestow, it may be expected to add not a few to the honourable names of its distinguished pupils.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE REGENCY OF THE DUKE OF ALBANY.

THE infant princess, sole heir to the crown, and to more than all the calamities of James v., was only six days old when she inherited the unenviable honours of royalty, and once more involved the Scottish nation in all the evils of a protracted minority. Scotland became the scene of dissension, strife, and civil war, such as had usually marked the minorities of its princes, but now rendered doubly virulent by the fierceness of theological rancour, and the treacherous effects of foreign influence. In the disastrous strife which preceded the death of the king, many of the Scottish nobility had been taken prisoners by the English, and the wily councillors of Henry VIII. found no difficulty in persuading them to co-operate with him in designs for subverting the plans of the cardinal and his faction. The grand scheme of the English monarch was to bring about a marriage between the Scottish queen and his son, and afterwards his successor, Edward VI. The plan was one dictated by sound policy, but

the cardinal and the queen-dowager both saw in it the certain downfall of the Romish church, and employed all their arts to oppose it. Hence arose all the enmity subsequently manifested against Scotland, and most of the miseries inflicted on it, in the reigns both of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.

Meanwhile, the dominant Scottish party adopted means for strengthening their cause, and the regent Arran put the fortresses of the kingdom into good repair. Edinburgh Castle especially was happily committed to the care of sir James Hamilton of Stainehouse, a brave soldier, under whose directions it was once more put into good condition for resisting any attempt on it.

On the 12th of March, 1543, a parliament assembled at Edinburgh, at which sir Ralph Sadder appeared as ambassador from the English court, while the Scottish prisoners, now secretly engaged to further the plans of the English monarch, also repaired thither, and employed their influence in promoting the negotiations for the marriage. These were the earls of Cassillis and Glencairn, the lords Fleming, Maxwell, Somerville, and Oliphant, most of whom afterwards played a prominent part among the reforming party. The proceedings of this parliament were wise, temperate, and truly patriotic. They approved of the proposed marriage, but under such restrictions as effectually guarded the liberties of the kingdom from the encroachments of the English

crown, and at the same time the first important step in the Scottish reformation was taken, on the motion of lord Maxwell, by enacting that all might have liberty to read the Bible in an approved Scottish or English translation, provided they avoided disputes on controverted opinions.

The patriotic measures adopted by the parliament for protecting the liberties of the country excited the liveliest indignation in the mind of Henry VIII., who had calculated on getting the infant queen into his own possession. In the most treacherous manner he seized all the Scottish merchant ships which arrived at any of the English harbours, and confiscated their cargoes. On the news of this reaching Edinburgh, the populace rose in a body, surrounded the house of the English ambassador, and threatened his life in case their ships were not returned.

Meanwhile, the old factions revived, and in the midst of a threatened rupture with England, they seemed bent only on each other's overthrow, when, on the 1st of May, 1544, a fleet of two hundred sail, under the command of lord Lisle, high-admiral of England, appeared in the Forth. The cardinal, who had borne the most prominent part in the proceedings which provoked this war, had utterly failed to provide for repelling the invaders. The earl of Hereford, who commanded the English army, was provided with instructions sufficiently characteristic of the ferocious and sanguinary

spirit of the English monarch. The citizens of Edinburgh, though deserted by the governor and the national forces, flew to arms for the defence of the capital, while their provost proceeded to the English camp and tried to effect an amicable adjustment of their grievances; but the only condition he had to propose was the delivery of the young queen into the hands of the English monarch—a step which, rather than agree to, the citizens declared their intention of submitting to the utmost extremities of war. To these the instructions of Henry insured their subjection; for the earl was commanded to put all to fire and sword; to burn, raze, and sack Edinburgh; to beat down the castle and level it with the ground; to sack Holyrood Abbey, and all the towns and villages he could reach; and specially to sack, burn, and overthrow Leith; putting man, woman, and child to fire and sword.

After occupying and plundering Leith for three days, Hereford marched on Edinburgh; but the citizens had employed the interval in removing their most valuable effects, and providing means for their own retreat. To attempt, indeed, to hold out the town with no garrison but its own burghers, against a well-appointed army, provided with heavy ordnance, would have been folly; and it had ever been the policy of the Scots to retreat before an invading army, and renew the attack on its return from the profitless assault on their empty dwellings.

The English army entering by the Water-

gate, in the vicinity of Holyrood Abbey, assaulted the Nether Bow Port, and easily battered in its gates. They then dragged their cannon up the High-street, to the old Butter Tron, which subsequently served both Cromwell and prince Charles for a guard-house when they made similar attempts on the castle. On emerging in front of the fortress, and trying a shot at its entrance, however, they found that they had a serious opposition to encounter. Their guns were dismantled, and the gunners slain by the well-directed fire of the garrison; and on their attempting the construction of trenches, sir James Hamilton made a sudden sortie with a part of the garrison, and not only put the besieging party to flight, but captured a part of their artillery.

The earl of Hereford now proceeded to put his cruel orders in execution. We learn from the old Scottish acts of parliament relating to the construction of dwellings, and the prevention or extinction of fires in boroughs, what were the usual characteristics of the houses of the period. The High-street was then adorned with goodly houses, many of them erected in the prosperous reign of James IV., decorated with heavy overhanging oaken fronts, and with arcades and open galleries of ornamented timber; while here and there among them rose the more substantial structures of stone, including the hereditary town mansions of some of the chief nobility, and the palaces of the bishops and mitred abbots of the great abbeys.

To all these the torches of the invaders were ruthlessly applied. They fired the city in numerous quarters at once, and continued the work of devastation and plunder, till compelled to abandon it by the smoke and flames, as well as by the continual firing on them from the castle. They renewed the work of destruction on the following day; and for three successive days they returned with unabated fury to the smoking ruins, till they had completely effected their purpose.

The invaders then proceeded to lay the whole surrounding country waste. Craigmillar, which was surrendered on the promise of being preserved scathless, was immediately devoted to the flames. Roslin Castle shared the same fate; and while part of the army proceeded southward by land, burning every abbey, town, and village in their line of march, the remainder returned to Leith, and after plundering it, they set both the town and shipping on fire, and then re-embarked, leaving behind them a wilderness of blackened and bloody ruins.

This disastrous invasion forms an important era in the history of Edinburgh. With the exception of the older portions of the castle, the churches, and the remains of the palace of James v. at Holyrood, it may be doubted if any buildings which survived this conflagration now exist in Edinburgh, though some of an earlier date have been destroyed within the last few years. The hand of destruction has been peculiarly busy of late, and the modern innovators,

who levelled the venerable Trinity College Church, founded by the queen of James II., also destroyed an interesting and curious group of buildings, latterly occupied as the Trinity Hospital for decayed burghers, but which had originally formed the collegiate buildings for the residence of the prebends attached to the royal foundation of Mary de Gueldres.

Such a sacking and spoiling might have seemed sufficient to quench the spirit of Scottish burgher and peasant for many a day; but it was not so. The invaders were scarcely over the borders, when a body of about thirteen hundred men mustered, with their wonted pertinacity, for a raid into England. They who had suffered most, we may presume, were foremost in this retaliatory movement. Without waiting for the leaders, who had deserted them in their hour of need, they crossed the borders, burned and plundered the nearest towns, drove off the cattle, and returned in safety with a spoil which in some degree compensated for their recent losses. Henry VIII. had, indeed, conducted his invasion with far more of the character of an angry and resentful suitor, than of a politic foe. His army had retreated without effecting any permanent hold on the country, and in their indiscriminate spoliation had aroused a spirit which served to unite for the common good many who had before been more inclined to side with the English monarch than the cardinal. The insincerity of Henry's professions of friendly intentions was proved by



the cruel and indiscriminating ravages he had ordered to be executed on the country, and all classes of the population recoiled from the thought of a union which they were called upon to celebrate amidst the flames of the Scottish capital, and the murder of its citizens. Reprisals ensued, in which both parties perpetrated many acts of cruelty; and in the battle of Ancrum, fought the same year, the English were totally routed, with a loss of eight hundred slain, and upwards of a thousand taken prisoners.

In the interval of truce or border warfare that followed, Edinburgh was visited by Wishart, the noble Scottish reformer, and one of the most distinguished of its martyrs. He preached both at Edinburgh and Leith, during the year 1545, and it was at this time that John Knox became deeply impressed by his instructions, and earnestly attached himself to his party. But Wishart knew that he went forth with his life in his hand, and when Knox pressed to be permitted to take a more active part with him immediately before his capture by the emissaries of cardinal Beaton, he charged him to return to his pupils, saying, "One is sufficient now for a sacrifice." Edinburgh Castle was for a brief period the scene of his imprisonment, after his seizure by Bothwell, before he was delivered up to the cardinal at Elphinstone Tower, still standing a few miles from the capital, on the border of East Lothian.

The death of Henry VIII., in 1547, in no

degree lessened the animosity between the two kingdoms. Henry on his death-bed urged the prosecution of his schemes against Scotland, and the councillors of the young king Edward VI., including Hereford, now duke of Somerset and lord protector of England, lost no time in completing arrangements for their accomplishment. In a very short time the duke appeared on the borders at the head of a numerous army, while a large fleet co-operated with him by a descent on the Scottish coast.

At Edinburgh no lack of zeal was wanting to resist the invaders. The earl of Arran dispatched the heralds with the ancient national symbol of the *fiery cross*, seldom resorted to but in cases of extreme peril; and all men, clergy as well as laity, were warned to repair to Edinburgh, fully equipped for war. The duke of Somerset meanwhile entered Scotland, and gave notice to the governor of the sole conditions on which peace would be granted, the first of which was the hand of the young queen for his royal master. But the strongest spirit of opposition was now roused; and though on the bloody field of Pinkie, distant only about six miles from Edinburgh, the Scottish army was defeated with terrible slaughter, the spirit of the nation was not subdued. Immediately after the battle the English advanced and took Leith, while many of those who escaped from the frightful rout entrenched themselves within the walls of the neighbouring capital. Many of the Scottish nobles were taken prisoners at

Pinkie, and being carried by their captors to Leith, they were confined in St. Mary's church,—which still forms the principal place of worship in the old seaport,—while treating with the duke of Somerset for their ransom. “They also,” says the author of the Memorials of Edinburgh, “made an unsuccessful attempt on the capital, whose provost had fallen on the field, and it is recorded that this fatal battle had alone made three hundred and sixty widows; but finding the Scottish nation as resolute as ever in rejecting all terms of accommodation, they again pillaged and burned the town of Leith, spoiled the Abbey of Holyrood, from which they tore off the leaden roof, and re-embarked on board their fleet. They wreaked their vengeance on some defenceless fishing towns and villages along the coasts of the Firth, and then returned to England, where a general thanksgiving, to be used throughout all the churches in the kingdom, for the great victory God had vouchsafed over their enemies was prepared! So differently are the same actions estimated according as our interests are affected; for the duke of Somerset had so exasperated the Scottish nation by his cruelty, and disgusted even the barons who had inclined to the English party by his impolitic conduct, that they were more unanimous than ever against the proposed alliance.” It was, indeed, a strangely short-sighted policy that dictated such savage cruelties and bloodshed, in the hope of thereby

forcing a free and peculiarly sensitive people into a matrimonial alliance. When, at a later period, Edward VI. availed himself of the presence of the queen-regent at Whitehall, on her return from France to Scotland in 1551, to urge his own suit for her daughter's hand, she answered him with characteristic shrewdness and spirit, that the fault must be charged to those who, by fire and sword, had compelled the Scottish nobles to seek a friendly alliance elsewhere, and that such fashion of dealing was not the likeliest way to win a lady and princess in marriage, who should rather be sought by courteous and gentle behaviour, than by cruelty and violence. One of the Scottish barons stated the case somewhat more bluntly, but with no less point, when he said, "He disliked not the match so much as the manner of the wooing!" And Tytler no less aptly comments on the impolicy of the whole course of procedure adopted by the duke of Somerset, when he remarks: "The idea that a free country was to be compelled into a pacific matrimonial alliance, amidst the groans of its dying citizens and the flames of its seaports, was revolting and absurd."

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE REGENCY OF MARY DE GUISE.

THE short-sighted policy of England had solely contributed to force Scotland into a closer alliance with France. The queen-dowager, who had all along coveted the supreme power, now availed herself of the strong popular feeling to summon the nobility together, and under her influence ambassadors were dispatched to France to renew the ancient league with that kingdom. The fruits of this were soon apparent. In the month of June, 1548, the citizens of Edinburgh and Leith were delighted by the arrival of a large French fleet in the Firth, on board of which was André de Montalembert, lord d'Essé, with a reinforcement of six thousand men, and an excellent train of artillery. D'Essé was introduced to the parliament, assembled at Edinburgh, to which he was the bearer of the warmest assurances of aid in troops, money, and arms, from the French king, and a proposal that the ancient amity subsisting between the two nations should be cemented by the marriage of the heirs of their respective

crowns. The French monarch, while willingly undertaking to defend Scotland against her foreign foes, and to educate the young queen at his court, solemnly pledged himself to respect the laws and liberties of the kingdom. It cannot be wondered at that an alliance proposed in so different a manner from that with England should have been promptly acceded to, and thus the differences with England were rendered more lasting and inveterate. Shortly after the young queen, then a beautiful child, in her sixth year, set sail for France, accompanied by her governors, the lords Erskine and Livingstone, and her natural brother, the lord James, afterwards the famous regent Moray, then in his seventeenth year. Along with her also embarked the queen's four Marys, famous in Scottish song, selected as her playmates from the families of Fleming, Seton, Beaton, and Livingstone.

The port of Leith still lay in ruins, and the neighbouring capital was only beginning to attempt the re-edification of its desolate streets; but from this period we are able to trace the rise of many important structures both in Edinburgh and Leith. On the disembarkation of the French auxiliaries it was found impossible to accommodate them in the ruined towns, and they had to be distributed in companies through the neighbouring villages. But d'Essé now undertook the fortification of Leith, and thereby conferred on it an importance altogether unknown before. People crowded from

all parts to shelter themselves within its walls ; and when the conclusion of a peace with England once more permitted the rival factions to gain head, and come to open rupture, it became one of the places of chief importance in the kingdom.

One of the most interesting relics of this memorable period in the history of the Scottish capital was the palace of Mary de Guise, which, after standing for three centuries, was demolished in 1845, to make way for the New College erected at the top of the mound. This mansion of Mary de Guise, the queen of James v., has been supposed to have been built after the destruction of the town and of the Abbey of Holyrood in 1544, and its site has been assumed to have been selected in the immediate vicinity of the castle, to place its royal occupant under the shelter of the guns of the fortress, and enable her to retreat within its walls on the approach of any imminent danger. The inscription above its main entrance, however, was rather calculated to prove an earlier origin for the building, as it bore the initials of the king, I. R. Between these was the favourite inscription, cut in bold Gothic characters, LAUS HONOR DEO, with shields bearing monograms of the Saviour and the virgin Mary. Within, the decorations were of a remarkable character, including richly carved oak, sculptured stone niches, and painted and emblazoned ceilings, all of which tended greatly to increase the singular effect which this ancient

abode of royalty presented in its latter years, when it had become the squalid abode of poverty and vice. A richly carved oaken doorway from one of the apartments is now in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and a series of carved armorial bearings, executed with great vigour and beauty, have been transferred to Dunrobin Castle, the residence of the duke of Sutherland. These latter decorations included the arms of the queen-regent, of Henry II. of France, and of the duke of Chatelherault, the predecessor of Mary de Guise in the Scottish regency. All these point unmistakably to that period of the queen-regent's history, when she was likely to prefer a residence within the city walls, and in the vicinity of the castle, while the burning of the capital, and the royal palace attached to the abbey of Holyrood, were of so recent an occurrence that it may be doubted if the palace had then been restored.\* Adjoining to

\* Mr. Chambers gives an amusing account, in his "Traditions of Edinburgh," of the consequences resulting to the tenants of this decayed abode of royalty from its popular attractions. The carved door was an object of special interest with all, from its two principal figures being supposed to represent James V. and the queen, its first occupant. "The door," says Mr. Chambers, "is regarded as an object of great curiosity by the tenants of the house—though those who occupy the room told us when we called to inspect it, that they had much better want a door altogether than have one of so curious a sort, seeing they never got either night's rest or day's ease on account of it, and could sometimes scarcely *ca' the house their ain* for antiquarian gentlemen like ourselves who came to see it. When we ventured to suggest the expediency of charging a certain *honorarium* from every visitor, in imitation of other exhibitors of palaces, they told us of an Irishman, their predecessor in the habitation, who became so



the queen-regent's palace was an ancient edifice, pointed out by very old tradition as her oratory, or private chapel. A beautiful large and highly decorated recess was believed to indicate the site of the altar; and an ancient reliquary, or iron casket, found built up within it, was preserved by sir Walter Scott, and now forms part of the singular collection amassed by him at Abbotsford. Various other ancient mansions of the Scottish nobility, erected on the Castle-hill, in the immediate vicinity of the castle, appear to have owed their origin, and the choice of their site, to the same cause which induced the queen-regent to forsake the royal palace attached to the old Abbey of Holyrood for her civic mansion on the Castle-hill.

The driving of the English beyond the border, and the occupation and garrisoning of Leith with French troops, were not long in producing the usual heart-burnings and animosi-

incensed about the matter, that he would admit no person under half a crown, and at last threatened to burn the door for firewood, on finding the impossibility of substantiating his charges, which he was only prevented from doing by the interference of the landlord. 'But, for my part,' said the good woman, as she wiped the dust from the queen's nose with her apron, 'I would scorn any such in. positions—and I like the door very weel, only ye see, sirs, its black and *nae look of a thing*. and a good fir-deal door would answer our purpose as weel . . . but I can assure ye, sir, there's many grand folk come here to see the door; the queer ane society came a' in a bundle ae day—and maistly every ane o' them had silver spectacles, and were ilk ane mair civil than anither.' We were obliged to acknowledge the poor woman's case sufficiently distressing—though we could not but think at the same time that she . . . even more than the usual resource of those who are troubled with their visitors—we mean, that she had nothing to do but *show them the door*."

ties. The foreigners behaved to the citizens with an insolence scarcely less irritating to them than the spoilings and burnings of the enemy they had helped to expel. Matters having reached this pass, a very slight cause served to bring about a collision. A French soldier having insulted one of the citizens in the High-street of Edinburgh, the two came to blows. The citizens rushed to aid their companion, and the comrades of the soldier mustered in his defence, till at length the High-street became the scene of a bloody fight, in which many were slain, including sir James Hamilton, the provost and governor of the castle, his son, and several citizens of rank; besides which, many men, women, and children fell by the random shots of the French soldiers. As a reparation for such an outrage, the soldier who had begun the affray was hanged at the Market-place, where the quarrel originated. "A very unpropitious state of things," as one of the historians of Edinburgh justly observes, "and the only alternative seemingly left to the Scots from another English harrying."

The difficulties resulting from the burning of Edinburgh bore some resemblance to those occasioned by the great fire of London. The precise sites of properties were no longer discoverable. Claims for ground rent, clerical dues, and other obligations, were pressed on those who had not been able to rebuild the property so attached; and one curious act passed by the Scottish parliament, which had

assembled at Edinburgh in 1551, was designed to right some of these difficulties affecting the Scottish capital, being entitled, "Anent the annuals of lands burnt by our auld enemies of England, within the burgh of Edinburgh, and other burghs."

It was not till the year 1554 that the Scottish regency was transferred to the queen-dowager, though the earl of Arran had long ceased to retain any influential party among the Scottish nobles. While he continued to maintain the forms of government at Edinburgh, surrounded by a small body of his adherents, the queen-dowager was holding a brilliant court at Stirling, and winning the most influential of the nobility to her party. At the time her exertions were thus directed to strengthen her party, she had not been less zealous in providing means for transferring to herself the titles as well as the actual power and influence of her daughter's vicegerent. While the feeble earl was intimidated by threats of a rigid reckoning being required for the dilapidation of the royal revenues and crown lands, he was offered, through the duke of Guise and the cardinal of Lorraine, the brothers of the queen-dowager, the splendid bribe of the dukedom of Chatelherault, with ample provision for his eldest son at the French court, if he would resign the regency. Liberal promises and gifts were not neglected for others of the nobility; and when all things were in readiness, the Scottish parliament was summoned to assemble

at Edinburgh, on the 12th of April, 1554, to witness the transfer of the government to her hands. The earl of Arran, or, as he was now styled, duke of Chatelherault, rose in the parliament, and the articles of agreement having been read, and ratified by the subscriptions and signets of the assembled barons, he presented the royal crown, sword, and sceptre, the ensigns of government, or, as they were wont to be called, *the honours of the kingdom*, to monsieur d'Oysel, the French ambassador, who received them in the name of queen Mary. Immediately thereafter he produced a commission and mandate from the queen, then in her twelfth year, in obedience to which he delivered these insignia of government to the queen-dowager. The new regent acknowledged her acceptance of the office, and received the homage and congratulations of the assembled nobility. She was then conducted in public procession, with great pomp, through the city to the palace of Holyrood, and forthwith entered upon the administration of the government.

The citizens of Edinburgh hailed the transfer of the government to the firm hands of Mary de Guise with the heartiest acclamations. The feeble rule of Arran, and the divided state of the factions of the nobles, had exposed the capital to disorders and tumults, and left the whole government in an unsettled state. The streets of Edinburgh had become, as usual in such periods of dissension, the scenes of constant feud among the rival barons, who, as

bishop Lesley remarks, found the time very convenient for revenging their quarrels. Deadly combats again and again took place on the open street, in one of which sir Walter Scott of Buccleugh was slain on the High-street, by a party of the Kerrs with whom the border Scotts were at open feud for long-cherished grievances. Our own sir Walter has celebrated the fate of the old chief of his clan in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel,"—

"Bards long shall tell  
 How lord Walter fell!  
 When startled burghers fled, afar,  
 The furies of the border war;  
 When the streets of high Dunedin  
 Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,  
 And heard the slogan's deadly yell—  
 Then the chief of Branksome fell."

The strife of the border clans was no such rarity, however, on the High-street of Edinburgh, as greatly to startle the affrighted burghers. About the same time, as bishop Lesley relates, the master of Ruthven slew a valiant gentleman, sir John Charteris of Kinclavin, in Edinburgh, upon occasion of an old feud, and for staying an action which he pursued against him in the court of session—a deed which led to the passing of an act by the Scottish parliament, which somewhat naïvely declares that whosoever shall slay a suitor who is pursuing an action against him, shall forfeit the right of judgment in the action, in addition to any other liabilities he may incur. The same year the lord Semple slew the lord Crichtoun of Sanquhar in the governor's own house in

Edinburgh, and by the interest of the archbishop of St. Andrew's and other friends, he escaped all consequences of the crime. Such were some of the fruits of the earl of Arran's feeble government, producing a state of things well calculated to make the people at large rejoice in witnessing any change that transferred the regency to vigorous hands.

Few rulers have succeeded to powers with such general approbation as that which now hailed the transfer of the reins of government to Mary de Guise. She had displayed equal perseverance, tact, and ability, during the four years that she had intrigued to obtain her object. She had conciliated the Protestant party by the greatest show of toleration, while she won over the nobility by promises which tempted their avidity or gratified their ambition. To the Romish clergy she was already the centre of their highest hopes; and thus, while her success still further enfeebled the regent Arran, the miseries resulting from his weak rule gave an additional force to the hope with which all looked forward to her accession to the regency. But the wisest and most just rulers have ever found it easier to acquire authority than to maintain it. Not a little of her influence with the Scottish nobles had been purchased with the aid, and under the direct advice of the cardinal of Lorraine and the duke of Guise, the object of both being to make Scotland the mere tool of France. Following out the policy they had dictated, some

of the greatest offices of the kingdom were forthwith conferred on Frenchmen, and her confidential advisers were chosen by the same rule. Hence arose jealousies, heart-burnings, and dissensions, and to this policy was owing the final termination of that alliance which had bound France and Scotland together in the bonds of mutual interest and friendly relations, for upwards of two centuries.

Such was the state of affairs when John Knox returned from France, where he had passed four years chained as a prisoner in the galleys, for his share in some of the earlier deeds of the Scottish reformers. This was not a process likely to lessen the unfriendly feeling now springing up against the French. The bold reformer began forthwith to denounce the mass as an idolatrous worship, and to expose the grossness of the lives of the clergy by whom it was maintained. For this he was summoned before the ecclesiastical judicatory held in the monastery of the Blackfriars; an ancient royal foundation already mentioned, which occupied the site of the present Surgical Hospital of Edinburgh. Already, however, the clergy were learning to dread the popular sympathy which leaned so manifestly to the side of their opponents, and the proceedings against John Knox were allowed to drop. But they had done enough to increase the reformer's popularity; and bishop Keith remarks, "It is certain that Mr. Knox preached to a greater auditory the very day he should have made his appearance

before them, than ever he did before." The time, however, was not yet ripe for his effectual labours. The same year he accepted an invitation to undertake the pastoral charge of an English congregation at Geneva; and he was no sooner gone than the clergy anew cited him before them, and in default of his appearance he was condemned to death as a heretic, and burned in effigy at the cross of Edinburgh.

During the remaining years of the queen-regent's life, Edinburgh was the scene of frequent strife, violence, and bloodshed, occasioned by the French party co-operating with those who strove to maintain the old Romish church, against the reforming party, which was now rapidly gaining influential adherents. The latter assumed the position of the national party, in opposition to the foreign interests which continued to prevail at court; and thus all the most influential popular motives were brought into play against the regent. Guided by her French councillors, she matured a plan for substituting a standing army in lieu of the dependence of the crown, as heretofore, on the popular musters, or the vassals and retainers of the barons. But this was a scheme little likely to be sanctioned either by barons or people. Three hundred of the barons and lesser gentry assembled in the abbey church of Holyrood, almost within the precincts of the palace, to remonstrate against such an innovation on the ancient liberties of the kingdom; and two of their number were forthwith dispatched to the



queen-regent and her council with such a resolute protest as compelled the abandonment of the unpopular scheme. Another cause contributed largely to increase the divided feelings which were thus estranging the regent and the people. So soon as queen Elizabeth succeeded to the English throne, the reforming party in Scotland found their cause greatly strengthened, while they were encouraged to look with jealousy on the French party as being the enemies of England, chiefly in consequence of the reformation of its church, and its renouncement of all allegiance to the pope of Rome. Frequent outbreaks now occurred. In 1556, a mob of excited citizens broke into St. Giles's Church, overthrew some of the altars, and demolished the statues of the virgin Mary, St. Francis, and others of the saints. The regent indignantly remonstrated with the magistrates against such violence; but they could only offer their own subservient reverence to the unpopular services of the church, one of the special marks of which was an order by the town council, requiring, as a mark of honour conferred on the provost, that the servants of the citizens should wait on him with lighted torches from his attendance on vespers at St. Giles's Church to his own house. This was probably only a part of the arrangements which we find about this period first introduced for lighting up the streets of the Scottish capital. By an entry in the register of the town council, in 1554, it is ordered that, owing to

the frequent robberies and assaults committed in the streets of Edinburgh at night, "lanterns or bowets be hung out in the streets and closes, by such persons and in such places as the magistrates should appoint, to continue burning from five o'clock in the evening till nine, which was judged a proper time for people to repair to their respective habitations." The account is curious, as indicating the introduction of this element of modern civilization at so early a date.

In 1557, a parliament which assembled at Edinburgh empowered James Stuart, prior of St. Andrew's, afterwards the celebrated regent Moray, and other leaders of the influential Protestant party, to proceed to Paris, and give their assent to the marriage of the young queen of Scots, then in her fifteenth year, with the dauphin of France, who was further to assume the title and arms of king of Scotland, during the continuance of the marriage. They accordingly proceeded to Paris, and there, on the 24th of April, 1558, they witnessed the solemnization of the marriage, with the utmost pomp and magnificence, in the cathedral of Notre Dame.

The same year which witnessed the marriage of the young Scottish queen, amidst all the pomp of ecclesiastical ceremonial, in the cathedral of Paris, was signalized at Edinburgh by a riot, which furnished sufficiently unmistakable evidence how thoroughly the bands of Romish superstition were losing their hold

on the minds of the people of Scotland. The patron saint of Edinburgh was St. Giles, to whom the great collegiate church, afterwards constituted the cathedral of the bishop of Edinburgh, was dedicated. The saint was accordingly the object of profound popular veneration. Just one century before, the city granted a special charter to William Preston, of Gorton, because of his having got from France "*the arm-bone of St. Geill*," which precious relic he presented to the church of St. Giles. The charter secured to him and his lineal descendants the privilege of bearing the saint's arm-bone in all public processions, and thereafter large sums were expended on silver-work, rings, jewels, and other costly decorations for the supposed relic of the patron saint. The special occasion for its display was the 1st of September, the festival of St. Giles, when the whole college of priests, with the magistrates, corporations, and civic dignitaries of all sorts, were wont to walk in grand procession, bearing a huge wooden statue of the patron saint, along with his relics. Sundry notices of outlays for repairing, painting, and decorating this image appear in the old records of the town; but the time had at length come when the veneration and worship of such stocks and stones was to have an end in Scotland; and not the least influential cause of this happy change was the celebrated reformer and poet, sir David Lindsay. Only five years before the occasion now referred to, his *Monarchie* was finished,

in which he thus graphically describes the superstitious honours rendered by the citizens to their patron saint, and warns the clergy of the recompense that awaits them :—

“ Of Edinburgh the great idolatry,  
And manifest abomination,  
On their feast day all creatures may see,  
They bear an auld stock image through the town,  
With tabret, trumpet, schalm, and clarion ;  
Which has been used mony a year bygone,  
With priests and friars in procession,  
Sic like as Bell was borne through Babylon.

“ Fye on you, friars ! that uses for to preach  
And does assist in such idolatry ;  
Why do you not the ignorant people teach  
How a dead image carved o’ a tree,  
As it were holy should not honoured be,  
Nor borne on burgess’ backs thus up and down ;  
But ye show plainly your hypocrisy  
When ye pass foremost in procession.

“ Fye on you, fosterers of idolatry !  
That to a dead stock do such reverence,  
In presence of the people publicly ;  
Fear ye not God, committing such offence ?  
I counsel you do yet your diligence  
To cause suppress sic great abuson ;  
For if you fail, I dread your recompence  
Shall be nought else but clean confusion.”

The leaven thus introduced in strains so well adapted to the understanding of the people, was not allowed to work long without producing its fruits. The festival of the saint drew near, when the wonted honours should be paid to him, and the mob, watching their opportunity, contrived to gain entrance to the church, and to get hold of the image. This they bore in triumph to the North Loch—a favourite place for ducking certain classes of offenders—and after treating St. Giles to an immersion in the impure waters, they carried

it to a bonfire, and burned it to ashes. The utmost wrath and consternation filled the minds of the clergy on missing the image and learning its fate. The magistrates were commanded to restore it, or be at the cost of providing another; but the times were now greatly changed, for they resolutely refused, alleging the authority of Scripture for the destruction of idols, and replying to the order of the bishop for its restitution, that "they understood God had in some places commanded idols and images to be destroyed, but where he had commanded images to be set up they had not read; and therefore desired the bishop to find a warrant for his commandment."

The clergy, however, were resolved that St. Giles's day should not pass without its wonted procession. A small image of the saint was borrowed from the Grey Friars' monastery in the Grassmarket, and firmly secured to the shrine on which it was usually borne. "There assembled," says Knox, "priests, friars, canons, and papists, with tabors and trumpets, banners and bagpipes, and who was there to lead the ring but the queen-regent herself, with all her shavellings, for honour of the feast." The regent had been induced to bear her share in the proceedings the more fully to honour the occasion, and add a dignity to a service which had so wonderfully lost its reverence in popular estimation.

The presence of the queen-regent had the desired effect, and the saint was borne down

the High-street to the Canongate Cross unmo-  
lested ; but she had engaged to honour one of  
the citizens with her company to dinner, and  
no sooner did she withdraw than the populace  
proceeded to testify their estimation of the  
honours thus rendered to "the Little St. Giles,"  
as they contemptuously termed the borrowed  
image. The old reformer thus graphically  
pictures the scene that followed :—"Imme-  
diately after the queen had entered the lodging,  
some of those engaged in the enterprise drew  
near to the idol, as if willing to help in bearing  
him, and getting the fertour on their shoulders,  
they began to jolt it, thinking thereby to have  
thrown the idol down ; but that was prevented  
by the iron nails with which it was secured, so  
the cry began, 'Down with the idol!' and St.  
Giles was soon brought to the ground, like his  
predecessor. One of the rioters then taking  
him by the heels, dashed his head on the  
causeway, and left Dagon without head or  
hands, exclaiming, 'Fye upon thee, young  
St. Geile, thy father would have withstood such  
usage fourfold !'

"Some boasting made the priests at first,"  
adds the old reformer, "but when they saw the  
feebleness of their god, the monks and friars  
fled faster than they did at Pinkie Cleuch.  
There might have been seen so sudden a fray  
as rarely has been witnessed amongst that sort  
of men within this realm ; for down go the  
crosses, off go the surplices, and round caps  
that cover bare crowns. The Grey Friars

gaped, the Black Friars blew, the priests panted and fled; and happy was he that first got home, for such a sudden fray came never among the generation of antichrist within this realm before."

This incident of the St. Giles's day riot is singularly characteristic of the remarkable change which a very few years had wrought on the people, since they witnessed in silence, if not with approbation, the burning to death on the Castle-hill, or at the cross of Greenside, the Christian confessors, whose only crime was the reading of the Bible and the rejection of the mass. The last days of the Romish church in Scotland were manifestly near at hand, and the last provincial assembly of the clergy, convened in the Blackfriars monastery for the purpose of devising measures to save the church from its threatened peril, was dissolved, it is said, without having been able to suggest a remedy, on the very day that John Knox landed at Leith on his return from the continent.

The lords of the congregation now appear as an influential agency in the progress of Scottish history. Including among their numbers the chief of the reforming barons, they speedily organized a movement for ridding the country of the grosser evils of the Romish church. The populace lost no time in pushing such an example to the uttermost. Mobs in Edinburgh attacked the monasteries of both the Black and the Grey Friars, and left only the bare walls standing. The reformers sought merely to

remove the images, altars, and monuments of idolatry; but when the work commenced, it was difficult to keep the populace within bounds. St. Giles's Church, Holyrood Abbey, the Kirk of Field, the Trinity College, and other churches were all visited; their altars thrown down, the images destroyed or burned, and much of their beautiful carved work and stalls defaced.

The queen-regent and the Protestant party, after a few ineffectual attempts at compromise, at length came to an open rupture. The regent retreated within the protection of the fortifications of Leith, which was held for her by the French garrison; while the Protestant party mustered their forces and invested it, with the resolution of driving the French troops from the kingdom. As the strife became more violent, new elements were added. The English queen openly espoused the cause of the Protestant party, and in 1560, lord Grey of Wilton arrived to their aid with six thousand English troops. The queen-regent already felt the approaches of that illness of which she died, and was soon glad to escape from the dangers and privations incident to a siege, by retiring within the walls of Edinburgh Castle. From its ramparts she daily watched the operations against Leith, where the French garrison were at length reduced to the necessity of eating the horses of their men-at-arms. But she did not live to witness the fall of Leith. Suffering alike from bodily pain and mental anguish,



she once more resumed the conciliatory spirit which had secured her so much influence at an earlier date, and now strove to effect a reconciliation between the contending parties, that she might, if possible, resign the sceptre to her daughter free from the contentions which had embittered nearly the whole period of her regency.

When Mary de Guise found her end approaching, she requested an interview with the lords of the congregation. The lord James Stuart, and the earls of Argyle, Marischal, and Glencairn, forthwith repaired to the castle, where they were received by the dying regent with such tenderness as greatly moved them. She extended her hand to each as she sought their forgiveness, and prayed them to be loyal and true men to her young daughter, Mary queen of Scots. She expressed deep grief for the evils which had resulted from her administration, and besought their forgiveness.

John Willock, one of the gentlest of the reforming preachers, was present, and, with the others, was moved to tears. He conversed with her long on the momentous questions which alone have value at so solemn an hour. He besought her to seek mercy through the death of Christ, and to hope for justification by God's free grace, through faith in the peace-speaking blood of his Son. At the same time, the preacher urged her to acknowledge the mass to be a relic of idolatry. She assured him that she looked for salvation in no other

way than through the death of the Saviour ; and without replying to his further exhortation, she bade him farewell. The queen-regent died on the following day, June 10th, 1560. The reformed preachers refused to permit her burial according to the rites of the Romish church ; for whatever may be the ideas of toleration now entertained, these stern old reformers, who had themselves witnessed the fruits of Romish superstition, alike in its cruel spirit of persecution, and the antagonism of its idolatrous creed to all true Christian teaching, deemed the permission of any popish service a sanctioning of sin. Her body was accordingly placed in a leaden coffin, and lay in the castle unburied till the 9th of October, when it was conveyed on board a vessel at Leith, and transported to France. There it was removed to the Benedictine monastery of Rheims, whereof the sister of Mary de Guise was abbess ; and was at length interred with unmaimed rites.

## CHAPTER XII.

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THE reign of Mary queen of Scots, and her active interest in the government of her kingdom, may be dated from the death of her mother, the regent, Mary de Guise, who had so long struggled to maintain the cause of the Romish church, and the influence of the French party in Scotland. In both, however, she had signally failed; and the triumph of the Protestant party, with which queen Elizabeth was in close alliance, had become inevitable. The death of the queen-regent, however, helped to facilitate the arrangements now entered into, which sealed the triumph of the Congregation, as the Protestant party was called. On the 8th of July, 1560, a treaty was signed at Edinburgh, which secured the immediate abandonment of the country both by the French and English troops, that had been the allies of the rival parties into which Scotland was divided. As soon as the dominant party thus saw all their fondest wishes realized, a solemn public thanksgiving was held by the reformed nobles

and the leaders of the Congregation in St. Giles's Church, where John Knox officiated, and acknowledged the mercy of God in delivering them from that corrupt and erring church, whose worship he pronounced to be abominable and idolatrous. The first steps were then taken for establishing the Protestant religion in Scotland on a permanent footing. John Knox was appointed to the ministerial charge of Edinburgh, and other ministers were nominated to the pastoral charge of St. Andrew's, Perth, Aberdeen, Dundee, Leith, and other principal towns of Scotland. Superintendents were also chosen, whose functions were not greatly different from those of the bishops whom they were to supersede, though they abjured the hated name, and the church, when it finally assumed its later Presbyterian form, dispensed with them altogether.

But the preachers who were thus sent all over the kingdom had other duties to perform. The parliament, which was to give permanent shape and legal authority to all they had been struggling for during the long minority of the queen, was to assemble at Edinburgh on the 1st of August, and it may be well believed that the preachers failed not to employ all their influence at this momentous crisis, to secure the assembly of such a parliament as should permanently sanction by the highest constitutional authority the alteration of the religious constitution of Scotland. On this point their influence proved of no slight importance. To the inferior

nobles the attendance on parliament had long been felt as a costly and irksome duty, and the great majority of them had ceased to make their appearance. But these were the very class among whom the reformed doctrines had made most way, and they now resumed their rights, bringing thus an accession of about a hundred votes to the Protestant party. The ecclesiastical benches, on the contrary, were nearly deserted; for fear, despondency, and an unwillingness to witness the downfall of their church, whose overthrow they could not avert, kept the most of them away. With this exception, however, the attendance of all ranks was more numerous than had ever been seen by any men of that time.

It was pleaded by some, who were inclined to temporize, and by more who were opposed to all reform, that the parliament could take no steps till a commission arrived from the queen. The Scottish parliament, however, had been too long and frequently accustomed to the mere nominal control of sovereigns in their minorities, or under the sway of defeated factions, to attach much importance to this point, and they were now, least of all, likely to yield to it, with a triumphant majority within, and the great mass of the people in their favour without. Maitland of Lethington was accordingly chosen speaker, the crown and sceptre were placed on the vacant throne as the emblems of majesty, and thus fortified with the formalities of constitutional order, the Scottish parliament

proceeded to complete the work of reformation, which had progressed with varying success for upwards of twenty years. A petition, composed in all probability by Knox, was laid before this parliament, demanding the restoration of the primitive discipline of the Christian church, the proscription of Popery, the suppression of the Romish clergy, the condemnation of the doctrine of transubstantiation, and the denouncement of the mass, purgatory, pilgrimages, prayers for the dead, and all the essential elements of the Romish church. The parliament abundantly satisfied the reformers on matters of faith. The opponents of change were, indeed, extremely few; and even the archbishop of St. Andrew's, and the bishops of Dunkeld and Dunblane, while refusing to concur in the sweeping measures of the reformers, craved delay only, as they professed, that abuses might be amended with mature deliberation. On this point, however, even their right to have any share in such deliberations was no longer recognised; and the interested sympathy of the nobility in the new order of things was secured by their obtaining in various ways a large share of the property pertaining to the suppressed monasteries. In some cases the great abbey lands were converted into temporal lordships; and thus the singular anomaly helps to confuse the new page of Scottish history, of titular priors, bishops, and abbots, appearing the foremost among the reformers who aimed at the overthrow of the Romish

church, and the establishment of that simple Presbyterian polity still maintained in Scotland, which recognises no difference of degrees in the rank of the clergy.

It was by no timid or temporizing measures that this parliament secured the overthrow of Popery in Scotland. Knox and others, who now most largely influenced its movements, had themselves passed weary years in prison and exile, and in the cruel slavery of the French galleys, at the hands of the Romish priests, and many more had learned the practical value of a purer faith in witnessing its power to sustain the martyrs of the truth amidst the flames of the faggot and stake. The blood of these martyrs, who perished on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, and at the rood of Greenside, was the seed of the church; and we need not wonder, if in putting down the system which led to such cruelties, the reformers were little inclined to tolerate Popery under any form. It was indeed a struggle, as it had been in Germany and England, between the old and new faith, wherein neither dreamt of the possibility of life while the other remained.

The ministers of the reformed church of Scotland proceeded in like manner, at the desire of the parliament, to draw up a Confession of Faith, the Book of Discipline, and other important documents, by which the entire aspect of Scottish history has been largely modified. In particular, it was in obedience to the Book of Discipline that those parish schools

were established throughout the country which have so largely contributed to the prosperity and true moral worth of the peasantry and middle ranks from that time to our own day. The results, indeed, of this famous Edinburgh convocation of 1560 were of the most important and lasting character. The immediate effect was to constitute Scotland a sort of Protestant republic, governed by its old nobility and new clergy, and depending meanwhile more on the countenance and protection of England, than on any favour it could hope for from its own nominal sovereign. The deputation which proceeded to Paris to communicate to the queen the proceedings of this parliament which had abolished Popery in Scotland, was headed by one of the singular lay impropiators of the ecclesiastical titles and property of the old church, sir James Sandilans, titular grand prior of the Knights of St. John, who continued to take a prominent share in the proceedings of the reforming nobles.

It was not to be expected that all this popular liberty could be so speedily secured without it degenerating in some cases to licence. The Book of Discipline gave large powers to the reformed clergy for the suppression of vice, and the earliest attempts to enforce such discipline were not always quietly submitted to. The city council registers of the same year, 1560, bear record of a serious riot originating in this way. "That the work of reformation might not be retarded, Sanderson, deacon of the



fleshers, or butchers, was ordered by the council to be carted for adultery." As deacon, he was the head of his trade, and his punishment was accordingly resented as an insult to the whole body. They mustered for defence of their rights, and being joined by many others of their own class, they broke open the prison and released their deacon; nor were they suppressed till the privy council interfered, and after putting them down by force, committed the ringleaders to safer durance in the castle.

A still more serious riot serves even better to illustrate the manners of the age. Among the favourite pastimes derived from an earlier period, against which the reformers both of Scotland and England directed their keenest hostility, was the game of Robin Hood. Both this, and that of the Abbot of Unreason, or Lord of Misrule, were more or less connected with the practices of the Romish church, and were usually celebrated on special holidays. That of Robin Hood was played on a Sunday or holiday in May, and was, no doubt, attended with a reprehensible degree of popular licence. Bishop Latimer, it may be remembered, complains in one of his sermons, preached before Edward VI., that having given notice of his intention to preach in a certain town on a particular holiday, when he came to the church he found the door locked, and after being kept half an hour waiting for the key, he was told by one of his unwilling attendants, "This is a busy day with us; we cannot hear you. It is

Robin Hood's day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood; I pray you hinder them not." "I thought," says the bishop, "my rochet should have been regarded, though I were not; but it would not serve; it was fain to give place to Robin Hood's men." The Scottish clergy, however, had no idea of giving place in such a manner, and the magistrates were called upon to put down the Robin Hood play. The craftsmen and apprentices, not choosing to be so balked, united together, and resolved to revive the old pastime. The magistrates having interfered, a determined riot ensued, which was carried so far that one of the ringleaders was condemned to be hanged. The gallows was accordingly erected at the cross, and all preparations completed for the execution of this severe sentence, when the craftsmen once more resumed their weapons, broke down the gallows, and put the magistrates to flight. The Tolbooth was next assaulted and all the prisoners released, peace being only restored at last by the magistrates publishing a proclamation engaging that no one should be punished for any share in the riots.

But a new character was now to add fresh interest to the proceedings which mark this period in the history of the Scottish capital. On the 19th of August, 1561, the little fleet which brought from France the Scottish queen, cast anchor in the Frith of Forth. A thick fog concealed it as it entered on the previous day, and Mary Stuart landed in the harbour of

Leith before she was expected. As soon as the news of her arrival became known, the people flocked from all quarters to welcome her, and the nobility hastened to conduct her to the palace of Holyrood. Nothing was wanting to testify the hearty loyalty and affection of her subjects. But the fogs of the Scottish coast contrasted unfavourably with the sunny skies of France; and the young queen could not help mournfully comparing the poor cortége and rough mountain ponies brought for her retinue, with the gorgeous pageants to which she had been accustomed at the court of France. Even the demonstrations of popular loyalty served to remind her how completely she was a stranger among her own people. During the evening the citizens assembled beneath her window in the palace of Holyrood, to play on their three-stringed violins, and to sing psalms, in demonstration of their joy at her return. "The sound of their discordant music," says one of her latest biographers, "and the hymns of a creed which she deemed gloomy and heretical, added to the melancholy impressions experienced by Mary Stuart on returning to a country where she felt she was a stranger; whose manners she had not adopted, and whose faith she no longer shared."

It would not be easy to conceive a more trying position for a sovereign than that which the young queen of Scots was called upon to fill. Fresh from the gay court of Roman Catholic France, she had to deal with Protestant nobles

who had long been accustomed to independence and revolt, and with a people just awaking to all the ideas of personal liberty resulting from the struggle in which they had triumphed. Her position, moreover, was peculiar, as the Roman Catholic sovereign of a Protestant people; and much as we must sympathize in the triumph of the truth over Romish errors and corruptions, it is impossible to overlook the fact that the intolerance experienced by her from her Protestant subjects was little calculated to wean her from the faith in which she had been nurtured, or to induce her to look with a favourable eye on that which her people had adopted with so resolute a zeal. Her first proceedings were characterized by wisdom and moderation. She placed herself, to a great extent, under the guidance of lord James Stuart and lord Lethington, the two Protestant leaders; and declared that, as she meant to constrain none of her subjects on matters of faith, she trusted that they would not wish to constrain her. But this toleration was more than the zealous reformers deemed themselves justified in permitting. They had already put down the mass as a national sin in the sight of God, and they regarded its restoration, even under circumstances so limited and peculiar, as the re-establishment of idolatry. "One mass," said Knox, "is more fearful to me than if ten thousand armed enemies were landed in any part of the realm." Accordingly, when, on the first Sunday after the queen's arrival, mass

was celebrated in her private chapel at Holyrood, the rumour almost excited the citizens of Edinburgh to insurrection. The ministers threatened, and the general exclamation was, as John Knox says, "That idol shall not be suffered again to take place within this realm!" A party of the more zealous citizens was soon excited to action; and the master of Lindsay, clad in mail, and followed by a troop of men armed and ready for the utmost violence, rushed into the court-yard of Holyrood Palace, crying out that "the idolatrous priests should die the death, according to God's law!" Lord James Stuart had made preparations for preventing any interruption to the services conducted in accordance with the queen's religious opinions, an interruption which he knew from the temper of the times to be by no means improbable.

The opinion of the early reformers, as to the utter impossibility of extending toleration, or permitting any religious freedom to Roman Catholics, is sufficiently manifested in a letter written by Knox at this time to his friend Calvin, to whom he observes, "The queen had scarcely been back three days, before the idol of the mass was again set up." He then refers to the opinion of the more moderate Protestant party: "That it is not lawful for us to prevent the queen from practising her religion. Although," he adds, "I contradict this rumour, which appears to me very false, it has taken such deep root in men's hearts, that it will be

impossible for me to dislodge it, unless I learn from you the opinion of the church." Such, it must be owned, was not the spirit most likely to wean the young queen from the faith in which she had been reared, or from the prejudices which she could not fail to imbibe at the court of France, against all who maintained the doctrines of the Protestant Reformation. In justice to the reformers, however, it must be remembered, that religious toleration was then a doctrine almost entirely unknown, and that they were too recently escaped from the yoke of the Romish church to have thoroughly emancipated themselves from its intolerant spirit.

The zeal of the Protestant party found rather a novel mode of displaying itself before the queen, on her first public entrance into the city. Preparations were made for her reception on a magnificent scale. After having dined in the castle, she proceeded towards the west gate of the city, where she was met by a train of fifty black slaves, gorgeously appparelled, while twelve of the chief citizens, dressed in rich velvet gowns and crimson satin doublets, bore a canopy of violet-coloured velvet, under which she rode in state, accompanied by the nobility and principal burgesses. The whole preparations for fitly receiving the queen were of the like costly description. All the citizens were required to appear in gowns of fine French satin and coats of velvet, and the young men were commanded to devise for themselves some befitting habiliments of taffeta or other silk, to

convey the court in triumph. Immediately on the queen's entry within the precincts of the city, a lovely boy of six years of age descended from a globe, and addressing her in congratulatory verses, at which she was seen to smile, presented her with the keys of the city, a Psalter, and the English Bible. Had the zeal of the citizens stopped here it would have been well. But it was a fashion of the age to present on such occasions masks and pageants, derived for the most part from the old mysteries of the Romish church, and this custom was now turned to full account. The royal procession was stopped at a convenient spot, and one of these mysteries was performed, in which Korah, Dathan, and Abiram were swallowed up by the earth, while offering strange fire upon the altar, as a warning of the vengeance of God upon idolaters. Nor did even this significant interlude satisfy the popular desire to set forth the new opinions before the queen. Another had been provided, in which a priest was to have been burned at the altar while elevating the host; but the earl of Huntly persuaded the parties with some difficulty to desist from so gross an outrage on the queen's feelings and religious opinions, and to content themselves with the abstruser allegory.

Thus strangely did the citizens of Edinburgh endeavour at once to hail Mary as their sovereign, and to menace her as a Roman Catholic. She was inclined, however, to overlook such

excesses of popular feeling, and had no reason otherwise to complain of any want of loyalty. All the public way through which she passed was adorned with splendid hangings and devices, and she was entertained by the magistrates at a public banquet, given in the ancient archiepiscopal palace, which still stands—a strangely faded memorial of such olden times—in the Cowgate of Edinburgh.

Queen Mary was at this time, we may observe, guided almost entirely by her brother the lord James's counsel, and she pursued a wise and conciliating policy to all. At this period, as we learn from various public documents, the ancient Tolbooth, or *Hotel de Ville* of Edinburgh, where the Scottish parliaments usually assembled, and the courts of justice were held, had become ruinous; and, in accordance with a royal letter issued by the queen, it was removed, and the building erected in its stead which became famous in later days under its more popular name of the "Heart of Midlothian." During the progress of the new erection, accommodation was provided for the meetings of the council and the court of session in one of the transepts of St. Giles's Church, known as the *Holy Blood Aisle*; a sufficiently significant name, suggestive of one of the favourite miraculous relics of the Romish church.

The arms of the city of Edinburgh appear, up to this date, to have been the insignia of the patron saint, St. Giles, who is usually represented,



in accordance with the old legend of the Romish church, with a fawn beside him. This, however, could no longer be tolerated, when all other emblems and memorials of superstition were being swept away. An act of the town council of the year 1562, accordingly, orders *the idol* to be cut out of the town's standard, and a thistle to be put in its room. The latter was afterwards replaced by a more regular specimen of the herald's pictorial art, and the saint's fawn alone now appears as one of the supporters of the city arms.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## MURDER OF RIZZIO AND DARNLEY.

A BRIEF period of peace, succeeded by another of resolute triumph over her opponents, marked the first years of queen Mary's reign, and then followed the terrible incidents which to this day confer a singular interest on Edinburgh to the eye of strangers. The opposition of the citizens to any toleration of the mass, however privately celebrated, continued unabated. During the queen's absence at Stirling, her private chapel at Holyrood was broken into, and the queen's domestics, as well as the officiating priest, threatened with the terrors of the law for conducting and abetting the Romish services.

A still more serious display of zeal was manifested at Easter, in 1565, when sir James Tarbet, a Roman Catholic priest, was seized by an Edinburgh mob, headed by one of the bailies, as he was riding home from celebrating mass. He was imprisoned in the Tolbooth, along with several of his assailants; but this by no means satisfied the populace, who broke

into the prison, brought him forth, and clothing him in his sacerdotal robes, set him up in the pillory at the Market Cross, where he was exposed for an hour to the pelting of the mob. He was then brought to trial, and again condemned to the pillory for having celebrated mass contrary to law. On this second occasion, the common hangman was appointed to preside at the pillory, and so rudely was the poor priest maltreated by the rabble, that he was reported to be dead. Such proceedings could not fail to exasperate the queen, and from this time forward she became more and more alienated from the Protestant party.

On the 28th of July, 1565, Darnley was proclaimed king at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, and on the following day he was married to the queen in the chapel of Holyrood, by the dean of Restalrig. Lord Henry Darnley, the son of the earl of Lennox, a member of the royal house of Stuart, and of lady Margaret Douglas, the granddaughter of Henry VII. of England through Margaret Tudor, the widow of James IV., was as suitable a marriage as the queen could make among the subjects of Scotland or England, and mutual affection seemed at the time to give promise of the happiest results. But reasonable and auspicious as it appeared, this was a fatal union. Politically, it awoke the jealousy of England, and excited fresh fears in the minds of Mary's Protestant subjects; while Darnley himself proved a weak, vain, ambitious youth, who became the tool of his

own and his wife's opponents, and involved both in misery and ruin.

On the 9th of March, 1566, the queen was at supper in her cabinet at Holyrood Palace, in company with the countess of Argyle and lord Robert Stuart, her natural sister and brother, and other members of the court, among whom was her private secretary, David Rizzio, when her husband Darnley admitted a body of armed assassins into his apartments in the north-west tower of the palace, immediately below those of the queen, and communicating with them by a private staircase. The chief conspirators included lords Morton and Lindsay, who, with a body of about two hundred armed men, occupied the court-yard, and seized the gates of the palace; while lord Ruthven, Ker of Fawdonside, Patrick Bellenden, and George Douglas, followed Darnley to execute the bloody purpose for which they were assembled. Darnley himself first ascended the stair, and throwing back the tapestry, which is still shown, concealing the secret door, he entered the small apartment in the north-west turret where the queen and her friends were seated at supper. On entering, he took his seat behind the queen, who turned towards him and embraced him affectionately. A minute had scarcely elapsed when lord Ruthven, clad in complete armour, and pale and haggard from disease, stalked into the room. He was followed immediately by the other conspirators, armed with pistols and daggers; and the queen, who

was now far advanced in pregnancy, sprang up in alarm, and demanded by whose permission they had dared thus to intrude on her presence. She then ordered Ruthven to retire, on pain of treason; but without vouchsafing her a reply he drew his dagger, and attempted to lay hold of Rizzio, who sprang behind the queen, and clinging to her dress, wildly besought her to save his life. Darnley, who had hitherto affected ignorance of the objects of the conspirators, now interfered, and loosing the hands of the wretched Italian from the queen's robes, and grasping the queen in his arms, he withheld her from further attempts to save him, while the conspirators dragged him from her cabinet, and through her bedroom to the entrance of her presence-chamber. Morton and Lindsay wished to have kept him for execution with some show of justice, but George Douglas, more impatient than they, struck him as he reached the outer doorway with the king's dagger, which he had got hold of, and the others immediately rushing upon him, pierced his body with their daggers, leaving a pool of blood on the chamber floor, the marks of which are believed still to remain, and are pointed out to the credulous visitor at the present day. So determined were the conspirators in their bloody purpose, that the body was mangled with fifty-six wounds, and the corpse was then thrown out of the window into the court-yard.

The utmost consternation was excited both in the palace and town by this daring assassi-

nation. The earls of Huntly, Bothwell, and Athol, the lords Fleming and Livingstone, and sir James Balfour, were all in Holyrood when the conspirators effected an entrance, and hastily fled; the first two of them effecting their escape by means of a rope from one of the palace windows.

The provost of Edinburgh having been apprised of the tumult in the palace, sounded the tocsin, and assembling a body of armed citizens, presented himself at Holyrood, and demanded admission to the queen. The chief actors in the deed made their escape by a small and picturesque lodge, still existing, on the north side of the palace garden, popularly known as Queen Mary's Bath. In the course of some repairs executed a few years since on the roof of this building, a rusty dagger, with the blade richly inlaid, was discovered sticking in one of the planks. This the discoverers supposed, not without some appearance of probability, to have remained there from the flight of the murderers of Rizzio. As the provost and citizens insisted on admission, Darnley went out to them, and thanking them for their loyal zeal, assured them of the safety of the queen, and informed them that no harm had happened to any one but the Italian secretary, who had been put to death "because he had conspired with the pope and the king of Spain to introduce foreign troops into the country, to conquer it, and restore the ancient religion."

A flat stone, with some nearly obliterated

carving upon it, is pointed out in the aisle which connects the modern quadrangle of the palace with the remains of the ancient abbey church, as marking the grave of Rizzio.

This cruel deed was the turning point in the history of the unhappy Scottish queen. In the struggle which preceded the seizure of her doomed secretary, the supper table was overturned upon her, and she received considerable injury; yet during the whole of that terrible night she remained captive in her room, without being permitted access even to her servants, or any of the ladies in waiting. Accustomed to control her feelings, she now felt herself compelled to dissemble her wrath. By means of the winning blandishments which won so many to her aid, even when a captive and for ever shut out from the throne of her kingdom, she soon succeeded in detaching her weak and facile husband from the conspirators with whom he had leagued in the murder of Rizzio. Escaping from the palace at midnight, they fled first to Seaton, and then to Dunbar. After an absence of a few days, the queen returned to Edinburgh; but she shuddered at the thought of re-entering the blood-stained apartments of Holyrood Palace, and she and Darnley took up their abode in the house of a private citizen in the High-street. From thence the queen removed, after a few days, nearer the castle, her residence being in all probability the mansion built by her mother on the Castle-hill, to which allusion has previously been made.

Lord Ruthven, the chief actor in the assassination of Rizzio, had risen from a sick bed to bear his part in the cruel deed. He fled to Newcastle, and died there. The other prominent sharers in the deed escaped for the time beyond reach of the queen, and only two of their humbler agents suffered for the crime: Thomas Scott, the deputy of lord Ruthven as sheriff of Perth, and Henry Yair, one of his inferior retainers. They are the first criminals known to have been executed by the Scottish maiden—a curious ancient guillotine of rude workmanship, still preserved in the Museum of the Scottish Antiquaries at Edinburgh, and by which, as is stated in the synopsis of that interesting collection, were subsequently beheaded “the regent Morton, sir John Gordon of Haddo, president Spottiswoode, the marquis of Argyle, the earl of Argyle, besides many others of the noblest and best blood in Scotland.”

The period of the queen's accouchment now drew near, and with the advice of her council she took up her residence within the old palace in Edinburgh Castle, in one of the rooms of which her mother, Mary de Guise, had expired. Over the entrance to this part of the castle, a stone tablet, put up, as is believed, preparatory to the visit of James VI. to Scotland in 1617, bears the letters H: A: M: wrought into a monogram for HENRY AND MARY, with the date 1566, commemorative of the birth of James on the 19th June of that year. The small room which was the scene of this important event is



an irregular chamber, in the south-east angle of the old castle, measuring little more than eight feet in its greatest length. The original panelled ceiling is decorated with the royal initials I. R. and M. R., in alternate compartments, each surmounted by a crown, and on the wall is the following quaint distich, put up, as its contents show, during the life of the queen:—

Lord Jesu Chryst, that crownit was with Thornes,  
Preserve the Birth, quhais Badgie heir is borne,  
And send hir Sonne successione to Reigne still  
Lang in this realme, if that it be thy will,  
Als, grant, O Lord, quhat ever of Hir proseed  
Be to thy Honor and Prais, sobied.

19th IVNII, 1566.

The room in which the infant was born, in whom the rival crowns of Elizabeth and Mary were afterwards united, has recently been restored, with judicious care, as nearly as possible to its original condition, and it now forms one of the most popular attractions to the numerous visitors who proceed to the ancient fortress to examine the crown of Bruce, the sword of James IV., the Stuart jewels,—restored on the death of cardinal York, the brother of prince Charles Edward,—and the other interesting relics which contribute to crowd so many historical associations on the mind in connexion with the old Castle of Edinburgh.

The birth of a prince, and an heir to the Scottish throne, was a source of the liveliest joy to the citizens. A public thanksgiving was offered up on the following day in the church of St. Giles, and sir James Melvil was despatched to London to communicate the intelligence to

the English court ; and, as the author of the "Memorials of Edinburgh" says, "posted with such speed that he reached London on the fourth day thereafter, and spoiled her majesty's mirth for one night, at least, with the 'happy news.'"

The queen had dissembled her wrath at the murder of Rizzio, and weaned her imbecile husband from co-operating with the conspirators who had leagued with him to effect that barbarous deed. There is little doubt, however, that from that moment she resolved on taking vengeance on the perpetrators of the crime, and the conduct of Darnley was in no degree calculated to make her forget the part he had played in that gross outrage on her person, and on her rights as a sovereign, as well as on her character as a woman. He was a vain, weak, and unstable man, who by his folly alienated from him the interest and affections of every political party, and by his gross licentiousness rendered himself an object of disgust to the queen. His destruction had already been resolved on, when he was seized at Glasgow with a loathsome disease, described by some writers as smallpox. On his partial recovery he was removed to Edinburgh, and lodged in the mansion of the provost of the collegiate church of St. Mary-in-the-Field, as a salubrious place. This ancient church stood on the site of University Buildings, and the infirmary now occupies the ground of the provost's mansion where Darnley was lodged.

There he was frequently visited by the queen, and she spent the evening of the 9th of February, 1567, with him, leaving him at eleven o'clock to return to Holyrood Palace, where a banquet was to be given on occasion of the marriage of one of her servants. The most minute account of the proceedings of this night are preserved to us in the depositions afterwards taken in investigating into the murder which was then perpetrated; and one of Bothwell's servants states in his evidence, that when returning from the Kirk of Field to the lodging of his master, he saw the queen going before him with lighted torches, as he went up Blackfriars Wynd; so that it would appear the queen walked home with a few attendants, passing up the close, and proceeding by the Canongate to the palace, much as any ordinary citizen would have done.

About three hours after the queen's departure, a loud explosion, which shook the whole town, blew the lodging of Darnley into the air, and his body, with that of his servant, were found at some little distance, under circumstances which seemed to prove that they had been strangled before the explosion took place, and afterwards carried to the spot where they were found. The queen's implication in this dark deed has been the subject of much dispute, and there may perhaps still exist advocates to maintain her innocence; but her latest biographer, Mignet, who has many of the requisites for a candid and impartial

historian, entertains no doubt of her guilt ; and her immediate intercourse and speedy marriage with Bothwell, the active agent in the murderous deed, unhappily furnishes such corroboration of the charge as cannot easily be set aside. But whether innocent or guilty, the murder of Darnley proved fatal to Mary queen of Scots. After the brief interval which transpired between that deed and her marriage with the murderer, she surrendered to the earl of Morton, at Carbery-hill, near Musselburgh, on the 15th of June, 1567; and late the same evening she entered her capital a prisoner in the hands of her captors.

Dark as it was, the captive queen was recognised as she passed along the streets, and was assailed with insulting cries by the rude populace. She was lodged for the night in an ancient building in the High-street, called the Black Turnpike, the town mansion of the provost, sir Simon Preston ; and the following evening she quitted Edinburgh for the last time, on her way to the scene of her first captivity in the Castle of Lochleven. On that night, the 16th of June, 1567, the sceptre of Scotland passed away for ever from her grasp ; and the historian of Edinburgh is no longer called upon to follow out the incidents of that sad and sorrowful career, which, by the wrongs and sufferings that were crowded into it, has served to cast into the shade those darker incidents which mark the period of her life from the marriage of Darnley to his sudden and violent death.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE KING'S AND QUEEN'S MEN.

THE defeat of queen Mary's small band of adherents, and the steps which followed on her forced abdication, placed the crown of Scotland nominally on the head of her infant son, James VI., and once more subjected the kingdom to the oft-experienced evils of a long minority. The residence of the young king was almost entirely at Stirling, and Edinburgh ceased to be enlivened with the presence of royalty. The successive regents, however, frequently abode there, and the councils of the nation continued to hold their chief deliberations within its walls. The queen still found adherents, and the country was divided into king's and queen's men, who were for the most part, in other words, Protestants and Roman Catholics. In England also, where the Scottish queen was held a prisoner, under circumstances strongly calculated to excite sympathy in her behalf, the Romish party plotted and secretly devised plans for the restoration of the old faith in her

name; and thus the interests of Elizabeth were closely linked with all the movements of the king's party in Scotland. One of the proceedings resulting from this, connected with the history of Edinburgh, was the famous siege of the castle in 1572.

When the regent Murray obtained possession of the fortress, after the defeat of queen Mary at Langside, he committed it to the care of the celebrated sir William Kirkcaldy of Grange. Maitland of Lethington, however, the most subtle of all the Scottish statesmen of the period, was the secret and persevering agent of the queen's party both in England and Scotland; and under his influence the new governor of Edinburgh Castle was before long gained over to the cause of Mary. This was an important accession, securing as it did one of the chief fortresses of the kingdom for her adherents; and when, after the brief duration of Murray's regency, he fell by the hand of an assassin, in January, 1570, the queen's party once more acquired hope and courage. The citizens of Edinburgh were now placed, as it were, between two contending forces. The earl of Lennox having been appointed to the vacant regency, resolved to hold a parliament in Edinburgh: this the governor of the castle was bent on preventing, and for that purpose took possession of St. Giles's Church, and manned its tower with musketeers. The regent's adherents marched on the town in great force, erected batteries on the Calton, and other available points, and

battered the town, while the parliament assembled in the Canongate, without the walls. Sir William Kirkaldy thereupon transferred his soldiers to the old monastery of the Blackfriars, and erecting a battery there, kept up a constant firing on the quarter where the estates held their meeting. Many houses, both in the city and Canongate, were damaged, and the citizens kept in danger of their lives.

This frightful state of affairs continued with little change till the month of July, 1572. The earl of Mar cast up trenches in the Pleasance, a suburb on the south side of the town, and mounted artillery on Salisbury Crag, wherewith to batter the town; while the governor of the castle, with no less resolute zeal, rebuilt the Nether Bow Port, the chief gate of the town, fortified and renewed its walls, and spared no pains to prepare the city for withstanding a siege. At the same time, as if to encourage the citizens by the promise of a freedom under the queen's rule preferable to the restraints imposed on them by the strict principles of the reformers, the discarded sports of Robin Hood and Little John were renewed with the return of May.

On the 27th of June the threatened siege was averted, and the ominous strife brought for the time to a close, a truce being proclaimed at the city cross by the heralds, with the hearty rejoicings of the people.

In the following month John Knox returned to Edinburgh, after an absence of nearly two

years. The house of the great reformer, which still stands, is within a few yards of the site of the Nether Bow Port, the principal gate of the town, and must therefore have been specially exposed to the dangers arising from the siege. The venerable reformer's life was now drawing rapidly to a close, and his last days were embittered by the terrible news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, by which nearly all the Protestants of France were exterminated, amidst atrocities more horrible even than those of the later reign of terror.

This frightful event, which occurred on the 24th of August, 1572, produced a powerful, though very varying sensation throughout Europe, and exercised a strong influence on the movements of parties in Scotland. In France, the horrible excesses of the populace at length alarmed even the monarch who had instigated them. But the courts of Rome and of Spain were filled with joy and exultation at the news. The pope went in procession to the church of St. Lewis to render public thanksgiving for such a signal triumph; medals were struck in commemoration of the deed of blood; and the Romanists throughout Europe flattered themselves that Protestantism had received its death-blow. But it was not so. England, indeed, heard it with terror, and when the fearful tidings reached Scotland, its dying reformer lifted up his expiring breath to God in prayer on behalf of his suffering church. But at the same time it helped to show more vividly to



the Protestants of Europe the true character of the church of Rome, and in England and Scotland more especially, it gave fresh impulse to the exertions of the Protestant party.

In both countries the unhappy Scottish queen was the centre of all the hopes of the Romish party, and queen Elizabeth now resolved to employ her influence in establishing on a permanent and indisputable footing the Protestant, or king's party, in the neighbouring kingdom. Sir William Drury, governor of Berwick, was ordered therefore to enter Scotland at the head of a considerable force, to co-operate with those acting in the name of the infant king.

Sir William Kirkaldy had adopted every means for strengthening the garrison, and preparing the Castle of Edinburgh for a lengthened siege. Murray had been succeeded as regent by Lennox, Lennox by Mar, and Mar by Morton; and it was the last of these, James Douglas, earl of Morton, who, in laying the dust of the great Scottish reformer, John Knox, in his grave in St. Giles's Church, on the 26th of November, 1572, pronounced over him the emphatic words, which have been remembered for their aptness and truth, "There lies he who never feared the face of man." It was indeed a singular evidence of the strange confliction of parties in that age in which the Scottish Reformation was brought forth, that its leader, after bearding haughty prelates, queens, and rulers, even in their palaces, after being consigned a prisoner and galley-slave to the French

hulks, and forced more than once to flee to foreign lands from the rage of his enemies, by whom he was burned in effigy at the cross of Edinburgh, should at length return to die in peace there, in the house provided for him by its magistrates, and be interred within the precincts of the ancient collegiate Church of St. Giles, amidst a nation's grief.

The keen feelings aroused in all men's minds by the horrible deeds of the popish party in France, encouraged the Protestants of Scotland to take steps for rooting out the last remnant of the queen's party. The siege of Edinburgh Castle was now resolutely proceeded with. Batteries were cast up around it, and all supplies cut off. Its brave governor, one of the most gallant captains of the age, failed not to retaliate with equal resolution and bravery, and as his operations involved great injury to the town, and inflicted much suffering on the citizens, a keen feeling of exasperation was thereby excited against him. It was impossible, however, for the most resolute bravery to maintain a fortress against the combined forces of Scotland and England. There was no army in the field to co-operate with the garrison, or hold out the slightest hope of relief; and at length, when the castle was nearly reduced to a heap of ruins, and its only remaining well was completely choked up with the rubbish, sir William Kirkaldy offered to capitulate. Such was its ruinous condition that when a parley was demanded, the messenger

had to be let over the wall by a rope. The victors acted with unworthy vindictiveness. Instead of treating the vanquished captain as a prisoner of war, he was dealt with as the meanest felon. Sir William Drury delivered him up to the regent, who was his bitter personal enemy, and by him both the governor of the castle, his brother, sir James Kirkaldy, and two citizens, who had been employed in coining money in the name of the queen, were ignominiously hanged at the cross of Edinburgh, and their heads exposed on the castle wall.

Amidst the scenes of civil strife and violence, however, to which we have thus adverted, the great work of the Reformation in Scotland had gradually acquired increasing strength, and been settled upon a comparatively solid basis. The notices which we have incidentally given of the superstitions and ignorance that prevailed during the period in which the papal church was in the ascendant in Scotland, must have satisfied the intelligent reader how much that event was required. In no country, perhaps, which the Reformation visited, have its beneficial effects been more apparent than in Scotland. The nation aroused itself as from a slumber. "Before this blessed era," to use the language of an eloquent divine, "Scotland had no arts but the arts of war; no philosophy; no literature save her songs of love and chivalry, and little government of law. Yet no sooner did the breath of truth from the living oracles of God breathe over her, than the wilderness and the solitary place became glad, and the

desert rejoiced and blossomed like the rose. Religious principles chose to reside within the troubled land, bringing moral virtues in their train ; and they begot a national character for knowledge, industry, and enterprise, and for every domestic and public virtue, which has made her children an acceptable people to all the nations of the earth."

Great as were the national advantages which the Reformation brought in its train, the individual blessings which it bestowed were no less precious. It broke the seal which had previously been fixed upon the word of God, and enabled all to study for themselves the solemn truths relating to their immortal destinies which that volume contains. Men were taught to abandon vain oblations and superstitious rites for a pure and living faith in Christ. They learned their true relations to their Creator ; the holiness of the Divine character, the perfection of his moral law, the unbroken obedience in thought, word, and deed, which it required ; the radical corruption of their nature, and the necessity of a great and vital change to be accomplished by the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit. Thus renewed and Divinely taught, the burdened conscience felt peace, while those who had ineffectually toiled by weary penance and monastic vigils to recommend themselves to the favour of their Creator, had the fetters struck off from their souls, and, influenced by the faith which works by love, sprang forward to run the arduous, but happy race of evangelical obedience.

## CHAPTER XV.

## JAMES VI. AND CHARLES I.

IN October, 1579, king James VI. summoned a parliament to assemble at Edinburgh, and made his first public entry to his capital. He was received at the Westport by the magistrates, under a pall of purple velvet, and was appropriately entertained by a representation of the Judgment of Solomon, an allegory designed to flatter the vanity of the young king. Various other splendid pageants and equally appropriate allegories followed, as the king passed down the High-street, until on his approach to St. Giles's Church he was addressed in Hebrew by an allegorical personage, styled *Dame Religion*, who desired his attendance at church. He entered St. Giles's accordingly, and listened to a sermon preached there by one of the reforming clergy.

In 1590, the marriage of the king to Anne of Denmark, and her reception on her arrival in Edinburgh, led to many gay festivities, as well as to some of the singular displays of learning and scholastic disputations for which the king

at all times showed a special favour. On the coronation of the queen, the principal of the college addressed her in an oration of two hundred Latin verses; and on her entry to the capital, similar learned and lengthy orations were delivered by a curious variety of allegorical personages. A few days after, the magistrates entertained the ambassadors and Danish nobles who had accompanied her to Scotland, at a splendid banquet given in the great hall of the Mint House, which still stands in the Cowgate, though long since divested of much of its ancient magnificence, and now applied to the humble purposes of a broker's store-room.

Within the last half of the present century, the spirit of modern improvement and innovation has obliterated many venerable memorials of the times of queen Mary and James VI. A glance at one or two of these may help to recal some idea of the manners of these olden periods. King James was brought up as the pupil of George Buchanan; and while his teacher duly instilled into him all requisite learning—if not indeed rather more than his capacities enabled him to turn to any good account—he was at the same time accustomed to a freer intercourse with the citizens than had been usual with former princes. When he came to the throne, a very limited exchequer, and the risks to which he was frequently exposed during the collisions of rival factions, both inclined him to turn the hospitalities of

his civic acquaintances to account; it was accordingly no uncommon thing, when the larder at Holyrood was exhausted, or its precincts rendered unsafe by factions at court, for the king to take up his lodgings with some wealthy burgher in the High-street.

One of these old resorts of king Jamie was a substantial quadrangular building in Niddry's Wynd, called Lochart's-court, whither, as Moysie, an officer of the royal household, informs us in his Memoirs, both the king and queen withdrew in 1591, when the earl of Bothwell had rendered the palace somewhat too hot for them; and the officers of state following their majesty's prudent example, "the chancellor lodged himself in Alexander Clark's house, at the same wyndhead."

The king's host was Nicol Udward, the builder of the civic mansion, and styled in its *writs* "a citizen of auld descent in the burgh." Over one of the mantel-pieces was a fine piece of oak carving, containing the arms of this well-descended burgher, with the following quaint anagram peculiarly characteristic of the period:

"VA D'UN VOL À CHRIST,"

*Go with one flight to Christ*,—a pious effusion which it will be seen is made out of the Latinized name of the owner, NICHOLAUS EDU-ARTUS. A secret subterranean dungeon also existed in the same mansion, entered only by a concealed trap-door, which we may presume served the wealthy citizen for a place of concealment of his hoards.

Another favourite haunt of king James was a little booth at the west end of St. Giles's Church, where the famous royal goldsmith, George Heriot, had his forge and workshop. This homely resort of the king, demolished within the last few years, measured only seven feet square, yet there the financial difficulties of the court of Holyrood were most frequently put to rights, and if tradition is to be credited, king James made no objection to wind up such negotiations by partaking of a flagon of the goldsmith's wine in his little booth. By the transactions settled in this amicable fashion between George Heriot and his royal master, much of that wealth was acquired which was afterwards devoted to the founding of the celebrated scholastic institution at Edinburgh which bears the goldsmith's name.

The same period witnessed the foundation of the University of Edinburgh, with its single college, which retains the name of king James as its founder. In reality, however, the king contributed little more than his name. The first contributor towards the establishment of this celebrated seat of learning was Robert Reid, bishop of Orkney, who in 1558 bequeathed the sum of 8,000 marks, Scots' money, towards founding a college in Edinburgh for the education of youth. He died at Dieppe, when returning from witnessing the marriage of queen Mary to the dauphin; and according to some authorities his original bequest greatly exceeded the above sum, but was appropriated by the



earl of Morton to his own use. It was not till 1581 that the town council of Edinburgh actually began to build, and two years afterwards the infant university commenced with the labours of a solitary professor, Mr Robert Rolloch, transferred from the ancient College of St. Salvator, St. Andrew's. Notwithstanding the nominal favour of the king for "King James's College," the contributions of private citizens, and grants from the city funds, were the chief sources of its extension, and it retains to this day certain peculiarities arising from these causes. In opposition to the practices of the great universities of England, the town council of Edinburgh are its absolute patrons and governors; and the Lord Provost exercises the office of Lord Rector by right, and without any election either of the senatus or the students, with whom the choice lies in the other Scottish universities. This system of things has been at various times attempted to be modified, but hitherto without success, as the town council, in the exercise of their patronage, have generally shown such judgment and impartiality as contrasts favourably with the exercise of the same duties by more learned bodies elsewhere.

The annals of the High School preserve an account of a remarkable resistance to the authority of these civic patrons of learning on the part of its more juvenile students. In the year 1595, the magistrates had taken upon them to abridge certain old-established holidays of the school, and to this the pupils were determined

not to submit. They are described in the *Diary of Birrell*, an old citizen of the period, as "a number of scholars, being gentlemen's bairns." They had learned, no doubt from the example of their elders, the fashion of resisting constituted authorities, and a regular barring-out took place. The juvenile garrison armed themselves, and threatened death to any who approached, unless with the assurance of the concession of their claims. At length, baillie Macmoran, one of the magistrates, headed a posse of officials, and proceeded to attack the young rebels in their stronghold, when William Sinclair, one of the boldest of the mutineers, shot the magistrate dead on the spot. The contemporary chronicle adds: "Presently the hail townsmen ran to the school, and took the bairns, and put them in the Tolbuith." The rash youth, however, was a son of the chancellor of Caithness, and his father's power and influence secured his escape from the consequences of his fatal rebellion. Until the demolition of the old High School, the boys used to point out in one part of the building what was called the baillie's window, being that through which the fatal shot was fired.

The escape of young Sinclair gives no uncertain insight into the influence of court favour, and the subjection of the citizens to the interests or caprice of the king at this period.

The authority established by the magistrates of Edinburgh over the college of king James,

was, no doubt, in part at least, due to the important changes which transferred the king of Scotland to the English throne. So long as he remained in Edinburgh he watched with curious jealousy every proceeding, either of the citizens or clergy, which he deemed likely to trench on the royal prerogative, and some of his debates and contentions, with the clergy especially, are peculiarly characteristic of the age in which the Presbyterian church of Scotland assumed its permanent form. The death of queen Elizabeth, in 1603, at length opened the way to James's long-coveted accession to the English throne. The king before his departure attended public service in St. Giles's Church, where he had often held disputations with the clergy from the royal gallery. An immense crowd assembled on the occasion, and heard with lively interest the discourse addressed to his majesty, on the important change by which the crowns of the two rival kingdoms were at length to be placed peaceably on his head. The king then addressed his people, bidding them farewell in kind and gracious terms; and many were deeply affected at his words, and at the prospect of their monarch's departure:

In whatever light the accession of king James to the English throne might be viewed by his new subjects, it was generally regarded by the Scottish nation as anything rather than a benefit. In Edinburgh especially this could not fail to be the case, where the removal of the court and of the chief nobility deprived

the citizens of so important a source of wealth. Fourteen years elapsed ere James again visited his native capital, when he was received, as the town clerk expressed it in the oration with which his majesty was welcomed at the city gate, as "our true phœnix, the bright star of our northern firmament, our sun, by whose removing from our hemisphere we were darkened; a king in heart as upright as David, as wise as Solomon, and as good as Josias!" Language so grossly flattering must fill, we need hardly say, every right-minded reader with disgust.

The king had other objects in view on this occasion besides the mere pleasure arising from the flattery of the citizens, and the display of his magnificence to their wondering eyes. He longed to assimilate the form of church government in Scotland to that which existed in England. By his orders the ancient palace of Holyrood was completely repaired and put in order, and the chapel decorated and furnished with an organ. The Scottish parliament was also summoned to meet the king, and he availed himself of the popular feelings excited by his return to his ancient kingdom to secure the first steps in his favourite project for establishing episcopacy in Scotland. What he begun with caution, his son, Charles I., endeavoured to carry out with a high hand, and with what result it is scarcely necessary to say.

In the year 1618, the eccentric genius, John Taylor, generally known as the water-poet,

visited Edinburgh, and in his "Pennyless Pilgrimage," published soon after his return to London, he thus describes the city and its inhabitants, after having noticed the castle:—"I descended lower to the city, wherein I observed the fairest and goodliest street that ever mine eyes beheld, for I did never see or hear of a street of the length, the buildings on each side of the way being all of squared stone, five, six, and seven stories high, and many by-lanes and closes on each side of the way, wherein are gentlemen's houses, much fairer than the buildings in the High-street, for in the High-street the merchants and tradesmen do dwell, but the gentlemen's mansions and goodliest houses are obscurely founded in the aforesaid lanes; the walls are exceedingly strong, not built for a day, a week, a month, or a year, but from antiquity to posterity, for many ages. There I found entertainment beyond my expectations and merit; and there is fish, flesh, bread, and fruit, in such variety that I think I may, offenceless, call it superfluity and satiety."

The picture thus furnished by Taylor, the water-poet, of the condition of Edinburgh, may be contrasted with the somewhat earlier description of Fynes Moryson, another English traveller, who visited the Scottish metropolis in 1598, and thus details the impression left on his mind:—"The houses are built of unpolished stone, and in the fore-street good part of them is of freestone, which in that broad

street would make a fair show, but that the outsides of them are faced with wooden galleries, built upon the second story of the houses; yet these galleries give the owners a fair and pleasant prospect into the said fair and broad street, when they sit or stand in the same." Such galleries may still be seen on some of the old houses in the High-street, and from one of these balconies it is that the author of Marmion pictures the lady abbess and De Wilton witnessing the spectral heralds foretelling the doom of Flodden from the city cross :—

“ When, with deep charge of secrecy,  
 She named a place to meet,  
 Within an open balcony  
 That hung from dizzy pitch and high,  
 Above the stately street ;  
 To which, as common to each home,  
 At night they might in secret come.

\* \* \* \* \*

The antique buildings, climbing high,  
 Whose gothic frontlets sought the sky,  
 Were here wrapt deep in shade ;  
 There on their brows the moonbeams broke,  
 Through the faint wreaths of silvery smoke,  
 And on the casements play'd,  
 And other light was none to see,  
 Save torches gliding far,  
 Before some chieftain of degree,  
 Who left the royal revelry  
 To bowne him for the war.

In 1633, Charles I. paid a visit to Edinburgh, and was received with no less hearty loyalty than his father had been. The poet Drummond of Hawthornden took a prominent lead in the preparations for the occasion, including the composition of sundry long prose and metrical addresses, which were delivered by various

allegorical characters, such as Edina, Caledonia, Apollo, Fergus I., etc. The coronation of Charles, as king of Scots, followed on the 18th of June, in the abbey church of Holyrood, with the utmost pomp and splendour. But the king had resolved on carrying out his father's ecclesiastical projects with all the characteristic vehemence of his chief adviser, Laud, and he now proceeded to confer certain honours and privileges on Edinburgh which its citizens were little inclined to appreciate. Edinburgh was erected into an episcopal see, and its ancient collegiate Church of St. Giles became, for the first time, a cathedral. The consequences are well known. Archbishop Laud prepared a service book, which, though expressly designed for the Scottish church, contained portions calculated to offend the honest Protestantism of every member of his own church of England. This, after considerable delay, was produced in the Scottish churches on Sunday, the 23rd July, 1637. In the new cathedral church the lord chancellor, the lords of the privy council, the bishops, judges, and a numerous assembly, awaited the novel services of the day with varied feelings. The dean of St. Giles's ascended the reading-desk and opened the service book, but his attempts to proceed were the signal for the utmost confusion and uproar, which at length reached its climax when Jenny Geddes, an old woman, seized the cutty-stool on which she had been seated, and hurled it at the dean's head, as she exclaimed, "Out,

thou fause thief! dost thou say mass at my lug?" An ancient Scottish folding-stool, with the date 1565 carved on it, is preserved among the curious relics of the Society of Antiquaries' Museum at Edinburgh, as "the cutty-stool with which the immortal Janet Geddes struck the initial stroke in the great civil war, by hurling it at the dean of St. Giles's head, on his proceeding, for the first time, to read the liturgy in the cathedral church of St. Giles, Edinburgh."

In the outbreak that immediately followed, Dr. Lindsay, the bishop of Edinburgh, was hustled and pelted by the mob, from whose rude violence he was at length rescued by the earl of Wemyss when in danger of his life. A church thus established in defiance of all the most firmly established opinions and prejudices of the people, could not be expected to stand in a country where the throne had been vacated and the queen driven into exile on like grounds. The multitudes of all ranks who were attracted to Edinburgh by the reports of the first proceedings determined to unite for mutual protection. They formed themselves into a national league for the defence of religion, each section being classified according to their different ranks; and thus arose the famous committees called the FOUR TABLES. On the royal edict for the maintenance of the hated service book being proclaimed at the city cross on the 22nd of February, 1638, a deputation of nobles attended by appointment of these committees,



and read aloud a solemn protest against the edict as an encroachment on their rights and liberties.

In the Cowgate of Edinburgh stands one of the old corporation halls, which formed the place of meeting of the national league, and is still an object of interest on that account. This is the Tailors' Hall, the exterior gateway of which is decorated with a sculptured tablet, bearing the shears and other insignia of the craft, along with a quaintly pious inscription; while within the spacious quadrangle are sundry other decorations and inscriptions, such as—

“GOD GIVE THE BLISING TO THE TAILZER CRAFT  
IN THE GOOD TOVN OF EDINBURGH.”

On the 27th of February, only five days after the proclamation of the edict above referred to, a body assembled in this hall, including between two and three hundred clergymen and citizens, with various influential nobles and gentry, and took into consideration the national COVENANT. The earl of Rothes, who had a prominent share in the proceedings, has left a particular account of them. He, and the earl of Loudoun, were appointed by the nobles to deal specially with the commissioners of presbyteries, and the summer-house existed till very recently in the adjoining gardens, where, as he informs us, the more refractory were taken aside, and dealt with for the removing of their scruples. The important document thus prepared was presented to the vast multitude who assembled on the following day in the

Greyfriars' Church and the adjacent churchyard, and after being signed by the nobles and others in the church, it was laid on a flat tombstone in the churchyard, and eagerly signed by all ranks of the people. The parchment on which it was engrossed measured four feet in length, and when there was no longer space left on either side for their names, the eager multitude subscribed their initials round the margin. The proceedings thus vigorously begun did not stop till they had not only effectually banished episcopacy from Scotland, but had cost the king both his throne and his life.

In the changes which followed, the old corporation hall of the tailors of Edinburgh was once more in vogue for a very different purpose. After the battle of Dunbar, the victorious Cromwell established his head-quarters in the old mansion of the earls of Moray, still standing in the Canongate, while the Tailors' Hall was used as the court of the Scottish commissioners appointed by him for the administration of the forfeited estates.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE RESTORATION.

THE restoration of Charles II. to his father's throne was nowhere more joyously celebrated than in the ancient capital of the Stuarts, and the court in front of the old Scottish Parliament House is still decorated with the fine equestrian statue of the king erected on the occasion, and with an inscription on the pedestal describing the restored monarch as the sun rising in his brightness, and dispersing the noxious clouds and mists that had surrounded them! The experience of his Scottish subjects soon dispelled the joy with which they had too hastily welcomed his return. The re-establishment of episcopacy in defiance of the most solemn engagements, satisfied the people that no faith could be put in the word of the king.

One of the first scenes witnessed in Edinburgh, characteristic of the change of policy, was the trial and execution of the marquis of Argyle. He was condemned by judges, each of whom was as deeply implicated as himself in the acts for which, in defiance of all justice, he

had been called to answer. He was beheaded by the maiden, at the cross, and his head was exposed on the Tolbooth. Bishops were once more consecrated and restored to seats in parliament, and the king resolved, as he said, "to settle the church government in Scotland." But this was a thing difficult to accomplish, where the will of the people was so little considered. The chief incidents connected with the history of Edinburgh during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., are the cruelties and barbarous executions by means of which the religion of the nation was attempted to be suppressed, that that of the court might be substituted for it.

Johnston of Warriston, one of the most eminent lawyers and statesmen of the age, who had been selected as one of Cromwell's abortive house of peers, was hanged ignominiously at the cross. Mitchell, a fanatic who attempted the life of archbishop Sharp, was tortured and then executed in the Grassmarket. Men of every degree of rank and worth were made the victims of the court party, till from the many heroic martyrs who there laid down their lives in defence of liberty of conscience, the Grassmarket of Edinburgh acquired an interest equal to that with which Smithfield is regarded by English Protestants, as the scene of martyrdom during the reign of bloody Mary. It is painful, however, to think that the Scottish Smithfield reflects its infamy on the memory of Protestant rulers and bishops; though Charles evinced the real spirit from which deeds of

this character spring, when on his death-bed he secretly received such consolations as a Romish priest could offer to one of the most licentious and profligate men that ever abused the sacred trust of a crown.

During the reign of Charles II., his brother, who succeeded to his throne, was wont to preside at the meetings of the "Scottish Star Chamber," held in an apartment which now constitutes one of the rooms of the Advocates' Library, and to share with Dalziell and sir George Mackenzie in that barbarous infliction of torture on the Covenanters, which has rendered the names of their persecutors infamous, and a byword in the country. Sir George Mackenzie, whom we have just named, was without question an able lawyer, a man of great learning, and a liberal encourager of literature, yet he is only remembered by the title of "bloody Mackenzie." At this period of tyranny and religious persecution, not only were the boots, thumbkins, and other instruments of torture employed without mercy, but every form of decency was set aside by those who undertook the sanguinary work. Fountainhall, the old Scottish judge, describes, for example, a scene at one of the trials, where the sole crime alleged against the prisoners was their "religion and fanaticism." Yet upon one of these victims of intolerance railing at his judge, the infamous Dalziell, the latter sprang up in a passion, and struck him on the mouth with the pommel of his sword till the blood flowed.

In the reign of James II., Popery ceased to deem any further disguise requisite. Holyrood Chapel was fitted up for the celebration of the service of the Romish church, and duly provided with a college of priests. The abhorrence with which the latter were regarded led to such violent outbreaks that two of the rioters were executed, while others were publicly whipped through the streets. Such proceedings only tended still further to exasperate the minds of men, and when the news of the landing of the prince of Orange reached Scotland, the Presbyterian party were filled with the utmost joy. The country had indeed reached a crisis even more perilous than that of England. The only form of Protestantism which was tolerated was one hateful to the people, and opposed to all their prejudices; while the pious and devout adherents of the faith of their fathers, which they had inherited as a birthright achieved by protracted struggles, were subjected to imprisonment, torture, and violent death, for holding fast what they believed to be the doctrines of the Bible and the commands of God. The people who had rebelled against the private masses of queen Mary in her own chapel, as an offence to God and a toleration of idolatry, calculated to bring down Divine judgments on the nation, were now forced to look on while a Romish monastery was once more established within the abbey of Holyrood, where for upwards of a century the simple rites of Presbyterian worship had alone been permitted.

Those, too, who had risen in righteous indignation against the corrupt church which incited the civil powers to enkindle the fires of persecution, and condemn the maintainers of a purer faith to the dungeon and the stake, had been subjected to a system which seemed once more to realize, though under the nominal sanction of a Protestant church, the fruits of faith recorded by the apostle Paul of the Old Testament confessors. They "had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment: (of whom the world was not worthy:) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." \*

\* Without vindicating everything which the persecuted party, commonly known by the name of the "Covenanters," said and did about this period of Scottish history, it cannot be doubted that amongst them were many men who, from their spirit of Christian heroism and resignation, would have been worthy of admission to the church's roll of martyrs in the most trying age. From a numerous catalogue we select one example. The sufferer was a young preacher, named William Mackail, twenty-six years of age, who having given offence by some bold expressions in a sermon, was cruelly tortured and then executed in the Grassmarket. His last moments are thus described by a popular writer:—"The extreme youthfulness and delicacy of his appearance, the comeliness and composure of his countenance, struck every beholder, and a thrill of mingled pity and horror ran through the crowd. After delivering his last speech, and on taking hold of the ladder to go up, he said in an audible voice, 'I care no more to go up this ladder and over it than if I were going to my father's house.' Then turning to his fellow sufferers he cried, 'Friends, be not afraid, every step in this ladder is a degree nearer to heaven.' Before being turned over he removed the napkin from his face, saying, 'I hope you perceive no alteration or discouragement in my countenance or carriage, and as it may be your wonder, so I profess it is a wonder to myself, and I will tell you the reason of it. Besides the justice of my cause, this is my comfort, what was said of Lazarus when he died, that the angels did carry his soul to Abraham's bosom; so that as there is a great solemnity here, a confluence of people, a scaffold, a gallows, and people looking

The old spirit of the Scottish Reformation, which in John Knox's days had waged such determined war against Popery, was not dead, though it had been forced to smoulder unseen under the iron despotism of James and his cruel agents. With the first news of coming succour it burst into a flame. Holyrood Chapel was attacked with the most resolute determination. A body of an hundred men defended it with fire-arms, which they freely used against the assailants. Twelve of the latter were shot dead, and many more were wounded; but this only increased the fury of the mob. They persevered, in spite of the cries of the wounded and dying, with that resolute and cool determination which has been frequently noted as the characteristic of an Edinburgh mob when roused to action. The armed defenders of the royal chapel were at length overpowered, and the place delivered up to the will of the populace. It had been newly fitted up with magnificently carved stalls and costly appurtenances, while the altar had been decorated with a gorgeousness designed to aid in presenting the worship of the Romish church in its most

out of windows, so there is a greater and more solemn preparation of angels to carry my soul to Christ's bosom.' He then ended with that noble burst of Christian eloquence so much admired and so often imitated: 'And now I leave off to speak any more to creatures, and begin my intercourse with God, which shall never be broken off. Farewell, father and mother, friends and relations; farewell the world and all delights; farewell meat and drink; farewell sun, moon, and stars. Welcome God and Father; welcome sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the new covenant; welcome blessed Spirit of grace, the God of all consolation; welcome glory; welcome eternal life; and welcome death.'"



attractive form. A new organ-loft also had been erected, and a fine instrument (recently sent by the king from London) put up in it. All these were at once devoted to destruction, and the venerable fabric was only abandoned when the newly completed decorations destined for the service of the Romish priesthood had been reduced to an unsightly heap of ruins.

While these proceedings were going on at the palace, the students of the university assembled in a body, and marching in procession to the cross, with bands of music and the college mace borne before them, they erected a huge bonfire and burned the pope in effigy. On the 11th of April, 1688, William and Mary were proclaimed at the cross, king and queen of Scotland; but the castle was still held by the duke of Gordon for king James, and the rival parties in Scotland each looked on in hope of triumph. From the flight of the chancellor till March, 1689, when a convention of the Scottish estates was summoned to meet at Edinburgh, all law was practically suspended, except such as the magistrates enforced with the countenance and aid of the citizens.

The sack of Holyrood completely established the superiority of the Presbyterian party in Edinburgh, most of whom were familiar with the use of arms, and the royalist soldiers had to confine themselves exclusively to the castle. The mob now pursued their triumph by assaulting the houses of the wealthy Roman Catholics, and the most hateful officers of the

crowns, who then resided chiefly in the Canon-gate. These they "rabbed," as the phrase then was, gutting them, and sometimes setting them on fire. "When at length," says the author of the Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time, "the convention met, the adherents of the exiled king crowded to the capital in hopes of yet securing the majority in his favour. Viscount Dundee openly marched into the town with a train of sixty horse, while the Whigs, (as the Presbyterian party were then called,) with equal promptitude, but more secretly, gathered an armed body of the persecuted Presbyterians, whom they concealed in garrets and cellars, ready to sally out at a concerted signal, and turn the scale in favour of their cause. The sumptuous old oaken roof of the Parliament Hall then witnessed as stirring scenes as ever occurred in the turbulent minority of the Jameses within the more ancient Tolbooth. Dundee arose in his place in the convention, and demanded that all strangers should be commanded to quit the town, declaring his own life and those of other of the king's friends to be endangered by the presence of banded assassins. On his demand being rejected, he indignantly left the assembly, and the convention, with locked doors and the keys on the table before them, proceeded to judge the government of king James, and to pronounce his crown forfeited and his throne vacant, beneath the same roof where he had so often sat in judgment on the oppressed."

As viscount Dundee, retreating, left the town at the head of his dragoons, he stopped beneath the castle, and clambering up the rock, held a conference with the duke of Gordon, in which he strove in vain to induce him to accompany him to the north. Finding him resolved to remain in charge of the fortress which had been committed to his trust, Dundee then engaged the duke to hold it out, while he proceeded to the Highlands to raise forces and muster the friends of king James. The citizens were filled with the utmost alarm at this interview, dreading that the guns of the castle would be turned on the town. The drums beat to arms, and a body of troops which the duke of Hamilton had quartered in the city, was called out to pursue Dundee; but the latter made good his retreat, and the duke of Gordon being nearly destitute of provisions, and but lukewarm in his adherence to a failing cause, at length yielded up the castle on the 13th of June, 1689—the last considerable stronghold in Scotland that had remained in the interest of its exiled and dethroned monarch. Under the new dynasty a new era opened for Edinburgh, and here therefore appropriately terminates our sketch of the history of the old metropolis of Scotland.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE OLD TOWN.

EDINBURGH, as is well known, is divided by the area of the ancient North Loch into the old and new town; the former containing the relics of those periods of its history which have been sketched in the preceding chapters, the latter being the creation of modern tastes in the present century. The bridging over the deep valley wherein the waters of the North Loch were accumulated of old, first by the erection of the north bridge, completed in 1772, and subsequently by the gradual formation of the earthen mound, literally paved the way for the rising of the modern city, which excites such universal admiration, no less from its architectural uniformity and elegance, than by the contrast it presents to the massive and picturesque grouping of its venerable neighbour, where—

“ Such dusky grandeur clothes the height,  
Where the huge castle holds its state,  
And all the steep slope down,  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
Mine own romantic town ! ”

It is with the ancient city that we have alone

to deal in the present volume ; and having in the preceding chapters traced out the varied incidents of its history, we shall now endeavour to present to the reader a concise guide to its local antiquities. We shall suppose him to accompany us first to the ancient fortress, which forms the central nucleus of the city. Here is the venerable little chapel of St. Margaret, already described, with its old chancel arch and simple apse, seemingly little altered since the grand-niece of Edward the Confessor made this the place of her monastic devotions and austerities. This chapel is in every respect the fittest point from whence to begin our topographical explorations, for it is, without exception, the oldest building now existing in Edinburgh.

Crowning the summit of the lofty rocks which overhang the Grassmarket, are the ancient royal apartments ; the great hall, where the Scottish parliament occasionally assembled ; the room where the regent Mary de Guise expired, and that in which queen Mary gave birth to the prince who was to inherit the long rival crowns of England and Scotland, and to close the dissensions of these ancient foes by the peaceful recognition of one common rightful heir to the double throne. Not the least striking feature of the curious little apartment which is so interestingly associated with the union of the two kingdoms, is the remarkable prospect commanded by its lofty site. “ The view from the windows on this side of the

palace," says Dr. Wilson, in his *Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time*, "is scarcely surpassed by any other in the capital. Immediately below are the picturesque old houses of the Grassmarket and West Port, crowned by the magnificent towers of Heriot's Hospital. From this abyss the hum of the neighbouring city rises up, mellowed by the distance into one pleasing voice of life and industry; while, beyond, a gorgeous landscape is spread out, reaching almost to the ancient landmarks of the kingdom, guarded on the far east by the old keep of Craigmillar Castle, and on the west by Merchiston Tower. Between these is still seen the wide expanse of the Borough Moor, on which the fanciful eye of one familiar with the national history will summon up the Scottish hosts marshalling for southern war; as when the gallant Jameses looked forth from these same towers proudly, and beheld them gathering around the standard of the 'Ruddy Lion,' pitched in the massive 'bore stane' still remaining at the Borough Moor Head."

Adjoining the old royal apartments of the castle is the massive bomb-proof vault, wherein the regalia of the ancient kingdom of Scotland are secured, along with the iron-bound oaken chest, in which these national treasures lay, from the union of the two kingdoms till the year 1818. Sir Walter Scott, who formed one of the commissioners appointed to search for the regalia, thus describes their feelings during the final proceedings by which these valued memo-

rials of the ancient independence of the Scottish crown were once more brought to light. "The general persuasion that the regalia had been secretly removed, weighed heavy on the minds of all while the labour proceeded. The chest seemed to return a hollow and empty sound to the strokes of the hammer; and even those whose expectations had been most sanguine, felt at the moment the probability of disappointment, and could not but be sensible that should the result of the research confirm these forebodings, it would only serve to show that a national affront and injury had been sustained, for which it might be difficult, or rather impossible, to obtain any redress. The joy was therefore extreme, when the ponderous lid of the chest being forced open, at the expense of some time and labour, the regalia were discovered lying at the bottom, covered with linen cloths, exactly as they had been surrendered a hundred and ten years before by William the ninth earl mareschal." The discovery was announced by the display of the royal standard from the castle; and the universal rejoicing which followed showed that, amidst all the changes which the preceding century had wrought, the people of Scotland still regarded "*the honours of the kingdom*" with all the old national enthusiasm. These interesting relics—the crown of THE BRUCE; the sword of state, presented by pope Julius II. to James IV., in 1507; the sceptre of James V.; the lord-treasurer's rod; and the York jewels, bequeathed by

cardinal York to George IV.—are now open to the inspection of the curious visitor, and form not the least among the many attractions of the Scottish capital and its venerable citadel.

Leaving the castle, the explorer finds himself in a narrow but picturesque street, styled the Castle-hill, where stood till very recently the palace and oratory of Mary de Guise, and which still includes the mansion of the old regent Morton, and other similar memorials of former days, nestling amidst the dark and narrow alleys which lead off on either hand down the steep slopes of the ridge on which the old town is built. Passing along one of those on his left, the stranger is surprised by coming suddenly on some of the finest of the modern buildings, which there reach across the deep ravine, that elsewhere holds apart the old and new—"their soft outlines and white walls contrasting with the sterner proportions of the dark and warlike structures, like the fair hands of a 'lady bright' enclosed in the gauntleted grasp of her knightly lover."

Beneath the lanes and closes which thus lead towards the bed of the old North Loch, an ancient tradition, still credited by some, affirms that a subterranean passage exists, once connecting the castle and the palace of Holyrood. According to the favourite tale of the old town gossips, an intrepid Highland piper engaged to explore the mysterious passage, of which the entrance was formerly known. His success was to be suitably rewarded, and his progress



was to be announced to those above ground by the sound of his bagpipes, which he engaged to play all the way through. The bold Highlander accordingly entered, and the people followed the sound of the subterranean music from the castle down to the Tron Church, where it suddenly ceased, and the poor piper was never more seen or heard of. Where the Castle Hill widens into the broad *place*, known as the Lawnmarket, a curious ancient fabric marks the entrance of the close which formerly led to the abode of the queen-regent, Mary de Guise. It is built of polished ashlar, in the style which prevailed in the early part of the sixteenth century, and its front is decorated with the inscription curiously wrought in iron: LAVS DEO. 1593. M. R. Immediately fronting this old mansion is the precipitous and crooked street called the West Bow, from the ancient *bow*, or arch, one of the city gates erected by James II. in 1450, and which long formed the Temple Bar of Edinburgh.

Few parts of the old town still remaining have suffered more from modern innovations than this ancient thoroughfare. "In the centre of the ancient city," says the author of the Memorials of Edinburgh, "there stood till a few years since, a strange, crooked steep, and altogether singular and picturesque avenue from the High-street to the low valley on the south, in which the more ancient extensions of the once circumscribed Scottish capital are reared. Scarcely anything can be conceived

more curious and whimsically grotesque than its array of irregular stone gables and timber galleries, which seemed as if jostling one another for room along the steep and narrow thoroughfare ; while the busy throng were toiling up or hurrying down its precipitous pathways, amidst the ceaseless din of braziers' and tin-smiths' hammers, for which it was famed, and the rumbling of wheels, accompanied with the vociferous shouts of a host of noisy assistants, as some heavy-laden wain creaked and groaned up the steep. Here were the Templar lands, with their antique gables surmounted by the cross that marked them as beyond the reach of civic corporation laws, and with their old world associations with the knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Here was the strange old timber-fronted tenement where rank and beauty held their assemblies in the olden time. Here was the provost's lodging, where prince Charles and his elated counsellors were entertained in 1745, and adjoining it there remained till the last a memento of his royal ancestor, James II.'s massive wall, and of the Old Port or *Bow* whereat the magistrates were wont to present the silver keys, with many a grave and costly ceremonial, to each monarch who entered his Scottish capital in state. Down this steep the confessors of the Covenant were hurried to execution. Here, too, was the old-fashioned forestair over which the amazed and stupified youth, who long after sat on the bench under the title of lord Monboddo, gazed in dreary horror as the wretched Porteous was

dragged to the scene of his crime, on the night of the 7th of September, 1736; and near by stood the booth at which the rioters paused, and with ostentatious deliberation purchased the rope wherewith he was hung at its foot."

Such are some of the curious antiquities of the West Bow which have disappeared, along with the old "clockmaker's hand," and "lord Ruthven's hand,"—the mansion of the grim baron who stalked into the chamber of queen Mary on that dire night of the 9th of March, 1566, and struck home his dagger into the unhappy royal favourite, Rizzio. But the most remarkable of all the old mansions of the West Bow still remains. This is the house of the celebrated Scottish wizard, major Weir. No story of witchcraft and necromancy ever made a deeper or more lasting impression on the popular mind than that of major Weir, nor was any spot ever more celebrated in the annals of sorcery than the little court at the head of the Bow, where the wizard and his sister dwelt. A contemporary writer describes him, in a manuscript preserved in the Advocates' Library, as a tall black man, with a grim countenance and a big nose, and who ordinarily looked down to the ground. He had a black staff which he never went without; and this staff, according to the popular tradition, was frequently known by his neighbours to step in to their shops and tap at their counters on some errand of its master, or running before him with a lantern as he went out on nocturnal

business, and gravely walked down the Lawn-market behind this mysterious link-boy.

The major, who had made great professions of devoutness, was at length driven to despair, and yielding to the stings of conscience, called in some of his neighbours and confessed to them crimes of the most loathsome description. His history is strangely blended with the superstitious credulity of the age. It is, however, an undoubted historical fact, that he was tried on the 9th of April, 1670, and was condemned to be strangled and burned. The sentence was carried into execution on a spot still pointed out in the ravine on the north side of the Calton Hill, and the contemporary writer already quoted adds: "His black staff was cast into the fire with him, and whatever incantation was in it, the persons present aver that it gave rare turnings, and was long a burning, as also himself." His sister Grizel, who appears to have been more a victim than an accomplice of his crimes, was likewise condemned and executed. One of the evidences of her supposed witchcraft was the possession of a spinning-wheel, which, by the aid of its magical and unearthly charms, enabled her to surpass all her neighbours in the product of her industry with the lint.

Whatever be now thought of these strange products of the popular credulity of the seventeenth century, it is not only certain that they obtained universal credence at the period, but though nearly two centuries have elapsed, it is

believed that the major's house has never since been occupied as a dwelling. It is now used as a broker's store. "It is not to be wondered," says the author already quoted, "that major Weir's house should have been deserted after his death. The enchanted staff was believed to have returned to its post, and to wait as porter at the door. The hum of the necromantic wheel was heard at the dead of night, and the deserted mansion was sometimes seen blazing with the lights of some eldrich festival, when the major and his sister were supposed to be entertaining the prince of darkness. There were not even wanting those, during the last century, who were affirmed to have seen the major issue at midnight from the narrow close, mounted on a headless charger, and gallop off in a whirlwind of flame. Time, however, wrought its usual cure. The major's visits became fewer and less ostentatious, until at length it was only at rare intervals that some midnight reveller, returning homeward through the deserted Bow, was startled by a dark and silent shadow that flitted across his path as he approached the haunted corner."

Not far from the head of the West Bow is another alley, opening from the Lawnmarket, which still bears the old aristocratic name of Lady Stair's Close. The close is associated with more than one old citizen of distinction; for the mansion of the celebrated countess of Stair bears over the doorway the shield and initials of its original proprietor, sir William

Gray, of Pittendrum—the ancestor of the present lord Gray—with the date 1622. Lady Stair's Close derives its name from Elizabeth, dowager-countess of Stair, who, as the wife of the viscount Primrose, forms one of the most remarkable characters associated with the romantic traditions of Old Edinburgh. Her ladyship was afterwards married to the celebrated general and statesman, John, second earl of Stair, and she long survived him, to occupy the place of the leader of fashion in the Scottish capital. It gives a curious as well as amusing glimpse of the fashionable society of Edinburgh in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, to picture the leader of ton condescendingly receiving the *élite* of fashionable society in the second flat of a common stair in the old town; yet such were the habits of society in the eighteenth century, when admission to her select circle was one of the highest objects of ambition among the smaller gentry of the period.

Riddle's-court, another ancient aristocratic nook of the Lawnmarket, still contains the mansion of baillie Macmoran, already mentioned as the unhappy victim of juvenile rashness, during a rebellion of the pupils of the High School, in 1595. No less interest attaches to the locality from the fact of its including among its lofty tenements the first residence of David Hume, when he commenced his great literary work, the History of England.

The progress of modern improvements has swept away of late years many buildings of

local celebrity, and “the great fire,” which devastated the High-street in 1824, destroyed many more of considerable historical interest. Among those that still remain, however, may be pointed out Dunbar’s Close, in which Cromwell’s guard-house was established after the victory of Dunbar, and where may be seen one of the pious old mottoes, with which the citizens were wont to inscribe their lintels :—

FAITH . IN . CRIST . ONLIE . SAVIT . 1567.

Many of these memorials of ancient piety still remain, reminding the wayfarer of the Old Testament injunction which they seem so literally to fulfil :—“These words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart. . . . thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes ; *and thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.*” Some of these mottoes are directly taken from Scripture ; the oldest of them in the Latin of Guttenberg’s Bible, printed at Mentz in 1455. Others again are such pious ejaculations as ONLIE BE CRYST, and ARYIS, O LORD, both of which appear over a lintel marked with the date 1573. Another, of the year 1614, recently demolished, bore the following devout confession of faith :—

I . TAKE . THE . LORD . JESUS . AS . MY . ONLY . ALL .  
SUFFICIENT . PORTION . TO . CONTENT . ME.

Many other examples of the same religious spirit manifested by the builders of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, have survived the

remodellings and demolitions which have recently obliterated so large a number of the like memorials of the past.

In the Cowgate, the traces of former grandeur strikingly contrast with the squalor of poverty and vice. Some of the most remarkable buildings of this ancient thoroughfare have been already referred to in the course of our historical sketch. Here may still be seen the palace of cardinal Beaton, where queen Mary was feasted by the citizens on her return from France; the Mint House, built in 1574, as appears by the date on its inscribed lintel, whereon is cut, in large Roman characters, the brief prayer—

BE . MERCIFVL . TO . ME . O . GOD.

In 1590, the great hall of the Mint was the scene of a splendid banquet given to the Danish nobles and ambassadors who came over to Scotland in the train of queen Anne of Denmark. Among somewhat more recent buildings in the Cowgate, is the mansion of sir Thomas Hope, the king's advocate and zealous leader of the Covenanters in the reign of Charles I.; while near to it is the Tailors' Hall, which has already been described as the scene of the preparation and signature of the famous national document, the Solemn League and Covenant, in 1638.

While the castle forms the termination of the ancient city towards the west, it is bounded on the east by the old burgh of Canongate, once the court end of the town, and terminated by



the ancient abbey and palace of Holyrood. Behind the latter, on one of the lower heights of Arthur's Seat, stands the hoary ruin of St. Anthony's Chapel, with the old well, so often sung of in the poet's lays. Many other spots and objects of interest might be pointed out among the relics of the past which still remain in the romantic capital of Scotland, but enough has been done to indicate its most prominent and characteristic features, and to guide the stranger through its old streets and alleys with a fresh interest, awakened in his mind by many links, uniting its faded and wasted glories with the thrilling incidents of the storied past.

Thus terminates our sketch of the history of "Old Edinburgh." Brief as has been our narrative, we have traversed in it centuries full of eventful interest, and have seen successive generations rise and disappear. In such a retrospect, how naturally is the thoughtful reader reminded of the fleeting and evanescent character of all earthly pursuits! Man does indeed walk in a vain show. The place that once knew him soon knows him no more. The actors in the chequered scenes which we have been contemplating have long since passed into the unseen world, that solemn point to which the writer and the reader are alike inevitably verging. Could we summon them back to the stage of life, how different would now appear their estimate of things temporal in comparison with those which are eternal! How insignificant,

too, would they confess all earthly pursuits to have been, save in so far as they tended to the benefit of the immortal soul! May we, then, to whom life yet remains, wisely improve our allotted period! Repenting of all sin, and renouncing every form of dependence on our works or righteousness, may we cleave in faith to the Saviour as all our hope and all our salvation; and through the influence of his Holy Spirit, (freely imparted to all who ask aright,) adorn his gospel by bringing forth those fruits of love to God and man, which, while they prove our faith to be genuine, will evidence to others also that we are the heirs of a glorious immortality!

MODERN

E D I N B U R G H.

“What the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere I now find congregated in this one city. Here are alike the beauties of Prague and of Salzburgh; here are the romantic sites of Orvietto and Tivoli; and here is all the magnificence of the admired bays of Genoa and Naples; here, indeed, to the poetic fancy, may be found realized the Roman Capitol and the Grecian Acropolis.”—SIR DAVID WILKIE.

LONDON:

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

*Instituted 1799.*



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# MODERN EDINBURGH.

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## CHAPTER I.

### EDINBURGH IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

MODERN EDINBURGH derives not a little of the singular charm which almost every visitor recognises in it, from the striking contrast presented by the union of the old and new. The modern town, if spread out on a level area, would be nearly as formal as the blocks of an American city of the west; but while this symmetrical arrangement is relieved by the varying undulations of its remarkable site, it is sufficiently strongly marked to afford one of the most striking contrasts, when the stranger crosses the beautifully terraced bed of the old North Loch, and enters within the picturesque precincts of the ancient city.

The history of most large towns, like that of the great metropolis itself, exhibits to us the results of a gradual growth and extension, arising simply from the yearly additions to its suburban streets; but Edinburgh has progressed only at long intervals, as it were by a

succession of bounds, when it has leaped from one height to another, and then hastened to occupy the new acquisition. When Edinburgh first became a walled town, in 1450, it occupied only the upper area of the Castle-hill, but a most rapid extension followed during the next fifty years. The very construction of the civic walls would seem to have awakened a desire to escape beyond their confines. The period, moreover, was one of great prosperity; and so the *New Town* of the fifteenth century arose in the open valley to the south, with the Cowgate as the chief thoroughfare of this fashionable suburb, which appears, within the single half century to have nearly equalled in extent the old intra-mural capital.

“This expansion of the town,” says the author of the “Traditions of Edinburgh,” “is to be considered a proof of the prosperity of Scotland during the reigns of James III. and his successor, testifying that our country saw no brighter period till the reign of George III.—an era by far the most splendid in her annals. The first wall was built, as may be gathered from the grant for its erection, under the dread of invasion from England. But so secure had the kingdom afterwards become in its own internal strength, that Edinburgh was suffered to luxuriate into twice its original extent, without any measures being taken for additional defence. The necessity of enclosing the Cowgate after the fatal field of Flodden, seems to have come upon the citizens in the most unexpected



manner, and they no doubt regretted that luxury and taste for improvement had led them so far out into the unprotected country. But they certainly did afterwards retrieve their native character of prudence; as scarcely a house arose beyond the second wall for two hundred and fifty years; and if Edinburgh increased in any respect, it was only by piling new flats upon the tenements of the ancient royalty, thereby adding to the height rather than to the extent of the city."

Such are the elements which have combined to produce what we may here fitly enough style the modern old town of Edinburgh; the ancient city which still exists as the heart and nucleus round which the recent and more ornate additions have gathered. It was indeed by another, and no less sudden outburst than that of the fifteenth century, that the new suburbs arose on the neighbouring heights surrounding the long narrow ridge which, with its southern valley, had formed for three centuries the entire site of the Scottish capital. Topham, in his letters from Edinburgh, published in 1774, thus describes the appearance of the town at that comparatively recent date:—  
 "The situation of Edinburgh is probably as extraordinary a one as can well be imagined for a metropolis. The immense hills, on which great part of it is built, though they make the views uncommonly magnificent, not only in many places render it impassable for carriages, but very fatiguing for walking. The principal

or great street runs along the ridge of a very high hill, which, taking its rise from the palace of Holyrood House, ascends, and not very gradually, for the length of a mile and a quarter, and after opening in a spacious area, terminates in the castle. On one side, as far as the eye can reach, you view the sea, the port of Leith, its harbour and various vessels, the river Forth, the immense hills around, some of which ascend above even the castle; and on the other side you look over a rich and cultivated country, terminated by the dark, abrupt, and barren hills of the Highlands.

“ You have seen the famous street of Lisle, la Rue Royale, leading to the port of Tournay, which is said to be the finest in Europe; but which, I can assure you, is not to be compared either in length or breadth to the High-street of Edinburgh; and would they be at the expense of removing some buildings which obstruct the view, by being placed in the middle of the street, nothing could be conceived more magnificent. Not content, however, with this, they suffer a weekly market to be held, in which stalls are erected nearly the whole length of it, and make a confusion almost impossible to be conceived. All sorts of iron and copper ware are exposed to sale; here likewise the herb market is held, and the herb women, who are in no country either the most peaceable or the most cleanly beings upon earth, throw about the roots, stalks, etc., of the bad vegetables, to the great nuisance of the passengers.

“ The style of building here is much like the French ; the houses, however, in general are higher, as some rise to twelve, and one in particular to thirteen stories in height. But to the front of the street nine or ten stories is the common run ; it is the back part of the edifice which, by being built on the slope of a hill, sinks to that amazing depth so as to form the above number. This mode of dwelling, though very proper for the turbulent times to which it was adapted, has now lost its convenience ; as they no longer stand in need of the defence from the castle, they no more find the benefit of being crowded together so near it. The common staircase which leads to the apartments of the different inhabitants, must always be dirty, and is in general very dark and narrow. It has this advantage, however, that as they are all of stone, they have little to apprehend from fire, which in the opinion of some would more than compensate for every other advantage. In general, however, the highest and lowest tenements are possessed by artificers, while the gentry and better sort of people dwell in fifth and sixth stories.

“ In London you know such a habitation would not be deemed the most eligible, and many a man in such a situation would not be sorry to descend a little lower. The style of building here has given rise to different ideas ; some years ago a Scotch gentleman who went to London for the first time, took the upper-

most story of a lodging house, and was very much surprised to find what he thought the genteelest place of the whole at the lowest price. His friends who came to see him, in vain acquainted him with the mistake he had been guilty of; '*He ken'd vary weel,*' he said, '*what gentility was, and after having lived all his life in a sixth story, he was not come to London to live UPON THE GROUND!*'

"From the High-street you pass down by a number of different alleys, or, as they call them here, wynds and closes. They are many of them so very steep that it requires great attention to the feet to prevent falling; but so well accustomed are the Scotch to that position of body required in descending these declivities, that I have seen a Scotch girl run down them with great swiftness in pattens."

Such may be accepted as a clear and tolerably impartial picture of the Scottish metropolis as it continued to be even in the earlier years of the present century. It is difficult for us now thoroughly to realize the social changes which resulted from the abandonment of this curious and time-honoured system, by which the Scottish nobility and gentry had been so long pent up within these narrow limits. With all its evils, it had many redeeming features. Such mansions and such avenues were better than the most stringent sumptuary laws, for enabling a poor nobility and gentry, deprived of the wealth and patronage of a resident court,

to maintain their dignity with a very limited income. A costly equipage was altogether useless in a town where scarcely a single public thoroughfare, except its main street, was wide enough for anything but a sedan chair. Private assemblies were equally out of the question where some of the oldest and proudest families were suitably lodged on a fourth or fifth flat ; and the most distinguished of the Scottish nobles were content to approach their town mansions through a narrow close and up a still narrower turnpike stair, such as may still be seen in dwellings which were occupied by the noble families of the Gordons, the Sempills, and the Stairs, even in the present century. We shall form a most mistaken idea if we imagine that such customs involved any sacrifice of the dignity or privileges of social rank. Never, probably, was an aristocracy more exclusive, or less liable to have its claims disputed by its plebeian neighbours, thus often separated from it literally by no more than a thin partition.

Peter Williamson, a curious old Edinburgh character, after spending a considerable period among the Red Indians of the great American forests, established himself as a vintner in Edinburgh, and was the first to introduce the luxury of a local penny-post system within the city. To this he afterwards added a street directory for the town ; and from some of the pages of these old volumes not a little curious information may still be gleaned, as to

the mode by which the nice lines of demarcation were preserved between the various ranks of society. Similar information of an older date, derived from legal inventories on the sale or transference of property, serves to show that towards the close of the eighteenth century, Edinburgh society retained all its social characteristics unchanged since the departure of the Scottish court. One example of an old tenement or *land* of six stories, situated in the Lawn Market, may serve as a sample of the whole. The ground-floor, subdivided into two, sufficed for the accommodation of a baker and grocer; on the first floor above resided general Lockhart, of Carnwath; the second was occupied by the widow of a gentleman of property; the third by sir Islay Campbell, lord advocate, and afterwards lord president of the court of session; the fourth by Mr. Bell, a respectable writer to the signet; the fifth, by John Hume, esq., of Ninewells, the representative of an old Scottish family; and, with more than usual demand for accommodation, the attics were retained for additional rooms used by general Lockhart's family and servants. In other cases, the top story is found occupied by a dress-maker, or tailor, or even by a char-woman or sick-nurse. Such is a sample of the mode by which the varied ranks of life were packed together within the densely crowded dwellings of Old Edinburgh, one public stair serving as the common access of all; and the ladies of

my lord president, general Lockhart, or the laird of Ninewells, being liable at all times to meet with their baker's or grocer's wife, on common ground. No very troublesome sense either of intrusive collision or of repulsive hauteur, seems to have resulted from this. Society moved on with even fewer jars than now ; and the dignity of no modern countess, amidst all the costly appliances of a London palace, is more fully recognised and freely conceded to her, than was that of the leaders of fashion in those old times of our grandmothers, when the countess of Stair entertained the *élite* of Scottish society on the second-floor of a house, still standing in one of the closes of the High-street.

It is curious, indeed, to see from the descriptions supplied to us by old title-deeds, that those humble dwellings which we now see deserted, even by the decent mechanic, as too straitened for his moderate wants, actually supplied so recently to our ancestors a complete suite of apartments, according to the most refined notions of aristocratic life. One fashionable half of a fourth flat in a high street, alley, or close, for example, once the town mansion of a wealthy landed proprietor, has its little closets and passages thus grandiloquently described in its legal title deeds: "Ane large fore-chamber, with a study, upon the south side of the turnpike, (or spiral staircase,) off the right hand of the entry, with transe (passage) leading to the rest of the

house, and a kitchen on the west side of the said transe, with a hanging gallery on the west side thereof, divided into two rooms and a back hall within ; and upon the north side of the said chamber, with a summer dining-room on the west side of the same, a chamber of dais within the said back hall, and a study on the east side thereof, and loft above the said chamber of dais and back hall aforesaid." Thus it will be seen, that the Scottish grandee of the eighteenth century, while "cribbed, cabined, and confined," within his dingy half-flat on the fourth floor, had, according to his ideas of domestic economy, as complete a suite of apartments as Burlington or Northumberland Houses now furnish to their noble occupants. Certain it is, that a reference to one of the street directories of Peter Williamson, whose death took place so lately as 1797, supplies us with lists of noblemen and heads of old families, crowded together in a single close, such as could not now be equalled in the most magnificent quarters of the New Town, West-End. Much, doubtless, was gained in point of health and personal comfort, by the abandonment of these old straitened dwellings, yet it cannot be doubted that something also was lost ; and that by that very change, one of the great barriers against the extravagances and excesses of fashionable life was broken down—a barrier which, it is not too much to say, exercised its influence in help-



ing the poorer country to maintain its ground in the earlier part of its struggle with the sister kingdom of England.

We designate our volume, "Modern Edinburgh;" but under this title may fairly be included much that pertains to older generations than our own. The interest, indeed, of the modern city is still derived chiefly from the past. Between the lofty tower-clad rocks of its hoar castle, and the grey walls of St. David's Abbey, at the foot of the Salisbury Crags, lie still the chief attractions of the Scottish capital in the eye of the stranger; nor can we more appropriately introduce these notices of the history and associations of its ancient and modern walls, than by a glance at the historical incidents which pertain to the transition period of its history, from the last sitting of the Union Parliament to our own day. From the foundation of the Scottish monarchy under Malcolm Canmore in the eleventh century, till the union of the two crowns on the death of queen Elizabeth, Edinburgh partook of all the grandeur and of all the vicissitudes and sufferings of the capital of a warlike kingdom. From the occurrence of the latter event, till the Union in 1707, it was practically the capital of an independent kingdom, though visited only at few and rare intervals by its sovereigns. But with that event, the ancient history of Edinburgh closes.

Though still the chief city of Scotland, its

history is no longer political, but social, literary, and domestic. To the incidents which form the connecting link between these ancient and modern periods, we shall devote our next chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE DARIEN HOUSE.

THE stranger, or tourist, who passes along the great thoroughfare leading by the Earthen Mound and George IV. Bridge, from the new town, right through the old, to a second new town, known as the southern districts, is not unlikely to have his attention called to an old-fashioned building, with a curious, high-pitched roof, in the French style which prevailed in the reign of William III. This is the old Darien House, a sufficiently melancholy and desolate-looking memorial of the unfortunate Darien enterprise. This forlorn character is not a little heightened by its later use as a pauper lunatic asylum, and in this capacity still more melancholy associations attach to it as the scene where poor Ferguson, the Scottish poet, that hapless child of genius, so wretchedly terminated his brief career. The building still bears some faded relics of the original grandeur which characterized it while yet the centre of so many golden dreams. Externally a series of niches decorate the front; and on

an ornamental tablet above the doorway, and surmounted by a sundial, is the date 1698. Internally, a broad staircase leading to the first floor is adorned with a handsome, though somewhat heavy and massive balustrade; but, otherwise, the glory has long departed from it, and with its later inmates, it bears all the melancholy and desolate aspect which the fancy could conceive as most suitable for the memorial of that disastrous national enterprise.

The proceedings of the Edinburgh populace in the earlier years of the eighteenth century, in retaliation for the failure of the favourite national scheme, amply bore out the character acquired by the mobs of the Scottish capital for a stern and resolute daring, and an unflinching tenacity of purpose. While the people were still suffering from the ruinous failure of their scheme, which the Scottish speculators, with only too good reason, ascribed to the sacrifice of their interests for their English rivals, the Scottish government took the bold step of seizing, by way of reprisal, a vessel belonging to the East India Company which entered the Forth. The sole plea originally advanced for this was the right of retaliation for the unjust seizure and detention of the *Annandale*, a ship belonging to the Scottish company, in the Downs, at the instance of the English East India Company. In the proceedings which followed, however, other, and much more substantial reasons were discovered or devised. While the vessel lay in the Forth,

under embargo, the unguarded speeches of the crew led to their being implicated in the crimes of piracy and murder, committed on a Scottish vessel and its crew in the East Indies. In all these proceedings, Scotland appears acting, not only to a great extent as an independent kingdom, but with much of the ancient hereditary rancour with which it had been accustomed of old to regard its "auld enemies of England." Captain Thomas Green and fourteen of the crew were brought to trial, and the bitter national hatred excited against them was further increased by their attempting to deny the jurisdiction of the court. Whether it was possible at that period to find an impartial jury in Edinburgh for such a trial, may reasonably be questioned. The evidence, however, which has been preserved, was sufficient to have justified any jury in returning their verdict of guilty; and the court accordingly sentenced captain Green and his associates to be hanged on the sands of Leith.

Arnot, in his "Celebrated Criminal Trials," remarks:—"As the factions into which Scotland was then divided about the depending treaty of Union, did each of them take up this cause as a matter of party, the faction which favoured the Union maintained the prisoners' innocence, and on this ground solicited a pardon for them. The party, again, that opposed the Union, which was much more numerous, and fully more violent, held the

evidence of the prisoners' guilt as equal to demonstration, and resented the attempt to obtain a pardon for the prisoners with the highest indignation." Under such circumstances it is easy to see that the unfortunate prisoners had but a poor chance of obtaining an impartial hearing, or an unprejudiced judgment on the evidence advanced. The justice of the whole proceedings, and the probability of the evidence stumbled upon with such remarkable opportuneness, have accordingly been the subject of very conflicting opinions, and, apart altogether from the political motives above referred to, there were found influential persons at the time who thought the evidence insufficient to justify the condemnation. Their influence was accordingly directed strongly in their favour; nor indeed did more than three eventually suffer for the alleged crimes. These three, however, were the captain, mate, and chief gunner, who, as the supposed instigators and ringleaders in the crime, were the special objects of popular indignation.

In this case, as in the later one of Porteous, the prospect of royal pardon being extended to their victims excited the utmost indignation among the populace; and on the report being circulated that a reprieve had been granted, a mob assaulted the lord chancellor while passing down the High-street in his carriage, on his return from the privy council. The windows of his carriage were immediately smashed, and the chancellor was dragged out and thrown

upon the street, where he was at length, with great difficulty, rescued from the fury of the mob by an armed body of his friends. The popular feeling, however, was so strong and universal on the subject, and the conviction had so generally gained ground that Scotland had no justice to hope for except such as she secured for herself, that it was found impossible to attempt the pardon of the accused pirates, and the tumult was only appeased at last by their public execution.

Such was the state of popular feeling in the Scottish capital when the project of a Union of the two kingdoms was first entertained. In a parliament which met at Edinburgh only three years after the execution of captain Green and his associates, steps were taken for bringing about this object, which has proved so great a blessing to both countries. It would have been difficult, however, to have selected a more unfavourable period for making such a proposal to the Scottish nation. The failure of the favourite scheme of colonization, entirely, as it appeared, through the jealousy of rival interests in England, had excited all the old feelings of national antipathy, and the plan for a Union was almost universally regarded as a covert attempt to sacrifice the independence of the country to the interests of its ancient rival. So soon as the proposed Articles of Union were made public, the utmost uproar ensued. When the parliament assembled, the adjoining square, or Parliament Close, as it was then called, was

crowded with an excited multitude, who manifested their displeasure at the supporters of the scheme by hootings and opprobrious epithets, and even by personal violence. The royal commissioner, the duke of Queensberry, was an especial object of the popular resentment; and as the discussion advanced, the people proceeded to more violent acts of hostility against the promoters of the scheme. The house of sir Patrick Johnston, the representative of the city in Parliament, and formerly a great favourite when provost, was attacked with the utmost violence, and sir Patrick himself narrowly escaped falling a victim to the fury of the mob.

The old days when the streets of Edinburgh formed the chief battle-field of the rival Scottish factions seemed once more revived. Three regiments of foot were on constant duty, and the Nether Bowport, and other of the most important points of the city, were taken possession of by the military. Yet the mob continued to keep the parliament in awe, and to hold the town nearly at their mercy. The duke of Queensberry and all who acted with him were kept in terror of their lives. A strong battalion protected Holyrood Palace, and guards were stationed at the approaches to the Parliament Close to prevent any but members obtaining admission. His grace, the commissioner, walked from the Parliament House to his coach between a double file of musketeers, and he was driven from the Cross at full



gallop to his residence at the palace, hooted, cursed, and pelted by the rabble. A proper city police was then unknown in Scotland. The only substitute for it in Edinburgh was the town guard, an inefficient body of old soldiers; and unless when it came to open warfare with fire-arms, the mob was supreme in any question on which the popular feeling was unanimous. Even when fire-arms were resorted to, and the military called out, the peculiarly cool and dogged pertinacity of the mobs of the Scottish capital, added to the great advantages they possessed from the singular construction of the old town, with its numerous courts, narrow lanes, and alleys, so frequently enabled the latter to secure the victory, that the government rarely risked such a contest.

The favour of the mob was no less zealously manifested than their displeasure. The duke of Hamilton, who, as hereditary keeper of the palace, had his lodgings there, was nightly escorted home by immense multitudes, with flambeaus and fire-arms, cheering and applauding his fidelity to the popular cause. It was on one of these occasions, after having seen the duke home, that the mob proceeded in a body to the house of the city member, and after scaring him into a hasty retreat, sacked it, and flung its contents into the street.

At this period the stately mansion of Moray House, still existing in the Canongate, and which formed the residence of Oliver Cromwell during his abode in Edinburgh, was occupied

by the lord chancellor Seafield, and its fine old halls were the scenes of numerous secret meetings and deliberations preceding the final ratification of the treaty. A picturesque summer-house still stands in its terraced garden, adorned with quaint old lions, whither tradition tells that the chancellor and other unionists withdrew to place their signatures to one of the final documents by which the union of the two kingdoms was ratified. But the ever-watchful mob got news of the proceedings in time to set them to flight, and the deed was at length accomplished in a laigh shop, or cellar, on the north side of the High-street, still popularly known as the "Union Cellar." On the 25th of March, 1707, the treaty of Union was ratified by the estates, and on the 22nd of April following, the parliament of Scotland adjourned, never again to meet as a national assembly. "The lord chancellor Seafield," says Dr. Wilson, "the chief agent in this closing scene of our national legislature, exclaimed on its accomplishment, with heartless levity, 'There is the end of an auld sang;' but the people brooded over the act as a national indignity and wrong; and the legitimate line of their old Scottish kings anew found favour in their eyes, and became the centre of hope to many who mourned over Scotland as a degraded province of her old southern rival."

## CHAPTER III.

## PRINCE CHARLES.

It was well for Scotland that the popular clamour proved unavailing to prevent the union of the two kingdoms, though the distrust and opposition of the people were amply justified by the corrupt means employed for securing many of the votes by which the measure was carried that put an end to the deliberations of the Scottish parliament. The immediate results flowing from it were, moreover, little calculated to diminish the odium with which it was universally regarded, and this was peculiarly the case in Edinburgh, where trade suffered; the rank and character of society were deteriorated, and the last ties were broken which bound the Scottish nobility to the ancient capital of the kingdom. The general discontent and irritation produced by this measure received fresh stimulus shortly after by the appearance of English tax-gatherers, and other government officials—all of whom were looked upon as aliens and extortioners; so that it became the universal

custom to ascribe all grievances, from whatever source they sprang, to the odious Union. The copestone was put on all these grievances by the fact that the Scottish members met with a very different reception in the British parliament from what they had been accustomed to in their own national assembly. All these causes united to aid the movements of the party which had never ceased secretly to cherish the hope of seeing the banished Stuart king resume his throne. Former evils were forgotten or slighted when compared with those under which they were at present suffering, and thus the thoughts of a large and increasing portion of the people were gradually directed anew to the exiled family of the Stuarts.

Edinburgh had no share in the first rising against the house of Hanover in 1715. The magistrates anticipated the movement, and took effectual measures for the defence of the city. The walls and gates were repaired and fortified; the sluice at the east end of the North Loch was dammed up, and trenches were dug at the most accessible points. Equally efficient means were pursued for providing an effective force to man the walls; so that when a party of the insurgents marched towards Edinburgh, they found it so well defended that they abandoned the attempt to assault it, and retreated to the citadel at Leith, from whence they were soon after driven, and the whole ill-concerted and feeble effort of rebellion was effectually suppressed. It was only twenty years after this

last occurrence, that that remarkable riot took place, so widely known as the Porteous mob.

The Edinburgh city guard, which constituted at that period its sole police, consisted principally of discharged veterans, whose duty it was to preserve the public peace, and suppress any attempt at tumult, such as was then so easily raised among the excitable populace. No portion of the citizens had learned to look on these guardians of the town with much respect, and to its rabble they were objects of mingled derision and fear. No opportunity was missed of showing the feeling entertained towards them, and the numerous indignities they suffered did not tend in any degree to mollify the moroseness of their tempers. This state of feeling continued to be cherished as long as this corps of veterans were retained in the service of the city; and Dr. Wilson has sketched the following lively picture of one of their annual field-days in his "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time:"—

“Among the more homely associations of the old Parliament Close, the festivities of the king’s birthday demand a special notice, as perhaps the most popular among the long-cherished customs of our ancestors, which the present generation has beheld gradually expire. It was usual on this annual festival to have a public repast in the Parliament-hall, where tables were laid out at the expense of the city, covered with wine and confections, and the

magistrates, judges, and nearly all the chief citizens, assembled for what was styled 'the drinking the king's health.' On the morning of this joyous holiday, the statue of king Charles was gaily decorated with flowers by the '*auld callants*,' as *élèves* of Heriot's Hospital are still termed, who claimed this office by long prescription, and their acknowledged skill in the art of royal decoration, acquired in the annual custom of decking their own founder's statue. This formed one of the chief attractions to the citizens throughout the day, as well as to their numerous rustic visitors, who crowded into the capital on the occasion. Towards the afternoon, the veteran corps of the city guard was called out to man the eastern entrance into the Parliament Close, while the guests were assembling for the civic entertainment, and then after to draw up in front of the great hall, and announce with a volley to the capital at large each loyal toast of its assembled rulers. Never did forlorn hope undertake a more desperate duty. The first volley of these unpopular guardians of civic order was the signal for a frenzied assault on them by the whole rabble of the town,—commemorated in Fergusson's lively address to the muse on 'The King's Birthday.' Dead dogs, cats, and every offensive missile that could be procured for the occasion, were now hurled at their devoted heads, and when at last they received orders to march back again to their old citadel in the High-street, the strife became furious ;

the rough old veterans dealt their blows right and left with musket and lochaber axe, wielded by no gentle hands; but their efforts were hopeless against the spirit and numbers of their enemies, and the retreat generally ended in an ignominious rout of the whole civic guard. All law, excepting mob law, was suspended during the rest of the evening, the windows of obnoxious citizens were broken, the effigies of the most unpopular men frequently burnt; and for more than half a century, the notorious *Johnny Wilkes*, the editor of the 'North Briton,' and the favourite of the London apprentices, was annually burnt in effigy at the Cross, and other prominent parts of the town,—an increment hardly yet altogether fallen into desuetude."

Such was the town guard of Edinburgh, in which John Porteous, a man of low origin and profligate character, filled the office of captain. One of the special duties devolving on the body which he commanded, was to surround the scaffold on the occasion of public executions; and it was at one of these, as is well known, that Porteous committed the outrage for which he paid the penalty of his life.

The criminal on the occasion referred to commanded the sympathy of the populace, because his offence was against the odious excise laws, which they looked upon as one of the treasonable fruits of the Union; and their commiseration had been greatly increased by the generous courage displayed by him in

securing the escape of his accomplice. On these grounds it was very generally thought that an attempt would be made to rescue the prisoner, and preparations were accordingly devised for resisting it. One of these, the introduction of a detachment of infantry into the city, was looked upon by Porteous as an insult to his own corps, and helped to increase the irritation of his naturally surly and brutal temper. Awed, most probably, by the preparations for opposing any resistance to the execution of the criminal, the mob remained passive until the fatal work was accomplished; but the dead body had not hung long upon the gibbet when the mob became excited, assailed Porteous and his men with stones and other missiles, and at length one of the most venturous of them sprang on the scaffold, and cut the rope by which the criminal had been suspended.

It was at this stage of the proceedings, when the execution had been effected, and the resistance to the mob was, according to the usages of the period, greatly less required, that Porteous seized the musket of one of the guards, and giving the word to his men to fire, he at the same moment discharged the piece and shot a man dead on the spot. Several others were killed and wounded by the fire of his men; but an Edinburgh mob in those days was not easily scared. The attack on the guard continued with redoubled fury. Several more fell under a second volley, including some peaceful spectators who chanced to be watching



the scene from some of the neighbouring windows; but the assailants still continued to press on the hated guard, and the tumult was only brought to a close when they had compelled them to retreat to their guard-house in the High-street.

Captain Porteous was brought to trial for murder, in consequence of his share in the proceedings, and the High Court of Justiciary sentenced him to be executed. The ordinary antipathy of the populace to this civic functionary had risen to a feeling of the most deadly vengeance in consequence of his wanton and fatal recklessness, the consequences of which had led to his own condemnation; and when the day appointed for his execution arrived, it was welcomed as a special season of just vengeance, no less than of popular triumph. This feeling, however, was doomed to disappointment. Efficient influence had been employed on his behalf at court, and her majesty queen Caroline had been induced to grant him a reprieve for six weeks, with the intention of probably commuting his sentence to some much milder punishment, if not of entirely pardoning him. This, in the state of popular feeling at the time, was looked upon as another of the wrongs inflicted on Scotland by those who had robbed her of independence. The crowd which had assembled to witness the execution of its expected victim, slowly dispersed amidst the suppressed mutterings of disappointed revenge. But no violence was attempted; and so com-

plete was the confidence of Porteous in his final escape, that he invited a party of his boon companions to join him in the Tolbooth, and the evening of his reprieve was devoted to the coarse orgies only too well suited to that abode of misery and vice.

Such was the occupation of the reprieved criminal as the night set in; but its darkness was about to introduce another set of actors in the strange drama. It was in the month of September, when the nights had already encroached largely on the shortening day; and as soon as it was dark enough to conceal the persons of the conspirators, a drum was heard beating to arms through the principal streets, and the populace hastened from every court and alley to join the gathering throng. Though only a few hours had elapsed since the event which originated this movement, it was marked by all the characteristics of a well-concerted scheme. As the number of the mob increased, they separated into different parties, and took possession of the gates and other important points in the city, posting sentinels at each of them, so as effectually to prevent any interference with their further proceedings. They then surrounded the city guard, disarmed the force, and having possessed themselves of their weapons, they were thus doubly prepared for commanding the uncontrolled mastery of the town during the night. The magistrates finding themselves thus utterly deprived of any civic force to oppose to the mob, and being

precluded from all communication beyond the gates, attempted to obtain assistance from the castle ; but this also had been looked to, and a vigilant band of insurgents effectually prevented all intercourse with the garrison.

Porteous was in the height of his ill-timed festivities in the prison of the old Tolbooth, or Heart of Midlothian, when the rioters, at length satisfied of the efficiency of the preliminary steps we have described, made their appearance before the prison door. The glare of their torches revealed the excited multitude to the wretched man, as he gazed on them through the prison-bars, which seemed now to offer his only chance of safety. He well knew the hatred with which he was universally regarded, and had been triumphing in the idea of having outwitted such a host of determined foes. "Surely," he had said, "the bitterness of death is past," and now all hope of escape seemed gone, for he well knew the determined character of an Edinburgh mob. Sledge-hammers and crowbars had been plied in vain against the massive prison-door ; but fire soon found them a way through its solid oak, and the wretched man was dragged from his hiding-place, where he had scrambled up the chimney, and laid hold of the iron bars inserted there on purpose to cut off any possibility of escape in that direction. Hurried along by the road to the usual place of execution, the rioters stopped their victim in the old West Row, while they deliberately forced their way into a shop where

ropes were sold, and left on the counter a guinea to pay for the one which they carried off for the purpose of his execution. A dyer's pole, only a few yards from the site of the gallows, supplied its want. With the utmost coolness and deliberation all the preparatory steps were gone through, and the deed of stern vengeance resolved on having been carried out by the suspension of the unhappy man from the dyer's pole, he was watched until all possibility of his rescue in life was at an end, and then the actors in this bold deed of lawlessness threw away the weapons of which they had possessed themselves, and quietly dispersed.

Such was the Porteous mob, one of the most remarkable civic tumults on record, and which, though got up within a few hours after the cause of popular indignation had transpired, was managed with such secrecy, that none of the offenders were ever discovered, though the magistrates used their most strenuous efforts, and the government offered tempting rewards to induce some of their accomplices to reveal the ringleader, in what may with much more propriety be styled a daring conspiracy, than the mere act of a common mob.

The ordinary magistrates of the city resumed their power on the morrow, not without trembling at the late experience of the fragility of its tenure. To march troops into the city, and commence a severe inquiry into the transactions of the preceding night, were the first marks of returning energy which they dis-

played. But these events had been conducted on so secure and well-concocted a plan of safety and secrecy, that there was little or nothing learned to throw light upon the authors or principal actors in a scheme so audacious. An express was despatched to London with the tidings, where they excited great indignation and surprise in the council of the regency, and particularly in the bosom of queen Caroline, who considered her own authority as exposed to contempt by the success of this singular conspiracy. Nothing was spoken of for some time save the measure of vengeance that should be taken, not only on the actors of this tragedy, so soon as they should be discovered, but upon the magistrates who had suffered it to take place, and upon the city which had been the scene where it was exhibited. On this occasion, it is still recorded in popular tradition, that her majesty, in the height of her displeasure, told the celebrated John, duke of Argyll, that sooner than submit to such an insult, she would make Scotland a hunting-field. "In that case, madam," answered that high-spirited nobleman, with a profound bow, "I will take leave of your majesty, and go down to my own country to get my hounds ready."

The idea of wreaking the vengeance of mortified authority on the city and its civic rulers was no empty threat. The lord provost was imprisoned, and not admitted to bail for three weeks, and a bill brought into parliament

was carried through the House of Lords, incapacitating him from holding any magisterial office in Great Britain, and condemning him to imprisonment for a year. Still further, it was provided that the Nether Bow Port, the chief gate of the city, should be demolished, and the town-guard disbanded ; the last a proceeding which seemed rather like a reward than a punishment of the rioters. In the House of Commons, however, a wiser moderation prevailed, and the whole affair ended in the city having to pay the sum of £1,500 to Porteous's widow.

Such was the curious condition of society, and the unsettled state of public feeling in Edinburgh, in the earlier part of the eighteenth century. The union with England was regarded with a jealousy and distrust similar to that with which we have seen the Irish union regarded in our own day by some of the Irish people. The state of things we have described abundantly accounts for what so speedily followed. Only nine years had elapsed since the deeds of the Porteous mob had been productive of such commotion throughout the kingdom, when the news reached Edinburgh that prince Charles Edward had landed, and was on his march thither. To the great majority of the citizens the news was neither unexpected nor unwelcome. Steps, however, were taken for the defence of the capital. A portion of the royal forces were marched into the neighbourhood ; the city guard was increased, the walls

were hastily repaired, and ditches thrown up for additional defence.

The prince had crossed the Forth above Stirling, and the king's troops, along with the city guards, were posted at Corstorphine and Coltbridge, to the west of the city, to repel his advance. A volunteer force was also raised among the citizens; but the utmost lukewarmness, added to an undefined dread of the approaching Highland host, prevailed; and when they did at length present themselves, the whole force fled precipitately, and communicated such a panic to the citizens, that scarcely any could be found even to encourage the idea of shutting the city gates, and standing on the defensive. While the citizens were still undetermined as to the ultimate line of policy they should pursue, the Nether Bow Port was unwarily opened to give egress to a carriage—not, however, as was shrewdly suspected, without the secret connivance of the lord provost, whose Jacobite leanings were but thinly disguised. A party of Highlanders who had been waiting outside the gate, immediately rushed in, took possession of the city, seized and disarmed the guards, and compelled the heralds to publish at the Cross the commission of regency which the prince held from his father, with all the wonted ceremonies attending royal proclamations.

The young cavalier speedily followed the advanced guard of his faithful Highland force. His army encamped in the royal park, on the

eastern and southern slopes of Arthur's Seat, and the prince, after passing a night at Duddingston, advanced on the following day, and took possession of the royal palace of his ancestors. All the cruel miseries inflicted on Scotland by the Stuart race, and the protracted years of misgovernment, treachery, and oppression which they had endured—almost from the union of the two crowns on the death of queen Elizabeth, to their forfeiture by the grandfather of the prince who had now returned to occupy his palace—were forgotten. The inhabitants flocked in multitudes from the city to the neighbouring camp, and mixed in friendly familiarity with the clansmen; while the palace was crowded with numbers of the higher classes of the citizens, who hastened to pay their homage to the prince, and to testify their fidelity to the exiled family.

The battle of Preston Pans followed, and the prince was victorious on the field, where the noble Christian soldier, colonel Gardiner, fell. The dragoons of sir John Cope fled ignominiously, leaving their baggage, artillery, and military chests to the victors. The prince returned to Holyrood Palace in triumph; and revived once more, in its long deserted halls, festive scenes which had been wont to grace them in the olden times, when Scotland was a distinct kingdom, and Edinburgh was the seat of a royal court and a national parliament.

Even in the prince's brief hour of triumph, however, there were not wanting those who



clearly discerned, through the popular glare of a false nationality, and the exaggerated estimate of present grievances, that the fruit to be looked for from the overthrow of the Hanoverian family, was the restoration of a race of popish princes, who had so signally failed in all the duties which kings owe to their people.

After the victory of Preston Pans, the prince issued a proclamation, giving the ministers of the city full liberty to continue the usual religious services on the following Sunday, and only making the moderate stipulation, that in praying for the royal family, no name should be mentioned. One only of the city clergy availed himself of the permission, burdened by this condition, and lectured in the forenoon in the Tron Church; but St. Cuthbert's, an extra-mural parish, was then filled by an incumbent, the rev. Neile M'Vicar, famous in his day, and still commemorated among the faithful pastors of the church of Scotland, as one whom no dread of personal danger could deter from fulfilling his duty as a minister of Christ. This worthy successor of the faithful band that suffered to the death, rather than submit to the tyranny of Charles and James II., gave public notice that he would continue the regular services of the day, and proceeded to the pulpit, accordingly, as usual. The church was crowded with an unusually numerous auditory, attracted thither by various motives, and among them he recognised many Jacobites, as well as a considerable number of

the Highland soldiers, led to attend from the report of the intentions, and the knowledge of his intrepid character. Nothing daunted by such an assembly, Mr. M'Vicar prayed, as usual, for king George, by name, desiring for him every temporal and spiritual blessing ; the establishment of his throne in righteousness, and the upholding of it against every foe ; and then he added : " As for this young man who has come among us seeking an earthly crown, we beseech Thee that he may obtain what is far better, a heavenly one ! " No evil consequences followed on this bold and faithful exercise of duty. The prince would have been ill-advised, indeed, to have revived the memory of dark days so recently gone by, by rekindling the spirit of religious persecution at such a time. On the worthy minister's prayer being reported to him, he is said to have smiled, and expressed himself highly pleased at the courage and charity he had displayed.

What followed on these events forms no part of the history of Edinburgh. In less than six months, the duke of Cumberland returned from the field of Culloden, where the last hopes of the ill-fated Stuart had perished, and occupied the same apartments in the palace of Holyrood, which had so recently been the scene of festivities, graced by an enthusiasm that, however unwise and ill-founded, was as hearty and sincere as the reception of the victor of Culloden was hollow and distrustful. And so, may we say, ended the old honours of

Holyrood, and the royal pageants of the Scottish capital. The next of our British sovereigns who appeared there, to revive the ancient glories of the palace and capital of the Stuarts, was George IV., and his welcome lacked no feature that could serve to testify the hearty loyalty of the people towards the younger line of the royal family, through whom the rights of Malcolm Canmore and St. Margaret, and the privileges and honours of Mary Stuart, have descended on her loved and honoured descendant, queen Victoria, who, as is well-known, has added her name to the associations of the ancient palace of Holyrood.

## CHAPTER IV.

## RISE OF THE NEW TOWN.

IN 1679, James, duke of Albany, (afterwards James II. of England,) was received with all the pomp of a royal visitation, on his coming to Edinburgh in the capacity of king's commissioner to the Scottish parliament—a sort of honourable banishment devised for him while the famous Exclusion Bill still hung in suspense. His duchess, Mary D'Este of Modena, and the princess, afterwards queen Anne, accompanied him, and the festivities at Holyrood had almost the effect of a restoration. It was during this temporary revival of the old Scottish court, that the first project of the new town was devised, although nearly a century elapsed before even the foundation stone of the North Bridge was laid.

In accordance with the more absolute powers of the period, James granted to the city in perpetuity, for the purpose of carrying into effect the project of an extended royalty and North Bridge, thus early devised, such rights as even parliament would now enact only for

a very limited period. In this charter, James bestows on the citizens this, among other privileges—"That when they should have occasion to enlarge their city, by purchasing ground without the town, or to *build bridges or arches*, for 'accomplishing the same, not only are the proprietors of such lands obliged to part with the same on reasonable terms, but these, when acquired, are to be erected into a regality in favour of the citizens." Unfortunately, for Edinburgh at least, her royal guest departed with all his court and retinue, after a stay of only two years and a half; and when, as the first-fruits of the Union, the privy council, the parliament, and, as a natural consequence, nearly the whole of the nobility left also, all prospect of further extension seemed at an end.

In 1720, Allan Ramsay, in one of his earliest poetical effusions, entitled "Edinburgh's Salutation to the marquis of Carnarvon," who was then on a visit to the city, thus represents her addressing her noble guest,—

"Lang syne, my lord, I had a court,  
 And nobles filled my cawsy;  
 But since I have been fortune's sport,  
 I look nae half sae gawsy.  
 Oh that ilk worthy British peer,  
 Wad follow your example,  
 My auld grey head I yet wad rear,  
 And spread my skirts mair ample."

But more desponding is the picture which Maitland draws of the Canongate, so late as the middle of the eighteenth century. "This place," he says, "has suffered more by the

union of the kingdom than all the other parts of Scotland; for having been, before that period, the residence of the chief of the Scottish nobility, it was then in a flourishing condition; but being deserted by them, many of their houses are fallen down, and others are in a ruinous condition. It is a piteous case."

The first stone of the new bridge, which was to form the connecting link between the ancient city and those long-coveted fields, on which the new town was destined to arise, was laid on the 21st of October, 1763; and four years later, Mr. James Craig, architect, a nephew of the illustrious poet of the "Seasons," submitted to the approving town council the plan adopted for the intended city; along with a host of competing designs from rival architects and amateurs. To the original engraving of Craig's plan, its author appended the following lines from his uncle's poem of "Liberty:"—

"August, around, what public works I see!  
Lo, stately streets! lo, squares that court the breeze!  
See long canals and deepened rivers join  
Each part with each, and with the circling main,  
The whole enlivened isle."

The regular array of formal parallelograms, says the author of the "Memorials of Edinburgh," "thus sketched out for the future city, was received by the denizens of the old town with raptures of applause. Pent up in narrow and crooked wynds, its broad, straight avenues seemed the *beau idéal* of perfection, and the more sanguine of them panted to see the magnificent design realized. Some echo of their

enthusiastic admiration," adds the memorialist of Old Edinburgh, "still lingers among us, but it waxes feeble and indistinct. The most hearty contemners of the dingy, smoky old town, now admit that neither the formal plan, nor the architectural designs of the new town, evince much intellect or inventive genius in their contriver; and, perhaps, even a professed antiquary may venture to hint at the wisdom of our ancestors, who carried their road obliquely down the steep northern slope, from Mutrie's-hill to Silver-mills, instead of devising the abrupt precipitous descent from where the statue of George IV. now stands to the foot of Pitt-street—a steep which strikes the stranger with awe, not unmingled with fear, on his first approach to our modern Athens from the neighbouring coast. When, some two or three centuries hence, the new town shall have ripened into fruit for some *twenty-second century improvement commission*, their first scheme will probably lead to the restoration of Gabriel's-road, and its counterpart from Charlotte-square to Pitt-street!" Such are a modern critic's remarks on the plan which appeared so faultless to the previous generation; and it must be confessed, that however admirably the streets which cross the new town from north to south serve for opening magnificent vistas, stretching away beyond the Forth to the highland hills, they are certainly planned without the slightest consideration of the requisites for a public

thoroughfare. A Londoner, accustomed to complain of the dangers of Holborn-hill or Snow-hill, would stand aghast if placed for the first time at the foot of Pitt-street, surmounted in the far distance with the statue of George IV., and the beautiful spire of the Assembly Hall behind it; and would also think it a feat of danger to guide a horse up such a steep. Both men and horses, however, are well accustomed to such feats in the northern capital; and few things are more likely to attract a stranger's attention at first, than the apparent recklessness with which hackney-coach and cabmen drive swiftly down these precipitous streets, especially if the stranger chance to be inside the flying vehicle. Accidents, however, are probably of as rare occurrence there as on the nearly level thoroughfares of London.

The new town, though not yet numbering as such more years than some of its oldest surviving inhabitants, has nevertheless its ancient associations and traditional memorials also. In the Museum of the Scottish Antiquaries, indeed, are preserved more than one primitive cinerary urn, discovered in the process of excavating for the foundations of its modern structures, and carrying the imagination back to that dim pre-historic era of our island's story, before the Roman legionary had come as the bloody missionary of civilization; and paved the way for the more glorious conquests of the gospel of peace and glad tidings to the poor skin-clad barbarians of Caledonia. In the "Pre-historic



Annals of Scotland," also, tolerably conclusive evidence is adduced in proof of the fact, that a Roman colonia existed on the site of Edinburgh, and that one of the great Roman military roads passed to the westward through the north-east quarters of the new town. Then, too, it has its traditionary associations linking it with the mediæval era; and, like most other expanding cities, the local antiquary detects in some of its modern names the sole surviving memorials of old suburban villages, once distant from the close-piled city, gathered within its walls on the castled steep; and to which its older citizens can still remember their summer rambles through green fields, and by hedge and rustic stile.—

“But Caledonia’s queen is changed,  
 Since on her dusky summit ranged,  
 Within its steepy limits pent,  
 By bulwark, line, and battlement,  
 And flanking towers, and laky flood,  
 Guarded and garrison’d she stood.  
 Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow:  
 Dun-Eedin; oh, how altered now!  
 When safe, amid thy mountain court  
 Thou sitt’st, like empress at her sport,  
 And liberal, unconfined, and free,  
 Flinging thy white arms to the sea.”

In this progress sea-ward, the village of Greenside, with its old Leper hospital, its cross and well, and its interesting associations with some of the earliest scenes of the dawn of the Scottish reformation—already described in another volume of this series;\* the village of Silver-mills; the village and Barony of

\* “Old Edinburgh,” p. 73.

Broughton, celebrated in the annals of witchcraft; with other precursors of the new town, exist now only in name. Even the name of "Mutrie's Hill" has entirely disappeared from the local nomenclature, superseded by its modern title of St. James's-square, though here a village had arisen in the latter end of the seventeenth century, and become the resort of so many industrious non-freemen, that the jealous burgesses, in the year 1700, actually succeeded in inducing the magistrates to close the nearest city port, at the foot of Halkerston's-wynd, so as to cut off these rival traders from their intercourse with the chartered customers of the burghal corporate trades.

On the small area surrounding the central spot now occupied by St. James's-square, the local historian can indeed recover the traces of many successive waves which have left their ripple-marks as time went by. The name of Moutray's, or Mutrie's-hill, is derived from an ancestor of the earls of Galloway, as old as the famous Flodden-field. On its north side a broad modern street, bearing the name of Picardy-place, occupies the site of a hamlet reared there by a body of French Protestant refugees, who fled thither on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, and settling on the open common which then lay betwixt the village of Broughton and the old capital, attempted to establish a silk manufactory. A large plantation of mulberry trees is said to have been planted by them on the slope of

Mutrie's-hill; but doubtless the poor refugees found too many reasons for contrasting painfully the difference between our bleak northern climate, and their own native province of Picardy, in the sunny valley of the Somme.

On the southern side of Mutrie's-hill, and still nearer the old town, stood an ancient fortalice, called Dingwall's Castle, as is believed, from John Dingwall, provost of Trinity College, and archdeacon of Caithness, who was nominated one of the original judges of the Court of Session on the spiritual side, at the institution of the College of Justice in 1532. He is referred to in Knox's "History of the Reformation" in no very flattering terms. The last remains of the old castle only disappeared on the erection of Shakspeare-square, a portion of its walls being indeed believed to be still extant in one of the cellars there.

Immediately beyond this, and nearly on the margin of the old North Loch, was erected the Orphans' Hospital, a valuable and wisely conducted charitable institution, which attracted the special notice of Howard, when other establishments of the old city, and especially the ancient Tolbooth, excited only his commiseration for their wretched inmates. The celebrated Whitefield also took a deep interest in its success, and an exceedingly characteristic portrait of that eminent preacher now hangs in the hall of the hospital, in evidence of the estimation in which his valuable services to the institution were held. The long green slope

extending from Mutrie's-hill to the hospital, derived from it the name of the Orphans' Park; and here, during the earlier visits of Whitefield to Edinburgh, he was wont to address the congregated thousands who gathered from the neighbouring city to listen to those soul-stirring appeals, which were made the means of awakening so many to a sense of their lost state as sinners, and leading them for the first time believingly to comprehend and embrace the grand scriptural doctrine of justification by faith in the atoning blood and spotless righteousness of Christ. Whitefield is reported to have expressed peculiar delight at the evidences of a Divine blessing so manifestly following his labours. The feelings of the preacher may be conceived when, on returning to the city for the first time after the extension of the royalty, and proceeding to the spot which had been, as it were, consecrated by the seals of his ministry, he found a theatre in the process of erection on the very spot. The name of the great English dramatist was bestowed on the surrounding buildings; but the honour was a very questionable one, for their occupants have been for the most part such as are usually found to congregate around a playhouse, giving only too unequivocal evidence of the demoralizing effects of the modern stage.

The Calton-hill subsequently supplied Whitefield with an undesecrated place of worship, when visiting Edinburgh in his later evangelical tours. It would seem, however, as if such

consecrated spots were doomed here to special desecration. A hollow on the higher ground formed a sort of natural amphitheatre, peculiarly well adapted for the purpose in view. There Whitefield's later addresses were delivered; and there, also, during three successive visits to Edinburgh, the no less celebrated Rowland Hill preached, as was computed on one of the occasions, to upwards of twenty thousand people. But the most conspicuous portion of this new arena was selected, in 1816, as the site for a new county jail, destined to supersede the old Tolbooth, or "Heart of Midlothian."

The Orphans' Park, where Whitefield's evangelical labours were so abruptly superseded, lay at the northern end of the new, or North Bridge, and was consequently one of the earliest areas built upon. But at a very early period the single communication supplied by the bridge, which spanned the valley and the loch, was looked upon as insufficient; and Chambers is probably right in ascribing to a suggestion of the oldest historian of Edinburgh, the origin of the lumpish deformity which now furnishes another link between the old town and the new. The question of extending the city to the fields on the north side of the loch was being strongly agitated when Maitland wrote in 1750, though a long time elapsed before the talk resulted in action. With most cities, indeed, expansion is so gradual and imperceptible that no date could be affixed to their commencement of the

movement. But old Edinburgh was like a princess shut up in some enchanted castle, for whom escape was impossible, till some knight was found gallant and chivalrous enough to break the spell. This knight appeared at length in provost Drummond, one of the greatest benefactors the city has ever known. He was seven times chosen as lord provost of Edinburgh; and his services in one single, but most important charity, are thus commemorated on the pedestal of a marble bust of this good citizen, which stands in the hall of the Royal Infirmary:—"George Drummond, to whom this country is indebted for all the benefits which it derives from the Royal Infirmary." To him, also, as we have said, was due the carrying out of the oft-projected North Bridge; but Maitland's older suggestion was more easily accomplished. "There has of late," says he, in his history of Edinburgh, published in 1753, "been much talk about erecting a bridge across the North Loch, for a communication with the country on the northern side; which, or something better, may easily be accomplished at little expense, by obliging all builders and others to shoot their rubbish, made at the building or repairing of houses, into such a part of the said loch as shall be agreed upon; whereby in a few years a ridge or earthen bank might be raised to the required height, which would answer other good ends besides that of a bridge." This suggestion, Mr. Chambers remarks, "seems to have given the hint for the

creation of that hideous deformity, the Earthen Mound, which sir Walter Scott has well termed the greatest and most hopeless error that has been fallen into in the course of these improvements." Since sir Walter Scott thus wrote, the mound itself has been subjected to improvements. A railway tunnel has pierced it, and somewhat relieved its lumpish tameness; and now the larger portion of its surface has been levelled as a platform whereon to erect a suite of galleries for paintings, with such architectural decorations as must in some further degree help to alleviate the deformity of this "hopeless error." Since then, too, the eastern portion of the bed of the old loch, which, in sir Walter Scott's time, still lay an unreclaimed waste, has been converted into a beautiful public garden; and on the broad level of its northern terrace now stands the graceful Gothic monument erected to the memory of sir Walter himself.

## CHAPTER V.

## FIRST BUILDINGS OF THE NEW TOWN.

THE great hindrance to the extension of the city over the long-coveted fields beyond the North Loch, was the want of a proper and convenient mode of access ; that however being provided by the new bridge, there was no very remarkable symptom of haste among the citizens to enter on the possession of their new conquest. It may be questioned, indeed, whether the prospect of crossing the Atlantic, and settling on the unoccupied wastes of the new world, excited half so much trepidation in the minds of some adventurous youths, as did the idea of emigration to these new fields across the North Loch in the minds of the staid old citizens of Edinburgh seventy years ago. They had been so long accustomed to nestle in their old dwellings sheltered in the narrow closes,

“ Piled deep and massy, close and high,”

that they seemed to regard the exposure to open streets and broad thoroughfares pretty much as some etiolated hot-house exotic might be supposed to reflect on its being turned out to the open garden.



Edinburgh is well known for the ample share it enjoys of strong westerly gales, and keen easterly winds, with the varying seasons of the year, to which its elevated site so peculiarly exposes it. But were we to judge from many of the accounts, and even from some more substantial evidence preserved, it might be presumed that the crossing of the North Bridge exposed the adventurer to hurricanes of a character somewhat akin to those which the mariner encounters in the Bay of Biscay, and that some remarkable meteorological improvements must have taken place since the era of such dangerous navigations of this middle passage. Arnot, the historian of Edinburgh, writing in 1779, after enlarging on the advantages of the site, the regularity and beauty of the place, and the magnificence of the prospects of the New Town, adds: "It is, however, in a special manner, exposed to very violent winds, which rage in Edinburgh with incredible fury. Houses blown down, large trees torn up by the roots, people carried off their feet and beat down upon the pavement, are no uncommon circumstances in Edinburgh. It will hardly be credited, that on Saturday, the 3rd of January, 1778, the Leith guard, consisting of a serjeant and twelve men of the 70th regiment, were all of them blown off the Castle-hill, and some of them sorely hurt." The equinoctial gales especially are still known not unfrequently to do considerable damage; but certainly some portion of the newly discovered terrors for the

gales of Edinburgh, must be ascribed to the novelty of new town breezes to those whom custom had long reconciled to its old town odours. Many amusing notices of the inconveniences experienced by these gales are preserved in some of the old satirical poetry of the day. It was scarcely possible, however, for a satirist to exaggerate his picture of the apprehensions seriously entertained. Citizens not yet past the meridian of life, can remember when a stone wall existed along the ridge of the Earthen Mound, with a paving on either side, that the passenger might be able to make his choice according to the direction of the wind, while passing this treacherous "Hellespont;" and the north bridge still retains the stone slabs placed against its originally open balustrades, for the purpose of providing for the wayfarer a similar screen. Still further to illustrate this state of things, Mr. Chambers observes, with reference to one of the first houses in Prince's-street, erected as a building speculation so early as 1769: "It was purchased by Mr. Shadrach Moyes, secretary of customs, who, before he concluded his bargain, had the builder bound to erect another house to the right, *in order to shelter him from the westerly winds*. What a mass of stone and lime, and streets and squares," adds the author of the "Traditions of Edinburgh," "would Zephyrus have now to penetrate before he could reach this tenement!"

This may account, in part at least, for the

tardiness with which the completion of the long projected bridge was followed by any decided steps towards the erection of the new town ; and also for the minuteness of the information which has been preserved regarding the first proceedings of those who were bold enough to lead the forlorn hope in so hazardous an enterprise. A premium of twenty pounds was offered by the magistrates to the first person who should build a house in the extended royalty, and was awarded to a Mr. John Young, who erected a house there in 1766. "When it was erected," says Mr. Chambers, "the New Town was hanging *in dubio*, and it was uncertain if it would ever be more than a retired rural villa ; wherefore the interest excited on its foundation was very great, and an immense concourse of people was gathered to witness the ceremony." Older houses than this, however, still exist, which were once solitary mansions in the country, to which their owners withdrew as to quiet retreats far removed beyond the reach of civic noise or cares, though now they are hemmed in by acres crowded only with streets and squares stretching away for miles on every side before the first suburban glimpse of country is reached.

The first edifice for which ground was fenced, after the plans for the new town were completed, is the large building immediately to the west of the Register Office, now occupied as the Crown Hotel ; and to which the privilege pertains, by special grant of the magistrates,

in consideration of this priority, that it is for ever exempted from the payment of all burghal taxes. This favoured edifice has a higher interest from the associations connected with it, as having long been occupied as the premises of Messrs. Constable and Co., the well-known booksellers; whither was transferred, from the old shop at the Cross, "that labyrinth of rooms which formed the extensive back-settlements of that celebrated publishing-house." This was the haunt of a great many distinguished men of letters, whose names still linger among the associations of the northern capital, like a literary halo surrounding its classic heights. But, as has before been said, the new town has already its obsolete memories and traditions, as well as the old, pertaining to a state of things now entirely of the past.

St. Andrew-square, which formed one of the main features of Mr. James Craig's plan, was the earliest of all the improvements to be completed. Escaping from the confined and straitened accommodation of the old town, it was an additional feature to the broad avenues of the new town to erect mansions around a wide unoccupied area of some five hundred and twenty feet square—wide enough, as it seemed, to accommodate half the population of Edinburgh, according to its time-honoured mode of building.

According to the accounts of old citizens, the intercourse of neighbours, arising from the facilities of such close vicinage as the old town

alleys afforded, was made fully available. The mere opening of their windows sufficed to bring the families, on opposite sides of some of its most fashionable closes, within easy distance, for the most familiar *tête-à-tête*; and many a conversation over a cup of tea was thus carried on, without the ladies needing to leave their own parlours. Nor were the gentlemen a whit behind their partners in availing themselves of the facilities which their proximity to their neighbours afforded for a friendly chat. Thus Mr. Chambers describes the gentlemen of the long robe as being in the habit, after an early breakfast, of leaning over their parlour windows, while waiting till the neighbouring bell of St. Giles's announced the dawn of the *legal day*, and discussing the morning's news with a neighbouring advocate, or even a judge of the supreme court, on the opposite side of the alley. "In this manner, the Advocates-close, or even one less filled with the sons of Themis, would sometimes resemble a modern coffee-room more than anything else." It is not easy to conceive of a much more abrupt social change than that which transferred these familiar neighbours to the great new town square, where nothing short of a telescope could enable them to recognise the dwellers in the opposite houses.

No wonder is it, when once the move had begun, that St. Andrew-square became an aristocratic quarter of the city; though even after so brief an interval, the time has already

arrived when it seems little less strange to conceive of noblemen residing in St. Andrew-square, than in Niddry's-wynd, or the old Mint-close. Here, about 1775, resided the earls of Buchan, Haddington, and Leven, lord Aukerville, lord Dreghorn, the countesses of Dalhousie and Errol, sir John Whitefoord, sir James Stirling, and sundry other citizens of note, including Andrew Crosbie, the advocate, David Hume, the historian, and Henry Brougham, the future lord chancellor.

The corner house on the north side of the square, looking into St. Andrew-street, was the residence of the ingenious but eccentric earl of Buchan, and there, in 1780, the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland was founded, and its first meetings were held. The house of Andrew Crosbie, an eminent advocate, now forms Douglas's Hotel; while at the head of South St. David-street in the angle corresponding to that of the earl of Buchan, is the house where the great sceptical philosopher and historian passed the latter years of his life, and where that final death-bed scene took place, as recorded by his friend Dr. Adam Smith, when he passed away to the experience of those unseen realities of an eternal world, which all the profoundness of his philosophical speculations had failed to reveal to him. The apparent calmness of his last moments, though unexpected by many, was perhaps even more terrible to reflect upon than the ravings of the awakened conscience, in the last struggles of unavailing remorse.

Surely this great philosopher died "as the fool dieth;" and all that his wisdom had taught him, was to believe of his soul as no more immortal than the beasts that perish. How truly has St. Paul said, "The world by wisdom knew not God.—For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God."

Among the distinguished circle of literary men which then adorned the Scottish capital, Hume moved on the most friendly terms; and on the 4th of July, 1776, a circle of his acquaintances assembled in his house in St. David-street, invited by him to a farewell dinner; the last, as he truly anticipated, which he was ever to partake of with them. This mournful festival was attended by lord Elibank, Dr. Blair, Dr. Black, the celebrated chemist, Adam Smith, professor Fergusson, and John Home, the author of "Douglas."

Not the least remarkable among the buildings in the old town, is the huge square pile, rising story above story, which meets the eye of the wondering stranger, as he traverses the Mound on his way from the new to the old town. Here, among the numerous dwellings into which its floors were economically subdivided, was the residence of Boswell, when he received and entertained Paoli, the patriot

Corsican chief, in 1771 ; and the still more illustrious Dr. Johnson, when he visited Edinburgh in 1773, on his way to the Western Isles. Thither, in the month of August, Boswell conducted the great object of his devoted veneration, from the White Horse Inn in the Canongate, where he had found the doctor in a violent passion with the waiter, for having sweetened his lemonade without the ceremony of a pair of sugar-tongs. The doctor, in his indignation, threw the lemonade out of the window, and seemed inclined, it is added, to use the waiter with equal violence. In St. James's-court he met with the most assiduous attention from the *élite* of Edinburgh society ; and after reserving his attentions almost exclusively for Margaret, duchess of Douglas, who formed one of Mr. Boswell's party, he has described her as " an old lady who talks broad Scotch with a paralytic voice, and is scarce understood by her own countrymen." Lord Stowell, who was Johnson's travelling companion on this visit, related that the doctor was treated by the Scottish literati with a degree of deference bordering on pusillanimity ; but he excepted from that observation Mr. Crosbie, the celebrated advocate, already referred to, whom he characterized as an intrepid talker, and the only man who was disposed to meet Dr. Johnson in argument.

In this once fashionable and aristocratic quarter, David Hume also resided, from 1762 till the completion of the house erected by him



in St. David-street, in which he died. In Hume's day, the North Loch lay beneath in the valley directly below his house, with gardens extending to its southern margin, while the site of the modern city was then farms and green fields, stretching away uninterruptedly to the sea. Even now, though the huge pile has been so long deserted by its once aristocratic occupants, the upper windows of James's-court command a view such as few dwellings in any other city in Europe could parallel. This interesting and curious locality of the old town is thus described by a recent writer:—"Entering one of the doors opposite the main entrance, the stranger is sometimes led by a friend wishing to afford him an agreeable surprise, down flight after flight of the steps of a stone staircase; and when he imagines he is descending so far into the bowels of the earth, he emerges on the edge of a cheerful, crowded thoroughfare, connecting together the old and new town, the latter of which is spread before him: a contrast to the gloom from which he has emerged. When he looks up to the building containing the upright street through which he has descended, he sees that vast pile of tall houses standing at the head of the Mound, which creates astonishment in every visitor of Edinburgh. This vast fabric is built on the declivity of a hill, and thus one entering on the level of the Lawn Market is at the height of several stories from the ground on the side next the old town. "I have ascertained,"

adds Mr. Burton, "that by ascending the western of the two stairs facing the entry of James's-court to the height of three stories, we arrive at the door of David Hume's house, which, of the two doors on that landing-place, is the one towards the left."

From the windows of this lofty dwelling, the historian looked down on the green slopes whereon the design of the architect, James Craig, was about to be sketched out; and so recent is this marvellous change, that the author of this little volume has often conversed with an elderly lady, who had a familiar recollection of strolling in her rare country walks to drink warm milk at Wood's farm-house, which then stood amidst its ploughed fields, in what is now the west end of Queen-street; while citizens still living can remember when the greater part of the area now crowded with the streets and squares of the new town, changed from spring to autumn under the rich tints of its ripening crops of grain. David Hume brooded, as it were, over the incipient new town, of which he had nearly a literal bird's-eye view from his airy height, and at length overcoming his dislike to change, he fixed on, as already pointed out, the corner site between St. David-street and St. Andrew-square.

Directly opposite to Mr. Hume's house, is one forming the corner of North St. David-street, which will possess an interest as long as it stands, as that in which Henry lord Brougham was born. The house remains in the Cowgate,

where the elder Brougham first dwelt, and married. From this, however, he soon afterwards removed to the new town, and on the upper flat of the building referred to—for so early was the old town fashion of common stairs, or “perpendicular streets,” transferred to the new—the future chancellor first saw the light. From thence, as a boy, he proceeded daily to the old High School, and shared, with characteristic vivacity and eagerness, in the wild sports which then marked the juvenile pastimes of that ancient seminary.

“’Tis sixty years since.” Of such a lapse of time are we now speaking; and uneventful as that period has been in any great internal convulsions, how marvellous are the changes which impress the mind, even in looking round the modern, trim, New-Town-square. Since the beginning of these sixty years, art and architecture have wrought a marvellous revolution upon it. Its old aristocratic occupants have one and all disappeared, to give place to banks, insurance offices, hotels, and warerooms; yet, with this altered occupation, the architectural adornments of the sons of commerce have so greatly exceeded those of the old gentry, that the few mansions of the latter still intact, appear as ungainly intruders among their showy and beautiful neighbours. The British Linen Company’s Bank is specially worthy of a stranger’s visit. Externally, its disengaged columns, each surrounded by a colossal emblematic statue, cannot fail to attract

the eye; while internally, its beautiful large banking-room, decorated with polished red granite columns, with bronze capitals, and other decorations to correspond, conveys an idea of taste such as vividly illustrates the prosperity of Scotland, and its rapid strides in commerce, arts, and manufactures, during the last half-century.

The central and most conspicuous ornament of St. Andrew-square is Melville's monument, an elegant column, one hundred and thirty-six feet high, surmounted by a colossal statue of the earl of Melville, who acquired a somewhat unenviable notoriety by means of the impeachment brought against him for supposed tampering with the public funds. He was, however, greatly esteemed by a numerous circle of friends, added to which, the influence he long exerted in the disposal of most of the government patronage in Scotland, secured for him many keen political adherents, by whom this beautiful structure was reared in 1822.

In the centre of the east side of the square, a handsome edifice, now occupied as the Royal Bank of Scotland, was originally built for a private mansion, by sir Lawrence Dundas of Kerse, long the representative of the city in parliament. In front of this building now stands the monument of James, earl of Hopetoun, the friend and companion in arms of sir John Moore. It is an equestrian statue, of colossal proportions, in bronze, representing the earl standing beside his horse, and is justly admired as a

work of great beauty. The house of the earl, while yet he lived among the aristocratic citizens of old Edinburgh, still stands on the south side of the Canongate, at the head of St. John-street.

## CHAPTER VI.

## HAUNTS OF THE POETS.

THE highest part of the new town, exclusive of the Calton-hill, is St. James's-square, occupying what of old was called Mutrie's-hill. It changed its name, however, for a more popular title, about the time when its old heights were first invaded by the encroaching city. The famous battle of Bunker's-hill was fought on the 17th of June, 1775, and the date of the same year, carved on the house in the south-east corner of the square, was contemporary with that memorable event. The first stone of this house, as old Edinburgh traditions record, was laid on the very day when the news of the battle reached the city. The laying of the foundation stone, even of a private building, is still, by a custom which it were well to permit to fall into desuetude, celebrated by some "drink silver" being distributed among the workmen. It so happened, that the entertainment in honour of this first foundation on the heights of Mutrie's-hill was accompanied with such excesses that the builders became

considerably excited, and some cause of misunderstanding having followed, a quarrel ensued, which at length ended in a general battle. The conspicuous scene attracted many spectators, some of whom joined in the affray; and the news of the contest on the shores of Massachusetts Bay being then the most prominent subject of the day, this squabble received the name of the "Battle of Bunker's-hill." Trifling as was the circumstance, this epithet adhered to the locality, and among older citizens of the last generation, the name of Bunker's-hill was most frequently applied to St. James's-square.

The range of houses, of which the first was founded under such curious circumstances, is built, like other edifices both of the old and new town, on the steep side of a hill, though now the tall houses in Leith-street effectually conceal their true height from view. The most southerly house on the west side of the square possesses a peculiar interest, as having been the lodging of the poet Burns during part of the period he resided in Edinburgh. It was then occupied by Mr. Cruikshanks, one of the masters of the High School, and is specially described by the poet in one of his letters to Mrs. McLehose, the lady with whom he carried on a romantic correspondence under the name of Sylvander, while he addressed her by that of Clarinda. Her residence was in a venerable, but now sorely decayed mansion, which still preserves some memorials of the

characters with which its history is associated, and is thus linked in its latter traditions with the newer edifices of the modern city.

The visitor to Edinburgh, who finds a guide to such antiquated memorials of the past, will follow his cicerone from the new town by the Mound and George the Fourth's Bridge, until, continuing in the same course, he has nearly reached the point of junction of Bristo-street with Potter-row; when, if he be at all a lover of the picturesque, he will hardly fail to be struck with a building turning its crow-stepped gable to the street, while along its southern front appear a range of sculptured dormer windows, and other architectural ornaments in the highly decorated style of the seventeenth century. Heraldic devices and monograms ornament its front, and a curious sundial, which has only very recently disappeared, bore the quaint, punning inscription, "*We shall die all.*"

Should the visitor be tempted by these traces of former grandeur to pursue his investigations further, he will find that the old edifice encloses a little, irregular, and desolate-looking court of antique buildings, called General's Entry. Tradition has long assigned this as the residence of general Monk, during his command in Scotland under Oliver Cromwell. Its name, however, is not derived from the hero of the Commonwealth, but from John, second earl of Stair, who served under Marlborough, and was promoted to the rank of



lieutenant-general after the bloody battle of Malplaquet. His arms and initials are sculptured on the house, and on one of the floors into which the quadrangular group of buildings was subdivided in later days, lived the Clarinda of the poet Robert Burns, in 1788. The letters of both contain allusions to the missives which then passed between St. James's-square and General's Entry, and to the visits paid by the poet to the latter.

The haunts of two other distinguished Scottish poets lie in the same neighbourhood. In an equally humble and obscure locality, Alison-square, Potter-row, Thomas Campbell lived, while engaged in the composition of the *Pleasures of Hope*; and to the same residence we believe the poet of "Hope" refers, in the following pleasing reminiscences of James Grahame, the author of the "Sabbath:"—

"One of the most endearing circumstances which I remember of Grahame was his singing. I shall never forget one summer evening that we agreed to sit up all night, and go together to Arthur Seat to see the sun rise. We sat, accordingly, all night in his delightful parlour—the seat of so many happy remembrances. We then went out and saw a beautiful sunrise. I returned home with him, for I was living in his house at the time. He was unreserved in all his devoutest feelings before me; and from the beauty of the morning scenery and the recent death of his sister, our conversation took a serious turn, on the proof of infinite

benevolence in the creation, and the goodness of God. As I retired to my own bed I overheard his devotions—not his prayer, but a hymn of praise which he sang, and with a power and inspiration beyond himself; and beyond anything else. At that time he was a strong-voiced and commanding man. The remembrance of his large, expressive features, when he climbed the hill, and of his organ-like voice in praising God, is yet fresh and ever pleasing in my mind.”

There is something exceedingly delightful in this glimpse of the young Christian poet in his hours of relaxation, while yet his muse was only pluming its wings for flight. At this time he was studying the law; but from his subsequent pursuits we may infer that he did not seek “the priest’s office for a morsel of bread,” but that he entered on the sacred office of the Christian ministry with a deep sense of the momentous responsibility thenceforth to rest on him as “an ambassador of Christ,” and accounting it his highest privilege to proclaim the gospel message, “God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

Old Edinburgh is rich in the haunts of the poets. The various localities associated with the memory of Allan Ramsay, the author of the “Gentle Shepherd,” have already been noticed in our volume entitled “Old Edinburgh;” and there also we have referred to the early

poets Dunbar, Gawin Douglas, and sir David Lindsay, all of them long resident in Edinburgh, and intimately associated with its early history. In the Canongate, the old mansion of the dukes of Queensberry was also the residence of the poet Gay, the favourite of lady Catherine Hyde, duchess of Queensberry, the beauty of the court of George I., whose uprightness and wit have been commemorated in the lines of Pope, Swift, and Prior, and whom Horace Walpole, earl of Orford, celebrated in his old age. Time, however, has wrought strange changes on the ducal mansion; for after various vicissitudes, the abode of the eccentric beauty, and the retreat of the poet, is now converted into the "House of Refuge for the Destitute."

The name of Goldsmith is associated with the College-wynd, where the author of "The Deserted Village" lodged while studying medicine at the university of Edinburgh; and at the head of the same wynd, sir Walter Scott was born.

The fine old cavalier poet, Drummond of Hawthornden, is also intimately connected with the history of Edinburgh and of its university; and Dr. Wilson has pointed out, in his "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time," the house of his uncle William Fowler, also a poet, and the son of the author of "The Triumph of Death," which still stands in the Anchor-close, High-street. He was secretary to Anne of Denmark, the queen of James I., and his sister was the mother of Drummond of Hawthornden,

one of the sweetest of the minor poets of Scotland.

Like Ben Jonson, Drummond, and even Milton, Fowler was employed in arranging the court masks and pageants, which formed so grave and serious a feature in all holiday proceedings of that age. On the occasion of the baptism of prince Henry, the son of James VI., the preparation of the pageants, with "deep moral meanings," was committed to Fowler, though he was not allowed to finish so important a commission without the aid of his sapient master, the moral interludes of Neptune being expressly recorded as the fruitful product of his majesty's own royal brain. On this occasion, queen Elizabeth despatched the young earl of Sussex to represent her at the baptism of the young prince, committing to his care a letter of congratulation and advice, in which she thus writes:—"I make a note of my happy destiny, my good brother, in beholding my luck so fortunate as to be the baptizer of both father and son."

It is not unworthy of note here, that the original manuscripts, both of Drummond of Hawthornden, and of Fowler, are preserved in the library of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. From these the following sonnet of Drummond, in praise of Edinburgh, is not unsuitable for insertion here. Its local allusions still hold true, after the lapse of upwards of two centuries; the seat of justice being now, as of old, in the Parliament House, in the heart of

the metropolis; while the old abbey of the Holyrood, which served the poet as his symbol of religion, remains, though in ruins; and Mars's lofty towers surmount, as of yore, the western steeps which terminate the ridge occupied by the old town:—

“Install'd on hills, her head near starry bowers,  
Shines Edinburgh, proud of protecting powers.  
Justice defends her heart; Religion east  
With temples; Mars with towers doth guard the west;  
Fresh Nymphs and Ceres serving, wait upon her,  
And Thetis, tributary, doth her honour.  
The sea doth Venice shake, Rome Tiber beats,  
While she but scorns her vassal water's threats.  
For sceptres nowhere stands a town more fit,  
Nor place where town, world's queen, may fairer sit;  
But this thy praise is, above all most brave,  
No man did ere defame thee but a slave.”

The original of this highly flattering encomium on Edinburgh is a Latin poem by the celebrated scholar, Dr. Arthur Johnstone.

The melancholy associations with Fergusson, the poet, have already been referred to; but by far the most interesting memorial of him which remains is that which so intimately connects him with his more gifted successor, Robert Burns. To Fergusson, Burns undoubtedly owed some slight obligations for the suggestive influence which his poems exercised on his mind. But his estimate of such obligations was such as only the exaggerating modesty of true genius could entertain. He thus wrote of him at the time to which we now refer:—

“O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,  
By far my elder brother in the muses,  
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!”

Influenced by such feelings, the Ayrshire poet,

on his first arrival in Edinburgh, sought out the grave of his brother poet, and found it altogether undistinguished from the many "mouldering heaps" of a crowded urban churchyard. He thereupon addressed a letter to the managers of the Canongate churchyard, in which he remarked:—

"I am sorry to be told that the remains of Robert Fergusson, the so justly celebrated poet, a man whose talents for ages to come will do honour to our Caledonian name, lie in your churchyard among the ignoble dead, unnoticed and unknown.

"Some memorial to direct the steps of the lovers of Scottish song, when they wish to shed a tear over the 'narrow house' of the bard who is no more, is surely a tribute due to Fergusson's memory—a tribute I wish to have the honour of paying. I petition you, then, to permit me to lay a simple stone over his revered ashes, to remain an inalienable property to his deathless fame."

The monument erected by the poet in fulfilment of his design was a very simple one; but it is not too much to say of it, that it is a far more interesting memorial of himself than even the fine Grecian temple erected to his memory, within sight of the lowly grave of Fergusson, on the neighbouring heights of the Calton-hill; and is one of those relics of the past which the tourist will not be ungrateful for having pointed out to him. The inscription on the stone is as follows:—

“HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSSON, POET.

“Born September 5th, 1751.—Died 16th October, 1774.

“No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,  
 ‘No storied urn, nor animated bust;’  
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia’s way  
 To pour her sorrows o’er her poet’s dust.”

A few years since, this stone having fallen into decay, and become displaced, it was restored by subscription, with such additions as give it a more fitting prominence, and now direct attention to the brother poet in whose generosity it had its origin.

The period of Burns’s connexion with Edinburgh is that on which we can look back with feelings least mingled with the sadness which clouds the remembrance of him who once

“Walk’d in glory and in joy,  
 Following his plough along the mountain side.”

A prospect of virtuous independence seemed opening before him; and it appeared as if the author of “The Cotter’s Saturday Night” might eventually realize at his own fireside some of those scenes of piety and moral worth which he had witnessed under his parents’ roof, and which he has so beautifully depicted in that noble poem. Alas! how sad are those later scenes in the gifted poet’s life, which supply us with a warning instead of an example! The poet’s Edinburgh abode, during the brief period of his brightest hopes and prospects, is thus described by his latest biographer:—

“The house was composed of the two upper floors of a lofty building, in an airy situation in the new town—then marked No. 2, now 30,

St. James's-square. The poet's room had a window overlooking the green behind the Register House, as well as the street entering the square. It was by far the most agreeable place in which he had ever had more than the most temporary lodging. We are told by the historian of the High School, that Mr. Cruikshank was regarded as a person of no mean acquirements. He had a daughter, Janet, a young girl of much promise as a pianist. To her the poet was indebted for many pleasant hours in listening to his favourite Scottish airs. Dr. Walker says: 'About the end of October, 1787, I called on him at the house of a friend, whose daughter, though not more than twelve, was a considerable proficient in music. I found him seated by the harpsichord of this young lady, listening with the keenest interest to his own verses, which she sang and accompanied, adjusting them to the music by repeated trials of the effect. In this occupation he was so totally absorbed, that it was difficult to draw his attention from it for a moment.'

The poet celebrated the fair little songster in more than one poem, under the title of the "Rose-bud."

One other spot, associated with poetical memories, must, however, be noticed before closing this chapter. In passing along George-street, we arrive at Castle-street, upon the east side of which is the town residence of sir Walter Scott—"The Dear Thirty-nine," as he himself termed it; a place associated with some of the



happiest, and also with some of the most mournful years of his life; and which he finally left under such mournful circumstances in 1826. It was remarked of it by an intelligent foreigner, on being directed to look for No. 39, that "a more appropriate number could not have been devised to distinguish the dwelling of such a man; as the first figure represented the number of the *Graces*, and the last that of the *Muses*."\*

\* Varied emotions must fill the mind in visiting the mansion of this remarkable and most amiable man, whose character is thus ably drawn by a modern writer:—

"Combined with many excellences, there were, however, in his, as in every human character, some striking and mournful defects. Regarding him merely with reference to this present life, he would seem to have been the victim of one great and ruinous mistake. Had he rested content with the fame and the station—and they were of the highest—which his achievements in literature, together with the successful pursuit of an honourable profession, could confer upon him, his earthly career had been in all probability far happier, and its close less clouded, than it proved. But the strange, almost unaccountable, perversity of the bias of his mind was this—that while far from being insensible to, he made comparatively little, after all, of literary or professional renown; while he most sedulously desired and endeavoured to be celebrated with the comparatively paltry honour of being the possessor of an extensive estate, the founder of a wealthy and distinguished family—the head, in short, of a clan like those of whom he wrote—of being, in a word, sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford. Surely, in this there is a melancholy instance of the obliquity of even the most gigantic mind when not primarily directed towards and governed by Him without whom the world's best wisdom, even as such, is utter folly—a proof of how, in such case, the heart's purpose, like the arrow from an ill-strung bow, strays altogether wide, not only of the object at which it ought to have been aimed, but also of that at which it would seem to have been actually directed: for utterly, in this respect, has his life's object failed. The fame which he did not seek, at least did not primarily seek, he has achieved; while the stranger's footfall echoes sadly through the halls of Abbotsford: the grave amidst the ruined cloisters at Dryburgh is scarcely more mournful to look upon; and the family which he was to have

founded, within a few brief years after his death has become extinct. The two childless sons and orphan daughters, each in the prime of life, soon followed the fond, proud father to the tomb.—‘Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity!’

“The great vital defect, however, in the character of sir Walter Scott, as exemplified in his biography, would seem to have been the absence of personal, influential religion. He knew, indeed, and respected the truths of the gospel; he was strict in his own attendance, and in requiring that of his family, upon the public ordinance of sabbath worship; and his desire, during his last illness, for the reading to him of the word of God, and his apparent appreciation of its contents, leave us (though it is an awful thing to risk the interests of eternity on such a slender issue) not without a hope that he may have been savingly impressed by them before he passed into the world of spirits. The nature of his illness afforded, however, but little opportunity for evidence of his actual state of mind; and during life and health, we look, alas! in vain for any proof of that habitual realisation of the hopes and prospects of eternity which supplies its possessors with the motives and affections of a new and a better state of being. Had he been through life possessed of such, we cannot doubt but that its course would have been far happier, and its close less clouded, than it proved. Tribulation, bankruptcy, bereavement, he might have experienced; but amidst them all, he would have possessed the peace which the world cannot take away—the joy with which the stranger may not intermeddle; while his dying bed would have been illumined with a light, and his memory encircled with a glory, such as genius, integrity, and amiability, however rare and excellent, are utterly inadequate to bestow.”

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE UNIVERSITY.

THE medical schools and other educational institutions of Edinburgh may be said to be the elements of its prosperity, as much as the cotton mills of Manchester and Glasgow, or the cutlery and metal works of Birmingham and Sheffield, are the sources of wealth to those busy towns. Education may, indeed, be designated one of the staple manufactures of Edinburgh, and the raw materials on which it operates undergo a change no less marvellous and permanent than the cottons and steel of the manufacturing places which we have just named.

Strictly speaking, the Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians, and the extra-Academical Medical School, are distinct from the university. All, however, are linked by certain common ties, and they are now becoming more closely connected by the general enlargement of the various educational institutions of the country, and the necessity of adapting the schools of Edinburgh to the less restricted system of education which the establishment of the London University College, and the Queen's

Colleges of Ireland, along with other kindred institutions, has thrown open to nearly all classes of the community.

Robert Reid, bishop of Orkney, is justly regarded as the first founder of the University of Edinburgh. He was a man of great learning as well as an accomplished politician, and as such was selected as one of the commissioners despatched to France to witness the marriage of the youthful queen Mary with the Dauphin, in 1558. From this embassy the bishop never returned, having died at Dieppe on the 14th day of September, when on his way home. He bequeathed by his will the sum of eight thousand marks (as mentioned in a former volume of this series\*) towards founding a college in Edinburgh for the education of youth; but this, it is believed, formed only a very small portion of the destined bequest. According to the historian of the Sutherland family, he left a great sum of money for building the college he designed to be founded in the Scottish capital, but the greater portion of it the earl of Morton converted to his own use, and the remainder was squandered and lost. It was not, therefore, till 1581 that the university was actually founded, and its progress, amidst the political and religious convulsions of that eventful period, was very slow.

It is not a little to the credit of the citizens of Edinburgh, that from the very first its

\* See "Old Edinburgh," one of the volumes of the Monthly Series.

university has owed its progress to their fostering care, and to the liberality of the civic corporation. With the exception of the bishop of Orkney, no ecclesiastic of any note bore a share in its foundation, and the chief opponents of its institution were the archiepiscopal chancellors of St. Andrew's and Glasgow, and the ecclesiastical dignitaries connected with the see and university of Aberdeen, all of whom, not unnaturally, watched with a jealous eye the establishment of a rival college and school of learning.

In 1581, the magistrates of Edinburgh acquired the site of the church of St. Mary in the Fields, with the collegiate buildings attached thereto, celebrated as the scene of lord Darnley's mysterious murder. The area also included the ducal mansion of the Hamilton family, built from the ruins of older ecclesiastical structures soon after the burning of Edinburgh by the English army, in 1547; and this appears to have supplied the chief accommodation for the infant university. When Rollock, the first professor of divinity, began his lectures, in 1583, it was "in the lower hall of Hamilton House." Nor did the college ever assume any architectural symmetry, or imposing external magnificence, until the erection in our own day of a noble quadrangular structure, not yet entirely completed according to the original design.

In 1580, Mr. Clement Little, advocate, bequeathed his extensive library for the use of the citizens, and this the magistrates imme-

diately appropriated to the service of their rising college. To this collection the poet Drummond made many valuable additions, and thus the infant seminary was provided at a very early period with the important requisite of a good library.

Dr. Wilson points out, in his "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time," a highly picturesque building, still standing at the foot of the Castle-hill, as the ancient dwelling of Bartholomew Somerville, merchant burghess, "the most conspicuous among those generous citizens, to whose liberality we are mainly indebted for the establishment of the University of Edinburgh on a lasting basis. He, as Craufurd says, having no children, mortified [bequeathed] to the college twenty thousand marks, to be employed for maintenance of a professor of divinity, and six thousand marks for buying sir James Skeen's lodging and yard for his dwelling."

In 1617, James IV., with ostentatious condescension, assumed the foundership of the university, which its unpretending civic institutors had already brought into practical working order, and by his majesty's command it received the name of "The College of King James." To this he added what he called "a royal God-bairn gift," in the shape of certain lands and tithes in the counties of Fife and Lothian. Cromwell, who always took a lively interest in such institutions, bestowed upon it an annuity of £200 sterling; and William III. followed his example, by endowing it with a

yearly revenue of £300, to be paid out of his treasury and bishops' rents in Scotland. These royal gifts, however, have been either maimed or entirely withdrawn by the successors of their royal donors, and the University of Edinburgh continues to receive its chief support from its civic patrons.

From this cause have sprung certain peculiarities of the university, which have exercised no inconsiderable influence on its history. The exclusive patronage of the greater number of its chairs is in the hands of the civic corporation; the lord provost of Edinburgh is, *ex officio*, lord rector; and on many important points the magistrates, as patrons of the university, claim and exercise an important influence even in the internal management of the university. Some of the more modern chairs have, however, been founded by the crown, and the patronage of these is exercised by the queen's ministers, generally through the lord advocate for Scotland. One recent bequest also, that of general Reid, founding a chair of music, left the patronage, as well as the management of the funds, entirely in the hands of the senatus; and this body being now composed of regius professors, nominated by the crown, as well as professors deriving their appointments in part, or entirely, from other sources than the civic corporation, very considerable jealousy has been of late evinced at the claims of superiority by the magistrates, and more than one costly lawsuit has resulted from such

differences and rivalry. In every case, however, the magistrates have been successful in establishing their claims as superiors; nor has their mode of exercising the important rights to which they thus successfully lay claim, furnished, hitherto, any just grounds for regretting that such a trust should have devolved on the successors of those to whose enlightened zeal and liberality the foundation of the university is mainly due.

It was long felt that the college buildings were unworthy of its reputation, and inadequate to its requirements, before any efficient steps were taken to effect the requisite improvements. In 1768, a proposal for rebuilding the entire fabric on a uniform plan was entertained, but the American war arrested the project, and nearly twenty years elapsed before anything further was done. The magistrates then set on foot a public subscription for erecting a new college; designs were prepared by the celebrated architect Adams; and in 1789, the foundation stone of the present edifice was laid with masonic honours. Notwithstanding the great liberality of the citizens, and other contributors, the extent of building required was such as could not be accomplished from the sources of private generosity and munificence; and the plans, as subsequently modified by Playfair, have since been completed, with the exception of a dome designed to surmount the principal front, chiefly by parliamentary grants from the public funds.



The principal objects of attraction to strangers are the university museum and library. The former was founded by sir Andrew Balfour in 1694, but was afterwards so entirely neglected, that on professor Jamieson succeeding to the chair of natural history in 1801, he found its remains in a state of miserable decay. From its contents he carefully selected all that was worth preserving, and to this he generously added his own private collections. A few years afterwards it was further enriched by the valuable mineralogical cabinet of the late Dr. Thomson of Naples. The museum being thus placed on a satisfactory basis, adequate accommodation was provided for it in the new building, and it has since received such numerous and valuable additions, that though one side of the large quadrangular building is entirely devoted to its use, it has outgrown this, and must speedily be provided with much more extensive rooms, if it is to be allowed to expand in a degree commensurate with the progress of science and the liberality of the graduates and friends of the university. The present museum consists of two great rooms, each ninety feet long and about thirty feet wide, with galleries, and smaller side rooms. It is particularly rich in its ornithological collection; and, both in mineralogy and conchology, its cabinets present treasures well deserving of study by the intelligent investigator of science. The cases in the upper gallery contain a magnificent collection of birds purchased

for the college from M. Dufresne of Paris; and under the indefatigable superintendence of professor Jamieson, its cases have been annually enriched, during the last half century, by contributions sent from every quarter of the globe.

The accommodation of the university library in a suitable building, is of considerably more recent date than that of the museum, though it has been of so much longer standing, and has at all times been an object of care and general interest. It contains between seventy and eighty thousand volumes, including some of considerable rarity and value. Special interest attaches to some of the earliest specimens of Scottish typography, from the press of Chapman, by whom, indeed, the printing-press was first introduced into Scotland. The extreme rarity of some of these makes them receive a higher value than many manuscripts. One of the most valued examples of this class is an entire copy of the "Aberdeen Breviary," which was the second book printed in Scotland. A few finely illuminated missals, and several oriental and other manuscripts, are also much prized, but the library is by no means rich in such treasures. The visitor who is curious in regard to historic documents cannot fail to look with special interest on two such preserved here:—a protest sent to the Council of Constance against the burning of John Huss, in 1417, and to which the seals of one hundred and fifty noblemen of Bohemia and Moravia

are attached; and the original contract of marriage of queen Mary with the dauphin of France.

The library buildings form the south side of the college quadrangle, and the principal apartment is without question the finest library hall in Scotland, not excepting that of the writers to her majesty's signet, adjoining the Parliament House, though that also will not fail to excite the stranger's admiration by its beauty, as well as its convenient adaptation to the purposes for which it is designed. The stranger who visits for the first time the venerable library of Trinity College, Cambridge, rich with all the associations which concentrate around the memory of Newton, looks with feelings more of surprise than of sympathy on the marble statue of the poet Byron, which there terminates the vista. The surprise can scarcely be less in looking for the first time on Flaxman's marble statue of Robert Burns, forming the central point of attraction as he glances along the lofty pillared gallery of the Edinburgh University library, measuring nearly one hundred and ninety feet in length. The statue originally occupied the classic monument dedicated to the poet's memory on the south-eastern slope of the Calton-hill; but the difficulty attendant on securing public access to it without risk to the statue, has led to the introduction of the peasant bard into those halls of learning in the advantages of which while living he had no share.

Edinburgh is chiefly celebrated for its medical school ; students of law and divinity, however, swell considerably the number of pupils at the university. The anatomical museum, which is entirely apart from that of natural history, possesses considerable attraction to those interested in the branch of study which it illustrates ; but a much more extensive and valuable museum of anatomical and surgical preparations is preserved in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

The building in which the college of surgeons is accommodated is an exceedingly handsome classical structure, in the vicinity of the university buildings, and its museum is, with becoming liberality, rendered easily accessible to strangers. By this body, surgeons' diplomas are granted, and it also licenses certain lecturers, who constitute an efficient aid to the staff of university professors, and add to the advantages of Edinburgh as a medical school.

The Royal College of Physicians was the first of all the learned bodies to desert the ancient haunts of the metropolis for the broad thoroughfares of the new town. Incorporated so early as 1681, by a charter of Charles II., the college had acquired considerable wealth ; and so soon as the current set in towards the newly chosen site on which Craig's favoured plan was to be carried out, the physicians secured a spot in George-street, and in 1775 erected a handsome and chaste hall, adorned

with a Corinthian portico, after a design by James Craig. Directly facing it, on the opposite side of the street, St. Andrew's Church was erected, and as their porticoes thus formed a fine architectural centre to the façade of the eastern division of the street, they were regarded with no slight degree of admiration in the earlier days of the rising city. Time, however, has already wrought many changes on the new town, and among the rest, this physicians' hall has partaken of the influences which have converted the adjoining mansions of St. Andrew-square from the residences of nobles and landed gentry into the marts of commerce. The Commercial Banking Company, one of the most important monetary corporations in Scotland, having long been in search of a suitable site for a new bank, at length negotiated the purchase of the Physicians' Hall, and its fine Corinthian portico is now replaced by one of greatly larger proportions, surrounded by a pediment, filled with a bold and highly effective group of sculpture from the chisel of Alexander Handyside Ritchie, a native artist, who studied under the Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen.

The new Hall of the College of Physicians is in the east division of Queen-street. Its front is adorned with colossal statues of Galen, Harpocrates, and the goddess Hygeia; and it contains a select library, a good museum, and a fine hall for the meetings of the fellows.

The Veterinary College of Edinburgh has

acquired well-merited distinction of late years, and its diplomas are highly valued as evidences of sound professional attainment in veterinary surgery.

To these various schools of learning may also be added, the theological institutions of the different Scottish Presbyterian bodies, all of which are located in Edinburgh. Their students, however, freely partake in the advantages of the university; no tests or restrictions of any kind being allowed to interfere with the attendance even on the classes of those professors who are specially appointed for the training of students of divinity of the established church. The United Presbyterians have their hall and library in Queen-street, nearly adjoining the Physicians' Hall, where lectures on divinity, church history, and other kindred topics, are delivered by their own professors.

The college erected by the Free Church of Scotland is a much more extensive building, occupying a prominent site at the head of the mound, and presenting a gothic façade towards Prince's-street, surmounted by three towers. The architecture is, however, considered by some to be unsuccessful; and the heavy pinnacles which crown the towers contrast ungracefully with the fine details of the Assembly Hall tower, seen beyond. The interior quadrangle is more successful in design, but only a part of the original plan has been carried out. In this college, Dr. Chalmers lectured during the closing years of

his life, and a marble statue of him now in course of execution, by Mr. John Steel, is destined to adorn the hall.

The preparatory institutions for the education of youth form no unimportant branch of the scholastic institutions of Edinburgh. Of these, the early history of the High School has already been traced in the volume devoted to "Old Edinburgh," and its successive changes are there noted, from its location in the old archiepiscopal palace at the foot of Blackfriars-wynd, about the middle of the sixteenth century, till its transference in 1829 to the beautiful classic building on the Calton-hill which it now occupies. Another most important seminary for youth is the New Academy, which was projected to supply the wants of the higher classes in the new town, while the High School was still located on the site of the ancient Blackfriars Monastery, near the Kirk of Field. The Edinburgh Academy, as it is styled, is accordingly situated at the northern extremity of the New Town, where the boundary of the water of Leith has served, like some artificial dam, to arrest its further progress in that direction for a time.

The building, which is a comparatively plain, yet tasteful structure, in the Grecian Doric style of architecture, was erected at a cost of £12,000. The institution is superintended by a board of directors. In its general plan it is copied from that of the High School, each of the institutions having a rector and four

classical masters, with the addition of teachers of modern languages, mathematics, writing, and arithmetic. The class fees are considerably higher than those of the High School, and a certain degree of rivalry between the two establishments supplies a wholesome stimulus to both. The position taken by pupils of the Edinburgh Academy, not only in the Scottish Universities, but in those of Oxford and Cambridge, has already won for that institution a just distinction among the educational institutions of the country. The stranger who may be desirous of examining more closely the arrangements of the various educational institutions referred to, and the system pursued in them, will find little difficulty in obtaining access to them on application.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS.

It would require much ampler space than a single chapter of this little volume, to convey any adequate idea of the many schemes of Christian zeal and philanthropy of which Edinburgh is the centre ; but no sketch of its modern history would be complete without some allusion to these. The eldest of all its religious institutions is the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, the old "local habitation" of which, immediately below John Knox's house, at the Nether Bow, is still marked by the name of Society Close, applied to the alley which formed the approach to its hall. It had its origin in the desire of some pious individuals, towards the close of the seventeenth century, to adopt more effectual measures than they had yet been enabled to do, for rooting out the seeds of Popery, which had been planted anew under the malign influence of Charles II. and his popish successor. The history of its rise is no less interesting to us, as disclosing one of the very earliest traces of the dawn of that missionary

spirit which we have witnessed in the full blaze of its later effulgence, re-animating the Christian church, and renewing the glorious commission given by its Divine founder to his apostles, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

In the year 1701, the design was at length matured for framing a Society, having for its object "the propagation of Christian knowledge, the raising subscriptions for planting schools in the Highlands, for instructing children in reading and writing, and in the principles of our religion; for rooting out the errors of Popery, and for *converting of foreign and pagan nations.*" This Society was erected into a body corporate by queen Anne, with powers to them to receive subscriptions, and to hold lands, etc., not exceeding the yearly value of £2,000. The powers of the Society were greatly extended at a later date, and it continues to exist, and to maintain an extensive agency, especially in the Highlands, devoted to the objects of education and the propagation of Christian knowledge.

Among the religious institutions of more recent origin, few have exercised a more beneficial effect than the Edinburgh Bible Society, and the stand which it took during the famous "Apocrypha Controversy," tended to give it a very great celebrity. The leading champions for the distribution of the pure word of God, unadulterated by any spurious or apocryphal additions, were Dr. Chalmers,

Mr. Robert Haldane, and Dr. Andrew Thomson—the last, long one of the most popular of Scottish preachers, and the minister of St. George's Church, the dome of which terminates the vista of George's-street, towards the west, as the Melville Column does towards the east.

The churches and chapels of Edinburgh serve, as in other towns, to indicate to some extent the relative strength and number of the different religious bodies. When Dr. Samuel Johnson visited Edinburgh in 1773, the retreat of the old non-juring episcopacy, deposed at the revolution settlement, was in an humble building, still used as a place of Christian worship in Carrubbers-close; while the loyal and constitutional adherents of episcopacy found refuge in an equally humble structure, founded by the lord chief baron Smith, in 1722, at the foot of Blackfriars-wynd. Here it was that Dr. Johnson attended worship during his visit to Edinburgh, at a time when this homely building was probably attended by a greater array of rank and fashion than any that now assembles in Edinburgh. A little above its old site, on the opposite side of the narrow wynd, a simple memorial of the piety of a former age appears in the inscription carved over the lintel of a doorway:—

THE FEIR OF THE LORD IS THE BEGYNNING OF AL  
VISDOME.

Two new episcopal chapels were founded

about the year 1746, to accommodate the increasing numbers of this communion; and in these the ministers withdrew from the Jacobite church of non-jurors, and took the requisite oaths to government. The various chapels thus scattered about in mean and narrow wynds were small and inconvenient, and while accommodating very limited congregations, each necessarily required its own minister. The evils resulting from this state of things led to a plan for erecting a suitable place of worship to accommodate the whole, in consequence of which a large church was commenced in 1771, on a piece of ground on the south side of the Cowgate, purchased from the Royal College of Physicians, and was opened for public worship in 1774, although the original design was left incomplete, by the omission of a range of pillars and pediment, designed for its principal front. This chapel was designed according to the taste of the period, with a degree of splendour unknown since the restoration of episcopacy by Charles I. The chancel on the east side of the chapel was entrusted to Runciman, a native artist of high repute, to adorn with suitable subjects for an altar piece; including the Ascension, Christ talking with the woman of Samaria, and the Prodigal Son. In the last of these the painter introduced the portrait of the poet Fergusson as the prodigal.

At this period, the new town was scarcely dreamed of as a thing ever to be realized, and

the Cowgate was regarded as a locality well suited for the accommodation of the most fashionable congregation in town. Since then, however, the Cowgate chapel has been forsaken for a more costly Gothic edifice in the new town, and it is now the property of a dissenting Presbyterian congregation, by whom the paintings of Runciman have been suffered to remain. The structure, therefore, forms the one singular exception in Great Britain of a Presbyterian place of worship being decorated with an altar-piece, and adorned with pictured representations of Scripture subjects. The senior clergyman of the Cowgate Episcopal Chapel at the period above referred to was Dr. Myles Cooper, formerly principal of the College of New York, from which he had been compelled to flee in consequence of his fidelity to the British interests, as opposed to those of the colonial insurgents.

Among the distinguished men who have since occupied the pulpits, and officiated in the services of that communion, one stands pre-eminent, the rev. Archibald Alison, author of the *Essays on the Principles of Taste*—the friend and adviser of the poet Campbell, and the intimate associate of the most distinguished literary men during the most remarkable epoch of Scottish literature. He was the senior minister of St. Paul's Chapel, in York-place, where a tasteful marble monument from the chisel of Steel has since been erected to his memory.

In the year 1816, a beautiful Gothic structure, designated St. John's Chapel, was erected at the west end of Princes-street Gardens, by the Episcopal congregation over which, according to the primitive practice of Scottish episcopacy, the bishop presided. Close to this well-chosen site there had existed from the earliest introduction of Christianity to the Lothians, a church dedicated to the old Saxon saint, St. Cuthbert. Patched, and renovated from age to age, this venerable structure had at length become so hampered and insecure as to be no longer capable of accommodating the parishioners, and the last relics of the ancient edifice were swept away, to give place to what has, in point of architectural merit, not inaptly been styled the *hugest barn* in Scotland. It is said that when the heritors determined upon removing their place of worship, they pitched upon the architect whose estimate was least expensive, and who excluded from his plan the unnecessary ornament of a steeple; but after getting time to contemplate the ground cumbered by an enormous oblong barn, with huge disproportioned windows, they regretted the error which they had sanctioned, and endeavoured to repair it by building a steeple, in a style of ornamented and florid architecture, as if the finery of such an appendage could relieve the heaviness of the principal building, which it only rendered more deformed by the contrast. In truth, however, even the steeple is by no means burdened with any

excess of ornament, though, from its large proportions and prominent situation, it forms a marked and not unpleasing feature in some of the finest general views of the city. The two ecclesiastical edifices thus oddly contrasting together have not inaptly been compared to an ornate Dutch toy, with the clumsy packing-case out of which it has just been taken.

It is not our purpose to enumerate the various churches and chapels which abound in every quarter of the city. Reckoning all the places of worship of the various evangelical denominations, there is an unusually large amount of church accommodation. But unhappily also, wretchedness, vice, and an utter regardlessness of the sabbath and all its sacred privileges exist, as in most large towns, and often bid defiance to the most zealous labours of benevolence and Christian zeal. One humble and obscure place of worship, however, has a claim to our notice, such as pertains to none of the costly and ornate structures of the new town. The heart of the great and good Dr. Chalmers was filled with the deepest anxiety and alarm, at the evidences of increasing infidelity, dissipation, vice, and profanity of every kind, which he saw coming in like a flood, and threatening to sweep before it the whole body of the lower classes of the people. He accordingly resolved on one great experimental effort to deal practically with this mass of "unexcavated home heathenism," and selecting the West Port, one of the lowest and

most wretched districts of the old town, he began his generous work. Here it was that, only a few years before, the horrid atrocities of Burke and Hare had been committed. Intemperance abounded; violence, profanity, and neglect of all the decencies of life, were the common characteristics of the district, and seemed enough to appal the stoutest heart, and fill it with hopeless despondency. Such, however, was the fittest field for the veteran Christian warrior who had resolved to encounter vice and godlessness in their stronghold. An humble attic was hired, where the great divine, who could command eager thousands of the magnates of the land, was to be seen week after week preaching to an increasing audience of ragged outcasts of society, the great majority of whom had never entered a place of worship, or heard before the word of life, though living in a Christian land, and within the sound of a sabbath bell.

The eager missionary had no difficulty in enlisting a phalanx of zealous coadjutors. The district was subdivided. Tract distributors went from house to house, and soon the homely upper room became too straitened for the crowds who sought admission. The cooperation of the wealthy was now invited, and soon money enough was contributed to build a plain, but neat and commodious chapel, and a large school-house. A minister was chosen whose heart was in the work, and the "Chalmers Territorial Church" of the West Port



still continues to produce its abundant fruits, though he into whose large heart God put it to devise this scheme has gone to his rest. Truly he "rests from his labours, and his works do follow him." The change which has been produced on that wretched locality has been altogether remarkable, and the means which continue to be employed are alike varied and judicious. Besides the week-day and sabbath schools, the services of the sabbath, and weekly meetings for prayer, laymen have been induced to help in the good cause, by means of lectures on useful and attractive subjects. By these and similar means, it has been found that dissipation is most effectually assailed, fresh incentives to virtue are supplied, a taste for instructive reading is developed, especially among the young; and thus a great experiment has been carried out with such success as abundantly to encourage others to go and do likewise.

It would be impracticable, as we have already said, to attempt to convey to our readers, in a limited chapter, anything like a full description of the various schemes of Christian usefulness carried on in connexion with the metropolis of Scotland. There exist many which we cannot even attempt to name; while in its pulpits there is a large body of faithful evangelists, who preach in all their simplicity and fulness the doctrines of the everlasting gospel, warning the sinner of his lost and ruined state by nature; of the neces-

sity of his regeneration by the Holy Spirit, before he can see the kingdom of heaven; and pointing him to the Saviour, as the way, the truth, and the life.

## CHAPTER IX.

## BENEVOLENT AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

AMIDST all the remarkable and striking attractions of Edinburgh, few of its features make a stronger impression on a stranger than the number and architectural beauty of its hospitals. This peculiarity is thus happily depicted by Dr. Guthrie, in his eloquent "Plea for Ragged Schools," which mainly contributed to the adding of these to the other useful charities of the town. "On approaching Edinburgh," says he, "from the west, after the general features which distance presents,—dome, and spire, and antique piles of buildings, the castle standing in the foreground, while Arthur's Seat raises its lion-like back between the city and the sea,—the first object which attracts the eyes of a stranger is a structure of exquisite and surpassing beauty. It might be a palace for our queen:—it is a hospital. Near by, embowered in wood, stands an edifice of less pretensions, but also of great extent:—it is another hospital. Within a bow-shot of that again, some fine open towers rise from the wood over a fair

structure, with its Grecian pillars and graceful portico:—it is another hospital. Now in the city, and wheeling round nigh to the base of the castle rock, he drives on by Lauriston. Not far away, on the outskirts of the town, pleasantly planted in a beautiful park, bordered with trees, stands an old-fashioned building:—it is another hospital. In his way along Lauriston, within a stone-cast of him, his eye catches the back of a large and spacious edifice, which looks beautifully out on the meadows, the low Braid hills, and the distant Pentlands:—it is another hospital. A few turns of the wheel, and before him, within a fine park, or rather ornamental garden, stands the finest structure of our town,—a masterpiece of Inigo Jones, with a princely revenue of £15,000 a year:—it is another hospital. The carriage now jostles over a stone; the stranger turns his head, and sees only some hundred yards away, a large Dutch-like structure, stretching out its long lines of windows, with the gilded ship (the sign of commerce) for weather-vane, on its summit:—that is another hospital. Our friend," adds the depicter of this singular, yet unexaggerated delineation—"our friend concludes, and not without some reason, that instead of 'Modern Athens,' Edinburgh might be called the City of Hospitals."

Donaldson's Hospital, the first in the above enumeration, may well be described as fit to be a palace for the queen. It was founded by the late James Donaldson, esq., whose fortune

was acquired as a printer and publisher in Edinburgh, and the building alone has cost nearly a hundred thousand pounds. It was designed by its founder to be applied as nearly as possible to the same ends as the older institution founded by George Heriot, the celebrated goldsmith of James VI.; but the administrators of the funds have wisely exercised their discretionary powers by requiring that one-half of the inmates shall be the deaf and dumb, and for these well-instructed teachers have been provided.

The older institution, which has served as the model for this and so many other charitable institutions, not of Edinburgh alone, but throughout Scotland, has, as above stated, the princely revenue of £15,000 a year; and of this sum, upwards of £3,000 is now annually expended in the maintenance of free schools, which have been erected in the poorer districts of the city, where the children of the tradesman and mechanic enjoy the advantages of an excellent education, under the superintendence of teachers of high standing.

The other hospitals enumerated above, in the order in which they are introduced to the stranger's notice, include John Watson's Institution, the Orphan Hospital—already particularly referred to in a former chapter; Gillespie's Hospital, an alms-house for decayed and aged burgesses; the Merchant Maiden Hospital; and Watson's, or the Merchant Company's Hospital—the "large Dutch-like structure, with

the gilded ship, the sign of commerce, for weather-vane, on its summit," which concludes the enumeration by Dr. Guthrie of his "City of Hospitals." The list, however, is not complete. Another pair of rich Gothic towers has since risen beyond the Dean-bridge, pointing out Stuart's Hospital, an institution destined to provide board and education for poor children; while large funds, left by sir William Feters, who died in 1836, are now in the hands of trustees, for the purpose of erecting and endowing a kindred institution; and another body of trustees have to carry into effect the will of Chalmers, a plumber, who, dying the same year, left the sum of £30,000, to accumulate for the establishment of a hospital for the sick and hurt. It is to be noted, however, in regard to these, and other hospitals not enumerated, that the majority of them assume a metropolitan character, and are accessible, like the Royal Infirmary, to suitable objects for benevolence and charity from every part of Scotland. Under wise and judicious management, therefore, there can be no difficulty in rendering such foundations a source of great good to the country.

It was felt, however, by the benevolent clergyman above referred to, as well as by many others, that there still existed a large and most important class, lying altogether beyond the range of Edinburgh's numerous charities. The author of "A Plea for Ragged Schools" thus represents his stranger-companion addressing

him, after he has gone the round of the city's palace-hospitals :—" You have splendid hospitals, where children are fed, and clothed, and educated, whose parents, in instances not a few, could do all that for them ; you have beautiful schools for the gratis education of the children of respectable tradesmen and mechanics ; what provision have you made for those children of crime, misery, and misfortune ? Let us go and see the remedy which this rich, enlightened, Christian city has provided for such a crying evil." And what is the remedy ? After describing a child found by him begging on the street, at midnight, the fatherless orphan, who helped to keep a drunken mother by such means, the writer adds, of such as these : " Nevertheless, they might get education, and secure some measure both of common and Christian knowledge. But mark how and where. Not as in the days of our blessed Saviour, when the tender mother brought her child for his blessing. The jailor brings them now. Their only passage to school is through the police-office ; their passport is a conviction of crime ; and in this Christian and enlightened city, it is only within the dark walls of a prison that they are secure either of school or Bible. When one thinks of their own happy boys at home, bounding free on the green, and breathing the fresh air of heaven,—or of the little fellow that climbs a father's knee, and asks the oft-repeated story of Moses or of Joseph,—it is a sad thing to look in through the eyelet of a cell

door, on the weary solitude of a child spelling its way through the Bible. It makes one sick to hear men sing the praises of the fine education of our prisons. How much better and holier were it to tell us of an education that would save the necessity of a prison-school! I like well to see the life-boat, with her brave and devoted crew; but with far more pleasure, from the window of my old country manse, I used to look out at the Bell Rock Tower, standing erect amid the stormy waters, where in the mists of day the bell was rung, and in the darkness of the night the light was kindled; and thereby the mariners were not only saved from the wreck, but saved from being wrecked at all. Instead of first punishing crime, and then, through means of a prison education, trying to prevent its repetition, we appeal to men's common sense, common interest, humanity, and Christianity, if it were not better to support a plan which would reverse this process, and seek to prevent, that there may be no occasion to punish?"

Happily this description has ceased to be true. Dr. Guthrie having taken this good cause in hand, rested not till the Edinburgh Ragged Schools—or Dr. Guthrie's Schools, as they are more frequently styled—were established; and a visit to no institution is calculated to afford the benevolent stranger greater gratification than to this, which is situated on the Castle-hill. Another institution of the same kind, termed the Industrial School, has



been established by Roman Catholics for the instruction of destitute children of their creed.

Besides the hospitals and schools enumerated above, Edinburgh is not behind other cities in the number of its charitable associations maintained by private subscription. Of these it may suffice to mention the House of Refuge, the House of Industry, the Blind Asylum, the Deaf and Dumb Institution, and the Night Asylum for the Houseless; all of which possess large claims of interest and sympathy on the benevolent, and are well worthy of inspection by the stranger. Among those whose operations alone make their presence felt, may be mentioned the Society for the Relief of Indigent Old Men, which possesses a peculiar interest from its having originated in the juvenile charities of the pupils of the High School; being still maintained, to a large extent, by those whose common bond of union is their former connexion with that venerable scholastic institution. This excellent and well-managed charity, originally set on foot by a few schoolboys, has since served as the model of various similar societies in other towns, both of Scotland and England.

## CHAPTER X.

## MODERN ART.

IN the centre of the north end of the Mound, with its main front to Prince's-street, stands the Royal Institution, one of the handsomest modern buildings in Edinburgh, and which has been mainly devoted to the requirements of the students of art in Scotland. Here the annual exhibition of the works of modern artists takes place, in the months of February, March, and April; and during the remainder of the year the suite of galleries affords space for a small, but very fine collection of the works of ancient masters—the nucleus, it is to be hoped, of a future national gallery for Scotland.

The incorporated body of Scottish artists, now established with a royal charter, under the name of the Royal Scottish Academy, have established a native school of art, amidst the greatest difficulties and discouragements, and already assume a position highly creditable to the country, and calculated to prove of the very highest value from its influence on the decorative arts and ornamental manufactures, on which prosperity so much depends. The

works of sir William Allan, the late president of the Academy, are known and admired for their high and varied excellence, not in this country only, but throughout Europe. And, since his decease, other painters of distinguished ability honourably co-operate in maintaining the rising reputation of the Scottish school of painting, while in sculpture also, the artists of Edinburgh claim a distinguished place.

It is to an earlier period, however, and to other sources than the proceedings of the Scottish Academy of Artists, that the development of the latent powers of Scottish artistic genius is due. After the last unfortunate rebellion of 1745, in which so many of the Scottish nobles and landed gentry risked their all in the vain struggle to restore the Stuart line to the throne of their royal ancestry, the forfeited estates were placed in charge of a body of trustees appointed by the crown, to be expended in the encouragement of Scottish manufactures and fisheries. Under the management of this board, a school was instituted for instruction in drawing and the arts of design; and the office of teacher, or director of the School of Design, as it is now termed, constituted the first government appointment directly contributing to the patronage of art in Scotland. It has been successively filled by Alexander Runciman, David Allan, sir William Allan, Thomas Duncan, and Robert Scott Lander; and has numbered among its pupils sir David Wilkie, sir

Henry Raeburn, John Burnet, David Roberts, David Scott, William Dyce, William Calder Marshall, and many others whose names are now honourably distinguished among the artists of Great Britain.

By the expenditure of the funds placed at the disposal of the Scottish Board of Trustees, a collection of casts from the antique, as well as of some of the finest examples of mediæval art, has been formed. There are also selections from the works of Michael Angelo, Lorenzo, Ghiberti, Benvenuto Cellini; and from Thorwaldsen, Canova, and Flaxman. Its collection of busts from the antique, including many of the finest historical portraits, is believed to be without a rival in the kingdom.

Another valuable collection is the Gallery of Paintings, derived from various sources, and already forming a national collection of such importance that government have been induced to co-operate with the board of trustees in providing more ample accommodation both for ancient and modern art; and accordingly a fine building, now in progress on the Earthen Mound, under the architectural superintendence of Playfair, is to constitute a National Gallery, divided, like that in Trafalgar-square, London, between the Royal Academy and the collection of ancient and modern masters.

This Scottish National Gallery includes pictures acquired for the purpose, and now secured to the nation, by a body of noblemen and gentlemen styled the Royal Institution for the

Encouragement of Arts ; and also a small, but valuable collection, bequeathed to the University of Edinburgh by sir James Erskine of Tory. To these the Royal Scottish Association for the Encouragement of Arts have added several modern works.

One specimen of Scottish art, although not in this exhibition, is worthy of being specially referred to here. David Scott, a painter of great genius, which was marred in some degree by a certain amount of eccentricity in the practice of his art, produced various pictures, proving the possession of great artistic powers. He is in some degree known to the lovers of art by a series of highly vigorous illustrations to Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." He has also illustrated an edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress." But his chief work was a painting of colossal proportions, representing Vasco de Gama, the celebrated Portuguese navigator, passing the Cape. The traditions of his age represented him as opposed in his passage by the Spirit of the Cape, with all the fury of the tempests which procured for the southern promontory of Africa its older name of the "Cape of Storms." This the painter availed himself of; and the deck of Vasco de Gama's ship is seen in the midst of the tempest, with his crew quailing around him at the visible manifestation of the Spirit of the storm. This picture was purchased by public subscription, and placed in the Trinity House at Leith, where it now hangs. The last hours of the dying artist were cheered

(if the empty gratification of fame at such an hour can be said to deserve the name of consolation,) by learning, after a series of heavy discouragements, this evidence of the public appreciation of his work ; but he was laid in his grave, in the beautiful Dean Cemetery, on the banks of the water of Leith, to the north-west of the city, before the purchase could be completed, and the transference of the picture to its destined resting-place effected.

In the same cemetery where the painter of the "Vasco de Gama" now lies, are also deposited the remains of lord Jeffrey, sir William Allan, and other distinguished citizens recently deceased ; and that taste which distinguishes the modern cemetery from the old unsightly and weed-grown churchyard, is here greatly aided by the natural beauties of the Deanhaugh, a steep sloping bank, as its name imports, above the water of Leith, and covered with venerable trees, which once surrounded the fine old mansion of the Nisbets of the Dean, an ancient Scottish family now extinct. The beauty of this cemetery renders it a favourite resort in summer ; and this circumstance has already co-operated with other causes to induce an attention to the tastefulness and architectural effect of sepulchral monuments, which had been nearly universally neglected for upwards of a century and a half.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE CEMETERIES.

It is not without a just, though at first sight, perhaps, a remote connexion, that we pass on from the consideration of the fine arts of the Scottish capital to its cemeteries. Only a very few years since, its churchyards and burial-grounds were, like those of most other large cities, as devoid of all taste or architectural adornment as it was well possible they could be. Crowded with the accumulated mortality of many generations, and constantly disturbed for fresh interments, some of them became at length such unsightly and pestiferous scenes of rank corruption, as to awaken a reasonable alarm in the minds of many. Added to this was the usual fruit of monopoly, greatly aggravating the sufferings of the poor by the costly fees demanded of them at a time when the mourning survivors feel with peculiar acuteness any such pressure.

Influenced by the conviction of these crying evils, a number of liberal and philanthropic citizens united together a few years

since, and formed themselves into a company, for the purpose of establishing one or more cemeteries to supply the wants of the community. The result of this was the establishment of the Warriston Cemetery, on a well-chosen site to the north-east of the city, and this proved so successful, even as a pecuniary speculation, that the example of its originators was followed with impatient eagerness. Cemeteries started up, to the east, west, north, and south of the city, and rival companies hastened to purchase ground in a rash spirit of speculation, which ended in considerable loss to the shareholders. The result, however, has been the benefit of the public. The cost of funerals and interments has been greatly reduced, and not only are the new cemeteries adorned with a tasteful display of flowers and bowring trees, which add to the beauty of these last resting-places of the dead, without detracting from the solemnity which is so appropriate to them, but their example has been followed; and the old city churchyards, which a few years since were filled only with rank hemlock and nettles, are now laid out and tended with judicious care.

The Grange Cemetery, lying to the south of the city, is visited by many strangers, as well as citizens, to view the last earthly resting-place of Dr. Chalmers, alongside of whom lie two distinguished citizens, who adorned a high position in life by the practical evidences of the influence which Christian principle can



exert in every social rank. The name of sheriff Spiers will long be had in remembrance as one who adorned the Christian profession, while faithfully and zealously fulfilling his duties as a judge. That of sir Andrew Agnew is too well and widely known to need any eulogium. The sphere of Christian duty to which he devoted himself with such untiring zeal is happily commemorated on the massive granite monument, erected over his tomb by public subscription, and bearing the appropriate motto, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

Such of the attractions of the other modern cemeteries as are specially deserving of notice have already been recorded; nor have some of the others—such as the grave of the poet Fergusson, in the Canongate churchyard—escaped our notice. In the same old cemetery lie the remains of Dr. Adam Smith, author of the "Wealth of Nations;" lord Cromarty, the last of a noble Scottish line, who was attainted for his share in the rebellion of 1745; and provost Drummond, whose civic worth and local celebrity have already been referred to, in connexion both with the projection of the new town, and the establishment of the Royal Infirmary.

But the great cemetery of Edinburgh—at once the Westminster Abbey and the Père la Chaise of the Scottish capital—is the Greyfriars churchyard. No stranger should visit Edinburgh without devoting an hour to explore

its eloquent memorials of the past, and amid its monuments and mouldering heaps, to reflect on the transitory nature of all earthly things, and the necessity of having our treasure, not here on earth, but laid up where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.

In the days of queen Mary, the citizens appear to have had nearly the same evils to complain of in relation to the ancient cemetery around their mother church of St. Giles, as their successors in our own day suffered under until the model ornamental cemeteries were provided. For a period, the commencement of which probably dates as far back as the first introduction of Christianity to the Lothians, the area around St. Giles's church had been used as a burying-ground. As the population increased, various devices were from time to time resorted to, for the purpose of meeting the wants of the community in the last rites of the dead. One of these was the apportioning, as the Laigh churchyard, a large area to the south of the church, on the slope of the hill, where now the law courts stand. Another provision, at a later date, was the prohibiting the use of oaken coffins, which from their durability gave to the dead a perpetual right in possession of their final resting-place. In the year 1800, as appears from a notice in the "Edinburgh Magazine," the decorated gateway of this ancient cemetery, which had long survived after it ceased to be the portal to the

tomb, was at length rudely demolished. Its destruction is thus recorded :—" A long stone, on which was curiously sculptured a group resembling Holbein's Dance of Death, was some months ago discovered at the head of Forrester's-wynd, which in former days was the western boundary of St. Giles's High churchyard. This relic was much defaced and broken in two, by being carelessly tossed down by the workmen."

There is at all times something touching and suggestive to the thoughtful mind in the contemplation of an ancient burial-ground, whether its mouldering heaps and monumental stones gather under the shadows of the ancient yew trees surrounding some venerable parish church, or lie crowded and jostled among the abodes of the living in the centre of the busy mart. There the wicked of countless generations have ceased from troubling, and there the weary have at length found rest. "There," too, "the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and the great are there; and the servant is free from his master." There, also, the loved and the lost ones, most deeply mourned, are laid to rest in their long homes; while to the Christian mourner, "the grave and gate of death" are associated with the triumph of Him who hath said, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The crowded cemeteries have other, and

most frequently less pleasing associations than the "clover sod" of the country churchyard; but even more eloquent than either to the contemplative topographer is the sight of an extinct churchyard, where, unheeded and undistinguished, beneath the thronging mart, sleep the countless generations of the past, until that morn come when "all that are in the graves shall come forth." Such is now the condition of the old churchyard of St. Giles at Edinburgh, though we have trustworthy authority for affirming that for eight hundred years at the least it was the burial-ground of the citizens.

The author of the "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time" has thus pictured some of the changes which it has undergone:— "The Parliament Close, which lies to the south of St. Giles's church, has passed through a series of stranger and more remarkable vicissitudes than any other portion of the old town. Could an accurate narrative now be given of all the circumstances accompanying these successive changes, it would suffice to associate this narrow spot with many of the most memorable events in Scottish history, till the adjournment of its last parliament there, on the 22nd of April, 1707, never again to assemble. While St. Giles's was the small and solitary parish church of the ancient unwalled town, there was the burial-place for 'the rude forefathers of the hamlet,' and so it continued to the very end of the sixteenth century. In

the Nether kirkyard, between St. Giles's church and the Cowgate, stood the ancient chapel of the Holy Rood, till the Reformation, when it appears to have been demolished, and its materials used in building the new Tolbooth. Doubtless the erection of the latter building, where all the great civic and national assemblies of the period took place, must have had considerable influence in leading to the abandonment of the old churchyard of St. Giles as a place of burial. While its area continued enclosed with ecclesiastical buildings, and stood apart from the great thoroughfares of the town, it must have been a peculiarly solemn and fitting place of sepulture. But when the readiest access to the new Tolbooth was through the open churchyard, and instead of the old monk or priest treading among its grassy hillocks, it became the lounge of the grooms and lackeys waiting on their masters during the meetings of parliament, or of quarrelsome litigants, and the usual retainers of the law, during the sessions of the College of the Justice, all idea of sacredness must have been lost; such appears to have been the case, from the fact that no record exists to show any formal abandonment of it as a churchyard. Queen Mary granted the gardens of the Greyfriars monastery to the citizens in the year 1566, to be used as a cemetery, and from that period the old burial-place seems to have been gradually forsaken, until the neglected sepulchres of the dead were at length paved over,

and the citizens forgot that their Exchange was built over their fathers' graves."

After glancing at various incidents of which the old churchyard was the scene, the author, quoted above, goes on to illustrate the rapid succession of changes which this nucleus of old Edinburgh has undergone, by noticing some of the most remarkable of them in chronological order. In the year 1496, the provost of St. Giles's church granted to the citizens the northern part of his manse, with the glebe, for augmenting the cemetery. In 1528, Walter Chapman, the celebrated printer, founded and endowed a chaplaincy in the chapel of the Holy Rood, in the Nether kirkyard; in 1562, the chapel was demolished, to supply materials for building the new Tolbooth or Parliament House; having been, there can be little doubt, spoiled and broken down in the Reformation tumults of 1559. In 1572, the assembled nobles and citizens committed to St. Giles's churchyard the venerated remains of him whom Beza has not inaptly styled "The apostle of the Scots," and the regent Morton pronounced over the grave of John Knox the brief, but eloquent requiem, "There lies he who never feared the face of man." It was, perhaps, too characteristic of the age that even the grave of Scotland's greatest reformer could not rescue the old churchyard from secularization. In 1617, on king James's return to his Scottish capital, so entirely had all traces of its use for centuries been erased from the churchyard,

that it was selected as the scene of a magnificent civic banquet, with which the magistrates welcomed their sovereign back to his native city; and, not to be too minute in our chronological reminiscences, it may suffice to add, that in 1685 the equestrian statue of king Charles II. was erected in the Parliament Close, and, as certain traditions would seem to affirm, above the very grave of the reformer—certainly as strange a monument as could well be selected to place on such a spot.

The Greyfriars' monastery, situated on the south side of the Grassmarket, has been referred to among the ancient features of the capital in the previous volume of this series devoted to Old Edinburgh. Its gardens occupying the southern slope beyond, and granted as above mentioned to the citizens by queen Mary for the purposes of a cemetery, constitute now a scene of peculiar interest. The old Greyfriars' church, as it was styled, though only built in the seventeenth century, was suddenly destroyed by a fire which broke out on the morning of Sunday, the 19th of January, 1845, and presented to the astonished parishioners a blazing mass of ruins as they assembled for the services of the day.

The old church, thus destroyed, had no architectural beauties to recommend it. It was a clumsy, inconvenient, and ungainly edifice; with no other historical associations to make its destruction be regretted, excepting its having been the scene of the signing of the

Covenant adopted by the leaguers in 1638, and the place of captivity, along with the neighbouring churchyard, of the insurgent Covenanters afterwards taken in arms at Bothwell Bridge.

Around the walls of this extensive cemetery are a number of beautiful and richly sculptured monuments of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in the ornate style of the period, many of them quaintly adorned with emblems and ingenious devices, representative of mortality, the resurrection, hope, etc., as well as with heraldic decorations, monograms, etc. To these the touch of time has added additional riches, and the effect of the whole is exceedingly striking, when we look on these monuments as the memorials of distinguished men whose graves lie crowded around.

The general view from this ancient cemetery will also repay the visitor, commanding as it does some of the most picturesque masses of the old town, and the castle, rising boldly from the intervening valley on its abruptly precipitous rock. Like other great cemeteries, this old burial-ground has supplied the last peaceful resting-place of rival statesmen and politicians, and of many others famous in their day, "when a large space little sufficed for those who now poorly fill their few feet of earth." Here mingle the ashes of the celebrated historian and Latin poet, George Buchanan, the preceptor of James VI.; George Heriot, the father of the royal goldsmith; Alexander Henderson, famous among the great



men who guided the struggles for liberty in the seventeenth century, and whose monument, after being destroyed at the Restoration, was replaced at the Revolution; sir George Mackenzie, the founder of the Advocates' Library; sir James Stewart; principal Carstairs; sir John de Medina, the painter; Allan Ramsay; Colin Maclaurin; and many others, distinguished in their age for rank or genius.

But far more than all these, a simple monument, though on a somewhat large scale, styled "The Martyrs' Tomb," forms the chief object of unfailing popular interest. A small compartment of this burial-ground was set apart in former days for the interment of malefactors. Thither the martyrs of the Covenant were brought, after they had suffered death at the hands of the public executioner in the adjacent Grassmarket; and their mangled and mutilated remains were crowded into this little spot, until from being the degraded burial-place of outcast criminals, it became, in the estimation of the citizens, holy ground. Here accordingly a monumental memorial was erected soon after the Revolution, and again renewed at a later date when suffering from decay.

The central tablet of the martyrs' monument is occupied with a metrical inscription of some length; while a Bible, sculptured on the lower moulding, stands open at these words in the book of Revelation:—

"And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were

slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held : and they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given unto every one of them ; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled.

“ These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

“ Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”

Along with these appropriate inscriptions is the following brief summary of the sufferings in the cause of faith and truth, which the monument is designed to commemorate :—

“ From May 27th, 1661, that the noble marquis of Argyle suffered, to the 17th February, 1688, that Mr. James Renwick suffered ; were executed at Edinburgh about one hundred noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and others ; noble martyrs for Jesus Christ. The most part of them lie here.”

This ancient cemetery has shared in the improvements which the movements of late years have introduced into the public burial-grounds. It is now planted and laid out with considerable taste ; and monuments of modern style mingle and contrast with those of the olden time, including some dedicated to men

not unworthy to mingle their dust with those already named ; such as Adam, the architect, and Dr. McCrie, the biographer of John Knox. The spot is, indeed, one well calculated to excite in the thoughtful reader emotions of a chastened and solemnizing character.

“Life’s vain pursuits and time’s advancing pace  
Appear with death-bed clearness face to face,”

as we wander amid the silent resting-places of so many generations of the human family. The martyr-patriot, the scholar, the statesman, the noble, and the obscure burgher, here alike share a common repose, and await the summons of the resurrection morn. They have departed to the scenes of truth and reality ; and as we linger by their tombs, the language of Chrysostom seems to fall with weighty cadence upon the ear :—“The present state of things is only a theatrical show ; the business of men a play ; wealth and poverty, the ruler and the subject, and such like things, are representations. But when the day shall have passed, then that fearful night will have come—rather, I should say, the day will have come, for night it indeed will be to the wicked, but day to the righteous—when the theatre will be closed, the masks thrown off, when each one shall be tried and his works ; not each one and his wealth—not each one and his office—not each one and his dignity—not each one and his power—but, each one and his works !”

“Blessed”—and they only—“are the dead which die in the Lord.”

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

THE old name of the Parliament House is still retained in use, though a century and a half have elapsed since the last parliament assembled in the Scottish capital, to close for ever that ancient guardian of the national independence. The name, though strictly applicable only to the old Parliament Hall—the Westminster Hall of Scotland—is applied to the whole group of buildings, including the court houses, law libraries, and all the accommodation requisite for the civil and criminal judicature of the country.

The present hall was built in 1640, at an expense of £11,000 sterling, and was designed for the meetings of the three estates of the Scottish parliament, which always sat together. Here, accordingly, they continued to assemble from that time till their dissolution at the Union, and thus the fine hall has associations of a highly interesting character to the stranger. The author of the "Memorials of Edinburgh" remarks of it:—"To a stranger visiting the Scottish capital, no one of its public

buildings is so calculated to excite a lively interest as the scene of its latest legislative assemblies; for while it shares with the deserted palace and the degraded mansions of the old town in many grand and stirring associations, it still forms the hall of the College of Justice, founded by James v.—at once the arena of the leading Scottish nobles and statesmen of the last two centuries, and the scene of action of many of the most eminent men of our own day.

“Beneath the old roof the first great movements of the civil war took place, and the successive steps in that eventful crisis were debated with a zeal commensurate with the important results involved in them, and with as fiery ardour as characterized the bloody struggles which they heralded. Here Montrose united with Rothes, Lindsay, Loudon, and others of the covenanting leaders, in maturing the bold measures that formed the basis of our national liberties; and within the same hall, only a few years later, he sat with the calmness of despair, to receive from the lips of his old compatriot Loudon, the barbarous sentence which was executed with such savage rigour.”

After the overthrow of the Scots at the battle of Dunbar, new scenes were enacted within the same Parliament Hall, where Cromwell had established his quarters in Edinburgh. Nicoll, the contemporary diarist, tells of “sundry English troopers who openly taught there;” and it is even said that general Cromwell

himself occasionally laid aside the temporal for the spiritual sword, and preached within the same august arena, to the no small scandal of the Presbyterian citizens, who were horrified to find that "men were not ashamed to take upon them the functions of the ministry, without a lawful calling."

The Restoration introduced new changes, and the "Laigh Parliament House," as the apartments under the great hall were termed, became the place of assembly of the Scottish Star Chamber, where James, duke of Albany, afterwards king James II., presided, along with Claverhouse, Dalziel, and others, at the cruel torturings of the confessors of the Covenant. In 1680, the duke was entertained by the city at a grand banquet provided for him in the Parliament House, at which the lady Anne, afterwards queen Anne, and the principal Scottish nobles, were present. The next public dinner in the same hall was in 1788, when the Scottish Revolution Club gave a grand entertainment, presided over by the lord provost, to celebrate the centenary of that grand political change by which James II. was banished from the British throne; and in 1822 the next royal visitor, George IV., was welcomed to Scotland by another civic banquet in the same place.

Such are some of the leading associations with the past, which give a historical interest to the old Parliament House; we shall now glance at it in its modern aspect, as the Scottish

Westminster Hall. As a mere hall, the "Outer House" is not destitute of attractive features. Its open timber roof is a fine specimen of the latest style of carved oaken rafters, prior to the final abandonment of a fashion recently revived in our own day. Forming as it does the daily and favourite promenade, during the legal terms, of all connected with the law courts, this hall has been chosen as the appropriate site for various beautiful monumental statues of distinguished members of the legal profession. A remarkably characteristic and vigorous statue of Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, from the chisel of Roubilliac, represents that distinguished patriot and statesman in the exercise of his judicial faculties as lord president of the Court of Session. At the south end of the hall, another fine statue of lord president Blair, the son of the poet, is from the chisel of Chantry. Two other works by the same sculptor are also erected here—a colossal statue of the celebrated lord Melville, and another of Dundas, of Arniston. To these are speedily to be added other statues in marble, now being executed by Steel, of lord Jeffrey, and lord justice clerk Boyle; so that the artistic attractions of the old hall will of themselves form a source of interest and gratification to the visitor.

On both sides of the principal entrance of the hall are recesses, each with a raised bench, and enclosing seats, where formerly the judges of the "Outer House," as it is still called, were wont to hear and determine causes in the midst

of a noise and commotion that rendered them totally inaudible to a listener at a single yard off. Court rooms, recently provided, have removed this unseemly exhibition, and now the hall is used exclusively as the legal promenade. Here, accordingly, the stranger who visits it in Term time finds himself suddenly ushered into a spacious and lofty hall, the floor of which is crowded with an eager and greatly diversified throng. Lawyers, in gown and wig, promenade with agents, writers, or clients, gravely discussing knotty points of law. Young advocates, with little more of the lawyer than the gown and wig, amuse themselves, with other loungers and legal expectants, equally destitute of professional cares. Clerks and messengers hasten in search of agents and pleaders, bearing bundles of papers and parchments professionally filed and secured with red tape; and while the hall rebounds with the buzz of numerous voices mingling in a monotonous *susurrus*, like the sound of flowing waters, the sameness is relieved at intervals by the entrance of one of the court criers, who, mounting a desk at the end of the hall, announces the names of the parties and counsel in some case just coming into court, and changing the marks on an index-table beside him, withdraws. The shrill summons breaks upon one or more of the knots of loungers, who hasten to the adjoining court-rooms, and the rest of the promenaders proceed as before.

Time has removed some of the most remark-



able characters that only a few years since gave so deep an interest to this busy spot. Here was the daily resort of sir Walter Scott, as one of the clerks of session, for many years ; and here, till very recently, the acute and vigorous lord Jeffrey animated the scene. At no time, however, can it be without its attractions to the intelligent visitor, exhibiting as it does the most learned and influential body of men congregated together which can be seen in Scotland.

The various members of the legal faculty, with the judges of the supreme, civil, and criminal courts, constitute what is styled the College of Justice, an institution of nearly four hundred years' standing. Churchmen continued to form a part of the court of session, and to exercise judicial functions, till the reign of James VI. ; while the greatly more objectionable practice of noblemen or courtiers, nominated at pleasure by the king as extra-judges, under the title of *extraordinary lords*, and taking their seats on the bench and voting when they thought proper, continued in practice till the reform of the courts after the accession of the house of Hanover. The judges are styled lords of session, and as such have the title of lord, the head of the two divisions of the court being severally entitled, the lord chief justice-clerk, and the lord president, and the whole body of judges having the additional title of senators of the College of Justice.

The Faculty of Advocates, corresponding to the English barristers, conduct all oral pleadings, both in the civil and criminal courts. They constitute the body from whence the judges are selected, including not only those in the supreme courts, but also the sheriffs who preside in the local courts of the various districts or sheriffdoms throughout the country. They thus constitute an important and influential class; and as the passing at the bar, as it is styled, is a necessary qualification for many lucrative appointments under the crown, as well as a sort of literate degree, fully equivalent in value as evidence of scholarship to that of Master of Arts in the English universities, many gentlemen become members of the faculty who have no intention of practising at the bar. "Advocates," says Mr. Chambers, "prepare all written pleadings, or, at least, are understood to do so; as every paper, whether composed by themselves or by inferior practitioners, must at least be sanctioned by their signature. They also give opinions upon written statements of cases presented to them by the agents, both in their earlier and latter stages; and they are sometimes employed as arbiters, in deciding such cases as the parties may join in desiring to withhold from the court. They alone have the right of intercourse with the judges, whether by written or *vivâ voce* discussion; and it may be said that they occupy the most advanced rank in the grand battle-array of a process, the other prac-

tioners being only the second's prompters, or esquires, to these chief men-at-arms."

The class next to this in the legal body bears the title of WRITERS TO HER MAJESTY'S SIGNET; owing to their possessing the exclusive privilege of signing writs of summons and arrestment, bearing the royal signet—the king, according to a fiction of the Scottish supreme courts, being supposed to originate and sanction all such proceedings. The reader will remember that the father of sir Walter Scott was a member of this honourable legal fraternity. Nearly similar to this body in most respects—though destitute of some of their privileges, and especially of that of executing the mandates of the royal signet—is the society of solicitors before the supreme courts, who unite with the other bodies already named in constituting what is called the College of Justice.

At the end of Prince's-street, facing the stranger as he crosses the North Bridge from the Old Town, stands the Register Office, which derives its name from the circumstance of it being the spot where deeds and other legal documents are registered—an admirable system, by which the intending purchaser of landed property can at once perceive whether it has been burdened by any previous charges.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE ENVIRONS OF EDINBURGH.

To the traveller or the tourist who visits Edinburgh, its attractions are very naturally regarded as extending far beyond the limits of its old mural boundaries, or even of the small county which bears its name. The three Scottish shires which are united under the common denomination of the Lothians, form a district apart, and may truly be regarded as the rural suburbs of the Scottish capital. A very large proportion of the landed proprietors have their mansions in town, and spend a considerable portion of the year in Edinburgh; and very few indeed, even among the most ancient and exclusive of the nobility, fail to bear some occasional part in the proceedings of the old capital. Nor are the associations which add an interest to many of the picturesque attractions of the environs of Edinburgh in any degree inferior to those which confer so peculiar a charm on the faded or crumbling, though still substantial fabrics in the closes and wynds of the old town. We shall now direct

attention to some of the most remarkable features which are deserving of notice in the surrounding districts, arranging these in such a way as that, while they may gratify the taste of the general reader, and supply desirable information to the local student, they may also serve the practical purpose of a guide to those who may be tempted by our descriptions to explore some of the picturesque beauties of the Lothians.

Leaving Edinburgh by the south, the traveller passes along the edge of Bruntsfield Links, the small remnant of the ancient Borough Moor, which once extended for several miles on every side, and with its ancient forest of oaks formed a harbour for the daring outlaw, and a muster-ground whereon the Scottish army was wont to marshal at the summons of its kings. It sweeps away to the southward, gradually rising towards the heights of the Pentland Hills, which, with their outlying spurs, the Braid and Blackford Hills, bound the rich landscape to the south and west. Now, however, the ancient moor is crowded with villas, orchards, gardens, and cultivated farms; and we must fall back on the glowing, yet most truthful description of the author of "Marmion," if we would realize the former condition of this rich historic ground, of which Scott so truly says,

“ And I could trace each step they trode:  
Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, nor stone,  
Lies on the path to me unknown.

Much might it boast of storied lore;  
 But passing such digression o'er,  
 Suffice it that their route was laid  
 Across the furzy hills of Braid.  
 They passed the glen and scanty rill,  
 And climb'd the opposing bank, until  
 They gain'd the top of Blackford Hill.

Blackford! on whose uncultured breast  
 Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,  
 A truant-boy, I sought the nest,  
 Or listed as I lay at rest,  
 While rose on breezes thin  
 The murmur of the city crowd,  
 And, from his steeple jangling loud,  
 St Giles's mingling din.  
 Now, from the summit to the plain,  
 Waves all the hill with yellow grain;  
 And o'er the landscape as I look,  
 Nought do I see unchanged remain,  
 Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook:  
 To me they make a heavy moan,  
 Of early friendships past and gone."

The poet then pictures the scene, which his descriptions have made familiar to the imaginations of many, when the Scottish host marshalled on these plains, under their devoted leader, the gallant James IV., preparatory to their march to the fatal field of Flodden. It is impossible for the student of history to gaze on the spot, changed as it now is, without recalling some of the associations of that scene, and of the many results which followed as its consequences, so important in their enduring influence both on Scottish and English history. Drummond, the old poet and historian, who wrote in the reign of Charles I., describes the Borough Moor as "a field spacious, and delightful by the shade of many stately and aged oaks." The adornment of modern parks and pleasure-grounds is again contributing in some

degree to re clothe its surface with such umbrageous honours.

In the valley, or rather the narrow glen which skirts the base of the Braid Hills, lies the hermitage of Braid, the property of J. Gordon, Esq., of Clunie, a place of wild, romantic beauty, well worthy of a visit. Through the rocky clefts of a narrow and thickly wooded dell, a small rivulet called the Braid Burn strays. Beautiful walks lead up and down in every direction through the shady glen; and the wanderer, while almost within sound of St. Giles's bells, might fancy himself a hundred miles away from any of the populous habitations of men. The estate of Braid belonged of old to the family of Fairly, and one of the lairds of Braid, in the sixteenth century, was the personal friend and zealous defender of John Knox. The hermitage, however, as it is called, is a building of the last century, and most of the artificial aids which have helped to increase, or to render more accessible the natural beauties of this romantic glen, are the fruits of modern taste.

Between this and the city rises the heathy ridge of Blackford Hill, with its noble prospect, which so filled the mind of young Scott with admiration of its beauties and fine historical associations, as to lead at length to the production of that glowing passage, which has given to the scene an interest for all times. On the northern side of the hill, a chosen point

of view has been fixed upon as lord Marmion's site, where

“ Still on the spot lord Marmion stay'd,  
 For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.  
 When sated with the martial show,  
 That peopled all the plain below,  
 The wandering eye could o'er it go,  
 And mark the distant city glow  
 With gloomy splendour red ;

\* \* \* \* \*

“ But northward far, with purer blaze,  
 On Ochil mountains fell the rays ;  
 And as each heathy top they kiss'd,  
 It gleam'd a purple amethyst.  
 Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;  
 Here Preston Bay, and Berwick Law ;  
 And broad between them roll'd,  
 The gallant Frith the eye might note,  
 Where islands on its bosom float,  
 Like emeralds chased in gold.”

The visitor who sees this fine view on a bright day, with the distant Frith burnished by the beams of the sun, shining through a clear northern sky, will not think that the fancy or enthusiasm of the poet has betrayed him into the slightest exaggeration.

Beyond this, the road leading southward passes on the left the Buck Stone, a large monolith of red sand-stone, the memorial of some ancient memorable deed—older perhaps than the dawn of Britain's history—in the landing of the legions of Julius Cæsar on the southern shores of our insular home. On this ancient memorial stone the proprietor of the barony of Pennycuich, which lies a few miles to the south, is bound by ancient charter to place himself, and to wind three blasts of a horn,



when the king shall visit the Borough Moor. In accordance with this ancient tenure, the Clerks of Pennycuich—of whom the present representative is sir George Clerk, bart.—bear as their crest a man winding a hunting-horn, with the motto, *Free for a blast*.

Pennycuich House is a fine paladian mansion, built during the last century, and has its principal room decorated with a series of paintings from the poems of Ossian, by Alexander Runciman, already referred to, and celebrated in his day as a painter of distinguished ability. Ossian's Hall, as it is termed, is well deserving of a visit, and possesses a special interest, being a work unsurpassed in the comprehensiveness of its purpose, or the vigorousness of its designs, by any modern production of Scottish art. Pennycuich House is also interesting on another account. It was the seat of baron Clerk, one of the most distinguished of Scottish antiquaries, and the patron of Gordon, the famous "Sandy Gordon," and the author of the "Itinerarium Septentrionale." The collections of baron Clerk are preserved as precious hereditary heir-looms of the family. They comprise a valuable collection of Roman antiquities, chiefly from the ancient Roman seaport of Alaterna, which lay on the shores of the Forth, where its site is now occupied by the humble little fishing village of Cramond, a favourite holiday resort of the citizens of Edinburgh. Even now, after the lapse of some fifteen or sixteen centuries, the traces of its old

Roman masters are not entirely obliterated, and the imperial eagle, sculptured by some legionary sculptor, may be seen on the "Hunter's Crag," a solitary rock on the sea-shore, immediately to the west of the embouchure of the river Almond.

This, there is every reason to believe, was the most important Roman seaport on the east coast of Scotland. The remains of the Roman mole can still be traced. Altars have been dug up; one dedicated to imperial Jove; another to the local field deities; and a third to Neptune, the patron presiding over this harbour of the Roman fleets. The first of these altars is dedicated, by the fifth cohort of the Gaulish legion, to Jupiter, "the best and greatest;" and Stuart remarks of it, in his "Caledonia Romana:"—"The father of Olympus, propitiated on the shores of the Forth by the Celtæ of Belgium or of Aquitaine—his altars smoking there with the incense of out-poured libations; sprinkled perhaps with the wines of Spain and the blood of our Caledonian bulls—forms a singular picture to look back upon through all the changes which have from first to last involved the condition of this island: yet here is the proof of its reality, and the stone in question as truly records the fact as if we saw it even now lit up with the sacred fire, and the priest bending over it in his sacerdotal robes, with the sacrificial *patera* in his hand." The picture is, indeed, a striking one, and well calculated to awaken many interest-

ing reflections in the thoughtful mind. By these altars, found in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, we have impressively placed before us the fact, that in the second and third centuries of the Christian era, the native Briton was still offering up vain prayers to the *Dii campestris*, the vague creations of his darkened mind; while the Roman legionary, who had perchance followed the eagles of Titus, and witnessed the terrible consummation of long-foretold prophecies in the desolation of the holy city, bowed down to stocks and stones, and worshipped the impure objects of pagan idolatry. Britain was then one of the obscurest and remotest of the islands of the sea. The apostles of our Lord had sped on their glorious mission from land to land, and thousands had already bowed their knee at the name of Jesus, and witnessed for him a good confession. Yet still darkness brooded over our land, and gross darkness over its people; though even then the forerunners of the glorious gospel were there; for these pagan legions, who, on the shores of the Forth, ignorantly worshipped and poured out their libations to an unknown god, were making ready the way for the missionaries of Divine truth, and preparing for them a people among whom its glad tidings of great joy should find a welcome. Yet when we think on what Rome was then, and what she is now, it well becomes us to pause, and to reflect what Britain may become—nay, what she must become, should she

be found deserving of that rebuke which, ere her candlestick had been set up, or the candle of Divine truth lighted in her midst, was said of one of the first churches planted by the apostles, "Thou hast left thy first love! Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent."

Returning to our glance at the traveller's route by the road to the south, over the rising ground that sweeps away from the outskirts of Edinburgh to the Pentland Hills, suburban seats, and rural cottages and farms, pleasantly diversify the scene. Colington, a village delightfully situated in a covered glen at the base of the Pentlands, is a fine specimen of a rustic village; while the well-wooded grounds beside it enclose Colington House, the seat of lord Dunfermline. Rising gradually among the heights of the Pentlands, the traveller reaches Woodhouselee, pleasantly associated with more than one Scottish song, and more recently rendered memorable by its connexion with the name of the Scottish historian, Tytler of Woodhouselee. The ruins of the ancient house of Woodhouselee lie on the banks of the Esk. It was the property of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, but was forfeited for his share in the battle of Langside, and having been bestowed by the regent Murray on sir James Bellenden, one of his favourites, he proceeded

to take possession of it with such hasty and barbarous violence, that he turned out lady Bothwellhaugh, who then lay in child-bed, naked on a cold night into the open fields, where before next morning tradition tells she became a maniac.

Hamilton vowed vengeance against the regent as the originator of his wrong, and watching for an opportunity to strike the meditated blow, he at length shot the regent dead as he rode through Linlithgow, on his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. Hamilton, after the accomplishment of this unhallowed deed, escaped to France, and was welcomed there by the Guises, as one who had avenged the cause of their niece, queen Mary, upon her step-brother. The character of the Scottish refugee was, however, mistaken at the French court, and De Thou has recorded that an attempt was made to engage his services for the assassination of the famous Huguenot leader, admiral Coligny; but Hamilton scorned the proposal, which imputed to him the character of a mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the advances of the court agents with indignation and contempt. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland to commit murder in France; he had avenged his own just quarrel; but he would neither for favour nor prayer undertake that of another man, be he king or churl.

The ruins of the mansion, which Bothwellhaugh acquired by right of the wife who was

thus cruelly driven forth from its shelter, are still to be seen in the wooded glen above the Esk.

Beyond the mansion of Woodhouselee, a road leads among the hills to Habbie's Howe, one of the most favourite holiday resorts of the citizens of Edinburgh. A sequestered valley is here entered, amid which is the old peel tower of Logan House, once the resort of a hardy freebooter, who was safe in his mountain fastnesses from all ordinary dangers of pursuit. The Logan water winds through the valley, and following up its stream to the head of the valley, the rambler is delighted to come on a fine cascade, which has long been associated with Allan Ramsay's pastoral poem of "The Gentle Shepherd;" and although critical annotators have contradicted this, and contended that neither the appearance of the scenery, nor the localities specially described in the poem, countenance the popular idea, yet the poem and the locality have now become so intimately associated in the popular mind, that he must be a fastidious critic indeed who would desire to divorce them.

The true seat of the famous Scottish pastoral is believed to be Newhall, in the vicinity of Pennycuik, which, in the poet's time, was the property of a cousin of the celebrated lord president Forbes of Culloden. The scenery of the spot has nothing of that wild grandeur so common in the Scottish landscape. It is just that quiet pastoral beauty

which consorts with the character of the poem ; but such is the influence of genius, that these ideal associations with this quiet landscape have conferred on it a lasting interest, and give it attractions altogether wanting to thousands of wild and majestic scenes, whose awe-inspiring charms no poet has yet sung into fame.

On the road which leads to Newhall and Pennycuik, a scene associated with remembrances of a very different character meets the eye. Passing by the high road which leads to Woodhouselee, after crossing Logan Water, or, as it is there more commonly styled, Glencorseburn, we reach the House-of-Muir, near which is the scene of a struggle with a party of the oppressed and persecuted Covenanters, on the 28th of November, 1666. Sir James Turner, one of the agents in the infamous persecutions of Charles II.'s reign, was employed to levy the arbitrary fines imposed on the Scottish Presbyterians, for their refusal to attend on the worship which was then attempted to be imposed on them by penalties, personal sufferings, and death. Added to these cruel exactions for conscience sake, they had now to endure the brutal outrages of a ruffianly soldiery, and the cruelties too often sanctioned and encouraged by their leaders, who regarded the resolute adherence by the Scottish Presbyterians to their faith and mode of worship, as obstinate fanaticism and rebellion against constituted authority. Thus goaded beyond the limits of

endurance, the persecuted Presbyterians at length took to arms in self-defence. They surprised and seized the person of sir James Turner, disarmed his soldiers, and finding they had taken an irretrievable step, they resolved to march towards Edinburgh, in the hopes of being there joined by their friends, and obtaining as a concession to their demands what had hitherto been refused, notwithstanding every prayer and remonstrance they made as helpless suppliants. The rising, however, was only the unpremeditated movement of men driven to despair. Their numbers, instead of increasing, soon diminished by the desertion of the timid and lukewarm. They drew up on the Pentland Hills, at a place called Rullion Green, and here they were attacked by the relentless general Dalziel, with a powerful body of cavalry. They had arranged themselves with considerable skill in a strong and well-chosen position, and they gallantly withstood several charges of the cavalry ; but at length their ranks were broken and utterly dispersed ; upwards of fifty were hewn down by the soldiers, and many more were taken prisoners, to await a more cruel fate. A rude stone, inscribed with stanzas commemorative of the sufferers, now marks the spot where the victims of persecution were interred ; and many an annual pilgrimage is made to the place by those who still delight to look back with an honest and a virtuous satisfaction on fathers, whose firm suffering in



the cause of liberty of conscience achieved such a birthright for their sons :—

“The life and death of martyrs, who sustain’d  
With will inflexible those fearful pangs  
Triumphantly displayed in records left  
Of persecution and the Covenant—times  
Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour.”

Of all the rare attractions which the environs of the Scottish capital present, none is more frequently visited by its citizens than the village of Roslin, with the fine old castle of the St. Clairs perched on its rocky site, above the murmuring waters of the North Esk, and the far-famed Roslin Chapel on the higher banks above. The vale of Roslin is one of those beautiful, sequestered dells which are met with, often most unexpectedly, alike in the low country and among the highlands of Scotland. By the shortest road from Edinburgh, leading past the old village of Liberton and its finely situated church, looking down from its lofty site on the city, the tourist passes along one of the least interesting of all the approaches to Edinburgh. Travelling by this route, a distance of about seven miles, he arrives at a village in no way remarkable for its rural attractions or picturesque beauty, and presenting no object visible either in art or nature to tempt to such a journey; for even the fine chapel lies out of sight. To the admirer of gorgeous sculpture, and all the quaint and beautiful eccentricities of the most elaborate mediæval architecture, however, Roslin Chapel presents attractions sufficient to reward a much longer

journey. Though small, it is not surpassed in beauty or interest by any architectural relic in the country. It was founded in 1446 by William St. Clair, earl of Orkney, and lord of Roslin. Legend and story combine to add romantic interest to its fine architectural features. The "Prentice Pillar," with wreathed foliage, so skilfully sculptured, has a legend which lends fresh attractions to its exquisite workmanship, as the master-piece of its architect's successful rival. The master-builder, it is said, being unable to execute a design of adequate beauty, proceeded to Italy that he might inspect a column in one of the churches there, which was reported as a fit model for the crowning piece of workmanship in this gorgeous edifice. During his absence on this journey, his apprentice had the boldness to undertake the work, and executed the beautiful pillar, which, according to the popular tale, commemorates his genius and his fate. On the master's return with the designs he had obtained in his travels, he found the "Prentice Pillar" completed as it now stands; and stung with envy at an achievement so far surpassing his best endeavours, he seized a mallet, and with a blow on the head killed his successful rival on the spot. Three of the corbel heads from which the ribs of the roof spring are usually pointed out by the cicerone of the chapel as those of the master, the apprentice, and the mother of the latter. Upon the architrave, extending from the Prentice Pillar to an

adjacent one, is inscribed this concise inscription, derived from the apocryphal book of Esdras :—

*“Forte est vinum, fortior est rex, fortiores sunt mulieres ; super omnia vincit veritas.”*

Another legend tells, that on the night before the death of the heir of Roslin, the chapel appears wrapped in flames, a popular belief which has been turned to fine account in Scott's beautiful ballad of “Rosabelle,”—

“O'er Roslin, all that dreary night,  
A wond'rous blaze was seen to gleam ;  
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,  
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,  
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;  
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,  
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,  
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,  
Each baron for a sable shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire, within, around,  
Deep sacristy, and altar's pale ;  
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high—  
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair ;  
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh  
The lordly line of high St. Clair.”

Elegant, however, as is the chapel founded as a collegiate church by the old St. Clairs, it would form a less seductive attraction if removed from the rich natural beauties which lie in its immediate vicinity. The road to Roslin, we have said, is one of the least attractive of all those around Edinburgh ; and this

contributes not a little to the wonder and delight with which the stranger, on passing down a steep lane behind the village, and traversing a singularly picturesque rural burial-ground, embosomed in old trees, suddenly finds himself in a sequestered dell, the Roslin dean, abounding with all the romantic beauties of rocky cliffs, ivied turrets and precipices, rich copse-wood and waterfall. The castle is situated on a peninsular rock overhanging the Esk, and the clustering ivy, climbing from the glen below, has covered both rocks and ruined walls, adding new charms to its rugged beauty. The castle was one of great strength; but its position, surrounded on every side by higher grounds, rendered it peculiarly exposed to the destructive effects of artillery, when that later invention had been brought to sufficient perfection. It was spoiled and burned in 1544 by the English army, under the earl of Hertford; and finally reduced to ruins by general Monk, in 1650; though a picturesque restoration of part of its own quadrangle, executed soon after, still stands, and afforded a lodging to the heirs of Roslin till the line expired in the person of William St. Clair, the last of his race, about the middle of last century. The present earls of Roslin have no connexion with the ancient line.

Passing along the embowered walks which lead through Roslin woods and glens, the wanderer comes on the caves of Gorton, situated in the front of a high cliff on the south side of

the stream, and celebrated as the shelter of some of the Scottish patriots in the reign of David II. Still lower down the stream, and amidst scenery of undiminished beauty, are the ancient and modern mansions of Hawthornden—the former the classic haunt of the poet Drummond, the friend of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson; and the latter still occupied by the descendants of the poet. The whole scene is, indeed one of exquisite beauty, and we cannot better close this chapter than by recording the impressions of the spot formed by a modern writer :—

“The river winds far below over a bed of rock; and such is the nature of its course and its banks, that you never see more than a few broken and far-off glimpses of its clear waters at the same time. On the side on which we stood, the banks consist of green and woody knolls, whose inextricable richness and pomp of verdure is carried down, deepening as it descends quite to the channel of the stream. Opposite, there shoots up a majestic screen of hoary rocks, ledge rising square and massy upon ledge, from the river to the horizon—but all and everywhere diversified with fantastic knots of copsewood, projecting and clinging from the minutest crannies of the cliffs. Far as the eye can reach down the course of the stream, this magnificent contrast of groves and rocks is continued—mingling, however, as they recede from the eye, into one dim magnificent amphitheatre, over which the same presiding

spirit of soothing loneliness seems to hover like a garment. The castle itself is entirely ruined, but its yellow mouldering walls form a fine relief to the eye, in the midst of the dark foliage of pines and oaks which everywhere surround it. We passed over its airy bridge, and through its desolate portal, and descending on the other side, soon found ourselves treading upon the mossy turf around the roots of the cliff on which it stands, and within a few yards of the river. From thence we pursued our walk—sometimes springing from stone to stone, along the bed of the stream—sometimes forcing ourselves through the thickets which drop into its margin—but ever and anon reposing ourselves on some open slope, and gazing with new delight from every new point of view, on the eternal, ever-varying grandeur of the rocks, woods, and sky.

“The whole party, however, were congregated where the river washes the base of the caverned rocks of Hawthornden—the most beautiful in itself, and, in regard to recollections, the most classical point of the whole scenery of the Esk. The glen is very narrow here, even more so than at Roslin, and the rocks on the right rise to a still more magnificent elevation. Such, indeed, is the abruptness of their sheer ascent, that it is with some difficulty the eye can detect, from the brink of the stream, the picturesque outlines of the house of Hawthornden, situated on the summit of the highest crag. The old castle in which Drummond received

Ben Jonson, has long since given way ; but the more modern mansion is built within the dilapidated circuit of the ancient fortress ; and the land is still possessed, and the hall occupied, by the lineal descendants of the poet. I know not that there is any spot in Britain, made classical by the footsteps of such a person as Drummond, one's notions respecting which are thus cherished and freshened by finding it in the hands of his own posterity, bearing his own name. We climbed the steep banks by some narrow paths cut in the rock, and entered at various points that labyrinth of winding caves, by which the interior of the rock is throughout perforated, and from which part of the name of the place has, no doubt, been derived. Nothing can be more picturesque than the echoing loneliness of these retreats — retreats which often afforded shelter to the suffering patriots of Scotland.”\*

\* Peter's Letters, vol. iii., pp. 124--128.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## ENVIRONS OF EDINBURGH, CONTINUED.

FROM Hawthornden it is not uncommon for the tourist to pass to Dalkeith, a busy country town, the centre of a rich agricultural district, and the seat of the duke of Buccleugh. Dalkeith Palace was built by the duchess of Buccleugh and Monmouth, the widow of the unhappy son of Charles II., on the site of the ancient strongholds of the earls of Morton and Buccleugh. Since the union of the crowns, Dalkeith Palace has been the temporary residence of three British sovereigns. King Charles I. resided in it for a time during his return to his native country in 1633; George IV. occupied apartments here on his visit to Scotland in 1822; and her present majesty, queen Victoria, also made it her temporary residence in 1842. Externally the architectural decorations of the ducal dwelling are little deserving of the character of palatial. The interior, however, is fitted up with taste and splendour, suited to the rank of its noble occupants; and the fine collection of pictures which adorn the walls is well calculated to reward the visitor.



The extensive park which surrounds the palace is also exceedingly beautiful and diversified ; with the mixture of the richest floral gardening, and the wildness of natural beauty. The North Esk, after passing through the beautiful glen of Roslin and Hawthornden, and the pretty village of Lasswade—in the vicinity of which sir Walter Scott spent the earliest and happiest years of his wedded life—unites with the South Esk, a little below the ducal mansion, and the river thus augmented to a stream of some importance, passes on by the village of Inveresk—the scene of interesting discoveries of Roman remains at various periods—to the ancient burgh of Musselburgh, where it joins the sea.

All along the banks of the Esk, richly wooded grounds, and fine mansions, diversify the scenery. At Auchindinny, the wanderer comes upon the still perfect arch of a Roman bridge, amid its clustering woods ; and near Lasswade is the modern castle of Melville, erected by the celebrated Henry Dundas, the first viscount Melville. In the vicinity of the latter was the homely rural retreat of the young poet, Walter Scott ; and the deep impression made on his mind by the beauty of the surrounding scenery, is apparent from his frequent and minute references to its charms, and to the favourite legends and traditions of its more noted localities. The various scenes to which we have referred along the banks of the Esk, are thus happily referred to in his verse :—

“Sweet are the paths—oh, passing sweet!—  
 By Esk’s fair streams that run,  
 O’er airy steep, through copse-woods deep,  
 Impervious to the sun.

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

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

The North British Railway affords ready access to Dalkeith, and the means of returning to town, when the tourist has followed the route we have described, and made his way from Roslin to Dalkeith. A few miles beyond this, the same line of railway passes over the Lammermoors, and affords the traveller equally ready access to the fine ancient castles of Crichton and Borthwick in the vale of the Tyne. Both of these fine old strongholds have been particularly referred to in our former volume on Old Edinburgh; they are intimately associated with important events in Scottish history, and present many attractions to the admirer of mediæval architecture, as well as to the lover of picturesque beauty. The valley of Borthwick is a secluded and peaceful rural spot, with its ancient castle and church—still beautiful in ruin and decay—occupying a peninsula nearly surrounded by the winding stream. In the aisle of the ancient church, two beautiful recumbent figures of a lord and lady of the adjacent castle still remain, in good

preservation. The modern church has no pretensions to beauty; but with the adjoining manse, farmhouses, and scattered cottages, the whole group presents a pleasing and sequestered scene of rural life. In this pleasantly situated Scottish manse, Dr. Robertson, the celebrated historian, was born.

Returning to the immediate vicinity of Edinburgh, the traveller will not fail to explore all the winding paths of Arthur's Seat and the Salisbury Crags, the banks of the lovely little loch, and the picturesque village of Duddingston, where prince Charles rested the night before he entered Edinburgh in triumph. The old church still retains traces of the decorations of more than one early age. Its chancel arch and south doorway are romanesque work of the eleventh century, and its north transept is in the style of the fifteenth century. At the gateway of the churchyard may also still be seen hanging the iron chain and collar, styled the *jougs*, which formed in Scotland the common substitute for the English stocks.

On the height immediately to the south of Duddingston Loch, rises the fine, picturesque ruin of Craigmillar Castle, forming a remarkably striking feature in the landscape. This ancient ruin is well deserving of a visit on many accounts. The great hall of the castle, where the Scottish kings and queens must often have feasted and entertained their noble guests, is still so perfect, that the frescoed decorations on its walls have not been effaced

by the waste of centuries. The old castle-chapel also remains; and the view from the summit commands a panorama, which includes in its foreground the adjacent loch and fine hills, and beyond these the city and castle, with all the noble landscape of Forth, and wooded parks, and distant hills, terminated in the far distance by the Highland mountains—not always deprived of their snowy covering even in the leafy month of June.

The eminence on which Craigmillar Castle stands is surrounded by some fine old trees, as well as by woods of more recent planting. The original builder of the castle is unknown, and the fine structure, as it now stands, evidently includes the work of many different periods. The rampart which surrounds the keep and forms the outworks of the castle, appears from the date upon it to have been erected in 1427. This, however, is evidently one of the most recent additions to the fortalice; though very extensive repairs must have been made subsequently to the burning of the castle in 1555; and still more recently a mansion-house in the picturesque Scottish style of the seventeenth century has been added to the original structure. The castle of Craigmillar was acquired by sir Simon Preston, in 1374, from John de Capella, an old baron of Norman descent; and a curious rebus, in the fashion prevalent in the fifteenth century, is sculptured over the principal gateway in commemoration of the Preston family. This quaint device

consists of a screw-press, and a *ton* or barrel, thereby indicating, in the simple hieroglyphics of the age, the name of Preston to all who should pass beneath the guarded arch, however destitute they might be of the then rare gift of a knowledge of letters. The castle and estate are now possessed by Walter Little Gilmour, esq., the lineal descendant of William Little and sir John Gilmour, both citizens of Edinburgh, distinguished among the old members of the Scottish bar; and whose descendants, united by the marriage of the heirs of the two families, now bear the names of both. Of the former of these, Dr. Wilson remarks, in his *Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time*, "William Little and his brother Clement may justly be considered, along with James Lawson, the colleague and successor of John Knox, the true founders of 'king James's College,' that royal pedant having in reality bestowed little more on the University of Edinburgh than a charter and his name. In 1580, Clement Little dedicated all his books, consisting of three hundred volumes, '*for the beginning of a library*'—the undoubted foundation of that magnificent collection which the college now possesses. This generous gift was bestowed during his lifetime, and the volumes 'were put up in Mr. James Lawson's gallery,'" a part of the lodgings appointed for the ministers of Edinburgh, situated on the site of the Scottish Parliament House and modern courts of law, but which had originally formed the collegiate

buildings for the residence of the provost or dean, and the prebends and chaplains of St. Giles's Church; including its celebrated provost, Gawin Douglas the poet, afterwards bishop of Dunkeld.

The other ancestor of the modern proprietors of Craigmillar Castle was sir John Gilmour, who, as lord president of the court of session, assumed the judicial title of lord Craigmillar. Sir John Gilmour was nominated lord president, on the restoration of the Court of Session after the return of Charles II., and he is worthy of remembrance for the honourable, though ineffectual efforts he made in the Scottish parliament, to save the marquis of Argyle, whom Middleton, and others of the Scottish privy council, had fixed upon as their victim, "to make an example of." He also distinguished himself at a subsequent period by his endeavours to moderate the violence of the persecutions carried on against the Scottish Presbyterians; and his name still occupies a prominent place among the older legal authorities of the Scottish bar, as the author of the Reports of the Decisions of the Court of Session, from 1661 to 1666. The family now occupies the more modern mansion of the Inch, which stands on the low ground to the west of Craigmillar Castle, and includes work of various periods from the seventeenth century, when the principal part of the house appears to have been built, in the ornate and picturesque style prevalent at the period. The house

includes among its attractions some fine paintings, and highly interesting family portraits of the old proprietors of the ruined castle, where John, earl of Mar, the younger brother of James III., was imprisoned in 1477; where James V. often resided in his minority; and where his unfortunate daughter, queen Mary, frequently sought a brief escape from the turmoil and dangers of the court of Holyrood.

In a dungeon of the old castle, a ring and staple are still shown, let into the rock, and to which was attached the limb bone which served, when it was discovered only a few years since, on the opening of the vault, to prove that some wretched victim of lawless power, whose bones then lay on its floor, had perished there in hopeless misery. In 1813, another human skeleton was found enclosed, in an upright position, in a part of the castle wall, removed in the course of some repairs.

In other directions around Edinburgh, the tourist finds attractions equally interesting. On the west side of the city, the richly wooded hill of Corstorphine rises, with its variegated slopes spotted over with elegant suburban villas. At its base on the north side, and embosomed in trees, lies the fine old semi-castellated mansion of Craigmook, celebrated as the dwelling of the late lord Jeffrey.

This, indeed, is a spot which, like Abbotsford and other homes of departed genius, will long be invested with classic associations.

The tourist will, therefore, probably not regret a short pause in his journey, while we linger for a little, and listen to the description of Jeffrey's mode of life at this spot, as given by one who knew and loved him well.

"Jeffrey," says lord Cockburn, whose words we quote, "had left Hatton in the autumn of 1814, and in the spring of 1815 had transferred his residence to Craigmockie, where he passed all his future summers. It is on the eastern slope of Corstorphine Hill, about three miles to the north-west of Edinburgh. When he first became the tenant, the house was only an old *keep*, respectable from age, but inconvenient for a family; and the ground was merely a bad kitchen-garden, of about an acre, all in paltry disorder. He immediately set about reforming. Some ill-placed walls were removed, while others, left for shelter, were in due time loaded with gorgeous ivy, and both protected and adorned the garden. A useful, though humble addition was made to the house; and by the help of neatness, sense, evergreens, and flowers, it was soon converted into a sweet and comfortable retreat. The house received a more important addition many years afterwards, but it was sufficient without this for all that his family and his hospitalities at first required. But, by degrees, that *earth hunger* which the Scotch ascribe to the possession of any portion of the soil, came upon him, and he enlarged and improved all his appurtenances. Two sides of the mansion were flanked by



handsome bits of evergreened lawn. Two or three western fields had their stone fences removed, and were thrown into one which sloped upwards from the house to the hill, and was crowned by a beautiful bank of wood; and the whole place, which now extended to thirty or forty acres, was always in excellent keeping. Its two defects were, that it had no stream, and that the hill robbed the house of much of the sunset. Notwithstanding this, it was a most delightful spot; the best for his purpose that he could have found. The low ground, consisting of the house and its precincts, contained all that he could desire for secluded quiet and for reasonable luxury. The high commanded magnificent and beautiful views, embracing some of the distant mountains in the shires of Perth and Stirling, the near inland sea of the Frith of Forth, Edinburgh and its associated heights, and the green and peaceful nest of Craigerook itself.

“During the thirty-four seasons that he passed there, what a scene of happiness was that spot. To his own household it was all that their hearts desired. Mrs. Jeffrey knew their genealogy and the personal history and character of every shrub and flower it contained. It was the favourite resort of his friends, who knew no such enjoyment as Jeffrey at that place. And, with the exception of Abbotsford, there were more interesting strangers there than in any house in Scotland. Saturday, during the summer session of the

courts, was always a day of festivity ; chiefly, but by no means exclusively, for his friends at the bar, many of whom were under general invitations. Unlike some barbarous tribunals, which feel no difference between the last and other days of the week, but moil on with the same stupidity through them all, and would include Sunday if they could—our legal practitioners, like most of the other sons of bondage in Scotland, are liberated earlier on Saturday ; and the Craigcrook party began to assemble about three, each taking to his own enjoyment. The bowling-green was sure to have its matches, in which the host joined with skill and keenness ; the garden had its loiterers ; the flowers, not forgetting the wall of glorious yellow roses, their worshippers ; the hill, its prospect seekers. The banquet that followed was generous ; the wines never spared, but rather too various ; mirth unrestrained, except by propriety ; the talk always good, but never ambitious ; and mere listeners in no dispute. What can efface these days, or, indeed, any Craigcrook day, from the recollection of those who had the happiness of enjoying them ?”

Such was Craigcrook in the palmy days of its intellectual owner. Interesting as is the picture in many respects, the *sic transit gloria* is too strongly impressed upon it for the mind to regard it with unmingled satisfaction ; and as we reflect on that brilliant circle, now for ever dispersed, its festivities silenced, while he who gave life to all has passed into the eternal world—

an impressive sense of the evanescence of human enjoyments, even when of the highest literary order, steals across the spirit.

On the other side of the hill is the village of Corstorphine, with its fine rural parish church, a work of the fourteenth century, and still retaining, amidst the modern accompaniments of simple Presbyterian worship, the strongly contrasting traces of the ancient Romish ritual; while beneath the sculptured recesses in its chancel and aisles repose the recumbent effigies of the old lord Forresters of Corstorphine, an ancient line of barons, who once played a prominent part in Scottish history, and who long bore an active share in the burghal duties of the neighbouring town. Forrester's-wynd, an ancient nook of the old town, in which the mansion of the lord Forresters stood, was demolished to make way for some of the modern structures appended to the courts of law, and the legal libraries attached to them. Hare Castle, also, which stood near the old church, where successive generations of its owners are laid to rest, has been demolished, and only a small fragment of its walls remains to indicate its site.

Still further beyond this, the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, the first station of which is at Corstorphine, conducts the tourist to the ancient royal town of Linlithgow, the capital of West Lothian. There the man of taste, the student of history, or the mere lover of the

ancient and the picturesque, will find abundant gratification for the longest summer day. Its ancient castellated palace, still beautiful in its ruins, crowns the heights of a gentle eminence, washed at its base by a small, but extremely beautiful lake, with an island in it, on which, according to the ancient traditions of the burgh, a greyhound of more than mortal mould was discovered tied to a tree. Hence this device of a black greyhound tied to a tree forms the armorial bearings of Linlithgow, and Celtic scholars derive its name from the Gaelic *Lin-leath-ces*, the Lake of the Greyhound.

“The situation of Linlithgow,” says the author of the ‘Border Antiquities,’ “is eminently beautiful. It stands on a promontory of some elevation, which advances almost into the midst of the lake. The form is that of a square court, composed of buildings of four stories high, with towers at the angles. The fronts within the square, and the windows are highly ornamented, and the size of the rooms, as well as the width and character of the staircases, are upon a magnificent scale. One banquet room is ninety-four feet long, thirty feet wide, and thirty-three feet high, with a gallery for music. The king’s wardrobe, or dressing-room, looking to the west, projects over the walls, so as to have a delicious prospect on three sides, and is one of the most enviable boudoirs we have ever seen.

“There were two main entrances to Linlithgow Palace. That from the south ascends rather

steeply from the tower, and passes through a striking Gothic archway, flanked by two round towers. The portal has been richly adorned by sculpture, in which can be traced the arms of Scotland, with the collars of the Thistle, the Garter, and St. Michael.

“The other grand entrance is from the eastward. The gateway is at some height from the foundation of the wall, and there are opposite to it the remains of a *perron*, or ramp of mason-work, which those who desired to enter must have ascended by steps. A drawbridge, which could be raised at pleasure, united, when it was lowered, the ramp with the threshold of the gateway, and when raised, left a gap between them, which answered the purpose of a moat. On the inside of the eastern gateway is a figure, much mutilated, said to have been that of pope Julius II., the same pontiff who sent James IV. the beautiful sword which makes part of the Scottish regalia.”

The church of Linlithgow is no less attractive than its castle. It is a work, chiefly of the early part of the fifteenth century, of great beauty, and unusually large dimensions. In coming to Linlithgow from Edinburgh, the two buildings are seen grouped together, and the towers and pinnacles of both rise out of the encircling clusters of trees, so as to form altogether a most impressive scene, full of dignity and fine poetic grandeur.

Edinburgh, indeed, is surrounded by similar remains of ancient feudal magnificence and

ecclesiastical power. To the west, and near the shores of the Forth, is the beautiful little village of Dalmeny, with its Norman church, one of the choicest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture of so early a date to be found in the kingdom. It lies in the immediate neighbourhood of Queensferry, an ancient, but decayed Scottish borough.

The old church of Dalmeny is an especial object of attraction to students of mediæval architecture. It has this further attraction to the tourist, that it lies in a district surrounded by objects abundantly calculated to gratify every taste. From the old Roman site, now occupied by the village of Cramond, the noble park of the earls of Roseberry stretches all the way along the banks of the Forth to Queensferry, enclosing in its varied scenery the fine old castle of Barnbogle, as well as the modern Tudor mansion of the earls. Beyond Dalmeny lies the old castle, and the fine park of Dundas, one of the oldest families in Scotland. Queensferry itself has the picturesque ruins of a monastery of the Carmelites, to attract the lovers of such hoary remains of the past; while beyond this is the magnificent modern mansion of the earls of Hopetoun, with its surrounding park and pleasure-grounds—scarcely surpassed in beauty of situation, or fine variety of art and nature combined, by any ground of equal extent in the kingdom. Amid such varied scenes of interest and beauty, many a bright and happy day is passed by the citizens of Edinburgh;

and the stranger, whose more limited time must compel him to select, while he may regret that he should have to leave any of them unseen, will find that in choosing from among them he can scarcely err, where all are worthy of a visit.

The increased facilities supplied by the numerous railways recently constructed, have of course greatly extended the opportunities for visiting the surrounding country. In London, not only Dulwich, and Hampstead, and Greenwich are now regarded among the places of its near neighbourhood, but Woolwich, and Richmond, Hampton Court, and even Windsor, form the objects of a morning's excursion; so also Edinburgh has become the centre of widely extended environs. The North British railway enables its citizens to embrace within the easy compass of a summer's day the beautiful ruins of Dirleton Castle, with its village, not unjustly regarded as one of the neatest and most tasteful of model Scottish villages, and the ruins of North Berwick Abbey, and of Tantallon Castle, perched on its lofty promontory, near the entrance of the Firth of Forth. Beyond it, amidst the ever-sounding waves, stands the singular detached stronghold of the Bass, an ancient castle, celebrated in later days as the prison of the persecuted Covenanters, during "the persecution times,"—as the last bitter years of Stuart rule in Scotland are still commonly styled.

The Bass Rock has peculiar attractions for the naturalist, as one of the very few breeding

places of the solan goose, which is here found as wild, and yet seemingly as fearless of man, as the feathered tribes met with by some of the first visitors to strange and uninhabited isles.

Such are some of the far-famed beauties which the environs of the Scottish capital present, to lure its citizens forth from the busy mart, and to tempt the traveller to bend his steps towards Edinburgh, as the centre of so many attractions. Tastes the most varied may all find an abundant gratification amidst the diversified features of town and country which have been glanced at in the preceding pages. The explorer of its memorials of the past; its quaint, old-fashioned wynds and closes; the decayed grandeur of its old town thoroughfares; its grim fortress, and the ivied ruins of its royal abbey—may richly enjoy the relics of other days. Admirers of another class have no less abundant sources of interest in the new town; while the lover of nature has on every hand a rich choice of her most varied charms, diversified, without being injured, by their alliance with the creations of modern art, and of ancient historical associations. Edinburgh, indeed, owes not a few of its attractions to its singular and commanding site; and the traveller who fails to explore its environs, leaves undiscovered the larger half of those singular characteristics, by which the Scottish capital continues to retain its hold on the fancy and the affections of all who have dwelt



within the charmed circle of its associations, even after they have seen the beauties of Genoa, Naples, and Constantinople shining and glittering under the brighter sunshine of their more genial climates, and pure, cloudless skies.

## CHAPTER XV

## CONCLUSION.

IN the preceding chapters, the rise and progress of modern Edinburgh, and the peculiar characteristics of her legal, literary, scientific, and religious institutions, have been traced with some minuteness and care. When it is considered that even now aged citizens still live, who can recal to their remembrance the time when the site of the modern city was a verdant slope, and the lines of its busy thoroughfares were marked only by hedges, and the furrows of the plough, we can be at no loss to appreciate the energy and public spirit by which so great a change was effected by a single generation. We are accustomed to marvel at the rapid rise of cities among the clearings of American forests, where only a few years before the Red Indian savage roamed free and undisturbed beneath the leafy shade; but there is in reality something far more marvellous in a city such as modern Edinburgh rising up in a single generation, undeterred by the impediments of ancient habits

and customs, the feudal tenures of land, the vested interests and conflicting prejudices, and all the difficulties which a long-established civilization interposes in the way of great or sudden change. The wonder is not diminished when we come to inspect the modern town, and explore its varied details, as we have done in the preceding chapters. Its public edifices and private structures betray no traces of the haste with which this new city has arisen alongside of the ancient Scottish capital; but, on the contrary, the buildings exhibit substantial characteristics altogether unknown in the British metropolis. Their builders have reared for posterity, and have adorned many of them with architectural features well calculated to charm their future inheritors, and arrest the arm of destruction, which, guided by the innovating spirit of local improvement, has swept so ruthlessly through much that was picturesque and venerable among the ancient buildings of Edinburgh.

In many respects the Scottish capital is remarkable for peculiarities altogether singular, and these have not been diminished by its modern transformers. The first and most prominent source of its peculiarities is its remarkable site; perched upon a group of hills, and occupying the intervening valley, while bridges span these lower grounds, with arches laved only by the thronging floods of wayfarers beneath. Around the city, reared on so singular a site, stretches a noble panorama

of hill, and dale, and sea, bounded at length in the far distance by the mountain peaks of the Highlands, or by the blue line of the far horizon on the German ocean.

It is to some of the most striking features of art and nature, blended together in the remarkable landscape thus described, that Edinburgh owes its later title of modern Athens. This comparison is thus referred to by Mr. Robert Chambers :—“ That Edinburgh resembles Athens, was first pointed out by the Athenian Stuart, whose opinion has been confirmed by various succeeding travellers. Dr. Clarke speaks decidedly to the same effect, and finely adds, that the neighbourhood of Athens is just the Highlands of Scotland, enriched with the splendid remains of art. One of the later travellers, Mr. H. W. Williams, whose beautiful drawings of the scenery and ruins of Attica have lately furnished by far the most exquisite specimen of the arts ever produced in Scotland, in various parts of his travels, confirms the statements of his predecessors, and says, moreover, that “suppose the lakes of Scotland were plains, he knows no country so like illustrious Greece.” This writer has also said, “The distant view of Athens from the Ægean Sea is extremely like that of Edinburgh from the Firth of Forth, though certainly the latter is considerably superior.”

It is not, however, mere local prejudices and provincial vanity which have led writers such as those referred to, after drawing a comparison

between ancient Athens and Edinburgh, to give the preference to the latter. The climate, indeed, must always be excepted in any such preference, for the refined Greek would have viewed with dismay the dark fogs and chill east winds which deform so large a portion of the year to its modern rival. In the year 1829, the eminent Scottish artist, sir David Wilkie, was entertained at a public dinner by the magistrates of Edinburgh, and in the speech which he then made, he remarked:—"What the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere I now find congregated in this one city. Here are alike the beauties of Prague and of Salzburgh; here are the romantic sites of Orvietto and Tivoli; and here is all the magnificence of the admired bays of Genoa and Naples; here, indeed, to the poetic fancy, may be found realized the Roman Capitol and the Grecian Acropolis."

The ruins of Athens revealed to us, indeed, wondrous evidences of the beauty and magnificence of her temples; but they tell us little of the private dwellings of her citizens, or how far private comforts, and the true interests of the people, were sacrificed for the objects deemed of chief public importance. In her private edifices, and all the structures devoted to commerce and trade, to private hospitality and beneficent charity, there can be little doubt that modern Athens outrivals her ancient prototype. On this subject Mr. Chambers remarks, in his "Walks in Edinburgh:"—"When

distance lends enchantment to the view, even the mud walls of Athens assume features of importance, and the modern city appears almost worthy of the Acropolis which ornaments it. It is when seen under this advantage, that the likeness of Edinburgh to Athens is most strikingly apparent.

“There are several points of view on the elevated grounds near Edinburgh, from which this resemblance is almost complete. From Torphin in particular, one of the low heads of the Pentlands, immediately above the village of Colinton, the landscape is exactly that of the vicinity of Athens as viewed from the bottom of Mount Anchesmus. Close upon the right, Brilessus is represented by the mound of Braid; before us, in the abrupt and dark mass of the castle, rises the Acropolis; the hill Lycabetus, joined to that of the Areopagus, appears in the Calton; in the Firth of Forth, we behold the Ægean sea; in Inch Keith, Ægina; and the hills of the Peloponnesus are precisely those of the opposite coast of Fife. Nor is the resemblance less striking in the general characteristics of the scene; for although we cannot exclaim, ‘These are the Groves of the Academy, and that the Sacred Way!’ yet, as on the Attic shore, we certainly here behold—

‘A country rich and gay,  
Broke into hills with balmy odours crown’d,  
And joyous oaks and groves, mountains and streams,  
And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,  
And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds.’

“It is, indeed, most remarkable and astonishing, that two cities, placed so differently in every political and artificial circumstance, should naturally be so alike. Were the national monument to be erected upon the site of the present barracks in the Castle, an important additional feature of resemblance would be conferred upon the landscape, that being the corresponding position of the Parthenon in the Acropolis.”

It would, indeed, have added largely to the picturesque beauties of the ancient fortress of Scotland, had the space occupied by the barracks just named been appropriated to a structure of a more tasteful character. The old castle, however, notwithstanding the incongruity of this portion of it with its other parts, must be acknowledged to be one of the most romantic objects that can be found among the capitals of Europe. To use the language of one writer: “From whatever side you approach the city—whether by water or by land—whether your foreground consist of height or of plain, of heath, of trees, or of the buildings of the city itself—this gigantic rock lifts itself high above all that surrounds it, and breaks upon the sky with the same commanding blackness of mingled crags, cliffs, buttresses, and battlements. These, indeed, shift and vary their outlines at every step, but everywhere there is the same unmoved effect of general expression—the same lofty and imposing image, to which the eye

turns with the same unquestioning worship. Whether you pass on the southern side, close under the bare and shattered blocks of granite, where the crumbling turrets on the summit seem as if they had shot out of the kindred rock in some fantastic freak of nature—and where, amidst the overhanging mass of darkness, you vainly endeavour to descry the track by which Wallace scaled—or whether you look from the north, where the rugged cliffs find room for some scanty patches of moss and broom, to diversify their barren grey—wherever you are placed, and however it is viewed, you feel at once that here is the eye of the landscape, and the essence of the grandeur.

“Neither is it possible to say under what sky or atmosphere all this appears to the greatest advantage. The heavens may put on what aspect they choose, they never fail to adorn it. Changes that elsewhere deform the face of nature, and rob her of half her beauty, seem to pass over this majestic surface only to dress out its majesty in some new apparel of magnificence. If the air is cloudless and serene, what can be finer than the calm reposing dignity of those old towers—every delicate angle of the fissured rock, every loop-hole and every lineament seen clearly and distinctly in all their minuteness? or, if the mist be wreathed around the base of the rock, and frowning fragments of the citadel emerge only here and there from out the racking clouds



that envelope them, the mystery and the gloom only rivet the eye the faster, and the half-baffled imagination does more than the work of sight. At times, the whole detail is lost to the eye—one murky tinge of impenetrable brown wraps rock and fortress from the root to the summit—all is lost but the outline; but the outline makes up abundantly for all that is lost.—The cold glare of the sun, plunging slowly down into a melancholy west beyond them, makes all the broken labyrinth of towers, batteries, and house-tops paint their heavy breadth in tenfold sable magnitude upon that lurid canvass.—At break of day, how beautiful is the freshness with which the venerable pile appears to rouse itself from its sleep, and look up once more with a bright eye into the sharp and dewy air!—At the “grim and sultry hour” of noon, with what languid grandeur the broad flag seems to flap its long weight of folds above the glowing battlements! When the daylight goes down in purple glory, what lines of gold creep along the hoary brow of its antique strength! When the whole heaven is deluged, and the winds are roaring fiercely, and ‘snow and hail, and stormy vapour,’ are let loose to make war upon his front, with what an air of pride does the veteran citadel brave all their well-known wrath, ‘cased in the unfeeling armour of old time!’ The Capitol itself is but a pigmy to this giant.

“But here, as everywhere, moonlight is the best. Along all the spacious line of Prince’s-

street, the midnight shadows of the castle rock for ever spread themselves forth, and wrap the ground in their broad repose of blackness. It is not possible to imagine a more majestic accompaniment for the deep pause of that hour. The uniform splendour of the habitations on the left opening every now and then broken glimpses up into the very heart of the modern city—the magnificent terrace itself, with its staple breadth of surface—the few dying lamps that here and there glimmer faintly—and no sound, but the heavy tread of some far-off watchman of the night—this alone might be enough, and it is more than almost any other city could afford. But turn to the right, and see what a glorious contrast is there. The rock sleeping in the stillness of nature—its cliffs of granite—its tufts of verdure—all alike steeped in the same unvarying hue of mystery—its towers and pinnacles rising like a grove of quiet poplars on its crest—the whole as colourless as if the sun had never shone there, as silent as if no voice of man had ever disturbed the echoes of the solemn scene. Overhead, the sky is all one breathless canopy of lucid crystal blue—here and there a small bright star twinkling in the depth of æther—and full in the midst the moon walking in her vestal glory, pursuing her calm and destined way—and pouring down the silver of her smiles upon all of lovely and sublime that nature and art could heap together, to do homage to her radiance.”

The peculiarities of Edinburgh, apart from its romantic beauties, arise from the almost total absence of any of the characteristics of a commercial or manufacturing town; while it derives a singular aspect from the predominance of the legal profession, owing to its being the seat of legal administration both in civil and criminal cases of importance for the whole of Scotland. Added to this, its university, medical schools, and scholastic institutions, confer on it an academic air, not to be met with elsewhere beyond the walls of Oxford and Cambridge. But besides these sources of peculiarity, Edinburgh is the central heart of Presbyterian Scotland. Thither, in the month of May, flock hundreds of clerical and lay representatives from every Scottish hill and dale to the great annual gatherings of the church, while thousands of interested and anxious auditors follow in their footsteps. The General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland meets amidst the pomp of representative royalty, and all the dignity which gathers around the state church. The Free Church Assembly, with numbers fully equal to the other, adds the attractions derived from the presence of many distinguished men who have borne a prominent part in her recent struggles and sacrifices for independence. The United Presbyterian church has her large annual assembly also; and bodies inferior in numbers, but animated by the same spirit, choose the season of May for their yearly reunions. Amidst

the bustle of formal business, and the pomp of royal state, the zeal of Christian emulation is also apparent. The missionaries of the gospel send their representatives from the east and the west, to tell to those at home what has been doing for the Redeemer's kingdom since last these assemblies met in the Scottish metropolis. The friends of Christian missions, too, are not unfrequently gladdened by the sight of some native convert, come from afar to tell them what Jesus has done for his soul, and to renew the cry which rang not unavailingly in the ear of the great apostle of the Gentiles, "Come over, and help us."

At this season, when the summer months are thus inaugurated by services not unfitted to recal to the thoughtful mind the great gatherings to the feast, which annually brought the tribes of ancient Israel up to Jerusalem, all the most important questions of Christian philanthropy are brought under review, and a fresh stimulus is given to the efforts for redeeming the wretched outcasts of poverty and vice from the fearful destruction which has so long hovered over these pariahs of our great cities. The subject of education, in all its bearings, most frequently engages a large share of attention; and the claims of charity and benevolence are not overlooked amidst the rejoicings of the season.

The great assemblies of the Scottish churches having thus fulfilled their several duties, and borne their share in the auxiliary services

which the muster of their members and friends give occasion to, the latter return to their homes; and it may be readily conceived how important must be the influence exerted by such a state of things, which thus concentrates for a time the leaders of Scottish society in the capital, to co-operate in duties such as we have described, and then disperses them over the country, to bear back to their homes the spirit thus awakened or reinvigorated. "Commissions," as they are styled, or smaller bodies deputed by these annual church courts, hold periodical and extraordinary meetings at other periods of the year in Edinburgh.

In a previous portion of this chapter an allusion was made to those features of resemblance in architectural and other respects between the capitals of Scotland and Attica, which have given to the former the title of "Modern Athens." This appellation has been, however at times claimed for Edinburgh upon other grounds—as aptly designating the classic character of a city within which so many individuals of distinguished literary attainments have resided at various periods. Without pausing to discuss whether this epithet is of too ambitious a nature, we may fairly claim for the Scottish capital a high reputation, as having comprised within her circle a galaxy of literary and scientific men of European celebrity. During the early part of the reign of George III., she was particularly rich in genius, and even towards the commencement

of the present century, the following picture drawn by lord Cockburn, could not be considered overcharged:—"There was diffused the influence of a greater number of persons attached to literature and science, some as their calling and some for pleasure, than could be found, in proportion to the population, in any other city in the empire. Within a few years, including the period I am speaking of, the college contained principal Robertson, Joseph Black, his successor Hope, the second Munro, James Gregory, John Robison, John Playfair, and Dugald Stewart; none of them confined monastically to their books, but all—except Robison, who was in bad health—partaking of enjoyment. Episcopacy gave us the rev. Archibald Alison; and in Blair, Henry, John Home, sir Harry Moncrieff, and others, Presbytery made an excellent contribution, the more to be admired that it came from a church which eschews rank and boasts of poverty. The law—to which Edinburgh has always been so largely indebted—sent its copious supplies; who, instead of disturbing good company by professional matter—an offence with which the lawyers of every place are charged—were remarkably free from this vulgarity; and being trained to take difference of opinion easily, and to conduct discussions with forbearance, were, without undue obtrusion, the most cheerful people that were to be met with. Lords Monboddo, Hailes, Glenlee, Meadowbank, and Woodhouselee, all literary judges, and Robert

Blair, Henry Erskine, and Henry Mackenzie, senior, were at the earlier end of this file; Scott and Jeffrey at the later; but including a variety of valuable persons between these extremities. Sir William Forbes, sir James Hall, and Mr. Clerk, of Eldin, represented a class of country gentlemen cultivating learning on its own account. And there were several who, like the founder of the Huttonian theory, selected this city for their residence solely from the consideration in which science and letters were here held, and the facilities, or rather the temptations, presented for their prosecution. Philosophy had become indigenious in the place, and all classes, even in their gayest hours, were proud of the presence of its cultivators. Thus learning was improved by society, and society by learning. And, unless when party spirit interfered, which at one time, however, it did frequently and bitterly, perfect harmony and lively cordiality prevailed.

“And all this was still a Scotch scene. The whole country had not begun to be absorbed in the ocean of London. There were still little great places—places with attractions quite sufficient to retain men of talent or learning in their comfortable and respectable provincial positions; and which were dignified by the tastes and institutions which learning and talent naturally rear.”

Such was Edinburgh about the year 1800. The author of the passage just quoted seems, however, to lament that the glory of the scene

has been dimmed, and dreads apparently the influence of the English capital upon her northern sister. "At the period I am referring to," he observes, "the combination of quiet with aristocracy made Edinburgh the resort, to a far greater extent than it is now, of the families of the gentry, who used to leave their country residences and enjoy the pleasures which their presence tended to promote. Many of the curious characters and habits of the preceding age, the last purely Scotch age that Scotland was destined to see, still lingered among us. Several were then to be met with who had seen the Pretender, with his court and his wild followers, in the palace of Holyrood. Almost the whole official state, as settled at the Union, survived; and all graced the capital, unconscious of the economical scythe which has since mowed it down. All our nobility had not then fled. A few had sense not to feel degraded by being happy at home. The old town was not quite deserted. Many of our principal people still dignified its picturesque recesses and historical mansions, and were dignified by them. The closing of the continent sent many excellent English families and youth among us, for education and for pleasure. The war brightened us with uniforms, and strangers, and shows. According to the modern rate of travelling, the capitals of Scotland and of England were then about 2,400 miles asunder. Edinburgh was still more distant in its style and habits. It had its own independent tastes,



and ideas, and pursuits. Enough of the generation that was retiring survived to cast an antiquarian air over the city; and the generation that was advancing was still a Scotch production. Its character may be estimated by the names I have mentioned; and by the fact that the genius of Scott and of Jeffrey had made it the seat at once of the most popular poetry and the most brilliant criticism that then existed. The city has advantages—including its being the capital of Scotland, its old reputation, and its external beauties—which have enabled it, in a certain degree, to resist the centralizing tendency, and have hitherto always supplied it with a succession of eminent men. But now that London is at our door, how precarious is our hold of them, and how many have we lost!”

We would be slow, however, to acquiesce in these forebodings, and would rather cherish the hope that Edinburgh may long possess increasing attractions, and advancing prosperity. Certain it is that she still numbers among her citizens a large and influential class, distinguished for literary and scientific attainments, whose names, at the close of another half-century, will doubtless, in the retrospect of some future chronicler, be mentioned with a respect akin to that with which we now review the brilliant list enumerated by lord Cockburn.

Literature, art, and science must, however, when beheld through a Christian medium, be regarded as only secondary objects in our

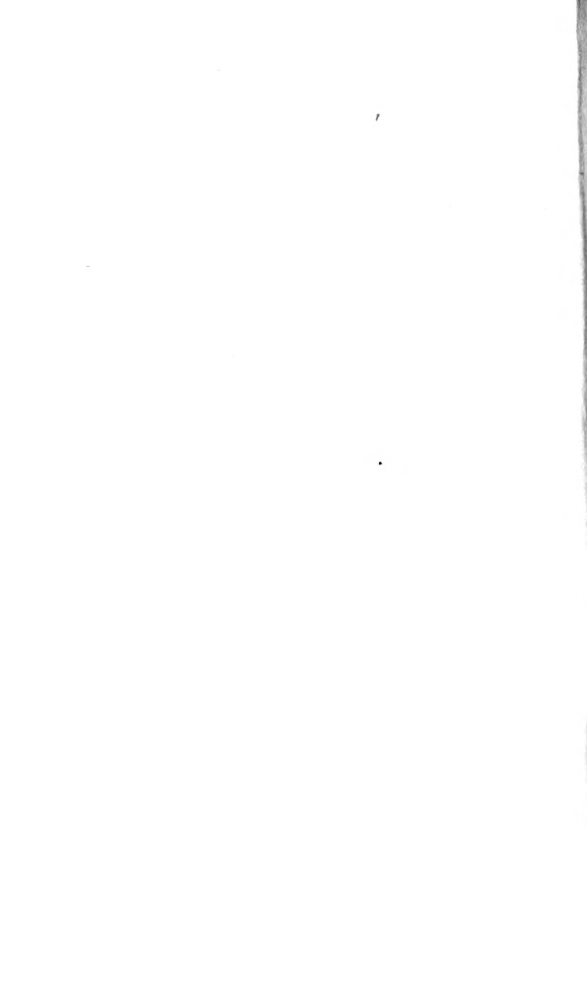
estimate of the condition either of individuals or communities. When the apostle of old trod the streets of the capital of Attica, amidst her rows of stately temples, her breathing statues, and scenery of surpassing loveliness, his spirit was grieved because "he saw the city wholly given to idolatry." The altar erected to "the unknown God" proclaimed that the Greek, with all his acquirements, was ignorant of that knowledge, without which all other is unavailing. Here, happily, any parallel between the ancient and modern Athens fails.

That God, who was in the one city "ignorantly worshipped," has been in the other, through the medium of his word, made known in all his great and glorious attributes. The solemn message of his word, that all have sinned and come short of his glory, has been there announced; while the tidings of his grace, that he has so loved us as to give his Son as a propitiation for sin through faith in his blood; that he is just, and yet the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus, have been with equal fulness announced.

That Modern Edinburgh may long continue a centre of evangelical light and truth, increasingly diffusing blessings upon the community of which she is the capital, is the fervent aspiration with which we close these pages.

"With respect to the schools of  
Geneva, my mind is  
perfectly made up, and on  
full enquiry the best in  
the world is Edinburgh's"

T. Jefferson to Mr  
W. Gilchrist, Philadelphia  
January 22 1791





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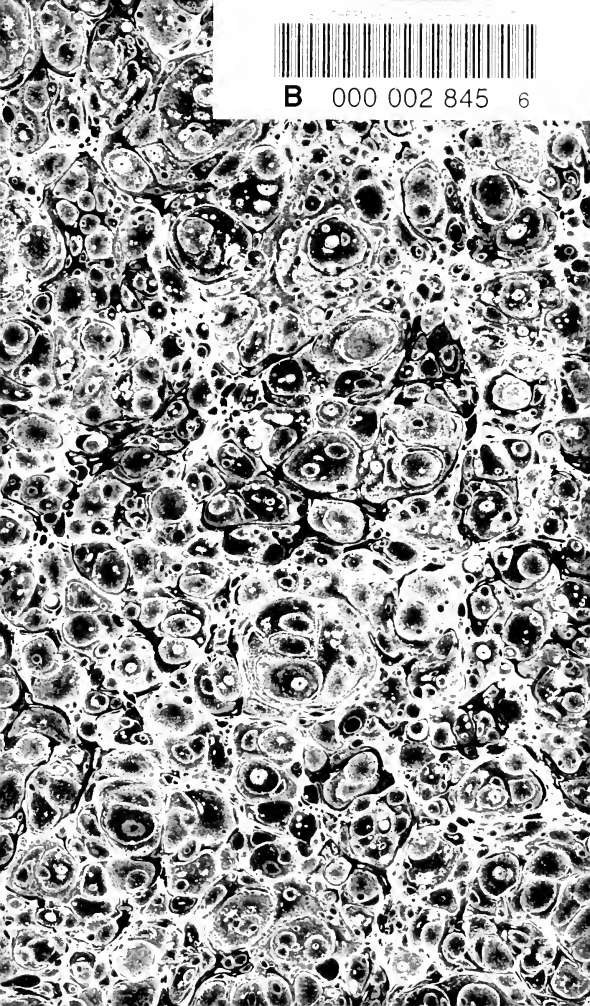
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