



OLD EDINBURGH

VOLUME I



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Volume I.

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OLD EDINBURGH

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE ANCIENT
CAPITAL OF THE KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND
INCLUDING ITS STREETS, HOUSES,
NOTABLE INHABITANTS, AND CUSTOMS
IN THE OLDEN TIME

By
Frederick W. Watkeys

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

*With Many Illustrations from Rare Old Prints
and Photographs*



Boston

L. C. Page & Company

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Preface

This book is the outcome of a recent pleasant sojourn in Edinburgh. It is hoped the matter herein contained may be of interest to those already familiar with "Auld Reekie," and to those who are not, it may stimulate a desire to view one of the world's most famous cities, celebrated both for her beauty and for her romantic history.

It is not to be assumed that this account of Edinburgh covers her whole history. This ground has been gone over by many abler hands, and it would be presumption on the part of the writer to claim the presentation of any new and startling facts. Rather has it been his intention to bring before the reader the principal and interesting events in the history of the Old Town which have made her famous. With these has been given some account of the manners and customs of her old-time citizens, together with certain details

relating to the ancient life of the city, which are not obtainable without considerable research among antiquarian lore. Some of the subjects herein mentioned are but briefly touched upon in the general histories of Edinburgh, and might possibly be considered of minor importance. They appear to me, however, to be interestingly illustrative of the life of the period, and for that reason are brought to the reader's attention.

Many authorities, historical and antiquarian, have been consulted, but to enumerate them would be tedious. The works of Wilson and of Chambers have furnished valuable information, which with that from many other sources is gratefully acknowledged.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS., *August 1, 1908.*

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Old Edinburgh

Volume I

CHAPTER I

OLD EDINBURGH

“Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the deep slopes down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town.”

THERE are few cities in the world of greater interest to the visitor than Edinburgh, the gray city of the north, so richly endowed with beauty and with memories. To the traveller the first view is a surprise, even though he may, from attentive study of his guide-book, consider himself prepared to be duly impressed by the wonders which are to meet his eyes.

From whatever side we approach the city its appearance is strikingly picturesque; so strange a combination of hills and valleys,

of rugged peaks and lofty, graceful spires. Let me say to the lover of the romantic and beautiful who has never viewed the "bonny toun;" who has not wended his way up the historic High Street and Lawnmarket to the Castle, and down the Canongate to Holyrood; who has not wandered about the curious "wynds" and "closes" or in and out of the myriad quaint nooks and corners of the Old Town; to him I say, go, at your earliest opportunity, for a treat awaits your artistic and antiquarian soul. The place grips and holds you; there is a fascination about it that grows. You may travel about the town for days, from foggy morn to misty eve — to change slightly the original quotation — constantly finding strange and wonderful things. The Castle, Holyrood, St. Giles, Greyfriars, are all of absorbing interest, but after them comes much of almost equal significance. What if it does rain once in a while; no one seems to mind. There is so much to see of the curious and interesting that the rain is forgotten.

Here in an ancient and massive wall peeps forth a small shop window which displays,

most temptingly, the seductive scone in variety, appealing to all tastes, the humble haggis, weird and mysterious of aspect (I never had the courage to become intimate with a haggis), together with the burly "bloater," the famed "kipper" and other attractive national delicacies.

In the same building, just around the corner, a step down the close, we see a fine old moulded doorway surmounted by the crest of some rich and powerful Scottish noble of Queen Mary's time. This was the splendid town mansion of his lordship. Cut in the lintel you may read in time-worn characters, "BLISSIT . BE . GOD . IN . AL . HIS . GIFTIS."

Let us step under this ancient lintel for a hasty glimpse, and a hasty glimpse it must be, for behold! the enemy is already upon us. Our appearance in the close has been the signal for an uprising of the clan. From each crack and cranny oozes a diminutive but eagle-eyed Scot who surveys us with eager and mercenary interest. Some of these are revelling in the delights of massive slabs of bread dripping with treacle, all are bare-

footed, and their features display much intelligence mingled with dirt and molasses.

These small banditti as they approach begin to pipe, parrot-like, the annals of the historic spot; let us while the clan is gathering ascend the turnpike stair. Here on the second floor the tenant, in response to a trifling contribution, shows us some rooms which still present evidences of former grandeur in the remains of the old oak panelling, the beautiful carving, and the noble fireplaces, which latter are still in use. Once upon a time a great lord lived here, but the old house in its declining years harbours tenants of a humbler station in life.

Descending the winding stair, we find the brigand band lined up to receive us and shrilly clamouring for tribute. We toss a few coppers down the close, a stampede of the excited populace follows, and under cover of this diversion we make a rapid escape to the street.

A little further on we may find a tiny "Fried Fish" shop; or a shop which bears in its window the mystic legend "Hot Peas and Vinegar" — strange combination —

each one holding forth in a building of picturesque antiquity which has an interesting story to tell. And so you may wander about until the consciousness is forced unwillingly upon you that you are the possessor of feet. Then back to your good old-fashioned hostelry with a full appreciation of all the comforts that await you; and by the way, there may be a gooseberry or a black currant tart on the bill of fare this evening. Know you aught of these, gentle traveller? With what restful contentment do you after a proper interval bestow yourself in the depths of a grandfatherly chair, and there with pipe and book plan your campaign for the morrow.

I would not have the reader infer from any preceding remark that he need be semi-amphibious to enjoy Edinburgh. True, as in all parts of Britain, it rains on the slightest provocation, especially at certain seasons of the year, but the showers usually are of short duration. It rains, then clears up and gets ready to rain again. No one seems to be greatly disturbed over it, and besides it makes variety.

Let me here call your attention to a pleasing compensation for the eccentricities of Edinburgh weather. Nowhere will you find such blooming, almost transparent, "peaches and cream" complexions as among the feminine portion of the population. This is said to be the joint result of climate and oatmeal.

I think for a proper appreciation of Old Edinburgh, one should make his stay in a lodging pleasantly suggestive of bygone days, and some such are still to be found. Well, and most agreeably, do I recall one now. Its cheery breakfast-room, with the solid old furniture and quaint prints; a fire winking comfortably in the grate, and our table "fore-
nent" it — for the mornings are sometimes cool in Edinburgh even in July — the long serving board with its polished array of covers, from under each of which, when lifted, issues a steam most savoury and appetizing. To this cosy spot we luxuriously descend as the old clock over the fireplace chimes nine, pleasantly conscious, as gentlemen of leisure, that time was made for slaves alone. Without, the morning is yet gray and dull, emphasizing the comfort of the old room.

The waiter brings our coffee in a shining pot of ancient shape, and opines, as he pours, that we are to have "a fine day, the day." We look dubiously at the window, and he says, "Ay, but wait a bit; ye'll soon see the sun." Then he brings us "guid Scots parritch" and cream; sole, fried a delicate brown; bacon, pink and white, frizzled most deliciously and flanked by eggs of the latest edition; together with toast and various specimens of the genus scone, all most toothsome. Perchance we include also a steak or chop, for sightseeing is hungry work and it is well to be prepared for emergencies. And fail not to pay your respects to the Dundee marmalade, which is ever on the board.

While we are leisurely discussing this inviting fare, the sun, which has been peeping furtively through the mist from time to time, at last comes frankly forth, and lo! at once a perfect day is before us. Come, let us dally no longer, but hasten forth to make the most of it.

Believe not the tale of the pessimistic tourist who asserts that the sun seldom shines in "Auld Reekie," for there are many

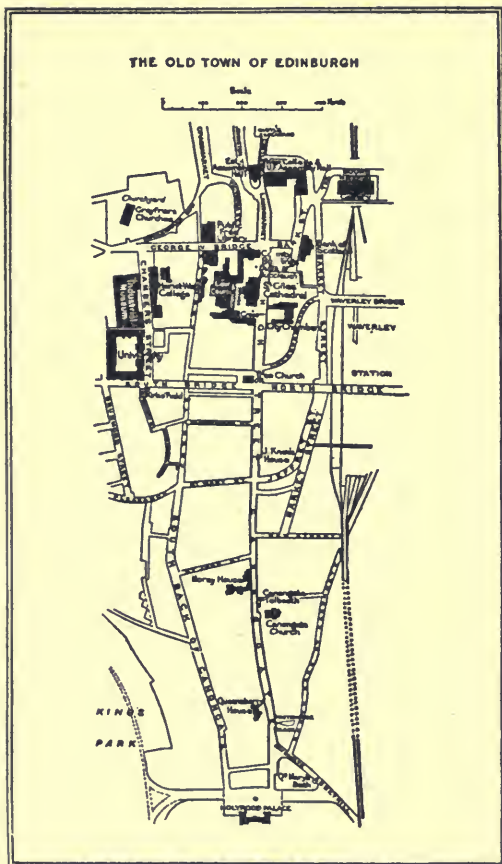
golden, glorious days, days to be remembered long afterward. The sunlight, not bold and aggressive as in a clearer air but tempered by the smoky atmosphere, softens each outline, and we see all things through a golden, purplish haze. Viewed on such a day, through rose-coloured spectacles as it were, it looks truly a city of romance and chivalry.

Standing on Princes Street, that beautiful thoroughfare which is claimed — and doubtless justly so — to be the finest street in all Europe, we look across at the Castle and the Old Town, and without any great appeal to the imagination can picture the Edinburgh of Queen Mary's time, over three hundred years ago. What a feast for the colour-loving eye it must have been, to see on a day like this, Queen Mary and her glittering, gorgeous retinue winding downward from the Castle along the High Street, on a journey to Holyrood.

The distinctive features of the ancient city remain the same. The Castle, dominant now as then from all points of view, is the uppermost extremity of a rocky ridge ex-



PRINCES STREET, LOOKING WEST.



tending down to Holyrood. On this sturdy backbone stands the Old Town. The highway which crowns the ridge and stretches from the Castle downward, still retains its ancient names of Lawnmarket, High Street, and Canongate. One could say with almost literal truth that every foot of ground along this historic thoroughfare has been drenched with blood, worthy and unworthy, patrician and plebeian. Human life was of little account in the stirring days of old.

Edinburgh is always impressive; perhaps more so in cloud than in sunshine. When the clouds hang low over the city, blown along in ragged procession, and a "haar" comes drifting in from the sea, filling the lower air with soft gray mist — a "Scotch mist" — then the Castle looms up vaguely and frowningly, the very embodiment of brooding power and mystery, of intrigue and dark deeds. The gray of its walls is as the gray of the mists. The houses along the ridge of the Old Town are also of gray stone, the stains of soot and weather on their walls further tending to sadness of aspect. Truly, the Old Town on a cloudy day is a gray city;

a city of mystery; of ghosts and memories of long ago, if the visitor has an imagination.

Every traveller recalls as one of his most vivid memories of Edinburgh, the impressive view by night of the Old Town from Princes Street; a vaguely looming, sombre front, relieved by many cheery points of light from its base to the jagged sky-line. Perhaps this present external aspect may most nearly suggest Old Edinburgh at night three hundred years ago. Looking from what is now Princes Street — then the swampy border of the North Loch — one would have seen “much the same serrated sky-line lowering itself eastward from the shadowy mass of the Castle Rock,” and “the same twinkling embankment of the High Street and its closes.”

Each step in Edinburgh is historical; on every side arise the shapes of those memorable in history, long since passed away, and visions of a stirring and romantic past confront us at every turn and corner. We find the city changed in detail from the demands of improvement and the ravages of time, but its general appearance still remains strongly

suggestive of mediæval Edinburgh. Here are still many of the massive, dark, time-worn old mansions, teeming with the recollections of many generations, and the history of some of these alone would fill a volume.

Here the Past confronts the Present. Beyond the valley — once the site of the Nor' Loch and a noisome swamp; now magically transformed into a blooming garden — stands the modern Edinburgh, peaceful and prosperous, with its broad streets and spacious squares. Midway between the Old and New, most fittingly placed, the noble memorial of Scott overlooks this beautiful prospect.

Along the ancient High Street of the Old Town, King David rode with hound and horn to hunt the "hartis" and "hyndis" in his great surrounding Forest of Drumsheugh, as he did on that day of the Holy Rood when he had the miraculous escape which led to the founding of Holyrood Abbey. This same highway resounded to the tumult and clash of arms as the Douglasses and the Hamiltons mingled in fierce and deadly conflict:

“ When the streets of High Dunedin,
Saw lances gleam and falchions redden,
And heard the slogan's deadly yell.”

Here also passed John Knox, “ who never feared the face of man,” with long white beard and faltering steps, supported by the arm of his winsome young wife, Margaret Stewart of Ochiltree, as he went to preach for the last time in St. Giles; and here is his last resting place, still marked with bronze in the pavement. In old St. Giles we have a vision of a stirring scene on a certain Sunday morning, when the doughty kailwife, Jenny Geddes, hurled her “cutty-stool” at the head of the astonished dean Hanna as he gave out the hated liturgy; then again we meet the stern and solemn Covenanters, armed in defence of “an oppressed Kirk and a broken Covenant.”

At the Market Cross the war-trumpets once sounded defiance, and here was heard the mysterious midnight summons to those who were doomed to fall upon the field of Flodden, warning them that they were soon to enter the domains of Pluto. Again we seem to hear the wailing and lamentation

in the stricken city after the tidings of that mortal battle came:

“ Flodden-field, whose fatal day
Brought dool and care,
When Scotland’s flowers were wed away,
To bloom nae mair.”

The many windows of these lofty houses, hung with gay banners, tapestries, and cloth of gold, were once filled with eager, excited faces as some splendid procession wound along the High Street; and from them again the people looked down as the gallant Argyll or the crafty Morton was brought forth to lay his head under the sharp axe of the “ Maiden.”

In the old West Bow, stood, until 1878, the haunted house of the wizard, Weir of Kirkton, the owner of the magical walking stick with the carved head, which performed its master’s errands. Here, feared and shunned by their neighbours, dwelt the Wizard and his sister, until, accused of sorcery and commerce with Satan, they were executed for witchcraft in 1670.

Up this steep and narrow way, which was



THE WEST BOW. CONDEMNED COVENANTERS BEING LED
TO EXECUTION IN THE GRASSMARKET.

the state entrance to the city, have ridden James IV.; James V. with his Queen, Mary of Guise; and later, their fair and unfortunate daughter, Mary, Queen of Scots. By this same street, her son, James VI., and his Queen, Anne of Denmark, entered their capital with quaint ceremonies. Many other historic figures have passed this way; Charles I. with his imposing guard; Oliver Cromwell — "Old Noll" — and his stern-faced Ironsides; the pleasure-loving and dissolute Charles II. before the battle of Dunbar was fought and lost; and James VII. of Scotland, when Duke of York, with his Queen and daughter, afterwards Queen Anne.

Through this ancient street also, of which little now remains, passed lines of gilded sedan-chairs with their linkmen and armed escort, bearing aristocratic occupants, powdered and patched, to some gay rout in the old Assembly Rooms. And down this same steep thoroughfare in ancient times went a multitude of unfortunates to the execution place in the Grassmarket; in later days through here surged the raging Porteous Mob, dragging their frantic victim to string him from a dyer's pole.

In Blackfriars Wynd — now Blackfriars Street — where the famous “tulzie” of “Cleanse the Causey” took place, was the splendid town mansion of William St. Clair, Earl of Orkney, and founder of Roslin Chapel, who lived in almost regal state, being served at his table in vessels of gold and silver by the lesser nobility; Lord Borthwick was his cupbearer, and Lord Fleming his carver. Father Hay, the confessor, records: “His Countess was waited on by seventy-five gentilwomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, all cloathed in velvets and silks and with their chains of gold and other pertinent; together with 200 rideing gentlemen, quho accompanied her in alle her jounies. She had carried before hir when she went to Edinburgh if it were dark eighty lighted torches, so that in a word none matched hir in alle the contreysave the Quene’s Majesty.” In Blackfriars Wynd also, was the house of the Regent Morton, and the turreted mansion of Cardinal Beaton, where was given a banquet to Queen Mary; and along here in later years limping on his way to school, passed a fair-haired blue-eyed urchin, Walter



BLACKFRIARS WYND IN 1837.

Scott, destined to become the matchless recorder of these stirring times and scenes.

Along the Cowgate, then a pleasant rural lane between green hedgerows, Mary Stuart, young and beautiful, passed with her torch-bearers and archer guard on that fatal night in February, on her way to the ball at Holyrood. Soon after, from the lonely "Kirk-of-Field" came the sudden leap of flame and the thunderous roar which announced the death of the dissolute Darnley, for the sound of which, Mary's enemies averred she listened not less impatiently than Bothwell.

Here and there we find fragments of the lofty walls which defended the city, when the spikes in the tops of the battlemented gates were seldom without a row of human heads and other grisly tokens, relics often of gross injustice. In the Old Town there is not a street where blood has not been spilled time and again, for in the wild and lawless Edinburgh of those days when the sword was ever in hand, to settle a quarrel *à la mode d'Edimbourg* was a proverb in Europe. The ravages of foreign war and family feuds left many a Scottish mother with not a son to comfort

her in her old age. The Spartan spirit of the times is shown in the old Jacobite song: —

“ I once had sons, I now hae nane,
I bore them, toiling sairly;
But I would bear them a' again,
To lose them a' for Charlie ! ”

When David Home of Wedderburn died in 1574 in his fiftieth year, of consumption, he was the first of his race who had died a natural death — all the others had lost their lives in defending their country, or in private feuds.

In Dunbar's Close, in the “ Rose and Thistle,” Cromwell's Ironsides had their guard-house. Here in the autumn evenings of 1650, often sat Cromwell, Monk, Tomlinson, and Ireton, smoking their “ yards of clay ” and drinking good Scotch ale; their batteries at Heriot's Hospital and the “ Langgait ” meanwhile hurling shot and shell at the Castle.

When we visit Holyrood, visions of Knox will confront us. We see him in his black Geneva cloak, leaning on his long horn-handled walking staff, grim and stern, before

his angry and tearful Queen; assailing her with harsh admonitions, and with rebukes for her love of music and dancing. In the little supper-room we picture again the tragedy which was perhaps the turning point in Mary's career. In this tiny room, scarcely larger than a closet, we can see the terrified Queen, not long a wife and soon to become a mother, surrounded by fierce threatening faces and drawn swords; the ghastly face of Ruthven, who had risen from a sick bed to commit this crime, looking out from his full suit of armour; the overturned table, and the elegant and effeminate Rizzio crouching behind his mistress, clinging to her robe while he implores her to save him; the jealous Darnley, loutish and shambling, holding her in feigned protection, while George Douglas, snatching Darnley's dagger, reaches over the Queen's shoulder and plunges it in the cringing favourite. At the head of the great staircase outside there is, or once was, the dark stain of Rizzio's blood on the spot where the body was dragged by the murderers, stabbed in more than fifty places.

In relief to this dark memory of the old

Palace are the merry scenes in the long "Picture Gallery of the Kings," where "Bonnie Prince Charlie," surrounded by rejoicing Jacobites wearing white cockades, danced to the music of the same pipes that played at Falkirk and Culloden. And, greatest event of all in gaiety and splendour, the wedding festivities of James IV. with Margaret Tudor — the union of the "Thistle and the Rose" — which was destined after a century more of war to effect the Union of the Crowns. Then the ancient monastic house blazed with light and colour; there were plays, games, tilting-matches, feasting, and dancing, when Dunbar, the Court Poet, tripped merrily the "dirry-danton" with Mistress Musgrave.

Arthur's Seat and the great crags of Salisbury alone remained unchanged since prehistoric days, when they towered above the vast oak forest of Drumsheugh, which stretched from all about here to the sea. This was the home of the wolf, the snow-white Caledonian bull, and the ferocious boar, as well as the cover for the many "hartis, hyndis, toddis (foxes), and sic lyk maner of beistis."

What these hills have witnessed since the Roman altars at Cramond and Inveresk sent up their smoky wreaths to Jove, what the grim old Castle and St. Giles' imperial crown have looked upon, is a wonderful story. Countless generations have come and gone; the men of Dinas Eiddyn with golden torques and wild flying hair; the Scoto-Saxons of Lothian and the Merse, with ringed byrnies and hoods, bearing long battle-axes; and the knights of the Bruces and the Jameses, steel-clad and valorous. Abbots, monks, nuns, and hermits of St. Anthony; merchants, stout burghers, and the fighting merchant sailors of Leith; Templars and Knights Hospitallers; the craftsmen flying their Blue Blanket, armed for the fray; and vast multitudes gathered in the Grassmarket to witness the burning at the stake of witches and wizards.

In the historic procession pass stern-faced Covenanters going forth to die at the gallows or in the churchyard of Greyfriars, where the stone tells us 18,000 died as "noble martyrs for Jesus Christ." Then come the roistering gallants of a later period, lace ruffled and

wearing rapiers, ever ready for a duel or a drinking-bout; and famous beauties, patched and powdered, with towering head-dresses and enormous hoops, in their gilded sedan-chairs. Grave judges and jolly lawyers pass along, together with poets, painters, and quaint old citizens who played "High Jinks" in smoky taverns. All these pass in review before us, each interesting figure eloquent of some epoch in the history of the famous old city.

Besides all this historic glory, Edinburgh in picturesque beauty is second to none. In the words of Sir David Wilkie, "What the tour of Europe was necessary to see, I find congregated in this one city. Here alike are the beauties of Prague and of Salzburg, the romantic sites of Orvieto and Tivoli, and all the magnificence of the Bays of Naples and Genoa. Here, indeed, to the painter's fancy, may be found realized the Roman Capitol and the Grecian Acropolis."

CHAPTER II

IN EARLY TIMES

LIKE all other cities, the story of the origin of Edinburgh, the ancient capital of the Kingdom of Scotland, is a web of fact and fancy closely interwoven. The history of the city stretches so far back into the mists of antiquity as almost to elude the most patient research, and the double destruction of the national records, first under Edward I., and again under Cromwell, leaves much dependent on vague and uncertain tradition.

In the midst of a fair and fertile country which slopes gradually upward from the neighbouring shore of a noble estuary, rises, full three hundred feet above the level of the plain, a bold and precipitous cliff. Three of its sides rear almost perpendicularly upward, forming a well-nigh impregnable natural

fortress. In immediate connection with the remaining side, a sloping rocky ridge, already protected on one front by a lake and swamp, and on all save one by steep declivities, formed the natural approach to this stronghold. Here was discovered at once, by the roving tribes of early Caledonia, in a time when every man's hand was against his brother and war was deemed the only fitting pursuit for men, a site providentially planned, as it were, for their Capital.

When Julius Agricola arrived with his Roman army in the Lothians about the year A. D. 80, he found the Ottadeni and the Gadeni occupying the territory all about here. These were two of the twenty-one Caledonian tribes who at this time occupied all Northern Britain, and the Ottadeni and Gadeni, well armed and doughty foemen, resisted the Romans bravely, as the many camps and battle stones throughout the country testify. The Romans after many desperate conflicts succeeded in conquering the fierce tribesmen, but their hold on the territory so dearly gained was not for long.

It seems strange that although the Roman



THE CASTLE.

military road from Brittanodunum to Al-terva — i. e. from Dunbar to Cramond — ran within a short distance of it, the Castle Rock appears never to have been a Roman station, and it is not easily understood why a people, so skilled in war, should have neglected a natural fortification of such great strength, situated as it was in Valentia, one of their six provinces in Britain. Sufficient evidence has been brought to light to show clearly that a Roman *colonia* existed near Edinburgh, but it has not been found that the site of the town was ever used by them as a dwelling place.

As to the origin of the name “Edinburgh,” historians differ. The prenomem is a very common one in Scotland, and is always descriptive of a slope. Thus, near Lochearnhead, is the shoulder of a hill called *Edin-a-chip*, “the slope of the repulse,” so named from some encounter with the Romans. It was a favoured theory of Sir Walter Scott that Edinburgh was the Dinas Eiddyn — the slaughter of whose people in the sixth century is lamented by Aneurin, a bard of the Ottadeni. In the “Myrvian or Cambrian

Archaeology" mention is made of Caer-Eiddyn, or the fort of Edin, which was the stronghold of a famous chief, Myndoc, who led the Celtic Britons in the deadly battle with the Saxons under Ida, the Flame-bearer. This was fought in the year 510, at Catraeth, in Lothian, where the flower of the Ottadeni were left upon the field; and this is believed to be the burgh afterward named after Edwin.

The ancient Welsh poem "The Drinking Horn," by Owain, Prince of Powys, preserves the memory of Myndoc Eiddyn:—

"When the mighty bards of yore
Awoke the tales of ancient lore,
What time resplendent to behold,
Flashed the bright mead in vase of gold!
The royal minstrel proudly sung
Of Cambria's chiefs when time was young:
How with the drink of heroes flushed,
Brave Catraeth's lord to battle rushed,
The lion leader of the strong,
And marshal of Galwyiada's throng;
The sun that rose o'er Itun's bay
Ne'er closed on such disastrous day;
There fell Myndoc, mighty lord,
Beneath stern Osway's baneful sword;

Yet shall thy praise, thy deathless name
Be woke on harps of bardic fame,
Sung by the Cymry's tuneful train,
Aneurin of celestial strain."

The disquisitions of antiquarians regarding the origin and etymology of Edinburgh are extremely interesting, and there is great temptation to linger over them. The most plausible conclusion, however, is that the name comes from Edwin of Deira, the first Christian King of Northumberland, who after his victory over Aethelfrith of Bernicia, A. D. 626, fortified the Castle Rock as his northern outpost, calling it Edwin's Burgh; "burgh" being synonymous with castle or town.

The early history of Edinburgh is embraced in that of the Castle and Abbey. Under the protection of the fortress the rude huts of the early dwellers clustered, and advanced cautiously down along the rocky ridge of the town. Later, in the security and affluence of a more peaceful era, rose the consecrated walls of Holyrood, which became the centre of wealth and learning to the semi-barbarous Saxons of the fertile Lowlands.

The earliest chronicles relate almost exclu-

sively to the Castle, which has existed as a stronghold as far back as tradition extends, and there can be no doubt that from its earliest discovery the site was considered a position of great importance. The most remote date which has been discovered in relation to its origin, is in Stow's *Summarie of Englyshe Chronicles*, which places it in the year 989 B. C. He says, "Ebranke, the sonne of Mempricius, was made ruler of Britayne; he had, as testifieth *Policronica*, Ganfride and other twenty-one wyves, of whom he receyved twenty sonnes and thirty daughters; whyche he sente into Italye, there to be maryed to the blood of the Troyans. In Albayne (now called Scotlande) he edified the castell of Alclude, which is *Dumbrityn*;¹ he madethecastell of Maydens, now called Edenbrough: he made also the castell of Banburgh, in the 23d yere of his reign."

Camden says that during the time when the Britons held it they called it *Castel Mynedh Agnedh* — the Maiden's or Virgin's Castle — from the fact that maidens of the royal blood

¹ *Dumbarton.*

were kept there during the period of their education. The correct translation, however, means not this, but "The Hill which overlooks the Plain." "Castrum Puellarum," says Chalmers, "was the learned and diplomatic name of the place, as appears from existing charters and documents: Edinburgh, its vulgar appellation;" while Buchanan asserts that its ancient names of the Dolorous Valley and Maiden Castle were borrowed from ancient French romances "devised within the space of three hundred years" from his time.

However this may all be, interesting as it is, we reach no firm historic ground until we come to the reign of Malcolm II. (1005-1034), which marks a distinctive epoch in the history of Scotland. The Kingdom of Northumbria, for a brief period again powerful, essayed once more to dominate the Lothians, which then reached to the limits of Durham. Malcolm II. determined to free his territory from the Northumbrian yoke, and after some reverses, he, with the support of his kinsman, Owen, King of Cumbria, defeated the Northumbrians at Carham on

the Tweed, in a victory so decisive that hardly a man of the Northumbrian army escaped. England afterward thought it politic to cede to the Kingdom of Scotland all the territory north of the Tweed. Had Lothian remained an English possession, Edinburgh would probably have never been more than a town of minor consequence, so the Battle of Carham was an event of vital importance in the history of the city.

Next we meet with an interesting couple who seem to impress us with a more human tangibility: King Malcolm Canmore — Malcolm with the Big Head, whom we meet also in "Macbeth" — and his beautiful and saintly Queen, Margaret, the Atheling, niece of Edward the Confessor. A strangely-matched but most devoted and loving couple they seem to have been; the grave middle-aged husband, who, though used to war and living amid primitive customs, was full of love and gentleness, and the delicately nurtured and beautiful young wife whom he followed in all her movements with adoring eyes. A most sweet and tender woman appears to have been Queen Margaret, and wise as well.

King Malcolm and his beautiful Queen made the Castle a place of refuge and residence, although the capital was then at Dunfermline, for Edinburgh was not to be the seat of government until more than three hundred years later. The settlement of the border line between England and Scotland had by no means put an end to English invasion. Malcolm's residence here was also for the purpose of controlling the southern and Anglian part of his kingdom, which was then beginning to look away from Celtic barbarism toward a new culture and speech.

Queen Margaret passed her time alternately between the Castle and Dunfermline Tower, and where she crossed the Forth on her journeys to and fro is still called the "Queen's Ferry." In the Castle, she built the little chapel on the very summit of the rock, and here the saintly Queen passed much of her time in prayer and vigil. This tiny building of early Norman style, still in perfect preservation, is the smallest church in Britain, and the oldest building in Edinburgh.

In the winter of 1093, while Malcolm and

his son Edward were away fighting the Normans under William Rufus, the Queen, by her prolonged fastings and vigils, increased a severe illness from which she suffered, and lay dying in her chamber which adjoined the Chapel. She had requested that the Black Rood — a sacred relic averred to contain a piece of the true cross — be placed in her hands. As she held this in silent prayer, her second son, Edgar, entered the chamber bearing the sad tidings that both father and brother had been slain at the siege of Alnwick Castle. “Then,” says Turgot, her confessor, “with a prayer upon her lips, and raising eyes and hands to Heaven, she passed peacefully away.” She died holding in her hands the famous “Black Rood of Scotland,” which according to St. Aelred “was a cross an ell long, of pure gold and wonderful workmanship, having thereon an ivory figure of our Saviour marvellously adorned with gold.” Thus passed the good Queen Margaret, whose sole endeavour was to refine and educate the semi-barbarous people about her, and her wise and gentle influence must have had some effect.

Scarcely had the Queen breathed her last, when the inmates of the Castle were terrified to find it surrounded by a horde of savage Western Highlanders, clad in the hide of the dun deer, with hauberks of jingling rings, and headed by the usurping Donald Bane, younger brother of Malcolm III., who had determined to put his nephews to death and seize the Crown. Believing that escape from the Castle was only possible through the gates facing the little town, he kept watch over these alone, neglecting the postern or "Sally port" which still exists in the western wall. Through this the children escaped, and were taken to England, where they found refuge with their uncle, Edgar Atheling.

The body of the Queen was reverently conveyed through the same postern and down the steep declivity by Bishop Turgot and others. A miraculous mist arose, so says tradition, which hid the funeral cortege from the eyes of the savage foes, and it thus passed safely over the Queen's Ferry to Dunfermline. She was there buried in the Abbey Church where now the great stone block marks her

resting place. The sockets of the silver lamps, which, after she was canonized, burnt until the Reformation, are still to be seen in the shrine.

Lord Hailes records a tradition of the monks which may be taken as evidence of the popular belief in the strong attachment of the Queen to her husband. "The body of Margaret, Queen of Scotland, was removed from its place of sepulture at Dunfermline, and deposited in a costly shrine. While the monks were employed on this service they approached the tomb of her husband, Malcolm. The body became on a sudden so heavy that they were obliged to set it down. Still, as more hands were employed in raising it, the body became heavier. The spectators stood amazed; and the humble monks imputed this phenomenon to their own unworthiness; when a bystander cried out, 'the Queen will not stir till equal honours are performed to her husband.' This having been done, the body of the Queen was removed with ease."

David I. appears to have been the first monarch who made the Castle his permanent

residence, so that with his reign really begins the history of Edinburgh. At this time the town was a small huddle of rude, mud-plastered huts under the castle walls, and all about was a dense, wild forest wherein took place the miraculous adventure of the King which led to the founding of Holyrood.

To quote quaint old Boece, whose statement is not less interesting than his spelling is amusing, it appears that King David, in the fourth year of his reign, was residing at the Castle of Edinburgh, then surrounded by "ane gret forest full of hartis, hyndis, toddis,¹ and sic lyk maner of beistis;" and on Holy Rood Day, after the celebration of Mass, he allowed himself to be persuaded by his gay young followers to ride forth to the hunt, although Alkwine, a holy canon, warned him earnestly against so doing. "At laste quhen he was cumyn thorow the vail that lyis to the eist fra the said Castell quhare nou lyis the Canongaitt, the stail² past thorow the wode with sic noyis and dyn of bugullis that all the beistis wer raisit fra thair dennis." The King, in the pursuit of a great white

¹ Foxes. ² Train.

stag, at length found himself alone and unhorsed, with the stag standing over him threatening with "aful and braid tyndis."¹ At this juncture a supernatural mist arose, from out of which a hand was extended bearing a cross which was placed in his, whereupon the stag vanished. That night in a dream St. Andrew appeared to him, and commanded him to build a monastery for the Augustinian canons on the spot of his deliverance; so thus came about, according to tradition, the endowment of Holyrood, but the walls of the sacred edifice did not rise until some time later.

David became so pious and so munificent in his support of religious works, as to cause the historical remark of James VI. Being reminded that his ancestor was a saint, the "pawky" James sourly rejoined, "Ay, and he was a sair sanct to the Croon." David greatly strengthened the defences of the Castle, adding to the outworks in particular the great Norman keep, the base of which still supports the Argyll Tower over the "Portcullis Gate," and as evidence of the

¹ Antlers.

peace-loving side of his character, he cleared much of the wilderness at the foot of the Castle Rock, making of it a beautiful garden. Around the nucleus of the Castle, as it were, grew the town. The Castle for a long time afterward was the royal abode, and in peaceful times Holyrood shared this distinction. In 1128 the town was granted a charter by David, and became a royal burgh.

Beginning with this time, Edinburgh was ever afterward considered a place of much importance. The kings were still from force of ancient custom crowned at Scone, and Parliament convened elsewhere, but the Castle was the residence of the sovereign. After the death of David, it was in succession the residence of his immediate successor, Malcolm IV., of Alexander II., and of William the Lion. When the latter was captured in 1174 at Alnwick, across the Border, whither he had gone on a foray, the Castle fell for the first time into the hands of the English as a pledge for his liberty. Fortunately, what was lost by war was regained by peace, for afterward he married Ermengarde de Beaumont, cousin to King Henry, and the

Castle was gallantly restored as the dowry of the bride after it had been held by an English garrison for twelve years.

In 1286, Alexander III. was instantly killed by a fall from his horse near Kinghorn, in Fife, and Scotland was plunged in mourning.

“ Quhen Alysander oure Kyng wes dede,
 That Scotland led in luv and lé
 Away wes sons ¹ off ale and brede
 Off wyne and wax, off gamyn and glé;
 Oure gold wes changed in to lede,
 Cryst, born in to Vyrgnyté,
 Succoure Scotland and remede
 That stad ² is in perplexyté.”

His tragic death involved unhappy Scotland in the disastrous wars of the Scottish Succession, for his grand-daughter, the Maid of Norway, who was heiress to the Crown, died while on her way to claim her kingdom. This was the opportunity for rival claimants of the Crown, and in the wars which followed, Edinburgh experienced full share of the national suffering and temporary humiliation.

Towards the end of 1312, when the deter-

¹ Sons — abundance. ² Stad — placed.

mined efforts of Bruce and the incapacity of Edward II. had combined to free nearly every Scottish stronghold from English garrisons, we find Edinburgh Castle in command of Sir John Wilton, a brave knight who held the fortress for England. Bruce instructed Thomas Randolph, his nephew — afterward Earl of Moray — to effect its capture at all hazards.

The daring capture of the fortress by Randolph is one of the most thrilling stories that have come down to us in history. Day after day he looked up from the plain below at the grim Castle, which, strongly garrisoned and amply supplied, seemed from its dizzy height to bid mocking defiance to his puny efforts. Each fresh sortie of his army met with repulse, and Randolph had despairingly arrived at the conclusion that it was beyond human power to scale these perpendicular cliffs to grapple with his enemy. He had almost decided to withdraw, when William Frank, or Francis, one of his subordinates, divulged important information.

His story was that in former years he had been a member of the Scottish garrison, and

to enjoy the society of a certain fair maiden in the city, had broken strict military orders by frequently escaping at night down a perilous path along the south side of the cliff. He now volunteered his services to lead a storming-party up to the Castle walls.

At once decision was made, and one March night under his guidance, Randolph, with thirty picked men carrying scaling-ladders, stole forth on their hazardous errand. The night selected was tempestuous and bitterly cold, with no gleam from either moon or stars. As the brave band looked upward at the path they were to traverse, it seemed, as Sir Walter Scott says, "fitter for a cat than for a man," but this, and the frightful thought of being crushed to death by rocks hurled down upon them from the Castle walls, did not cause them to falter.

Clinging to the face of the rock like flies, heavily armed as they were, and bearing their ladders, they crawled steadily upward, any misstep meaning a plunge to certain death below. The roaring of the wind prevented any sound they made reaching watchful ears, and at length they crouched, chilled

to the bone, at the foot of the wall to wait the changing of sentinels.

One of these directly above, with temporary suspicion at some sound, suddenly cried, "Aha! I see you well!" and heaved from the wall a huge rock, which as it hurtled past narrowly missed the intrepid band. In harrowing uncertainty as to whether or not they were discovered, the almost frozen men waited until the relief patrol had passed and all became quiet above. Now came the decisive moment, but to their consternation the ladders proved far too short to reach the top of the wall. At length a spot was found where it seemed that two ladders bound together might barely suffice, and with perilous balancing, three hundred feet in air, they were thus prepared. Dagger between teeth, brave Francis mounted and drew himself over the wall, closely followed by Randolph and Sir Andrew Gray.

The startled sentinel's cry of alarm ended in a strangled sob; up the shaking ladders swarmed the Scots sounding their slogan, "A Moray! A Moray!" signal for their forces without the gate to be prepared for

bloody work. Sir John Wilton, with his bewildered men who first rushed forth, quickly fell by the Scottish claymores, and Sir Andrew Gray opened the gates to Blantyre, who entering with overwhelming force made short work of the garrison. Thus ends the story of as gallant a deed as is recorded in the history of war.

Bruce dismantled the Castle as was his policy with all captured English strongholds, in order that the English in future should find no snug lodgment within his territory. To the great chagrin and disappointment of King Edward II., when he came later and looted the treasures of Holyrood Abbey, there was no castle left to protect him from the vengeful Scots, who compelled his retreat.

In the beginning of the following reign, during the unfortunate minority of David II., Edward Baliol, the usurper and tool of Edward, held a Parliament at Edinburgh in 1333. This consisted of what are known as the "disinherited barons" with seven bishops, including the Abbot of Inchaffray, who there assented to the humiliating conditions imposed by Edward III. Among

these, they agreed to deliver to the English all Edinburghshire. Soon after this, Guy, Count of Namur, landed at Berwick with an armed force to assist the English, and marched upon Edinburgh. On the Boroughmuir (moor) he was confronted by a strong army led by the Earls of Moray and March.

Richard Shaw, a Scottish esquire, in accordance with the chivalrous custom of the times, was challenged to single combat by a knight of the Count of Namur's train. After a desperate combat each fell pierced by the other's spear, and on stripping the bodies of their armour, the foreign knight proved to be a woman, who for some unknown reason had set forth on this romantic and fatal expedition.

A fierce and bloody battle then ensued; the Count's forces gave way, fighting gallantly as they retreated toward Edinburgh. Here in St. Mary's Wynd they were penned by another body of Scots and unmercifully slaughtered.

The Castle was again recovered from the English in 1341 by a most ingenious stratagem which owed its origin to the fertile brain

of William Bullock, an ex-priest. By his plan, one Walter Curry of Dundee took on board his ship two hundred Scots under the command of Sir William de Douglas — the Black Douglas. Casting anchor in Lejth Roads, Bullock, disguised as a sea captain, appeared before the governor of the Castle, Richard de Limoisne, representing himself as master of an English vessel just arrived with valuable store of wines and provisions. These he offered to sell at a very reasonable price for the use of the garrison. Limoisne took the bait greedily, and ordered the stores delivered on the next day.

According to appointment, early the next morning the bogus captain, attended by a dozen equally bogus hardy mariners, appeared with innocent and beguiling aspect before the Castle gates, driving several loaded carts. Of course leave to enter was readily given, but when these guileless sons of Neptune had arrived with their first load directly under the portcullis, they upset the cart so that the gate could not be lowered. The Black Douglas with his band hiding near by then rushed in, and after some sharp

and fierce fighting took the Castle in the name of David II. The flag of England was never again to float over the grim old fortress until after the Union of the Crowns.

After David returned from his captivity in England, he made the Castle his residence and completed the work of restoration begun under Edward III. He added in particular the massive and lofty tower known as "David's Tower," which stood for two hundred years until it was battered to pieces in the regency of James VI.

David died in his "Tower" February 22d, 1370, in his forty-second year, the last of the direct line of Bruce, and was buried in the Church of the Abbey of Holyrood before the high altar. He was courageous and gifted, and had he lived in more peaceful times might have done much good for his people. Tradition credits him with some artistic ability, and relates that during his captivity in England he spent much time in sketching. It is said he left in his cell in Nottingham Castle, curiously engraved on the stone with his own hand, the whole story of our Saviour's passion.

This ends the early epoch in the history of Edinburgh. Although sometimes Parliament met, and the sovereign temporarily resided here, it was still but a frontier town ever on the watch to stand the first brunt of the invading English. The towering houses that we meet in a later period were then unknown, and the rude habitations of the people were for the most part thatched with straw and turf.

When the ruddy glow of the "bale-fires" warned the burghers that an overwhelming Southron host was sweeping over the Borders to descend with murderous fury upon the neighbouring Lothians, the citizens, figuratively speaking, folded up their tents like the Arabs and silently stole away. They did, however, actually carry off the straw roofing of their humble dwellings as some precaution against conflagration; so hiding their more bulky belongings, and driving off their "kye,"¹ left mocking bareness to greet the invaders. Perhaps they sometimes chuckled with grim satisfaction when they pictured the enemy, on booty bent, survey-

¹ Kye: cattle.

ing in disgust the skeleton of the town they had come to pillage.

The citizens always returned the compliment, and no sooner had the disappointed foe been starved into a retreat from the deserted town, than the burghers were at their heels "worrying" them vindictively, and as Abercromby says, "conformably to their usual custom following the enemy into his own country, and never put up their swords till by a retaliating invasion they had made up for their losses." After the enemy had retreated, the simple needs of the Edinburghers enabled them to speedily repair damages, and to start house-keeping again almost before the hostile visitors had crossed the Tweed.

CHAPTER III

IN THE TIME OF THE STUARTS

A NEW era begins in the history of Edinburgh with the reign of Robert II., first of the Stuarts, that gay, gifted, careless race, whose faults even seemed to endear them to their people. Under the reign of the Stuarts Edinburgh rose to its most lofty pinnacle of fame and glory; it shared in their triumphs, and suffered in their misfortunes. With the extinction of their line it seemed to sink from its proud rank among the capitals of Europe, and to mourn its vanished magnificence. Their successors forgot and neglected the ancient Chapel of Holyrood, which was left to decay, and grass grew about the precincts of the Palace where under the Jameses had been held high court and scenes of merry-making.

In 1384 the Duke of Lancaster came over the Border with "an army almost innumer-



ROBERT II, KING OF SCOTLAND.

able," and burnt Edinburgh to the ground. It was in this conflagration that the ancient Parish Church of St. Giles was almost totally destroyed, its great central tower alone being left to mark the site.

The ancient church itself was doubtless on a smaller scale than now, as adapted to the limits of the town. When De Kenne, admiral of France, came to the assistance of Robert II. at this time, Froissart says:— "Edinburgh, though the kyng kept there his chefe resydence, and that is Parys in Scotland; yet it is not like Tourney or Vallenciennes, for in all the towne is not foure thousand houses; therefore it behooved these lordes and knyghts to be lodged about in the villages." It appears that the French were not welcomed with exceeding joyfulness, for the Scots "dyde murmure and grudge, and sayde, Who the devyll hath sent for them? Cannot we mayntayne our warre with Englande well ynoughe without their helpe? They understand not us, nor we theym; therefore we cannot speke to-guyder. They will anon ryffle, and eat up alle that ever we have in this countrey; and

doo us more dispytes and damages than thoughe the Englysshemen shulde fyght with us; for thoughe the Englysshe brinne our houses, we care lytell thairfor; we shall make thame agayne chepe ynough.”

Up to the year 1437, the buildings of the town were of the same primitive and flimsy nature already described in an earlier time. The houses of the citizens were mostly constructed of wood from the neighbouring forests of the Boroughmuir, and thatched with straw. Owing to the primitive and careless habits of the dwellers, dangerous fires were thus liable. The nobles who attended court had not yet begun to build their mansions in the capital, but continued to lodge in the monasteries, as was the custom of the time. The statutes enacted at this period give us interesting insight into the domestic life of ancient Edinburgh, bringing before us its quaint thatched houses, with wooden galleries and overhanging eaves.

With houses constructed of such inflammable material, one would think the danger in the constant and careless use of lighted torches would have been apparent enough to

inspire the citizens with some degree of caution. Yet a law was found necessary in this regard: — “ Item, that na fire be fetched fra ane house til ane uther within the toune, bot within covered weshel or lanterne, under paine of ane unlaw.”

The great danger from fire, together with the growing culture of the people, led to the building of stone structures, and towards the end of James the First's reign, the architecture of the town began to show great improvement. James himself set a good example when he built and endowed the Monastery of the Grey Friars, which stood nearly opposite the West Bow, on the south side of the Grassmarket.

The Sumptuary Laws of James I. afford interesting example of the curious restrictions of personal liberty imposed by the King and Council. It was ordered that all except knights and lords of at least 200 merks yearly rent, were forbidden to wear silks, or “ furs of martrickes, funzies, purry, nor greater nor richer furring,” and none but they should wear “ broderie,¹ pearl, nor bulzeone,² bot

¹ Broderie, embroidery.

² Bulzeone, gold lace.

array them at their awin list in honest arraiments as serpes, belts, brooches, and cheinzes." Later, in 1457, during the reign of James II., it seems the fair sex required to be curbed in their vanity, even the length of their "tailes" (trains) being regulated.

James I. endeavoured to improve the skill in archery among his people, for the Scots were poor bowmen, and in consequence at great disadvantage in their battles with the English. The Scots' favourite mode of fighting was in hand-to-hand combat, and in several instances battles had been decided by the expert English bowmen before the Scots could get near enough to grapple with them.

In his first Parliament it was enacted that "na man playe at ye fute-baa under paine of fifetie schillings," but that "all men busk them to be archers fra they be twelfe zeir of aige." Butts were accordingly prepared at the foot of the Castle Rock near where the "King's Stables" are now standing, but archery proved too tame a pastime for the stirring Scots compared with the fighting delights of "ye fute-baa," and they con-



JAMES I, KING OF SCOTLAND.

tinued to administer hard "dunts" to the enemy in their same old way.

James was barbarously assassinated on February 20th, 1437, in the Monastery of the Black Friars at Perth. Shortly after midnight, the rebel Sir Robert Graham stole secretly into the convent at the head of three hundred Athole Highlanders. When the conspirators were heard approaching the King's apartment, it was found on trying to secure the door that the heavy bar had been removed. To hold back the assassins while the King sought escape, Lady Catherine Douglas thrust her arm through the bolt staples while the other ladies pressed against the door. This feeble protection gained time for the King to raise a plank in the flooring, and escape to the room below; a moment later, the delicate arm that served as bar was shattered by the violence of the assassins in bursting open the door. The King was soon found in his hiding place, and cruelly murdered by Graham and others. His death was universally mourned, and his cowardly murderers, all arrested within a month after, were put to death by the most

horrible tortures. For two hundred years the people spoke in horrified whispers of the frightful revenge wreaked upon the conspirators. It is said that feeling was so intense as to include even innocent connections of the rebels among the executed. Many like the aged Earl of Athole, whose sole crime consisted in being a kinsman to the principal conspirators, suffered death and worse.

The common criminals in this affair were given to the hangman, and the choicest tortures were reserved for Sir Robert Graham — the arch-criminal — and the Earl of Athole. Their sufferings were prolonged for three days. On the second day, the Earl of Athole was elevated on a pillar at the Town Cross, and before the people was crowned derisively with a hot iron coronet as the “King of Traitors.” The Cross then stood in the middle of the “Hie Gait,” a few yards north-east from its present location.

On the third day, he was drawn through the High Street on a hurdle to the place of public execution, and after suffering all manner of indignities, was beheaded. His head was set on a pole at the Cross, while the

body was quartered and sent to the four chief towns of the kingdom as warning to all rebels. Sir Robert Graham at the same time suffered in like manner.

James I. was in some respects one of the most notable of the Scottish kings. We are told that he possessed marked ability in architecture, painting, and gardening, while his poetry evinces no inferiority to that of his contemporaries. He wrote much, but of all his poems three only remain, "Christ's Kirk on the Greene," "Peebles to the Play," and the "King's Quhair." The latter was written in honour of the beautiful Lady Jane Beaufort, afterwards his beloved queen. He tells us how he first saw her while looking from the window of his prison in Windsor Castle into the garden below, listening to the nightingales, and wondering what the passion of love — which he had never felt — could be: —

“ And therwith kest I doun myn eye ageyne,
 Quhare as I saw walkyng under the Toure,
 Full secretely, new cumyn hir to pleyne,
 The fairest or the freschest zoung floure

That ever I sawe, methought, before that houre,
For quich sodayne abate anon astert,
The blude of all my body to my hert."

To Edinburgh Castle fled Queen Jane Beaufort for shelter after her husband the Poet-King was murdered in Blackfriars at Perth. King James II. — "James of the Fiery Face"—was not more than seven years of age when a Parliament convoked in his name met in Edinburgh, March 20th, 1438. Soon after, the little King was conducted from the Castle, and attended by the "Three Estates of the Kingdom" with much pomp and ceremony, went along down the old "Hie Gait," through the ecclesiastical "Burgh of the Canongait" to Holyrood Abbey. Before the high altar he was crowned with magnificent ceremony, the first of the Kings of Scotland to be thus united by birth and royal honours with the history of the capital.

When little James was taken back to the Castle after his coronation, under guard of the powerful Earl of Douglas — Duke of Touraine in France, now Lieutenant-Governor

of the Kingdom — Crichton, the Lord Chancellor, and Sir Alexander Livingstone, the Regent, he returned in reality not King, but prisoner, for the game of politics was now on. Immediately began crafty plotting to secure the person of the King, for whichever lord succeeded in this became practically the ruler of Scotland.

For the next two years James resided in the Castle under close custody of Crichton, the Chancellor, who began to rule with despotic power in the King's name. Finally, he refused even to allow the Queen-mother — the King's guardian — or the Regent Livingstone to see the boy. The woman's wit of Queen Jane, however, was more than a match for wily old Crichton. She pretended to a violent quarrel with the Regent Livingstone, and seeking the Castle appealed to Crichton for protection. Completely allaying his suspicions, she there remained for several weeks in the company of her son.

At length she assumed to remember a vow she had made to perform a pilgrimage to the White Kirk of Brechin for the health of her son, and on the night before her departure

bade adieu to Crichton, committing the young King to his charge with earnest appeal to his fidelity. It was cleverly arranged, however, that when next morning the Queen departed with her baggage, borne on the backs of sumpter horses, her son was snugly packed among the linen in one of the "arks," or chests. Leith was safely reached, and from there a ship took them to Stirling to the waiting Regent Livingstone.

Livingstone raised an army and laid siege to Edinburgh Castle, but the astute Crichton, having lost the King, cannily made a compromise, and the keys of the Castle were delivered into the King's own hands. The terms of his capitulation were that he should continue as Chancellor, and as Governor of the Castle, while Livingstone should still be Regent, and, with the Queen, guardian of the royal person. This was all agreed upon, and in great amity all the parties supped together "maist plesantlie." This condition of affairs did not last long, for the Queen and Regent quarrelled, and the latter essayed the Chancellor's game by trying to secure the person of the King. The Queen again

watched her opportunity, "stole" her son, and fled with him to Edinburgh, where she restored him to the charge of the Chancellor in the Castle.

The baffled Livingstone, furious at being outwitted, followed with warlike force to Edinburgh, and it seemed as if a bloody war was imminent. All the King's guardians had, however, a mortal hatred to the Earl of Douglas, and this feeling was played upon to bring about their reconciliation.

The Bishops of Moray and Aberdeen, then residing in Edinburgh, proposed a conference for a settlement of the dispute, and it was urged that this was of vital importance, for the House of Douglas was becoming so powerful that it threatened even the supremacy of the Crown. This conference was held in the Church of St. Giles, and the rivals vowed complete amity, agreeing at the same time to make common cause against the hated Douglasses.

The great House of Douglas had at this time reached the height of its power and arrogance. The most powerful family in Scotland, by virtue of wealth and influence,

they openly defied the House of Stuart by the exhibition of the most oppressive and tyrannical power. The Douglas train was larger than the King's, and they issued semi-royal mandates which carried life and death.

The great Earl of Douglas had shortly before this died, leaving two sons. As Lieutenant-Governor of the kingdom, he had forced both Chancellor and Regent into the background of affairs, and in wealth and followers had been more powerful than the King himself. Crichton and Livingstone thought this the golden opportunity to break the power of the Douglas clan, but it would not do to proceed openly, for that would be a signal for fierce civil war.

Lord William Douglas, the eldest son — a lad of seventeen — had succeeded his father, but not being allowed to inherit the office of Lieutenant-Governor, showed his resentment by a decidedly hostile attitude towards the Crown. He never came to Edinburgh but at the head of 1,500 steel-clad followers. The Chancellor and Regent saw in the attitude of the conceited young lordling a distinct menace to the Crown, and the crafty pair

soon laid their plans to put a quietus to his ambition.

Young Lord Douglas received from them a most flattering invitation to visit Edinburgh, and to sit in council on the affairs of the realm. Douglas in high elation started on his way, and was met at Crichton Castle — twelve miles from Edinburgh — by the Chancellor, who entertained him with such effusive hospitality that some of the Douglasses became suspicious. They warned their young leader to beware of foul play from both Crichton and Livingstone, and to remember his father's advice, "Never put all the Douglas eggs into one basket." They meant by this, if he was at all hazards determined to proceed, to leave his young brother David behind.

The flattered boy resented these suspicions of his kind entertainer, whom he said had never given them occasion to distrust his honour, and rode on to Edinburgh Castle accompanied by his brother. They were received with great show of welcome, but their followers were excluded from the fortress on the plea that there was not room for all.

The King was delighted with his young kinsman, and they pleasantly passed the time until it was announced that the tables for the banquet were spread in the great hall.

“ When the Earl of Douglas to the Castle came,
The Court they were fu’ grim to see ;
And he liked na’ the feast as they sat at dine,
The tables were served so silently.’”

The young King with his youthful guests sat at the same table, and all went well until a black bull’s head, freshly severed from the animal as its gory appearance testified, was placed before the Douglasses. The boys at once knew from this ancient Scottish symbol of destruction that they were betrayed and doomed to death. Springing from the board, the unfortunate lads drew their swords, but a crowd of armed men who had been concealed by Crichton’s orders in the “ tiring-room ” near by, rushed in and surrounded them. Young King James, with tears, repeatedly begged that their lives be spared, even drawing his sword to run to their assistance, but Crichton sternly told him that

Scotland could not hold both a Stuart and a Douglas; either they or the King must die.

The unhappy boys were after a mock trial pronounced traitors and immediately beheaded, according to Balfour, in the great hall of the Castle. No attempt was ever made to bring the cowardly murderers to justice, and these rude rhymes express the popular opinion of the deed:—

“Edinburgh Castle, toune and tower,
 God grant thou sinke for sinne;
 An’ that even for the black dinour,
 Erle Douglas gat therein.”

James II. was crowned when he had reached the age of eighteen, at once showing himself a strong and resolute ruler, for he made Douglas, Crichton, and Livingstone, quickly to realize his power. In 1449, he was married to Mary, daughter of Arnold, Duke of Gueldres, and niece of Philip the Good of Burgundy, a lady whom Drummond describes as “young, beautiful, and of a masculine constitution.” She landed at Leith July 3, 1449, with a noble retinue,

being there received by the King and a royal escort. Their marriage was celebrated in the Abbey of Holyrood in the presence of a brilliant company of Scottish and foreign nobles.

After James II. had married the beautiful Mary of Gueldres, he set himself to the task of fortifying his capital. In 1450, immediately after the Battle of Sark, the ancient city was enclosed within fortified walls, of which now only one fragment exists, this being the ruin of the Wellhouse Tower at the northern foot of the Castle Rock.

This wall with its towers and bastions, in addition to the Nor' Loch, would appear to have constituted at this time an effective defence against the invading Southron. Later, it was strengthened and extended after Flodden's fatal day, when the "Flodden Wall" was so hastily built. Snug behind these walls the ancient town long remained secure from sudden invasion.

The Nor'— or North — Loch, was a sheet of water which filled the valley below the Castle Rock and extended along the foot of the ridge on which the town was built. In



JAMES II, KING OF SCOTLAND.

the reign of Malcolm Canmore and the saintly Margaret this was but a marsh, and we remember that David I. had reclaimed the border at the foot of the Rock, making there for his pleasure the "King's Gardens." James, it seems, was quite willing to forego pleasure for safety, so he destroyed the gardens which David had made unto himself, and substituted the lake. He is credited with having formed it entirely by artificial means, but in all probability the bed of the swamp was only enlarged and deepened. The result of his work, however, was a body of water both broad and deep, and its southern shore was then so steep that it formed an effective defence without a wall.

The reign of James II. was in many respects a notable one. Unfortunately, however, this able monarch was cut off in the midst of his active career by the bursting of a cannon at the siege of Roxburgh Castle.

Whenever time hung heavily on their hands, the English still kept up their pleasant custom of taking little trips over the Border to make things lively for the Scots. The

news that they were swarming up through the fair valley of the Tweed with hostile intent toward Edinburgh, was the signal always for each sturdy burgher to seize at once his long spear and run to defend the walls, as they were bound to do under pain of death when the Deacon Convener of the Trades unfurled the famous "Blue Blanket." This constant condition of warfare between England and Scotland made it a matter of prime importance that an alarm of invasion should be spread as quickly as possible. One of the most important enactments in the reign of James II. relates to a system of signal fires which flashed the warning through Scotland by day or night that the English were advancing from the Borders. This was done by a system of beacons known by the name of "bale-fires," which were lighted according to an arranged signal code.

The law provided that "watchers of the fords" were to be stationed along the Tweed. On their first knowledge that an English army was moving toward Scotland, the alarm was to be given either by firing a beacon, or by a swift messenger to their comrade watchers on

the walls of Hume Castle, about seven miles from the Border. At once when the alarm reached Hume, the "bale-fires" were kindled on the ramparts of the Castle. One blaze was signal that the English were on the march; two meant that they were nearing the fords, while four in a row gave warning that the foe came in great strength, and that a strong defence was required. Primitive as this system of signalling was, it was wonderfully effective and frustrated many an English attack, for within half an hour the alarm would be flashed from Tweed to Tay, and on to the north of Scotland.

In Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," as Margaret of Branksome sits in her turret gazing towards the west, she sees the warning gleam of deadly import:

"Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And, spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
Is yon red glare the western star? —
O! 'tis the beacon-blaze of war!
Scarce could she draw her tighten'd breath,
For well she knew the fire of death!"

In July, 1469, Edinburgh donned her "Halie-daie" garb to welcome young Margaret, Princess of Denmark, who came to marry the youthful King James III., then but eighteen years of age. This royal child, for she was nothing more — Lindsay making record that "The gentlevoman being bot twelff yeires of age at the tyme" — won the hearts of the people at once by her grace and beauty. The marriage was further rendered agreeable to the nation, for James III. "gatt with the King of Denmarkis dochter, in tocher guid, the landis of Orkney and Zetland."

All signs promised a most successful reign to James III., although he seems to have been a man out of touch with his time. Of studious habits, and devoted to the science of chemistry, or "alchemy," as it was known in this age, he failed to impress his subjects as an example of kingly power. Scotland at this time it must be remembered had advanced but little beyond barbarism, and the people could not understand a ruler who preferred a book, to a sword and the clash of arms.



JAMES III, KING OF SCOTLAND.

At this time Edinburgh consisted of one long street which extended from the Castle to the Nether-Bow Port, and beyond through the ecclesiastical Burgh of the Canongate to Holyrood Abbey. There were no branches from this main artery except narrow alleys called closes, which ran from either side of the High Street down to the outlying precincts of the Grassmarket and the Cowgate. There were no fixed places for holding markets, and the selection of favoured spots for bargaining gave rise to many disputes among the venders. James settled this difficulty by decreeing that the markets for the sale of various commodities should be held at specified places in the town. The following account is historically interesting as indicating the principal localities in Edinburgh at this early period, and gives as well a lively picture of the life of the ancient town:—

“ The Hay, Straw, Grass and horse-meat markets were to be held in the Cowgate from Forrester’s Wynd down to Peebles Wynd (which was later pulled down three centuries afterwards to make way for the South Bridge); the Fish Market from the Friar

Wynd to the Nether-Bow, in Market Street or Hie Gait (High Street); the Salt Market in Niddry's Wynd; the Camp of Chapmen from the Bellhouse down to the Tron (later the Tron Kirk); the Hat Makers and Skinners opposite to them on the south side of the street; the Wood and Timber Market from Dalrymple Yard to the Greyfriars and westward; the Shoe Market from Forrester's Wynd westward; the Nolt or Flesh Market about the Tron; the Poultry Market at the Cross; the Cattle Market at the King's Stables, back of the Castle; the Meal and Corn Market from the Tolbooth up to Libberton's Wynd; from there to the Treseps (Bowhead) the Cloth and Lawn Market; Butter, Cheese, Wool, and all Goods to be weighed at the Upper Bow, and a Tron or Weigh to be set there (the ancient Weigh House); Cutlers and Smith work to be sold beneath the Nether-Bow about St. Mary's Wynd; and all Saddlery at the Greyfriars, Grassmarket."

These markets merely represented the gathering in a specified place of different commodities, and the booths of the merchants



MARGARET OF DENMARK, QUEEN OF JAMES III.

were generally rude fabrications of canvas and light material. Sometimes they were stuck on "like swallows' nests" to the walls of neighbouring churches or public buildings, while in other cases they stood by themselves in a long row. This custom had prevailed from very early times, and in the fifteenth century the streets of Edinburgh presented a picturesque and animated appearance, being fully as noisy as London thoroughfares.

James as we have said was a student, while his brothers, the Duke of Albany and the Earl of Mar, were men of knightly valour and accomplished in war. Both were great favourites with the people, in such degree as to arouse the jealousy of the King, who by brooding over this preference for his brothers became morbidly suspicious. His astrologer — Dr. Andrews — who was his adviser on all occasions, predicted that his death was threatened by near kinsmen. At once the King imprisoned his two brothers; Albany being confined in Edinburgh Castle and Mar in the Castle of Craigmillar.

The Earl of Mar when arrested was suffer-

ing under a violent fever, so in a few days he was brought back to Edinburgh and lodged in the Canongate, where he died under the care of the King's physician; tradition says not without suspicion of foul play. It was said that having been found guilty of conspiring with witches against the life of the King, he was sentenced to have a vein in his leg opened and then to be placed in a warm bath to bleed to death.

Albany's escape from Edinburgh Castle was effected in a daring manner. Although kept under strict surveillance in "David's Tower," his friends managed to convey to him the information that off the Port of Leith lay a small French vessel; a means of escape if he were once outside the Castle walls. The captain of this vessel by pre-arrangement sent to the Duke a letter offering to supply him with a stock of wines.

Albany sent his trusty servant for some samples of these choice products of Gascon vineyards, and the faithful retainer returned with "twa bosses full o' Malvesy," the appearance of which aroused no sentiment in Albany's guardians beyond appreciative

and hopeful interest. It appears that in this especial Gascon process of wine manufacture rope was essential, for Albany found in one keg a coil of it. The other contained wine, and a letter protected by wax, which warned him to lose no time, for "the King's minions had resolved he should die before to-morrow's sun set."

At once laying his plot, Albany invited the captain and officers of his guard to supper with him, and so liberally set his new stock of wine in circulation that he at length had them all in a maudlin condition. He himself, while feigning to drink deeply, had in reality consumed little, and now was his opportunity to escape.

Snatching the drunken captain's dagger from his belt he turned it against him with fatal effect, and then immediately stabbed the others of the helpless guard. With unnecessary savagery, he and his faithful "Chalmer-child"¹ threw the corpses into a roaring fire which blazed in the huge fireplace, "and there in their armour they broiled and sweltered like tortoises in iron shells."

¹ "Chamber-child," or Bedchamber attendant.

This conduct on the part of one who from his gallant deeds in France had been called the "Father of Chivalry," serves to illustrate the barbarous ferocity of the time.

Taking their rope, and with the keys taken from the captain of the guard locking the doors behind them, the two men hurried to an unguarded portion of the Castle wall. Albany's attendant courageously insisted on going down first to test the rope, but found it far too short, and met with a frightful fall on the rocks below. Albany hastened back to the Tower, and stripping the sheets from his bed added their length to the rope, being then enabled to lower himself over the wall in safety to the rocks below.

Here he found his luckless "Chalmerchild" lying helpless with a broken thigh and other injuries. Albany appreciated his devotion, and to save him from the certain death which was imminent, took him on his back and carried him all the way to Leith. Albany could have been no weakling, for two miles stretch between the Castle and the Leith sands.

There he found a boat awaiting him, and

boarding the French vessel sailed to Dunbar, where he put his attendant under surgical care. This accomplished and supplies secured, he made his way to France.

His escape was not discovered until the nobles arrived on the following morning to witness his execution, these little events being generally considered at the time as affording a mild and pleasant diversion, but Albany was by that time far out of reach. The discovery of the rope on the wall, and the inability to rouse the guard in the Tower, at once aroused suspicion. The door was battered in, the searchers were met by the frightful stench from the roasting bodies and a horrible sight was revealed.

Albany eventually reached England, and began plotting with Edward IV. to seize the Crown of Scotland. Edward was too astute a politician not to make the most of this opportunity, and the Duke of Gloucester, accompanied by Albany, soon marched northward into Scotland, burning and pillaging as they went. King James hastened to arms, and after mustering his army on the Boroughmuir, went south to Lauder with his Court

favourites. It appears that the nobles revolted against James. Under the leadership of the Earls of Huntly, Angus, and Lennox, they seized the plebeian favourites of the King and hanged them over Lauder Bridge. James was then placed under restraint and taken back to Edinburgh, where he was lodged in the Castle.

Albany and the Duke of Gloucester met no resistance to their march of devastation, and on their appearance before Edinburgh, for some unexplained reason Gloucester assented to a treaty of peace. Albany, on condition of his swearing allegiance to James, was to be restored to his former position and forgiven for all past offences. In addition he was created Lieutenant-General, and Earl of Mar. There could be no real reconciliation between the King and his brother, however, and in July, 1483, Albany was declared an outlawed traitor, his estates being confiscated.

The star of James III. was now waning, and his vacillating rule was to end in violent death. The nobles, ever mindful of the fact that England kept predatory watch over

Scotland like a hawk waiting favourable opportunity to pounce upon her prey, became restless. They feared the irresolution of James would result in English supremacy and the loss of their estates. In 1488 this feeling culminated in the formation of a powerful conspiracy against him by the leading nobles. James was compelled to fly northward, where after his defeat at Sauchieburn, he met a cruel death at the hands of an assassin.

James IV. was crowned in Edinburgh in June, 1488, the outlook for a successful reign being most unfavourable, for he was but a boy, and under the guidance of those who had made him their tool against his father. Yet his reign of twenty-five years proved to be one of the brightest in Scotland's history. He was the first of the Scottish kings who kept a court in Edinburgh in a manner befitting the increasing wealth and influence of his kingdom.

During his reign Edinburgh was noted throughout Europe as the scene of brilliant tournaments and knightly feats of arms. The favourite spot for the royal tournaments

was in the Grassmarket, just below the Castle wall. Then the windows of the great hall above were filled with bright faces and gay colours, with glint of steel, and flash of gold and jewels. A brilliant sight it must have been when the court beauties and their knightly attendants looked down upon the stirring scene below. James himself was called "the beste jouter and the maist parfite knyghte" of the time. Tokens of valour, like golden-headed spears and other favours, were presented to the victors by the King's own hand, so that "the fame of his justing and turney spread throw all Europe, quhilk caused many errand knyghtis cum out of vther pairtes to Scotland to seik justing, becaus thay hard of the kinglie fame of the Prince of Scotland. Bot few or none of thame past away vnmached, and oftymes overthrowne."

One encounter is specially recorded as having been witnessed by the King from the balcony of the great hall in 1503:—"A famous cavalier of the Low Countries, Sir John Cochbewis, challenged the best knight in Scotland to break a lance, or meet him in



JAMES IV, KING OF SCOTLAND.

combat to the death. Sir Patrick Hamilton of the house of Arran took up his challenge. 'Being assembled togidder on greit horsis under the Castle Wall,' amid a vast concourse they came to the barriers, lanced, horsed, and clad in tempered mail, with their emblazoned shields hung around their necks. At sound of the trumpet they rushed to the shock and splintered their spears fairly. Fresh ones were given them, but as Hamilton's horse failed him, they drew their two-handed swords and fought on foot. They fought thus for a full hour, till the Dutchman being struck to the ground, the King cast his plumed bonnet over the Castle wall to stay the combat, while the heralds and trumpeters proclaimed the Scottish knight victorious."

The streets of the city presented a lively, bustling aspect at this time, while the frequent — almost daily — processions, tournaments, and other festive events, brought money to the pockets of the tradespeople and craftsmen.

CHAPTER IV

IN THE TIME OF THE STUARTS (*Continued*)

THE marriage of James IV. with Margaret of England was mentioned for a hundred years afterward as one of the most sumptuous and gorgeous spectacles that the famous old city ever witnessed. The details of this royal reception give valuable insight into the life of Edinburgh at this time, before the Battle of Flodden. Margaret's attendant, John Young, Somerset Herald, preserved a minute account of her reception.

The King's first meeting with the fair Margaret was at Dalkeith Castle, where she was the guest of the Earl of Morton. After passing the day in her company he returned to "hys bed at Edinborg, varey well content of so fayr a meetyng." Margaret was then fourteen years of age.

On the 7th of August, 1503, she made her public entrance into Edinburgh, being re-



MARGARET TUDOR, QUEEN OF JAMES IV.

ceived by the people with great rejoicing. The houses had their gray walls hung with tapestries, banners, and scarlet cloth embroidered with gold. The City Cross had been temporarily converted into a fountain which spouted streams of wine, while processions and pageants everywhere lined the streets. There were "bonnie bairnes" dressed as "angells" and "synging joyously for the comynge of so noble a ladye." The windows were filled with "lordes, ladyes, gentylwomen and gentylnen; and in the churches of the towne, bells rang for myrthe."

The Queen was attended on her journey from Dalkeith Castle by a numerous and noble retinue including the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Durham, and the Earl of Surrey. She was received near Edinburgh by the King, richly attired in cloth of gold; the Earl of Bothwell bearing the sword of state before him, and attended by a gallant retinue.

The King, dismounting from his horse "kyssed her in her litre, and mounting on the pallefroy of the Qwene, and the said Qwene behind hym, so rode thorow the towne of Edinburgh."

The Grey Friars — whose monastery in the Grassmarket they had to pass — met them in procession at the entrance to the city, bearing their most holy relics, including the famous phial containing “three drops of the blood of Christ,” which were presented to the royal pair to kiss. Within the city, they were received by the Chapter and Prebendaries of the Church of St. Giles in their richest vestments, bearing the arm-bone of their patron saint. Quaint “Mystery” and “Morality” plays suited to the occasion were enacted on high stages. Near the Cross, at the fountain of wine where all might drink, they were met by Paris and the rival goddesses, “with Mercure that gaffe hym the apylle of gold for to gyffe to the most fayre of the thre.”

Further on they saw the “Salutation of the Angel Gabriel to the Virgin. On the Nether-Bow Gate were the Four Virtues: Justice treading Nero under her feet; Force bearing a pillar, and beneath her Holofernes, all armed; Temperance, holding a horse’s bit, and treading on Epicurus, and Prudence triumphing over Sardanapalus; while the

tabrets played merrily as the royal procession passed through, and so proceeded to the Abbey."

The Archbishop of St. Andrews here received them with a great company of bishops, abbots, and other churchmen in their vestments. At the high altar they knelt while the "Te Deum" was sung, and then passed through the cloisters into the Palace.

In the great chamber, hung with tapestries depicting the history of Troy, with windows representing in coloured glass the arms of Scotland and England and other heraldic devices, were many noble ladies magnificently arrayed. The Queen kissed all the ladies, the Bishop of Moray acting as Master of the Ceremonies. "After she had kyssed them all, the Kyng kyssed hyr for hyr labour, and so took hyr agayn with low cortesay and bare hed, and brought hyr to hyr chammer, and kyssed her agayn, and so took his leve right humble.

"On the next day, the eighth day of the said month, every man appointed himself richly for the marriage, the ladies nobly aparelled, some in gowns of cloth of gold,

others of crimson, velvet and black; others of satin, tynsell and damask, and of chamlet of many colours; hoods, chains and collars upon their necks. . . . The Kyng sat in a chayre of cramsyn velvet, the pannells of that sam gylte, under hys cloth of astat of blew velvet fygured of gold;" with the Archbishop of York at his right hand, and the Earl of Surrey at his left; while the Scottish bishops and nobles led the Queen from her chamber.

" A coistly croun, with clarefeid stonis brycht
 This cumly quene did on her heid incloss,
 Quhyll all the land illumynit of the licht ; "

Before the high altar the marriage was solemnized by the Archbishop of Glasgow, "amid the sound of trumpets and the acclamation of the noble company."

Then followed the wedding feast, when the Queen was served at the first course "with a wyld borres hed gylt, within a fayr platter," together with other royal dishes. The hall was adorned with hangings of "redde and blew," with a state canopy of cloth of gold.

“ Ther wer also in the sam chammer a rich bed of astat, and the Lord Gray served the King with water for to wash, and the Earle of Huntley berred the towalle.”

These splendid festivities were continued for many days with bonfires, dancing, music, and feasting, in which all joined; together with tournaments, coursing, feats-of-arms, and other pastimes of the period. Never had staid old Edinburgh seen such a merry-making, and Dunbar, the greatest Scottish poet of the time, celebrates the royal marriage in his beautiful allegory, the “ The Thrissill and the Rois ” (“ The Thistle and the Rose ”). This poem, notwithstanding in obsolete language, has scarcely been surpassed in beauty by later productions. It has a distinctly Chaucerian flavour as will be noted by the first stanzas given:—

THE THRISSILL AND THE ROISS

“ Quhen Merch wes with variand windis past,
 And Appryll had, with hir silver schouris,
 Tane leif at Nature with ane orient blast,
 And lusty May that muddir is of flouris,
 Had maid the birdis to begin their houris¹

Amang the tender odouris reid and quhyt²
 Quhois armony to heir it was delyt :

“ In bed at morrow sleiping as I lay,
 Me thocht Aurora with hir cristall een,
 In at the window lukit by the day,
 And halsit³ me with visage pail and grene ;
 On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene,⁴
 Awalk, luvaris,⁵ out of your slomering,
 Sé how the lusty⁶ morrow dois up spring.”

The Scottish Court was now one of the most brilliant in Europe, and the spirit of chivalry was high. It was this prevailing romantic sentiment which brought about the fatal Battle of Flodden and the death of King James IV. He allowed his high-spirited idea of chivalry to influence him to accept the romantic challenge of the Queen of France — Anne of Brittany, wife of Louis XII. — and thus espoused the cause of France against England. She, from some sentimental whim, sent her glove and her ring to James as tokens that he was her knight-errant, and begged him “ To ride

¹ Hours. ² White. ³ Hailed. ⁴ Heart. ⁵ Lovers.

⁶ Beautiful morning.

three feet into English ground, and strike a blow for her honour." Thus it came about that through the vanity of a foolish woman Scotland was plunged into the deepest sorrow she had ever known.

“ Wae worth the day our burghers leal
 Rade our the Ynglish yird ;
 Wae worth the day when leman’s guile,
 To bluidy grave fand wit to wyle
 Our gallant James the Feird.”

James, in his preparation for war, had ordered that seven great cannon called the “ Seven Sisters ” be taken out of the Castle, and while this work was being busily pursued, a ghostly cry was heard at the Market Cross at midnight. This voice proclaimed, as the herald of the great Ruler of the Lower World, the names of those who were to fall upon the Field of Flodden, and bade them prepare to enter the domains of Pluto. The principal nobles and men-at-arms were named, together with sundry burgesses of the town.

One of them, Mr. Richard Lawson of Highriggs, ex-Provost of Edinburgh, “ in

his gallery-stair forenent the Cross," on hearing his own name called, made thrice the Sign of the Cross, and called out in a loud voice, "From that summons and sentence I appeal me body and soul to the mercy of God, through His Son, Jesu Christ our Lord." The strange sequel, in actual fact, is that the stout-hearted ex-Provost was among the few who came back from Flodden.

There is little doubt that this warning was arranged by Queen Margaret and her friends in order to excite superstitious fears among the followers of the King, and thus prevent the English expedition. Had this device succeeded, Scotland would have been spared the loss of the flower of her chivalry on that fatal 9th of September, 1513. Nothing could deter the headstrong James, however, and after the news of the battle came, such lamentation as was never heard before arose from stricken Edinburgh, and spread throughout the whole kingdom.

In concluding this episode, it is curious to note a strange tradition that prevailed among the Scots for long afterward. The body of the King was never recovered, having fallen,

as is understood, into the hands of the English. This legend ran that the King was not slain at Flodden, but had gone on his intended pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and was yet to return in time of danger to the nation, like another King Arthur. A fragment of an ancient ballad discovered long after, embodies this tradition. The closing lines are: —

“ He cut the crosse on his right shoulder
 O’ claith o’ the bluidy redde,
 An hes taen his ways to the haly land
 Wheras Christe was quick and dead.”

The old wall of James II. was by this time no defence, for the city had grown far beyond its limits. The dwellers in the Cowgate, that new and fashionable suburb, became at once alarmed at their exposed position outside the shelter of the City Wall. All males were impressed immediately into the work of surrounding the city with a wall both high and strong. Many of the women volunteered to help, and the hardy Lothian farmers came with their shaggy horses to help in the national work. All worked day and night with such furious energy, that in an incredibly

short time the city was entirely enclosed within the strong, high "Flodden Wall," which, with its ports, battlements, and towers, bade defiance to "our auld inymis of England." This lesson was long remembered by the Edinburghers, and for more than two hundred and fifty years after hardly a house arose beyond the shelter of the City Walls. The ancient town thus grew in one direction mainly, skyward, and from this restriction of space originated the towering houses, or "lands," as they were called.

It happened very fortunately for the city at this time, that Henry VIII. had so many troubles of his own, by reason of his war with France, that he was unable to follow up his great advantage gained at Flodden. Queen Margaret now assumed the Regency in name of the infant James V., and appealing as a sister to the generosity of King Henry, secured a temporary peace between the two countries.

The Queen lost the support of her leading noblemen by a foolish act. After giving premature birth to a posthumous son, she within three months suddenly married Archi-

bald Douglas, Earl of Angus, who was several years her junior. By so doing she was declared to have lost her authority, so John, Duke of Albany, nephew of James III., came from France in response to a request from the Council, and was declared Regent. From his long residence in France, Albany had practically become a Frenchman, and his influence is shown in the approach of Scottish architecture of this period to the French style, while many French customs were adopted.

He was unable, however, to control the turbulent Scots from indulging in their frequent factional warfare, and in particular those lively individuals the Douglasses and the Hamiltons, who by their fierce animosity towards each other kept the town in an almost constant uproar. When these amiable gentlemen came into town armed to the teeth, each party eager to indulge in their favourite pastime of inflicting various anatomical damages on the other, all peaceable citizens fled in terror. Barring their doors and the entrances to the closes, they waited until the storm had blown over for the time being.

One of the fiercest of these street-fights, or "tulzies," has come down to us in history under the name of "Cleanse the Causey" (causeway). It was so called because the battle, as it might be correctly termed, took place in the High Street, which was deserted by all save the actual combatants instantly when the fight commenced.

The dispute was between the Douglas and the Hamilton factions. The Earl of Arran, head of the Hamiltons, who had been Provost of Edinburgh for the previous year, sought the office again for the power it would give him over his rival, Earl Angus of the Douglas faction. The citizens, however, disliked Arran, and favoured the Douglasses.

In April, 1515, the rival actions met in Edinburgh whither they had come to push their respective claims, and at once a bloody conflict ensued. Earl Angus put himself at the head of his Douglasses, who, while not numerous, formed in a compact body in the High Street. They were, however, the favourites of the townspeople, who handed from their windows spears to those who were not armed with that useful weapon. Soon

the Hamiltons came swarming up from the Cowgate through the narrow lanes, and entering the High Street in separate streams were at great disadvantage, being besides armed with swords only, which were no match for the long spears of the Douglasses. In a short time the Hamiltons were put to rout, many of them being killed. Their leader, the Earl of Arran, and his son, barely managed to make their escape through the North Loch, "mounted on a coal horse."

James V., "King of the Commons" as he was afterward called, from his fondness for wandering about in disguise among his people and mingling with them as one of themselves, was crowned September 21st, 1515, at Stirling. During his long minority, Edinburgh was the constant scene of riot and bloodshed from the savage contentions of the feudal lords and their followers. Our friends the Douglasses and the Hamiltons continued to be the chief offenders in this respect.

So constant were their street-fights, that the Provost was voted by the Town Council an increase in salary and a perpetual guard

of four men armed with halberts to keep peace within the town. This force, it is needless to say, made not the least impression on the combatants, and it would seem that the lawless Douglasses were really the rulers of the town. Men might commit murder upon murder, and provided they were under the protection of the Douglasses, could defy the law with impunity, their freedom being in no way restricted.

The King, although placed for safety in the Castle, was allowed some liberty, and occasionally resided at Craigmillar or Dalkeith when the town and neighbourhood were temporarily peaceful. These quiet intervals corresponded generally to the time required for the recovery of the vanquished in the last factional encounter. As soon as their wounds allowed, and with the arrival of fresh recruits, the feud would proceed merrily on.

When James had reached the mature age of twelve, the Douglas party, who still retained control of the royal person, came to the conclusion that they could work their schemes to greater personal advantage if he

was invested with full royal powers. Accordingly this was done, and on the 22d of August, 1524, the King "maid his solempnit entree with the lordis in the Tolbuyth of Edinburgh, with sceptour, crown, and sword of honour." The townspeople hailed him with delight, thinking that now would come a change, and that anarchy would be crushed.

The Douglasses, however, through the Earl of Angus, seized the government, keeping such close watch over the King, and so influencing him, that he was but a puppet in their hands. They went too far it seems, when one of them said to him, "Do not think that we will ever let you get out of our hands; we would see you torn to pieces first."

This brutal unmasking of the Douglas designs by the remark quoted, awoke in the mind of the young King a firm resolve to escape from their power, and he managed this with much ingenuity. While at Falkland Palace some time later, he formed a habit of riding forth on early morning hunts. When these had become so common as to allay all suspicion, he suddenly one morning, with but two attendants, spurred on to Stirling Castle

and freedom. His hunting activities now became directed in the direction of the Douglasses, who within half a day were declared outlaws.

James went on to Edinburgh, and with remarkable vigour and decision considering his years, took up the government of his kingdom. He pursued the lawless nobles with such stern determination to end their piracy, that his vigorous action filled even these seasoned and hardy malefactors with a lively terror. His impartial justice to noble and commoner made James popular with all. The Douglasses were the only exception, and them he pursued with unrelenting hatred, which perhaps is not to be wondered at.

It is interesting to note also, that about this time the King assembled at Edinburgh an army of twelve thousand nobles and their followers for the famous hunting match against the Border raiders. The nobles were directed to bring their hawks and hounds with them, that the King might refresh himself with sport during the intervals of military execution.

With this array he scoured Ettrick Forest and dealt summary justice to the Border gentry, a great number of whom were hanged. Among the most noted of those so dealt with was Johnnie Armstrong of Gilnockie, famous in Scottish song.

James had now arrived at the conclusion that it was time for him to negotiate a matrimonial alliance, and set sail for France with a large fleet and an imposing retinue. Arriving at the French Court, he speedily wooed and won the Princess Magdalene, eldest daughter of Francis I., King of France. The marriage took place January 1st, 1537, despite the fact that Magdalene was far gone in consumption. She and James had fallen so deeply in love with one another, that as a French historian says, "nothing else could be done but let them wed."

On the 29th of May following, King and Queen landed at Leith amid general rejoicing. The young Queen was of a most affectionate and gentle nature; she appears to have given "her hand with her heart in it" to her royal lover with a tender spirit of trustful resignation. As she first stepped on the Scottish

soil at Leith, she knelt and kissed the ground, with a prayer for the happiness of her future home and its people.

While the citizens were making their preparations, the King and Queen tarried at the Palace of Holyrood. The state entrance to the capital of the royal pair was an event of great magnificence. Queen Magdalene, the fair "Lily of France," who so quickly faded in the chilly air of her northern kingdom, inspired in the people a feeling of warm regard by her gentleness, her beauty, and her great piety. Perhaps no Queen of Scotland was ever so affectionately considered as she, and at her death, within the brief space of six weeks after her arrival, the sorrow of the nation was deep and sincere.

She was buried in the Church of Holyrood House, with the greatest mourning ever seen until that time in Scotland. This is the first instance of the wearing of mourning garb by the Scots, and "Triumph and mirrines was all turned into deregies (dirges) and soull massis verrie lamentable to behold." Sir David Lyndsay makes lament in his "Deploratioun of the Deith of Quene Magdalene,"



JAMES V, KING OF SCOTLAND.

which is addressed to that "Theif! — Crewell Deith."

There is no reason to doubt the sincere attachment of James to his Queen, yet very shortly after, for reasons of state policy he married Mary of Lorraine, daughter of the Duke of Guise, and widow of the Duke de Longueville. In June, 1538, Mary of Guise, who was to play so prominent a part in the history of Edinburgh and of the kingdom as well, arrived in Scotland. "On Sanct Margaretis day" she made her state entry into the capital with every show of welcome, for "the Queine was richlie rewairdit, and propyned¹ by the proveist and tounschip, both with gold and spyces, wyne, and curious playes made to her by the said toun." "Her Grace come in first at the West Port, and raid down the Hie Gait to the Abbay of Halyrudhous."

As the result of these marriages, the French influence in building, dress, and habits became more noticeable than ever. A number of the French attendants of both Queens Magdalene and Mary had settled

¹ Presented.

permanently in Scotland, with civilizing effect upon the manners of their neighbours. It will be remarked in this connection that at the present day it is not at all uncommon to meet in Scotland faces of types distinctly French.

Edinburgh was now busy and prosperous. The houses erected during this period displayed much architectural beauty, and Edinburgh became a most picturesque and romantic city. Later on, the strictures of religion forbade all display or architectural ornament as sinful vanity. But now was the time of crow-stepped gables, quaint windows with tiny panes, and picturesque wooden galleries fronting the "Hie Gait," from which the worthy burghers could converse with their neighbours. Some of the houses had fronts of polished ashlar, while others were wooden-fronted, and all bore more or less elaborate ornamentation in the way of carving and other embellishment.

James V. sought in all ways to make his town beautiful, and his taste in architecture was sound. As the population grew, we meet with the towering houses for which Edin-

burgh was noted. Some of these were fourteen and fifteen stories high, and as they reared upward in overhanging stories, the topmost windows on either side of the narrow closes became so neighbourly that friends could sit at their respective windows in pleasant converse. They were even so near that worthy citizens on the topmost floor while smoking their "yards of clay" at their windows in the pleasant summer evenings, could clink their tankards "o' guid Scots brew" with a crony across the way.

Many of these houses with their overhanging stories gave an alarming impression of instability, apparently defying most brazenly all laws of gravity. Years afterward, an old inhabitant who had lived all his life on the topmost floor in one of the most "ticklish" looking of these structures, was asked during a violent gale if he did not fear that the house would topple over. The startled visitor who made the inquiry found the old structure rocking like a ship at sea, but the ancient made calm answer; "Afeard?" said he, "no' me! The hoose was built afore Sir Isaac Newton invented graivity, but the lad

who built it kent o' something juist as guid."

A great improvement was made in the High Street in 1532, when it was first paved by one Merlin, a Frenchman: —

“ Merlin, who laid Auld Reekie's causey,
And made her o' his wark richt saucy.”

This “ wark ” included the levelling of the High Street, and thus the famous “ Crown o' the Causey ” disappeared for ever. To understand the improvement effected, it is necessary to picture the High Street, from its great traffic, as a quagmire composed of every imaginable kind of refuse, with a ridge or “ crown ” in the middle of the street, which afforded the only desirable passage along the ancient thoroughfare. We cannot wonder that the right to the “ crown ” was so vigorously asserted by pedestrians, for to be forced from its refuge meant a plunge into a bog of miscellaneous filth.

Along the High Street it was the custom for the tradespeople to occupy the ground floor of the houses, while their picturesque sign-

boards gave token of their calling. The upper classes of society resided on the upper floors of these houses, and the "closes" were especially favoured by them as affording a greater degree of exclusiveness. All these "lodgings" were densely populated, and the High Street was fast becoming a veritable human ant-hill. The craftsmen of the city were becoming noted for their work, and an Edinburgh armourer of this period was held to be equal in skill to any of the most renowned of other countries. Robert Borthwick, in his foundry beneath the Castle Rock, was making cannon and other warlike gear of much repute, the King being his most liberal patron.

At this time there were nine "ports" giving entrance or exit to and from the city. The Nether-Bow Port was chief in importance, and had strong towers. It stood guard just beyond where is now John Knox's house, and marked the line between the Burgh of Canongate and the Capital. The other "ports" were the West Port, Greyfriars, or Bristo Port, St. Leonard's Port, Potterrow Port, Cowgate Port, College Kirk

Port, the Port in Halkerston's Wynd, and the Port in Leith Wynd.

We must credit James V., in addition to his other good works, with a most important improvement. While in France he had been forcibly impressed with the advantages of a permanent Court of Law in the capital. The Scottish custom had been for all the Courts of Justice to travel a circuit, and many were the loud complaints by litigants at the delay in the course of the law. James, by his efforts, effected in 1532 the permanent location of the Courts of Session in Edinburgh, and it was arranged that the judges should perform circuit duty in rotation.

This event really is one of the most important in the history of the city. It made Edinburgh much more prominent, and as a place where redress and protection could be secured against the tyrannical feudal nobility, the city entertained a greater number of visitors than ever before, to the manifest prosperity of the citizens. It appears that such numbers came to Edinburgh on various affairs, that the butchers and bakers had difficulty at times in furnishing their com-

modities in sufficient quantity. It was thus ordained that bread was to be sold on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; while meat was to be had on Sunday, Monday, and Thursday.

The King and Parliament continued to regard the people with a fatherly solicitude. The Sumptuary Laws which we have mentioned previously in the time of James I., were re-enacted and made even more stringent. None were allowed to wear silk except knights, minstrels, heralds, or those of £100 yearly income, under pain of a fine of £20 Scots, and the confiscation of the silk. Women were not allowed to appear "misalit" (masked or veiled) at "kirk or mercat." The "tails" of the fair sex again were regulated as to length. Sir David Lyndsay, in his "Supplication to the Kingis grace in Contemplatioun of Syde (long) Taillis" says, there is no reason

"That every ladye of the land
 Suld have hir taill so syde trailland
 Quhare ever thay go, it may be sene,
 How kirk and calsay they soup clene."

Reference to these " tails " is also amusingly made in an old song: —

" I'll gar our guidman trow that I'm gaun to dee,
If he winna fee to me twa valets or three,
To beir my tail up frae the dirt, an' ush me through the
toun;
Stand about, ye fisher jades, an' g'ie my gown room."

The defeat of James's splendid army at Solway Moss by the English was a blow from which he never recovered. A week later, on the 14th of December, 1542, he breathed his last. His faithful friend and servitor, Sir David Lyndsay, it is supposed, directed the imposing funeral ceremony when his royal master was laid at rest in the Church of Holyrood beside his dearly beloved first young bride, the " Lily of France."



MARY OF GUISE, QUEEN OF JAMES V.

CHAPTER V

UNDER MARY OF GUISE

A GAIN Scotland was to suffer all the evils of a long minority, to which were added internal discord. When the news of the King's death reached the English Court, Henry VIII. exclaimed, "Woe is me! for I will never have any King of Scotland so set to me again, nor one whom I favoured so well!" Still, Henry saw a great opportunity which he was not slow to take advantage of. His recent success at Solway Moss had placed in his hands a number of the Scottish nobility. These he now secured as his tools by giving them their freedom and many costly gifts.

Henry had made up his mind to a marriage between his son and the daughter of James V. This was his pet project to bring about a union of the two Kingdoms, but the Scots saw in this, as it appeared to them, the loss of their independence, and declined the

alliance which was really a solution of their political difficulties.

To induce a reconsideration of his proposition, Henry now advanced various little arguments in the way of fire and sword. Finally, in 1544, the English under Hertford took Edinburgh and burnt it to the ground, but they were unable to capture the Castle. Such were the persuasive methods of "bluff King Hal" to bring about his favourite scheme of an alliance.

This destruction of the city by Hertford marks an important era in the history of Edinburgh, from the fact that few buildings exist older than the date of this fire in 1544. Wilson says, "If we except portions of the Castle, the churches, and the north-west wing of Holyrood Palace, scarcely a single building anterior to this date exists in Edinburgh."

After the death of Henry in 1547, his son Edward VI. again sent Hertford, now become Duke of Somerset, to Scotland to demand a settlement of the marriage compact which it was claimed had been given in 1543 by the Earl of Arran. The Scots again refused, and at the battle of Pinkie, on "Black Saturday,"

suffered severe defeat at the hands of the English.

The Scots had decided as the only means of putting a quietus to the matrimonial designs of England to betroth the young Queen to the Dauphin of France, and she was sent in August, 1548, to that country, that her education might be pursued among more tranquil surroundings than the constant alarm of battle, and the clash of arms.

Her departure for France put an end to Edward's vigorous efforts to gain her hand. The Earl of Huntly rather dryly remarked when as a prisoner he was asked to use his influence in Edward's favour, "that however he might like the match, he liked not the manner of wooing."

Mary of Guise, by appealing to her kinsmen in France, had obtained material assistance from that country. Leith had become, by reason of the defences constructed by the expert French military engineers, a place of importance, and many Edinburghers removed to Leith where they could feel safe under the protection of its strong garrison. One good result may be said to have come

about through these last invasions of the English. It taught the Scots that straw-thatched, flimsy dwellings were not only behind the times as compared with other nations, but that they were a source of great joy to the enemy from their exceeding inflammability. Solid stone houses now became the vogue, after the French baronial style.

The brotherly feeling which had existed between the Scots and their French allies soon came to an end, and finally the latter came to be regarded in a no more friendly light than were the English. The more cultured and civilized Frenchmen could not conceal their contempt for the rough, rude Scots, and the fiery temper of the latter brooked no slights nor insults.

The Earl of Arran had been Regent since the death of James V., but was notoriously unfit for the office. Under his feeble and inefficient rule Edinburgh retrograded to the stage when our old friends the Hamiltons and Douglasses made things lively within the town almost daily. These gentry under Arran's slack rule again became boisterous,

being assisted by other sportive spirits like the Kerrs of Lothian, the Scotts of Buccleugh, the Crichtons, the Livingstones, and many others in their pleasant pastime of butchering one another. In fact, as we read the history of the time, this appears to have been their principal occupation and amusement as well.

When the Queen Dowager returned from a visit to France in 1551, strong pressure finally brought the Earl of Arran to resign the regency in her favour. Mary of Guise, though not popular, ruled with a strong hand. Under the penalties of heavy fines and long terms of imprisonment, the gladiators of the High Street modified their turbulence in a marked degree.

As a result of the spirit of religious reform now active in both parties, the ancient festivals and games were ordered to be done away with. It was enacted that the annual sports and merry-making of "Robin Hood," the "Abbot of Unreason," or "Queen of May" should not be held under severest penalties. The law adds "if onie weomen or others, about summer trees singing, make perturbation to the Queen's lieges, the

weomen perturbatoures sall be taken, handled, and put upon the cuck-stules of every burgh or toune." The designation as "weomen perturbatoures" certainly is not flattering to the vocal efforts of the light-hearted maidens who danced about the May-pole, or lilted merrily on other occasions. This action against customs which had long been sanctioned by the Romanists, would seem to indicate a sort of uneasy deference to the views of the Reformers.

Edinburgh was steadily increasing in size and importance. Mary of Guise, by erecting her splendid Palace — which long stood on the site now occupied by the Free Church College and Assembly Hall — aroused the ambition of the nobles to build for themselves large and stately mansions. Some of these yet in existence give evidence of great former magnificence.

Knox about this time wrote his letter to the Queen Regent strongly advising reformation in the Church, but this was received only with contempt by her. Shortly after this he accepted a call from an English congregation at Geneva, and on the eve of his

departure was summoned before the Church Council. As he took no notice of their summons he was condemned as a heretic and at the City Cross was burnt in effigy. Knox left Edinburgh, but the Protestant leaven continued to work. During his absence in Geneva, the Reformed party under the able direction of his associates whom he had entrusted with the control of affairs, waxed in power. As the doctrines of reform spread among the people, they began to show their zeal by destroying the carvings and images of the churches and monasteries.

It was an ancient annual custom for the clergy to walk in imposing procession on the 1st of September, the festival day of St. Giles, the patron saint of the town. In 1558, however, before the day arrived, a mob entered the church and carried off the image of the saint which was usually borne by the priests in the procession. The "image of Saint Giles" was dragged ignominiously to the Nor' Loch — the favourite place for ducking all offenders against the Seventh Commandment — and after being "droonit," was committed to the flames.

When it was found to be missing the greatest confusion prevailed, and the bishops sent orders to the Provost and Magistrates either to get the old St. Giles, or to furnish another at their own expense. This they refused to do, and in answer to the threats and denunciations of the clergy quoted the authority of the Scripture for the destruction of "idols and images." The scene which followed is thus described:

"The priests, resolving not to permit the day to pass without the usual celebration, borrowed a small statue of the saint from the Grey Friars, which they firmly secured with iron clamps to the 'fertorie' or shrine in which it was usually borne aloft. And the more fully to do honour to the occasion and to overawe the turbulent populace, the Regent was prevailed on to grace the procession with her presence.

"The statue was borne through the principal streets of Edinburgh in great pomp, attended by the canons of St. Giles Church and all the chief clergy in full canonicals, with tabrons and trumpets, banners and bagpipes. The Queen Regent led the ring

for honour of the feast. It was convoyed about, and brought down the Hie Street to the Canno Cross (St. John's Cross). The Queen Regent dined that day in Sandy Carpentyne's betwixt the Bowes. When the idol returned back, she left it, and went in to her dinner."

The presence of the Regent had produced the desired effect in restraining the populace from violence, but no sooner did she withdraw, than "the Little St. Giles," as they contemptuously called the borrowed statue, was attacked with the utmost violence, and speedily shared the fate of its predecessor. "Immediately after the Regent entered the lodging, some of them drew near to the idol as willing to help bear him up, and getting the fertorie on their shoulders beganne to shudder, thinking thereby the idol should have fallen. But that chance was prevented by the yron nailes. Then began they to cry 'Down with the idol! down with it!' and so without delay it was pulled down. One took St. Giles by his heels, and dadding (knocking) his head on the causeway left Dagon without head or hands, exclaiming,

'Fy on thee, Young St. Giles, thy father would have tarried four such.' Down go the crosses, off go the surplices, round caps, and cornets with the crowns. The Grey Friars gaped, the Black Friars blew, the Priests panted and fled, and happy was he that got first to his house."

The increasing strength of the Reforming party caused the Regent to immediately seek measures for its suppression, to which she was urged by her relatives in France. By the instructions of Knox, the Reforming party had organized themselves under the name of the Congregation. Their leaders were called "The Lords of the Congregation," and they now assumed the guidance in important movements which followed, entering into negotiations and treaties like a sovereign power.

The Reforming party now began their work of destruction, which resulted in the ruin of nearly all the finest ecclesiastical structures throughout Scotland. The town authorities, though helpless against this tremendous popular uprising, did their utmost to restrain the violence of the mob.

They entreated the "Lords of the Congregation" to spare the churches and religious houses, promising that the former would be henceforth used for Protestant worship; the latter as institutions of learning. They protected St. Giles Church by a guard of sixty men, removing for further security the beautiful carved choir stalls, which were guarded in the Tolbooth.

Still their efforts were of little avail against the great wave of the popular movement. Upon the first rumour that the Earl of Argyll and the army of the Congregation were approaching Edinburgh, the citizens attacked the monasteries of the Black and of the Grey Friars with such fury that nothing was left but the bare walls.

When the majority of the Reformers had gone from Edinburgh, some of their leaders, including Knox, remained, and the request of the Regent that the Church of St. Giles be again used for the service of the Mass was met by the Lords of the Congregation with stern refusal. While they were now holding daily services in the Church, the French soldiers — acting of course under instructions

—endeavoured to annoy the Reformed worshippers as much as possible by lounging and promenading in the large open space of the nave while Knox was preaching.

Both parties now diligently prepared for war. The Regent had received aid in a reinforcement of a thousand French soldiers who landed at Leith in August, 1559. The Queen set them at work strengthening the defences of that port, and entreated the French Court to send her further assistance. Sharp fighting now ensued, and while both parties were anxiously awaiting their promised foreign aid, a number of large vessels were seen sailing up the Forth. The French joyfully hailed them as the long looked for French fleet, when, to their consternation, they raised the flag of England and promptly captured their transports and supply ships. For the first time now the Scots and English fought side by side. Their combined forces with the experience and bull-dog tenacity of the English troops were too much for the French, who were gradually driven within the walls of the Leith fortress, there to endure the horrors of famine.

The health of the Queen Regent in the meantime had been steadily failing. No doubt this decline was hastened by keen regret over her action in allowing the policy of the Guises to prevail against her better judgment. It is said that as her end drew near she retired to Edinburgh Castle and sent for the Lords of the Congregation to visit her. As an illustration of the dread and suspicion with which the Guises were regarded in Scotland, the Lords thought it best that they should not go all together "for fear of some Guisian practice."

They held converse in the Castle with the dying Queen Regent, who received them with such humility and kindness that they were deeply touched. She asked their forgiveness with tears, and expressed deep grief that matters should have ever reached such extremities, saying that foreign counsels had wrongly influenced her. On the next day, the 10th of June, 1560, her troubled regency was ended. The Reformers refused to allow her to be buried according to the rites of the Catholic Church, so her body was placed in a lead coffin and kept in the Castle until the

following October, when it was conveyed to her native France.

Peace was now equally desired by both parties, and very shortly after the Regent's death, Cecil, that astute diplomat of Queen Elizabeth, arrived in Edinburgh. By the skill of Cecil everything desired by Elizabeth, as well as the main interests of the Congregation, were secured, the French commissioners having no chance against the wily English diplomat. On the 16th of July, in accordance with the terms of the treaty the French departed from Leith, and thus ended the association of France with Scotland. The sturdy English soldiers, after watching them set sail, turned their faces to the south on their march homeward.

By this time the ancient town had become densely populated as far down as the Nether-Bow, and it began to be a question of how much longer Edinburgh could contain her growing population. One great improvement, however, had been made by the forming of a fine street called the Cowgate or Sou-Gait — said by some to derive its name from cattle having been driven along it to

the pastures of St. Leonards, while others assert that its southerly position determined its title. This had been a glen on the south side of the city "ridge" through which ran a small stream on its way into St. Margaret's Loch. This "wee bit burn" had been induced to take another course, the marsh had been drained, and the new street with its fine mansions and noble tenants became one of the most fashionable of the town.

CHAPTER VI

QUEEN MARY'S EDINBURGH

ONE of the most thrilling chapters in the history of the world is the age of Mary, Queen of Scots, which might also be considered the climax of the history of Scotland. Queen Mary herself is the most prominent and interesting figure; a woman about whom so many pages has been written, and of whom, after all, our knowledge is so incomplete. But, aside from Mary as the principal character on the historic stage, there was raging about her a great conflict in which her tragic career is but an incident.

Edinburgh at this time was at the zenith of its architectural and social splendour, ranking with the great cities of the world. The scenes within its walls were now more gay, more dramatic, more tragical; and its people more strongly individual and characteristic. There were fine foreign ambassadors, living in

almost regal style, and English diplomats, rich and powerful, whose duty it was to press the secret and subtle policy of the mighty Queen Elizabeth. Foreign courtiers and their followers thronged about the palace; a new and unusual element, gay and frivolous, yet withal not so easy to govern. All these brought into the life of the city a myriad of conflicting interests to add to the already existing fierce contentions of turbulent citizens and the lawless feudal nobility. Strongly divided religious sentiment intensified the situation, and, furthermore, there was the great question of the English succession ever in mind. All this made an epoch remarkable in history.

The streets were constantly thronged with excited people to witness splendid processions and pageants; or again crowded as sudden tumults and deadly fights arose, so common at the time. We can picture the beautiful young Queen, so unused to the poverty and restrictions of her gray northern kingdom, but from her French dowry able to gratify her love of the pomp and splendour to which she had been accustomed, passing through

the High Street with glittering retinue; the streets and windows filled with spectators. But she also provided sadder spectacles; sometimes passing, pale and anxious, through lines of grim and hostile faces; and again making a secret journey under cover of the night, which only was sufficient to protect her. Everything in Edinburgh is associated with Queen Mary, and there is hardly an existing old house of authentic antiquity which has not some tradition connecting it with her name.

Sir Walter Scott's unapproachable description gives a wonderfully vivid picture of the High Street at this time, in "The Abbot," when Roland Graeme enters the city under the guidance of Adam Woodcock. Even now, if one will stand at the Market Cross and look about him with a little imagination in his regard, it is not difficult to people again this noble street with these same picturesque figures.

"The principal street of Edinburgh was then, as now, one of the most spacious in Europe. The extreme height of the houses, and the variety of Gothic gables, and battle-

ments, and balconies, by which the sky-line on each side of the street was crowned and terminated, together with the width of the street itself, might have struck with surprise a more practised eye than that of young Graeme. The population, close packed within the walls of the city, and at this time increased by the number of lords of the King's party who had thronged to Edinburgh to wait upon the Regent Murray, absolutely swarmed like bees on the wide and stately street. Instead of the shop-windows which are now calculated for the display of goods, the trades had their open booths projecting on the street, in which, as in the fashion of the modern bazars, all was exposed which they had on sale. And though the commodities were not of the richest kinds, yet Graeme thought he beheld the wealth of the whole world in the various bales of Flanders cloths and the specimens of tapestry; and at other places the display of domestic utensils and pieces of plate struck him with wonder. The sight of cutlers' booths, furnished with swords and poniards, which were manufactured in Scotland, and with

pieces of defensive armour imported from Flanders, added to his surprise; and at every step he found so much to admire and to gaze upon, that Adam Woodcock had no little difficulty in prevailing on him to advance through such a scene of enchantment.

“The sight of the crowds which filled the streets was equally a subject of wonder. Here a gay lady, in her muffler, or silken veil, traced her way delicately, a gentleman-usher making way for her, a page bearing up her train, and a waiting gentlewoman carrying her Bible, thus intimating that her purpose was towards the church. There he might see a group of citizens bending the same way, with their short Flemish cloaks, wide trowsers, and high-caped doublets — a fashion to which, as well as to their bonnet and feather, the Scots were long faithful. Then again came the clergyman himself, in his black Geneva cloak and band, lending a grave and attentive ear to the discourse of several persons who accompanied him, and who were doubtless holding serious converse on the religious subject he was about to treat of. Nor did there lack passengers of a different class and appearance.

“ At every turn, Roland Graeme might see a gallant ruffle along in the newer or French mode, his doublet slashed, and his points of the same colours with the lining, his sword on one side, and his poniard on the other, behind him a body of stout serving-men, proportioned to his estate and quality, all of whom walked with the air of military retainers, and were armed with sword and buckler, the latter being a small round shield, not unlike the Highland target, having a steel spike in the centre.”

Here now begins the description of one of the fierce street fights, or “tulzies,” so common at this time:—“Two of these parties, each headed by a person of importance, chanced to meet in the very centre of the street, or, as it was called, “the crown of the causeway” — a post of honour as tenaciously asserted in Scotland as that of giving or taking the wall used to be in the more southern part of the island. The two leaders being of equal rank, and, most probably, either animated by political dislike or by recollection of some feudal enmity, marched close up to each other without

yielding an inch to the right or the left; and, neither showing the least purpose of giving way, they stopped for an instant, and then drew their swords. Their followers imitated their example; about a score of weapons at once flashed in the sun, and there was an immediate clatter of swords and bucklers, while the followers on either side cried their master's name: the one shouting "Help, a Leslie! — a Leslie!" while the others answered with shouts of "Seyton! — Seyton!" with the additional punning slogan "Set on — set on; bear the knaves to the ground!"

During the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth centuries, the streets of Edinburgh witnessed frequent and often sanguinary tumults. As the capital of the kingdom, the usual assembling place of Parliament and the seat of the courts of justice, and also as the principal residence of the sovereign or of those who held the royal authority during the prolonged minorities of the period, Edinburgh was the heart of Scotland. Therefore to the city came those whose affairs or inclinations called them to Court, or to Parliament, or to appeal to the

tribunals of the country. The Old Town was thus often thronged with men whose religious and political variances were embittered by personal enmities and the memory of hereditary feuds.

The power of the Crown was practically defied by the feudal nobility, who settled their differences in the most summary manner, the favourite argument being generally cold steel. The law was unable to restrain the deadly feuds that disgraced the times, or to suppress the common practice for men to revenge their own quarrels. A chance meeting on the streets might end at any time in a fight which would set half the town in an uproar, and which the magistrates and burghers would be powerless to suppress or to punish. Not uncommonly, also, the conflicts of rival aspirants to the supreme authority raged within the walls of the capital, and the Castle guns held by one party, carried destruction into the town held for the time by the other. During this period the High Street was the cockpit of Scotland, and, as previously stated, it is not exaggeration to say that this throughfare

from one end to the other has received a baptism of blood.

Reference is frequently made to the abduction or "ravishing of women" towards the close of the sixteenth century, illustrating the lawlessness of the times. In 1593, the beautiful daughter of John Carnegie was twice abducted from her father's house in Edinburgh. On the second attempt, which was made on a Sunday, the Lord Hume held the High Street with armed men until the deed was accomplished.

As early as 1428 the Burgh Council issued an order on all the neighbours, merchants, and tradesmen to have "lang weapons" at hand, and to assist the magistrates in the enforcement of order. In 1552 the Burgh renews its requirements for reason of the "greitt slauchteris and vthers cummeris and tuilzeis done in tyme bygane within this burgh, and apperandly to be done gif na remeid be prouydit thairfor and for eschewing thairof." In 1554, for reason of frequent robberies on the streets at night, the Council orders the inhabitants to hang out lanterns or "bowets," on the streets and closes from five o'clock until nine in the evening.

If the reader will saunter through a few of the closes of the Old Town even at the present day, he will perceive without great mental effort what a happy hunting-ground they must have been to the old-school gentlemen of the road.

The Regent Moray says, speaking of the condition of the streets in his own time, that they "would shame the capital of the Great Turk, let alone that of a Christian and reformed state." It would seem that a quiet gentleman from the country coming to the Old Town for a few days diversion during this lively period, would be unlikely to suffer from ennui during his strolls about the High Street.

Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, was born at Linlithgow Palace, December 8th, 1542. When the news of her birth was taken to her father James V., then in feeble health and sunk in profound melancholy — the result of the crushing defeat of his splendid army by the English — he shook his head sadly and muttered the gloomy prophecy regarding the Scottish Crown: "It cam wi' a lass, and it will gang wi' a lass." He recalled in his

mind the manner of the coming of the Crown into the Stuart family through the marriage of Marjory, daughter of Robert Bruce, to Walter the Steward (father of Robert II.), and foresaw that Henry VIII., with but one frail life between him and the Scottish throne, would not hesitate at any violence to attain his object. After brooding for a week longer in deepest dejection the broken-hearted James breathed his last.

“ Puir Mary was born and was cradled in tears,
Grief cam' wi' her birth, and grief grew wi' her years.”

A chronology of the important events in the life of this beautiful and unfortunate daughter of James V. may be of interest at the beginning of her history. Mary was crowned at Stirling, 9th. September, 1543; taken to France, 1548; married to the Dauphin, 1558; became Queen of France, 1559; a widow, 1560; returned to Scotland, 1561; married Lord Darnley, July, 1565; David Rizzio, her secretary, murdered the 9th March, 1566; her son (and successor), James VI., born at Edinburgh Castle 19th

June, 1566; Lord Darnley murdered, 10th February, 1567; Mary married the Earl of Bothwell, 15th May, 1567, and was compelled to abdicate in favour of her infant son, July 24th, 1567. She was made prisoner at Carberry, 15th June, 1567, and taken to Lochleven Castle two days later. From here she escaped, lost the battle of Langside, and fled to England, 1568. She was beheaded on the 8th February, 1587, at Fotheringay Castle, in the forty-fifth year of her age, almost nineteen years of which she had passed in captivity. Had ever woman a more tragically eventful life?

On the 19th August, 1561, Queen Mary landed at Leith attended by her three maternal uncles, Claude of Lorraine, Rene, Marquis d'Elbœuf, and Francis, Grand Prior of Malta. With her came also her four Scottish "Maries," all of whom had been exiles in France with her for thirteen happy years, and now came to share her sorrows in their native land. The Queen and suite, received by her brother James Stuart and other nobles, were conducted to Holyrood with great pomp and ceremony: —

“ Slowly she ambled on her way,
Amid her lords and ladies gay ;
Priest, abbot, layman, all were there,
And Presbyter with look severe :
There rode the lords of France and Spain,
Of England, Flanders, and Lorraine ;
While serried thousands round them stood,
From shore of Leith to Holyrood.”

Mary's state entry into the capital of her kingdom was an occasion of great pomp and splendour, and she rode, it may be mentioned, on the first side-saddle with a pommel ever seen in Scotland. Starting from Holyrood, the imposing retinue moved along the “ Lang Gait ”— now Princes Street — wound around the Castle, and entered the city by the West Port, where Mary was befittingly welcomed as Dowager of France, Queen of Scotland, and Heiress of England, with impressive ceremony. Here she was met by a grand procession headed by fifty young men of the city disguised as “ blackamoors,” masked in crape and wearing gilded manacles, as token that they were her perpetual slaves. Members of the Town Council with worthy burghers — “ honest nyctbours ”— to the

number of sixteen, gorgeously arrayed in velvet gowns, bore aloft a purple velvet canopy with a lining of red taffeta, under which the fair young Queen rode. Such a vision of youth and beauty did she present that many exclaimed, "God save that bonnie face."

Through the Grassmarket she rode, up the steep West Bow and Castle Hill into the fortress. In the grand old banqueting hall she was entertained by the Scots nobility at a splendid collation, French confections being prominent among the goodly fare. Coming down again from the Castle through the old "Drawbridge Entrance" and along the Castle Hill, at the "Butter Tron" (where butter and cheese were weighed and sold, and which stood at the head of the West Bow), her progress was halted:—

"By ane port (gate) maid of timber in the maist honourabil maner, colourit with fine colours, and hung with sundry arms, upon the quhilk (which)" port "were singand certaine bairnes in ye maist hevenlie wyse. Under ye port was ane clude (cloud), opening with four leaves in ye middis (midst), and in

quhilk was put ane bonnie bairn. When ye Quene's Hieness was coming through ye said port, ye clude openit, and ye bonnie bairne discendit as if it had been ane angel, and deliverit to Her Hieness ye keyes of ye towne, togidder with ane Bible and Psalm Buke coverit with fine purpouir velvet." After reciting some congratulatory verses to the Queen, "the bairn returnit to its place, and the clude steekit," — i. e. the cloud closed. The Bible and the Psalter, it is said, were gifts of special significance, being received by Mary with poorly concealed annoyance. John Knox witnessed this occurrence, and records in his History, that upon the Bible being presented to her and the praise thereof declared, she frowningly passed it to one of her attendants, who was a devout Papist.

At the Town Cross in the High Street, a little further on, the Queen was received by "four fair Virgins clad in maist hevenlie clothing," who expounded to her, at some length, various points in Reformed theology, upon which subject doubtless Mary's information was very limited. The city fountain played crimson streams of wine in place of

water, and the people thronged to drink the health of their beautiful young Queen in glass goblets, which they immediately shattered by thousands on the pavement that they might not be demeaned by any further use. So, with the thunder of the Castle guns, the acclamations of her loyal subjects, and the crashing of glasses, Mary passed triumphantly down the High Street through the Nether-Bow Port, and returned to her Palace of Holyrood.

From her Castle, Queen Mary's eye would rest upon a vast stretch of land and water. In the valley at her feet, just beneath the Castle crags, was the lake called the Nor' — or North-Loch, — which forming a natural moat, constituted one of the defences of the Castle. The bed of this lake now forms the beautiful Princes Street Gardens. Across the lake, where now stands the New Town, she saw a few straggling humble dwellings, and an expanse of rugged moor; here and there a spire pointed, from which now and again floated the pensive note of a bell. Beyond was the Firth of Forth, gleaming in the sunlight, bearing on its bosom Inchkeith

and the Isle of May; the green Ochils and the golden fringe of the Fifeshire coast in the background. On the western horizon loomed the peaks of Ben Ledi, Ben Lomond, and Ben Voirlich; sentinels at the entrance to the Highlands. The southern view of the panorama showed a vast wooded expanse terminating with the "furzy hills of Braid," and the Pentlands with their garb of heather.

The view from the King's Bastion where the curious great gun known as Mons Meg mounts guard, as it would seem, over the tiny chapel of the saintly Margaret, is said to be unsurpassed in Europe. To my mind, the view from what is called "Queen Mary's Lookout" on Stirling Castle wall, is a panorama of equal magnificence; less rugged, and perhaps more pleasing to the eyes of some. We can imagine that the unhappy Queen often longed during her captivity to view again these fair and goodly stretches of her restless and troubled domain.

The Castle as it now appears gives little hint of its magnificence in Queen Mary's time. The portion which remains to us, however, contains some of the Royal Apart-

ments. In this ancient palace where so many sovereigns have lived and died, the mother of Queen Mary, Mary of Guise, widow of James V., and Regent of Scotland, drew her last breath, after a pathetic appeal to the loyalty of the assembled nobles in behalf of her young daughter, who was so soon to come from her beloved France to wear the Crown of Scotland. Here subsequently abode Queen Mary with her four "Maries," famous in Scottish song, who had been her companions from early youth.

Queen Mary's apartments in the Castle, as would appear from the records of the Scottish Jewel House, were furnished with great magnificence. She had "eleven tapestries of gilded leather; eight of the Judgment of Paris," five of the "Triumph of Virtue;" eight of green velvet brocaded with great trees, bearing armorial shields and holly branches; ten of cloth of gold and brocaded taffeta; thirty more of massive cloth of gold; one bearing the story of the Count de Foix; eight bearing the ducal arms of Longueville; five having the history of King Rehoboam; four the hunt of the Unicorn; as many more

of the story of Æneas, and one of the tale of Tobit. The floors were of polished Scottish oak, covered with sixteen Turkey carpets; the massive oaken tables were beautifully carved; and the chairs, covered with gilded leather, had cushions of brocade and damask; their high backs bearing a carved decoration of the royal crown and cypher. The quantity of cloth of gold in the hanging of the beds, and in the decorations of the apartments, is amazing. Mary here kept also her little library of 153 volumes. These were her constant companions, and their selection evinces how superior were her intellect and attainments to those of the preachers and nobles who surrounded her. Her books were bound and ornamented as became the choicest possessions of so dainty and cultured a Queen, many of them being clasped with gold, and studded with precious stones. Throughout her varied career they proved a welcome solace.

From the same tiny window still to be seen in her boudoir, she could survey the ancient city below, which held more foes than friends, and look down upon the church in which



JOHN KNOX.

John Knox thundered forth his denunciations of her. "Such was his vehemence," says Melvil, "that he was like to ding the pulpit in blads¹ and flee out of it;" from which we infer that his manual attack on the pulpit was as violent as his verbal onslaught on the Queen.

We can readily imagine that Mary was a manner of woman not at all comprehensible to Knox. Her gaiety and vivacity, her light and airy archness, with the innate coquetry of a young girl bubbling over with health, spirits and the joy of living, struck him as the incarnation of the idolatries of Rome and its teachings. The young Queen was a girl of bright and lively mind, who had been brought up amid the surroundings of a gay and frivolous French court. She contrasted strongly, no doubt, with the idea of Scottish propriety at this time, for women were expected in those days to walk most circumspectly and soberly, and outward lightness of demeanour was frowned upon as an indication of moral laxity.

John Knox, "he who never feared the

¹ Splinters.

face of man," assumed from the first a stern mentorship over his youthful sovereign, and lost no opportunity of attacking her religious belief, or of upbraiding her for her seeming levity. Religious feeling at this time ran high. As an illustration of the changes brought by the Reformation, it was ordered by the Town Council that the figure of St. Giles (called "the Idol" by the Reformers) be cut out of the city arms, and the Thistle substituted. Many riots took place between the following of the rival creeds, and while the Reformers demanded freedom of worship for themselves, they denied the Queen this privilege. As she was unable to attend a place of worship in the town, she was compelled by stealth almost, to have Mass celebrated in her private chapel at Holyrood.

This so enraged the extremists, that once during her absence, a mob led by a town bailie seized her chaplain, Sir James Tarbat, dragged him to the Tolbooth, and placed him in the public pillory. There, clad in his vestments, with the chalice hanging from his neck, he was charged with having broken the law of the land. The Queen, however, being



HENRY STUART, LORD DARNLEY, KING-CONSORT OF SCOTLAND.

notified, came to his rescue and ordered the release of the unfortunate priest.

All this time Mary was employing her best efforts to conciliate her religious opponents. She always rode in state to open each meeting of Parliament, and was a frequent guest at the house of some one of the prominent citizens who gave banquets in her honour. She also endeavoured to improve the rude and rough manners of the times, especially at the public entertainments, by the introduction of many French customs.

Mary, having fallen desperately in love with her cousin Henry, Lord Darnley, eldest son of the Earl of Lennox, married him in rather unseemly haste. There seems to be much difference of opinion regarding the personal and mental gifts of Darnley; some represent him as having a handsome face and figure, with some literary ability, and a writer of graceful sonnets. Others refer affectionately to him as "Darnley the Fool," from his vacant, almost imbecile expression and awkward gait. It is proven beyond doubt, however, that his predominating traits were viciousness and weakness of character.

On July 21st, 1565, the marriage banns of Mary and Darnley were proclaimed in the Canongate Kirk, thus recorded in the Parish Register: "Ye quhilk daye, Johnne Brand, Mynister, presented to ye Kirk ane writtin writin be ye Justice-Clerk's hand, desyring ye Kirk of ye Canongait and Mynister thair of to proclaime Harie, Duk of Albayne, Erle of Roiss, on ye ane pairt, and Marie, be ye Grace of God, Queene of Scottis, Soverane of this Realme, on ye ather pairt. The quhilk ye Kirk ordains ye Mynister so to do wi. invocationne of ye Name of God." Under the date of July 29th, 1565, it is recorded that the banns had been duly published: "Harie, Duk of Albayne, Erle of Roiss, Marie, be ye Grace of God, Queene Soverane of this Realme 1. 2. 3." Following is the note, "Mar. in ye Chappell."

On July 28th, 1565, Darnley was proclaimed King at the Edinburgh Market Cross. The banns in the usual form had already been published in the Canongate Kirk, and on Sunday, the following day, at five o'clock in the morning, he was married to the Queen by the Dean of Restalrig in

Holyrood Chapel. Among the Reformers the marriage excited the strongest condemnation. Knox, on learning of its proposal, arraigned the nobles and leaders of the Congregation for betraying the cause of God by their inaction, also making this an occasion for a most scathing denunciation of the Queen. He concluded with a solemn warning against the royal marriage, and the judgments it involved.

This freedom of speech excited general resentment, and Knox was summoned before the Queen. He appeared at Court after dinner, and was taken to her cabinet by one of the superintendents of the Kirk, Erskine of Dun, but the presence of royalty was no restraint to the fiery preacher. He harangued her boldly, and the Queen wept as she listened; as at length he left her she broke anew into passionate weeping. When the grim old man emerged from the outer chamber he paused in the midst of a gay throng of ladies of the Court, and leaning on his staff, gravely bantered them on the pity that the silly soul could not carry all those fine garnishings with it to Heaven. Queen Mary

dried her tears and took no further notice of the interview, but as Wilson says, "Knox must have been regarded amid the gay haunts of royalty, at Holyrood, like the skull that checked the merriment of an old Egyptian feast."

After three months of married life, Mary came to a complete realization of her unfortunate union. She discovered in Darnley a vicious weakling, whose low amours with the most abandoned women of the town speedily changed her affection for him into utter loathing. By her marriage to Darnley, she had alienated from her Lord James Stuart, Earl of Moray, upon whom she had lavished wealth and honours. He had been her valued adviser, but was now a fugitive in England. She had absolutely no friend in her need, and with all her strong-mindedness in some respects was essentially of a nature which needed support in time of stress. In her efforts to restore Roman Catholicism she had quarrelled with the "Protestant Lords," the Earls of Argyll, Morton, Rothes, Glencairn, and others, having driven them from the country. There was not even among the



HENRY, LORD DARNLEY, AND MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

civic rulers of Edinburgh one who had any real political power or influence to whom she could appeal.

At this stage of events, Rizzio, her secretary, became almost wholly her counsellor, but as he neither understood nor was in sympathy with the character of the Scots, his advice bore evil fruit. Rizzio, by the way, was a Piedmontese of pleasing personality and a musician of some note. When the Queen took him into favour as her secretary, Darnley professed to become jealous, and in revenge entered into a compact with the Earls of Lindsay, Morton, Ruthven and others, to remove the Italian favourite. Darnley's treacherous character was, however, well known to these lords, and before allowing him to share in their plot, they compelled him to sign a bond whereby he was to protect them from all consequences of the undertaking.

On the evening of Saturday, March 9th, 1566, the Palace of Holyrood was the scene of a most savage and terrible tragedy. What impresses us most perhaps, as we visit the spot where this crime was enacted, is not

the weakness of the beautiful and friendless woman who was the centre of this intricate web of intrigue and crime, but the savage spirit of the times, and the bloodthirsty treachery of the men by whom she was surrounded.

On this evening, the Queen was at supper in her cabinet at Holyrood House, in company with her natural sister and brother — the Countess of Argyll and Lord Robert Stuart — Beaton of Creich, Arthur Erskine, and David Rizzio, her secretary. While they were thus engaged, Darnley conducted a band of armed assassins into his apartments in the Palace immediately beneath those of the Queen, and directly communicating with them by means of a private staircase. Darnley, alone, ascended first, and throwing back the tapestry which covered the doorway, entered the little room where Mary and her guests were seated at the supper table. He seated himself beside her, and put his arm about her waist in feigned affection; a moment later, Lord Ruthven, a man of tall stature and looking almost gigantic in a complete suit of armour, burst into the room



THE DEATH OF RIZZIO.
From the painting by E. Siberdt.

with menacing aspect. Pale and ghastly from the ravages of disease, he must have appeared more like a steel-clad spectre than mortal man.

Small wonder that the Queen started up in terror, and commanded his instant retirement, but in the outer chamber the approach of glaring torches made it plain that his fellow conspirators were near at hand. Darnley, although affecting ignorance of this strange invasion, sat glaring with venomous hate at the intended victim, who, with intuitive perception that his life was threatened, ran behind the Queen, and crouching there, wildly besought her to save him. Ker of Fawdonside, one of the conspirators, held a cocked pistol at her breast, threatening instant death if she gave any alarm. Darnley at length interfered, and as he grasped her in his arms, George Douglas, snatching Darnley's own dagger from him, struck at the cowering Rizzio over the Queen's shoulder, plunging the blade in his side and leaving it there.

Rizzio was then dragged by his ruthless executioners through the adjoining chamber to the landing of the great staircase, where

the Earl of Morton and his band rushed in and finished the bloody deed, no less than fifty-six dagger wounds being afterward discovered on the body. The blood stains which mark the spot where the unfortunate favourite breathed his last are still shown to the credulous visitor.

To prevent any possible interference with the plan of the conspirators, the Earl of Morton, with one hundred and sixty followers, had kept guard in the outer court of the Palace while the assassins entered to accomplish their murderous intent. He was now ordered to secure the Palace gates, and let none escape. But the principals in the deed, leaping through a window on the north side of the Palace, fled across the garden and escaped over the roof of a curious and picturesque little lodge known as Queen Mary's Bath, which is still existing.

It is interesting to note that many years ago, in making some repairs on this building, a richly inlaid dagger of antique form was found sticking in the sarking of the roof. One portion of the blade was more deeply corroded than the rest, as it might be from

some blood that had remained on it. The finder described the ancient weapon "as though it had the king's arms on it done in gold," and it is supposed with reasonable probability to have belonged to one of the murderers, who are known to have escaped through this part of the Palace gardens.

That dark night's work was indelibly stamped on Mary's memory, and her words, as she dried her tears, have the ring of fateful prophecy: "I shall weep no more, but will study revenge."

The imbecile Darnley immediately assumed the regal power, dissolved the Parliament, and on pain of treason commanded the Estates to at once depart from Edinburgh, meanwhile keeping the Queen a close prisoner in her apartment. On the morning following the tragedy, as Sir James Melvil was passing out by the Palace gate, the Queen observed him; throwing open her window she begged him to rouse the citizens, and rescue her from the hands of the traitors. When the news was spread, the common bell sounded the alarm, and the Provost with some hundred armed citizens rushed into

the outer court of the Palace demanding the Queen's release. The accomplices, by most violent threats to "cut her into collops and cast her over the wall" if she made outcry, kept her from the window, and Darnley, appearing in her stead, assured them that he and the Queen were well and merry. The Provost would not be satisfied without sight of the Queen herself, but Darnley on his authority as King commanded them to disperse at once.

The Queen soon after succeeded in separating her husband from the plotters, and in his company at midnight they escaped from the Palace. Together they fled to Seaton and thence to Dunbar. After five days they returned to Edinburgh, but the Queen would not again return to the blood-stained precincts of the Palace. She took up her residence temporarily, so tradition states, in the "Clam Shell Turnpike," the "house of the old Bishop of Dunkeld," which stood at the head of Bell's Wynd. Here she found with her faithful and zealous adherent, Lord Home, a peace of mind which a visit to Holyrood would have rendered utterly impossible.

There the gruesome stains upon the floor cried aloud for justice and revenge.

Mary and Darnley returned to Edinburgh with a retinue of 2,000 horsemen who had formed part of the Dunbar army; raised ostensibly to punish the murderers of Rizzio, but in reality to overawe the Protestants. The soldiers were billeted, or lodged, among the citizens, no small matter when thirty thousand people were already closely confined within the narrow limits of the town. Says the "Diurnal of Occurrents":

"Vpon ye xvij daye of ye said moneth of Merch, our soueranis lord and ladie, accumpanijt with tua thowsand horssmen, come to Edinburgh, and lugeit not in thair palice of Halyrudhous, bot lugeit in my lord Home's lugeing, callit ye auld bischope of Dunkell his lugeing, anent the salt trone in Edinburgh; and the lordis being with thame for ye tyme, wes lugeit round about thame within ye said burgh."

Mary in the meantime had not forgotten her vow to avenge the murder of Rizzio. She kept her word. Her first action was to keep her imbecile husband from the other

conspirators in order to learn their plans. Next, she formed an alliance with one of the ablest, yet at the same time one of the most reckless and profligate nobles of her Court, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. It would seem that for him she developed a most passionate regard which she made no effort to conceal. Bothwell, from what we know of him, was a bold and dashing figure; a man to attract the feminine eye, and invincible with women. With all his faults he doubtless appealed to Mary as a gallant and manly character, compared to the worthless, miserable Darnley.

The conspirators, watching her every movement, realized that they were in deadly peril and fled the country. The time of her accouchement had arrived, however, and she was in no condition to strike decisively. Retiring to her apartments in the Castle, she there gave birth, on the 19th June, 1566, to her son—afterward James VI. — ten months and a half after her marriage to Darnley. Upon the announcement of the birth of an heir to the Crown great rejoicing prevailed in Edinburgh, and a public thanksgiving was



JAMES HEPBURN, EARL OF BOTHWELL.

From an old miniature. The only authentic portrait known to exist.

offered up on the following day in the Church of St. Giles.

According to Bannatyne, John Knox's secretary, Mary was delivered with great ease through the necromantic powers of the Countess of Athole, who was deemed a sorceress, and who cast the Queen's pains on the Lady Reres, one of her attendants. Darnley came at two in the afternoon to visit his wife and child, when the following conversation is related. "My lord," said the Queen, "God has given us a son." Uncovering the infant's face, she then added that it was his and no other man's son. Turning to an English nobleman present, she said, "This is the son who, I hope, shall first unite the two kingdoms of Scotland and England." "Why, madam," said Sir William Stanley, "shall he succeed before your Majesty and his father?" "Alas," answered Mary, "his father has broken to me," alluding to the murder of Rizzio. "Sweet madam," said Darnley, "is this the promise you made, that you would forget and forgive all?" "I have forgiven all," replied the Queen, "but I will never forget. What if Fawdon-

side's pistol had shot; what would have become of both the babe and me?" "Madam," said Darnley, "these things are past." "Then," said the Queen, "let them go," and thus ended the conversation.

The little prince was baptized at Stirling on the 17th December, of this year, and it is to be noted that Darnley, although in Stirling, was not invited to be present at the baptism of his own son.

In 1830, during some repairs on the west front of the Royal Apartments, a most curious and interesting discovery was made. About six feet from the pavement of the quadrangle, nearly in a line with the Crown Room, the wall, when struck, was observed to sound hollow. Upon being opened from the outside, a recess was found which contained a tiny oak coffin, evidently of great antiquity, and much decayed. Within the coffin, wrapped in a cloth apparently of wool, but so thickly woven that it resembled leather, were the remains of a child. The decayed fragments of a richly embroidered silk inner covering bore two initials wrought upon it, one of them being plainly an I. It

will be remembered that I represented J in the ancient spelling. By order of the commander of the Royal Engineers, the coffin was at once replaced in its strange place of sepulture, where it still remains.

Some have seen in this the clue to another and secret tragedy of the Stuart dynasty. It is a fact noted by some historians that the person and character of James VI. gave no evidence of royal lineage. He had not the air of one born to the purple, but seemed instead a rustic masking in kingly garb. It would be vain now to attempt a solution of this mysterious discovery, but to the novelist it might furnish material for a thrilling romance.

The Murder of Darnley

To Darnley the birth of a son made no change in his licentious course of life, and his folly filled all those about him with disgust. The conspirators who had joined with him in Rizzio's murder resolved on his destruction. The cowardly Darnley, scenting danger, resolved to take up his residence with his

father at Bothwell Castle, near Hamilton. Being seized on the way with a dangerous illness, he was barely able to reach Glasgow, where he was obliged to remain in strict seclusion. Historians differ as to the nature of his disease, some asserting that it was small-pox, others that it was induced by poison, and again that it was the result of his vicious course of life. The Queen proceeded to Glasgow and apparently a reconciliation resulted, for she urged Darnley to return with her to Craigmillar Castle, near Edinburgh.

Mary had not been deceived by Darnley's protestations of innocence regarding the murder of Rizzio. The outrage and insult offered her regardless of her position as queen, woman or approaching mother, by that barbarous invasion of her privacy, in addition to Darnley's depraved habits, must have changed whatever love she had for him to hate. She was a beautiful woman, fully conscious of her charms, and Darnley's neglect of her for the society of women of the lowest character must have been bitterly resented with all the force of her proud nature.

On the 10th of February, 1567, Mary's vengeance struck like a thunderbolt, and Darnley paid full penalty for all his crimes. Whether the hand of Mary herself wrought this revenge, or whether she was but a compliant agent in the hands of others, this event has left on her memory a fatal stain. The details of this dark deed make one of the strangest stories in history, the truth of which will never be known. The apologists of Mary have never yet explained the events of the last day and night in a manner sufficiently convincing to acquit her from the guilt of being a moral, if not an actual participant in the murder of her husband. The evidence obtained by the commissioners who met to examine the famous "Casket Letters" was fatal to her innocence, even if we throw aside the "Letters" themselves as forgeries.

The evidence plainly shows that Bothwell and Maitland of Lethington — Queen Mary's secretary — devised the murder of Darnley. When Mary married Bothwell within three months — and absolute proofs exist that she did — she married him with full knowledge that he was her husband's murderer. When

Elizabeth of England wrote her urging her to clear her name by bringing "the perpetrators to a rigorous trial," Mary's excuses were so evasive, both to her, and to Archbishop Beaton, her French ambassador, that it was the prevailing opinion throughout Europe that she herself was the principal cause of Darnley's murder.

It must be said that if she left her husband's chamber on that night without suspicion of what was about to happen, with every opportunity before her to learn the plan of the impending crime, her ignorance of what was going on about her passes human understanding. But the testimony of Bothwell's servants is so conclusive that we can form but two opinions: either she was a full accomplice in that dark night's deed, or was mentally deranged. It would be charitable to suppose, and indeed not without reason, that long continued mental stress had wrought some change in her not outwardly manifest.

Mary had from Glasgow written to Maitland, her secretary, to look out "another fit place," and to Bothwell, at the same time,

“ I remitt myself wholly to your will. Send me word what I shall do, and whatsoever happen to me I shall obey you. Think also if you will not find some invention more secret by physick, for he is to take physick at Craigmillar and the bathes also, and shall not come fourth of long time.”

In the meantime, Maitland and Bothwell took the house called “ Robert Balfour's ludging,” which stood near the corner of the present Drummond Street and South Bridge. This house was properly known as the Prebendaries' Chamber, being part of the suite of domestic buildings attached to the Church of Saint-Mary-in-the-Fields, commonly called the “ Kirk-o'-Field.” Buchanan describes it as “ a house not commodious for a sick man, nor comely for a king, for it was both riven and ruinous, and had stood empty without any dweller for divers years before, in a place of small resort between old falling walls of two kirks, near a few almshouses for poor beggars.”

Here Darnley was taken at the end of January, and was frequently visited by the Queen. Seemingly the breach was healed,

for she nursed and cared for him with much apparent affection. Even on the night before the fatal 10th of February, 1567, she had “petted and soothed” him until she left to be present at the bridal banquet and masque of her servant Sebastian at Holyrood Palace. What followed, Chambers tells us with curious and interesting detail: —

“While this event is connected with one of the most problematical points in our own history, or that of any other nation, it chances that the whole topography of the affair is very distinctly recorded. We know not only the exact spot where the deed was perpetrated, but almost every foot of the ground over which the perpetrators walked on their way to execute it. It is chiefly by reason of the depositions and confessions brought out by the legal proceedings against the inferior instruments, that this minute knowledge is attained. ¶

“Darnley was brought to lodge here on the 30th of January, 1567. He had contracted the small-pox at Glasgow, and it was thought necessary, or pretended to be thought necessary, to lodge him in this place for air,

as also to guard against infecting the infant prince, his son, who was lodged in Holyrood House. The house, which then belonged by gift to a creature of the Earl of Bothwell, has been described as so very mean as to excite general surprise. Yet speaking by comparison, it does not appear to have been a bad temporary lodging for a person in Darnley's circumstances. It consisted of two storeys, with a turnpike or spiral staircase behind. The gable adjoined to the town-wall, which there ran in a line east and west, and the cellar had a postern opening through that wall. In the upper floor were a chamber and closet, with a little gallery having a window also through the town-wall. Here Darnley was deposited in an old purple travelling bed. Underneath his room was an apartment in which the queen slept for one or two nights before the murder took place. On the night of Sunday, February 9, she was attending on her husband in his sick-room, when the servants of the Earl of Bothwell deposited the powder in her room immediately under the king's bed. The queen afterwards took her leave. . . .

“ It appears from the confessions of the wretches executed for this foul deed, that as they returned from depositing the powder, they saw ‘ the Queen’s grace gangand before thame with licht torches up the Black Frier Wynd.’ On their returning to Bothwell’s lodging at the palace, that nobleman prepared himself for the deed by changing his gay suit of ‘ hose, stockit with black velvet, passemented with silver, and doublett of black satin of .the same maner,’ for ‘ ane uther pair of black hose, and ane canvas doublett white, and tuke his syde (long) riding-cloak about him, of sad English claith, callit the new colour.’ He went, attended by Paris, the queen’s servant, Powry, his own porter, Pate Wilson and George Dalgleish, ‘ downe the turnepike altogedder, and along the bak of the Queenes garden, till you come to the bak of the cunye-house (mint), and the bak of the stabbillis, till you come to the Cannogate fornent the Abbey zett (gate).’ ”

After passing up the Canongate, and gaining entry with some difficulty by the Nether-Bow Port, “ thai gaid up abone Bassentyne’s

hous on the south side of the gait, and knockit at ane door beneath the sword slippers, and callit for the Laird of Ormistounes, and ane within answerit he was not thair; and thair passit down a cloiss beneath the Frier Wynd (apparently Toddrick's Wynd), and enterit in at the zett of the Black Friers, till thay came to the bak wall and dyke of the town wall, whair my lord and Paris past in over the wall."

A tremendous explosion at two o'clock in the morning, which shook the town like an earthquake, and roused all the inhabitants, satisfied the conspirators that their plot had succeeded. The Earl then came back to his attendants at this spot, and "thair past all togidder out at the Frier zett, and sinderit (separated) in the Cowgait."

The house itself by this explosion, was destroyed, "even," as the Queen tells in a letter to her ambassador in France, "to the very grund-stane." Not the least mysterious part of this strange story, is the fact that although the house was blown literally to fragments, "not one stone left upon the other," the bodies of Darnley and his page

Taylor were found in their night-gear some distance off in the orchard, with scarce a mark of violence upon them. This tragic event — the “mystery of Kirk o’ Field” — shook all Scotland, and cost Queen Mary ultimately her crown and kingdom.

In the Parish Register of the old “Canon-gate Kirk” stand these quaint and tragic memoranda which tell the story of Mary’s revenge: —

“Mon^r. Signior David wes slane in Haly-ruidhous, ye ix. daye o’ Merche, 1565.”

“Ye King’s Grace blaun up wi pud^r. in ye Kirk o’ Field, ye x. o’ Februar, 1566.

In explanation, it must be remembered that up to 1600 the year began with the 25th of March, Old Style.

The murder of Darnley proved fatal to any future happiness or authority in the career of the unfortunate Queen Mary. On the day after, she retired to her apartment, where she had the walls hung with black, and here remained in strict seclusion until

after the funeral. Killigrew, the messenger of Elizabeth, who came with letters of condolence, found "the Queene's Majesty in a dark chamber, so that he could not see her face, but by her words she seemed very doleful." She only left this sombre refuge upon the urgent advice of her Council, who feared injury to her health from her close and solitary life.

Mary and Bothwell were married in the Chapel Royal of Holyrood, by Bothwell's kinsman, Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, on May 15th, 1567, and they went to Borthwick Castle to spend their honeymoon. Bothwell had many enemies among the Scots nobility, and they resolved upon his overthrow, appearing with a strong force before the Castle on June 10th. The guilty pair however (Mary, so tradition states, clad in male attire) managed to escape, and fled to Dunbar, there sending forth summons for an army to join them. On the 15th of June, the Queen's forces met her enemies at Carberry, near Musselburgh, but on account of jealousy and disaffection among Mary's principal followers no battle ensued. Both-

well escaped, but Mary surrendered to the Earl of Morton and was taken to Edinburgh. Here she was lodged, with the savage imprecations of her now hostile subjects ringing in her ears, in the "Black Turnpike," the house of Sir Simon Preston of Craigmillar, who was Lord Provost at this time. This was the last night Queen Mary ever spent in the capital of her kingdom.

This famous structure — the "Black Turnpike" — on the site of which now stands the Royal Exchange, was at the time of its demolition in 1788 claimed to be the oldest house in the city. Maitland says it was a "magnificent edifice, which, were it not partly defaced by a false wooden front, would appear to be the most sumptuous building perhaps in Edinburgh."

When the captive Queen entered Edinburgh, it was late in the evening of Sunday, the 15th of June, 1567, but she was recognized as she passed along the streets, and assailed with insulting cries. In a small room whose window looked out upon the street, she spent the night; and on looking out in the morning the first thing that met her eyes was a large

white banner "stented betwixt two spears," on which was painted a likeness of the murdered Darnley, and the words "Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord." The grief-stricken Queen cried to the mob from her window, "Good people, either satisfy your cruelty and hatred by taking away my miserable life, or release me from the hands of such inhuman tyrants."

Some of the rabble renewed their insulting cries, but the burghers raised the famous "Blue Blanket," their ancient standard, and ran to arm in her behalf. The confederates, taking alarm, at once removed the Queen to Holyrood on a pretence of restoring her to liberty. After they had safely conveyed her there, the lords formed themselves into a council, and at once signed an order for her imprisonment in Lochleven Castle. On that night, the 16th of June, 1567, she was hurriedly conveyed from Holyrood disguised in mean attire, and forced to ride at a furious gait a distance of thirty miles to her place of captivity. She then bade final farewell to the Palace of Holyrood and the Crown of Scotland.

At once following upon Queen Mary's conveyance to Lochleven, strict search was made throughout the city for the murderers of Darnley. Captain William Blackadder, and Sebastian, a French attendant of the Queen, together with three others — as appears by the Record of the Privy Council — were seized and imprisoned in the Tolbooth. Sebastian escaped, but the others were ordered "to be put in the irins and tormentis, for furthering of the tryall of the veritie." Although protesting innocence of the crime, they were to be drawn backward on a cart to the City Cross, and there on the 24th of June, 1567, were hanged and quartered.

The Earl of Bothwell had been arraigned previously on the 12th of April in the Tolbooth on charge of the murder, but as no evidence appeared against him he was acquitted. He appeared in court with such a large armed following, that neither judge, jury, nor witnesses, dared to say a word against him.

With Queen Mary's forced departure from Holyrood on her way to imprisonment in Lochleven Castle, comes the end of her

association with Edinburgh. There is but little more to say. On July 24th, 1567, she was forced by the ruthless Sir Robert Melville and Lords Ruthven and Lindsay of the Byres, who visited her at Lochleven, to sign her abdication in favour of her son, James VI. From Lochleven Castle on May 2d, 1568, she made her famous escape, which, as well as other incidents of her stay there, is so thrillingly described in the "Abbot." She reached Hamilton, where she held Court, but the overwhelming defeat of her adherents at the battle of Langside, near Glasgow, was the last blow to her hopes, and she fled to England to appeal to the generosity of Elizabeth. We remember how Elizabeth justified the confidence reposed in her. Thus vanishes from the dramatic stage of Scotland's history its most picturesque and interesting figure; a pathetic figure as well, which can but appeal to sympathy. Let us think kindly of the gifted and lovely, but friendless daughter of James the Fifth, whose misfortunes go far to palliate her faults.

CHAPTER VII

IN THE TIME OF JAMES VI

AFTER Mary had been forced to sign her abdication in the Castle of Lochleven, her half-brother, Lord James Stuart, invested by her with the title Earl of Moray, was elected Regent for the young James. His rule was short, extending only from August 22d, 1567, to January, 1570, when he fell by the hand of an assassin. He was buried in the Church of St. Giles, and John Knox delivered an eloquent oration over his remains amid universal mourning. A monument which long remained an object of great interest was erected over his tomb in the south transept. In 1829, during the alterations made in the church it was barbarously destroyed.

The Earl of Lennox, the father of Darnley, now assumed the Regency for his grandson, the King. The Castle was at this time held



JAMES STUART, EARL OF MORAY, REGENT OF SCOTLAND.

by Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, who was still loyal to Queen Mary's party. He announced at once on the death of the " Good Regent " his intention to put Mary again on the throne. With ample supplies and a strong garrison, he shut the great gates of the fortress with sturdy defiance to the " king's party."

Kirkaldy held the Castle three years for Queen Mary against four successive Regents. During this time many citizens lost their lives, and persecuted Edinburgh became the battle-field of the hostile parties. At length the condition of affairs within the town became so desperate from the constant cannonading and fighting, and such was the destruction of life and property among the citizens, that the Earl of Morton renewed the appeal to Elizabeth for aid. In response to Morton's urgent appeal, Queen Elizabeth sent Sir William Drury with a strong siege-train to aid the Regent in capturing the last stronghold of Mary's adherents. Kirkaldy held out gallantly against his assailants, and the siege is perhaps one of the most memorable in the history of the Castle.

Kirkaldy had scant supply of provisions when the siege commenced, for his secret underground passage into the town, through which his supplies had been brought, had been discovered and blown up. Yet in face of all odds he bade the foe defiance, hopefully awaiting aid from France. His friends among the "king's party" vainly urged him to surrender, promising most liberal terms. The dying John Knox even sent a prophetic warning — which was literally fulfilled — but all to no avail.

Batteries were planted by Morton and Drury before the main entrance to the Castle; on the opposite bank of the Nor' Loch; on the site of Heriot's Hospital, and on the "Dhu Craig" on Calton Hill. On the 21st of May these simultaneously opened fire on the Castle, and for seven days the cannonading was maintained on both sides with unceasing vigour. Between the salvos, the shrieks of the women in the Castle were heard in the city. The position of the besieged was now desperate; the wells within the Castle were choked, provisions failed, and a mutiny at length drove Grange to sue for terms.



JAMES DOUGLAS, EARL OF MORTON, REGENT OF SCOTLAND.

So great was the destruction of the defences of the Castle, that when a parley was requested by beat of drum, Kirkaldy in his armour was lowered over the ruins by a rope, to arrange terms of surrender. He was delivered up to the Regent, and with several others was "harlit in a cartis bakwart" to the City Cross, there hanged and quartered, and his head stuck up on the Castle wall.

The Castle was put in complete repair by the Regent, and at this time the formation of the imposing "Half-moon Battery" caused the eastern front to assume its present appearance. Otherwise than this work, it cannot be said that Morton's regency made much impression on Edinburgh. Although energetic and not without ability, his many acts of rapacity and injustice at length made his government detestable to the entire nation.

His numerous enemies finally combined to effect his ruin, and in 1581, after standing trial for complicity in the murder of Darnley, he was publicly executed by the "Maiden," a species of guillotine which it is said he himself invented. His body was buried in the Boroughmuir, a place of interment for the

worst criminals, and his head, after the custom of the time, was placed on the top of the Tolbooth.

In 1579, although only in his fourteenth year, James resolved to assume the royal power. The conventional imposing entry was made, the Magistrates receiving James under a canopy of purple velvet at the West Port, after which he was presented with the sword and sceptre. At the ancient West Bow the customary "bonnie bairn" descended from a globe, bearing a silver basin containing the keys of the city which were presented to the King, "while Dame Music and hir scollars exercisit hir art with great melodie." Before the banquet was served James had to listen to the usual long sermon, which brought forth the remark from him that "doctrine an' a toom¹ wame didna gang weel thegither."

After the sermon, in which James had been duly advised regarding kingly duties, the ceremonies assumed a rather more lively aspect. Upon the City Cross appeared Bacchus, freely dispersing wine to all; the

¹ Empty stomach.



JAMES VI OF SCOTLAND AND I OF ENGLAND.



streets along the route of the royal procession were strewn with flowers, and the walls of the houses were hung with historical paintings and tapestries.

Edinburgh did not show remarkable progress under James VI. He appears to have had great success in managing the city authorities, however, and made many personal attacks on the civic treasury. The King's finances were generally at low ebb, and his modesty did not prevent him requesting public help — or private, for that matter.

The old town was again the scene of gorgeous display and festivity when James arrived with his Queen, Anne of Denmark, on May 1st, 1590. All had been arranged that the royal lady should come to Scotland to be united to the Scottish King, but violent gales delayed her departure from Denmark. James became uneasy, and fearing change of mind on the part of the fair one, gallantly hied him to Denmark and married her. Successfully defying tempests and witches' "spells" he brought his Queen to Edinburgh, where the royal pair were welcomed in very much the

same manner as had been his mother Queen Mary.

Several amusing stories are told with relation to the financial straits of James at this time, and his anxiety to make a good impression on the Danish ambassadors. He raised a loan of 1,000 marks — about £55 — from John Boswell of Balmuto by this canny appeal to his patriotism, “Ye will rather hurt yersel very far, than see the dishonour of your prince and native country, wi’ the poverty of baith set down before the face of strangers.” In his letter to the Earl of Mar requesting the loan of a pair of silk stockings for his own wear he says, “Ye wadna wish that your king suld appear a scrub on sic an occasion.”

James appears by his artful tact to have wheedled many favours from the city fathers, and in fact, from his loyal subjects in general. When the royal larder became in somewhat forlorn condition, or when other assistance was required, the King did not hesitate to make appeal in the form which became so well known: “Right traiste friend, we grete you heartilie weel.” This flattering formula was generally enough to warn the victims



ANNE OF DENMARK, QUEEN OF JAMES VI OF
SCOTLAND AND I OF ENGLAND.

that some attack was meditated on their generosity.

But to return to the state entry into Edinburgh of James and his Queen. On the 6th of May, 1590, they made their state entry into the capital. They were received with great enthusiasm on the part of the people, and the houses made brave showing in holiday gear of tapestries and banners. The City Cross again became a fountain from which claret flowed abundantly, while many pageants and ingenious devices had been prepared. The young Queen rode in a richly decorated chariot, the lining of crimson velvet, and drawn by eight horses with gorgeous trappings. Eighty youths dressed as Moors, with chains about their necks, and rich ornaments of gold and jewels, were her attendants. The King rode on horseback by the side of the chariot. "Ane angell" presented the city keys to her Majesty, and at the Butter Tron the nine muses received them "with verie excellent syngyng of psalmes." Another "verie gude psalme" was sung to their Majesties at the Cross, and it would seem that psalms figured largely in the ceremonies.

At the Nether-Bow, after a pageant representing the royal marriage had been enacted, there was let down to the Queen by a silken cord from the top of the Port, a casket covered with purple velvet, and bearing her Majesty's initials in diamonds. This casket contained 20,000 crowns (about £8,500) which the loyal town of Edinburgh gave as a present to their Queen. This little token doubtless filled the soul of the impecunious James with exceeding satisfaction.

A poet of the period describes quaintly in thirty-nine stanzas the scenes presented:—

“ To recreat hir hie renoun,
Of curious things thair wes all sort,
The stairs and houses of the toun,
With Tapestries were spred athort,
Quhair Histories men nicht behauld,
With Images and Anticks auld.

All curious pastimes and consaits,
Cud be imaginat be man,
Wes to be sene on Edinburgh gaits,
Fra time that brauitie began:
Ye might haif hard on eurie streit,
Trim melodie and musick sweit.”

The wine and ale at the grand banquet a few days later, seem to have formed nearly as formidable an item as they did in Falstaff's tavern bill. This feast was "maid at the tounis charges and expensis, in Thomas Aitchisoun's, master of the Cunzie hous lugeing, at Todrick's Wynd fute." The accounts of the Lord High Treasurer testify to the truth of an expression used by James on this occasion, that "a King wi' a new marrit wife didna come hame every day." "Item, be his Grace precept and special command, twentie-thrie elnis and ane half reid crammosie velvet, to be jowppis and breikis to his Majesties four laquayis. Item, for funessing of fyftene fedder beddis to the Densis (Danes) within the Palice of Halierudhous, fra the fourt day of Maij 1590, to the auchtene day of Julij; takand for ilk bed, in the nicht, tua schilling."

The statement has the most curious ending, viz: "Item, to James Nisbet, jailor of the Tolbuith, for his expenses in keeping sundrie witches there by his Majesty's orders." Evidently King Jamie desired to suppress any temptation on the part of these dealers

in the mystic to work uncanny havoc in this joyous junket.

During the reign of James VI. he resorted to rather a curious attempt to put an end to the feuds constantly maintained by the nobility. These gentry still continued to cherish fondly their old belief, that the most gratifying and effectual argument in their differences was cold steel. James assumed the part of reconciler, and getting them all together at Holyrood, drank their healths, and made them all shake hands in amity.

After a banquet in Holyrood, he caused them to march two abreast and hand in hand, from Holyrood Abbey up the Canon-gate and "Hie Gait" to the Town Cross, where a table had been prepared with wines and delicacies. We can imagine these deadly enemies, Earls Angus, Crawford, Mar, Montrose, Glencairn, the Master of Glammis, and many others, marching in lamb-like amiability up to the Cross, where they drank to their eternal friendship. A few days later they were again all eyeing one another like fighting-cocks, waiting only for a favourable chance to commit murder.

For some years James led a life of tranquillity at Holyrood with occasional residence elsewhere, very often with his hospitable subjects. His narrow means forbade display, and he lived in homely state. He was wont to visit George Heriot — “ Jingling Geordie ” — the royal goldsmith, who held forth in a tiny “ krame ” only seven feet square under the western gable of St. Giles. Here the prosperous “ Geordie ” would often sit with his master and gossip, King James, over a bottle of wine, while no doubt they discussed the latest scandal in high life.

Sometimes, when the extravagance of his Queen — who was a devoted patron of the royal goldsmith — rendered the royal house-keeping rather meagre, the democratic and hungry James would condescend to drop in at dinner-time on some of the prominent citizens for a “ wee bit and sup.” If pressed to extend his visit for a few days, he would often graciously accept the invitation. Few of us are favoured nowadays by kings “ dropping in ” to dinner in such a delightfully informal way.

In the year 1603, on the night of Wednes-

day, March 21st, Queen Elizabeth of England died. Sir Robert Carey started at once for Edinburgh, and shortly before midnight on the following Saturday was kneeling in the royal bed-chamber at Holyrood, and saluting James as King of England. On the 31st of March the news was proclaimed at the City Cross, and on Sunday, April 3d, King James attended service in St. Giles Church, where he had so often before claimed the right to challenge the statements of the preachers from the royal gallery. After service he took leave of his people in a farewell address full of regard and affection, promising to visit Edinburgh every three years.

Edinburgh was now to mourn her loss of prestige, for her proud position as the residence of the reigning monarch had departed. The removal of the Court and many of the leading noblemen to London, made a marked change in the gay life of the city.

On the 16th of May, 1617, after an absence of fourteen years, James honoured Edinburgh with a visit. He had previously ordered that the Palace of Holyrood be repaired, and that the chapel be restored and

furnished with an organ. In order to further carry out his idea "to let the nobles of England know that his cuntrie was nothing inferior to thers in anie respect," he sent as decorations for the chapel twelve richly ornamented wooden statues of the Apostles. These caused a warm protest from the citizens as emblems of "idolatry," so James was forced to forego his decorative ambition. He sourly rebuked the people and the Presbyterian clergy for their ignorance in not knowing the difference between works of art and objects of worship.

James with his imposing suite was received at the West Port by the Magistrates and principal citizens most gorgeously arrayed. The town-clerk, John Hay, greeted him with such a flattering address that it is a wonder James did not burst with pride. This effusion lasted for the space of a full hour and began thus: — "This is the happy day of our new birth, ever to be retained in fresh memory with consideration of the goodness of Almighty God, wherein our eyes behold the greatest human felicity our hearts could wish, which is to feed upon the royal countenance

of our true Phoenix, the bright star of our northern firmament, the ornament of our age," and so on.

Much enthusiasm was displayed by his loyal subjects during this visit of James, and his progress through the streets of the Old Town was marked with much ceremony. The citizens' train-bands, all resplendent in satin doublets and bearing halberts, lined both sides of the "Hie Gait" and "Canon Gait." In order to celebrate his fifty-first birthday in the room where he was born, he paid a formal visit to the Castle on the 19th of June.

The sanitary condition of Edinburgh at this time was something frightful, as we may judge by the description of the streets and the high mortality rate. A most extraordinary state of affairs prevailed throughout the city, and some note of this is of interest as showing the extreme disregard to all considerations of health, not to mention cleanliness.

All offensive trades, so termed, were allowed to be carried on within the town. The refuse from the fish and all other markets

was thrown into the street, and there left to decay. Candle-makers were allowed "to keepe their shoppes and houses where they melt their tallow and cracklings, within the heart of the burgh;" and fleshers might "keepe their slaughter-shoppes within the towne, and 'toom' (empty) the filth of the slaughtered animals upon the high streets, and in open vennalles and cloases, whereby it oftentimes falleth out that in mony streets of the said burgh the filth of the slaughter-shoppes is in such abundance exposed to the view of the people, and the cloases and streets are so filled therewith, as there can be no passage thorow the same."

We can readily infer that navigation about the streets of the ancient town was a perilous proceeding, and one fraught with much anxiety to the daintily apparelled belles and beaux.

The householders had an informal custom of suddenly discharging from their windows to the thoroughfare below, various accumulations of domestic garbage, and lucky was he of the cautious weather-eye and the nimble foot. The firing-party was supposed to give

warning of an impending volley to those below by a cry of "*Gardez l'eau*," but sometimes this formality was tardily observed, to the great dismay and detriment of the recipient. After nine o'clock at night the noise of a window being opened suddenly above, generally brought from the footpath a startled appeal to "Haud yer hand!" which was accompanied by a hurried scuttling to the middle of the street.

It is therefore not a matter of surprise to learn that Edinburgh at the beginning of the seventeenth century had the reputation of being the dirtiest city in the world. In the tall houses which lined the sides of the High Street and closes, some being even crowded into the middle of the street, people swarmed like bees in a hive. This hill teemed with humanity in the Middle Ages, and even at the present day it is stated that there is no equal area in Europe so thickly populated.

The conditions in the old days were altogether unfavourable, and the habits of the people opposed to all principles of sanitary science, which was then little thought of,

although the proclamations of the period indicate a belief that disease and dirt had some connection. Judging, however, from the nature of the precautions then employed, the authorities seem not to have fully understood the relation of the frightful epidemic pestilences which devastated Edinburgh from time to time, to the prevalence of filth and defective ventilation. London and other large cities were not much better, but their population had more room. Covent Garden is stated at this time to have been an extremely dirty market, with garbage in heaps even at the thresholds of the Countess of Berkshire and of the Bishop of Durham.

There remains little to be said about James in connection with Edinburgh. Although professing great regard for the land of his birth, he caused an Act of Parliament to be passed which was to carry out his favourite project for the complete establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland. The citizens of Edinburgh clung firmly to Presbyterian forms, although James threatened the removal of the seat of government and other penalties. The people were deprived of their

churches, but they thronged to the conventicles of the clergy. Affairs were in this critical stage when James died on March 26th, 1625.

CHAPTER VIII

IN THE TIME OF THE COVENANTERS

IN 1633 Charles I. came to Edinburgh to be crowned. This was an occasion of great magnificence, as we may read in the account given by Spalding. He was met at the West Port by the nymph Edina, who recited with great profuseness verse from the pen of Drummond of Hawthornden. The Magistrates, wearing robes of scarlet, and the Councillors, clad in gowns of black with velvet facings, welcomed him loyally. Charles came attended by sixteen coaches — then not common in Scotland — and the Scottish Horse Guards. From this time it became the fashion for the nobility to ride about in private carriages.

The grand procession from the Castle down to Holyrood appears to have been a gorgeous affair. The windows were filled

with eager faces, and every house was gay with flowers, banners, velvet and tapestry. Mount Parnassus had been erected at the Tron, crowded with all its ancient inhabitants and "with a great variety of vegetables, rocks, and other decorations peculiar to mountains." A most notable decoration was formed at the Nether-Bow Port, being a series of pictures illustrative of native scenery, the chief works of Jamesone, the famous Scottish artist.

"Mounted on a roan horse, and having a saddle of rich velvet sweeping the ground and massive with trappings of gold, Alexander Clark, the Provost, appeared at the head of the bailies and council to meet the King, while the long perspective of the crowded street (then terminated by the spire of the Nether-Bow) was lined by a brave company, all in white satin doublets, black velvet breeches, and silk stockings; with hats, feathers, scarfs and bands. These gallants had dainty muskets, pikes, and gilded partisans.

"Six trumpeters in gold lace and scarlet preceded the procession, which moved slowly

from the Castle gate. Then came the lords in their robes of scarlet, ermined and laced, riding with long foot-mantles; the bishops in their white velvets, and lawn sleeves looped with gold; the viscounts in scarlet robes; Haddington bearing the Privy Seal; Morton the Treasurer's golden mace, with its globe of sparkling beryl; the York and Norroy English kings-at-arms with their heralds, pursuivants and trumpeters, in tabards blazing with gold and embroidery; Sir James Balfour, the Scottish Lion King, preceding the spurs, sword, sceptre, and crown, borne by earls. Then came the Lord High Constable riding with his baton, supported by the Grand Chamberlain and Earl Marshal, preceding Charles, who was arrayed in a robe of purple velvet once worn by James IV., and having a foot-cloth embroidered with silver and pearls, and his long train upborne by the young Lords Lorne, Annan, Dalkeith and Kinfauns.

“ Then came the Gentlemen Pensioners, marching with partisans upraised; then the Yeomen of the Guard, clad in doublets of russet velvet, with the royal arms raised in

embossed work of silver and gold on the back and breast of each coat — each company commanded by an earl. The gentlemen of the Scottish Horse Guards were all armed *à la cuirassier* and carried swords, petronels, and musketoons.”

With the greatest pomp and splendour in the Abbey Church of Holyrood, on June 18, 1633, Charles I. was crowned by the Bishop of St. Andrews. It must be said that his subsequent interest in Edinburgh was largely of a mercenary character. Like his father he had an “itching palm” and was continually demanding money for one purpose or another.

Religious strife was again to rage in Edinburgh, for Charles lacked the cautious prudence of his father, and under the mal-influence of the zealous Archbishop Laud essayed to force Episcopacy upon the people. Public resentment at the proposed changes in religious worship had now reached the boiling point. On the Sunday of July 23d, 1637, the new service-book prepared expressly for the use of the Scottish Church was directed to be read for the first time in

St. Giles Church. The church was packed with a murmuring multitude, and the Lord Chancellor, the Lords of the Privy Council, judges, and bishops, were among the throng.

Dean Hanna, in surplice arrayed, mounted to the reading-desk and opened the new service-book. No sooner had the first few words of the detested service been read than the church was filled with an angry uproar. Confused, the dean paused, when the bishop from the gallery called to him to proceed with the collect for the day. This was the signal for the doughty Jenny Geddes, one of the kailwives, or vegetable venders who held forth around the "Tron," to make her historic onslaught on the unlucky dean. "Colic, did ye say!" shouted the enraged Jenny with kailwifely vigour: "de'il colic the wame¹ o' ye!" and as she forcibly punctuated her remarks by hurling her "cutty-stool" at the head of the bewildered dean, she added, "Out, thou false thief! dost thou say Mass at my lug?"

In vain were all attempts to pacify the people. The appeals of Dr. Lindsay, Bishop

¹ Stomach.

of Edinburgh, or those of the Lord Chancellor and Archbishop of St. Andrews had no effect, The mob attacked the church from the outside with stones, shouting "Pape, Pape, Antichrist, pull him down." The clergy were assaulted on the street, and the bishop barely escaped with his life. At Greyfriars Church the scene was repeated, and the memorable day was afterward known as "Stoney Sunday."

The famous Jenny for many years afterward presided with red-faced dignity and importance at her cabbage-stall at the Tron Kirk. Here she sat in state, the oracle of the sisterhood of kailwives, who hearkened to her vigorous observations with great deference. The famous "cutty-stool" with which the first blow in this great civil war was struck, is still to be seen in the Scottish Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh. This is certainly evidence enough to convince the most hardened skeptic of the truth of this famous incident.

People of all ranks came in crowds to Edinburgh from every part of Scotland, resolved to unite for mutual protection. A

league was formed for the defence of their religion, with four sections, according to rank; noblemen, gentlemen, clergy and burgesses. Thus originated the famous "Four Tables," as the committees of these divisions were called. On the Sunday of February 28th, 1638, the National Covenant was read aloud to a vast multitude in the Greyfriars Church and Churchyard. It was laid upon the top of a tomb in the churchyard, and all crowded to sign it, many in their enthusiasm opening a vein in order that they might register their names in their own blood. The parchment was four feet long, and each side was covered with names to its utmost capacity.

All Scotland was now in arms to support the Covenant. War was resolved on, and thousands of seasoned Scottish fighting men, who were soldiers of fortune in Germany, Sweden, and other foreign parts, came swarming home to fight under the banner of the Covenant. Sir Alexander Leslie of Balgonie, Marshal of Sweden under Gustavus Adolphus, was appointed General of their forces, and on March 21st, 1639, led

an attack on Edinburgh Castle. Its governor, Colonel Haldane, surrendered almost at once, as the Castle was in no condition either in point of men or provisions to make a defence.

Early in 1648, after defeating the army of the Duke of Hamilton, Oliver Cromwell made his visit to Edinburgh. His stay was brief, and at Moray House, which he occupied, he held peaceable conclave with the "Lord Marquis of Argyll, and the rest of the well-affected lords."

Charles II. on the death of his father was proclaimed King at the City Cross in Edinburgh, but the terms on which he was offered the Scottish Crown were most distasteful to him. Montrose was accordingly despatched with an army to assert the King's authority, but his attempt was a failure. He was betrayed by a pretended friend, being captured while endeavouring to escape in the disguise of a peasant after the defeat of his army at Philiphaugh on May 18, 1650. Three days afterward he was most barbarously hanged and quartered at the City Cross. His head was placed high upon the Tolbooth,



JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

and his limbs sent to Stirling, Glasgow, Perth, and Aberdeen, to be exposed at the city gates with every indignity.

The savagery exhibited in the records of these times is appalling. Nicol in his Diary says, "thair wes daylie hanging, skurging, nailling of luggis, and binding of pepill to the Trone, and booring of tongues."

Charles at length consented to agree to the Covenant, no other terms being offered him. On 2d August, 1650, he arrived at Edinburgh with a large retinue, and entering by the Water Gate rode in state up the Canon-gate and High Street to the Castle. He was well received, being entertained by the Magistrates at a magnificent banquet in the Parliament House.

At this time the understanding which had existed between the Covenanters and Cromwell terminated, and his unexpected victory at Dunbar placed the southern part of Scotland completely in his hands. He followed up his advantage by at once marching on Edinburgh, which together with Leith he occupied, and after a short siege took the Castle, which was feebly defended by the

traitor Dundas. Cromwell took up his quarters in the Earl of Moray's house in the Canongate, while his soldiers were quartered in Holyrood Palace, the Castle, and about the town. Through their carelessness the palace was set on fire in November, 1650, and the grand old building was totally destroyed with the exception of the two north-west towers. These vandals of Cromwell's also wrecked in their customary brutal fashion the interior of the Greyfriars Kirk, together with other churches in which they were quartered. To deface and destroy all church ornaments was considered by them to be evidence of piety.

From 1650 to 1660 Edinburgh remained under martial law. The preachers had been invited by Cromwell to return to their own pulpits, but they were rather fearful of the "sectaries" and declined. Their places were taken sometimes by the independent preachers, but oftener by the soldiers themselves, who would hold forth with much dramatic flourishing of drawn swords. This vigorous style of exposition drew great audiences, "many Scots expressing much affec-

tion at the doctrine, in their usual way of groans." Cromwell himself is said to have preached in St. Giles Churchyard.

After the death of Cromwell, General Monk, commander-in-chief of the army in Scotland, resolved to accomplish the restoration of Charles II. Public sentiment underwent a sudden change when the news of the Restoration was received. From being referred to by the Town of Edinburgh as "His Highness the umquhile Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell, under whom we have enjoyed great peace and felicitie," it now became "That notour tyrant and traitor Oliver," who was burned in effigy on the Castle Hill along with that of "his partner and father, the Devil."

Nicol says in his Diary: "the effigies of that notour tyrant and traytour Oliver, being set upone ane pole, and the Devill upone aneuther, it wes ordered by fyre wark, ingyne and trayne, the Devill did chase that traytour, and persewit him still, till he blew him in the air."

The loyal Scots hailed with delight the "happy restoration." The bells of the city

were rung, and there were bonfires, banquets, and salutes from the Castle guns, Mons Meg adding her great voice to the general rejoicing. The City Cross was decked with garlands of flowers, and again ran wine, a great number of glasses being shattered on the pavement here after the health of His Sacred Majesty and the perdition of Cromwell had been drunk from them.

In accordance with one of the first Acts of Parliament after the Restoration, the attainder of the great Marquis of Montrose was revoked, and his dismembered body was given honourable burial. On January 7th, 1661, the Magistrates and chief nobility, attended by citizens bearing arms, went in procession to the Boroughmuir, where the body of the Marquis was exhumed from its ignominious grave and placed in a coffin.

Under a rich canopy of velvet, with music sounding, and with the booming of the Castle guns, this was borne back to Edinburgh. At the Tolbooth, a high platform had been erected nearest to that part where the head of the Marquis had been pricked and fixed. Upon this staging, with bare heads were

trumpeters and others awaiting the arrival of the procession. Upon reaching this point, a halt was made while the head was reverently taken down and placed beside the body, after which the coffin was deposited in the Abbey Church of Holyrood.

The other portions of the body, which we remember had been exposed at the gates of four other cities of Scotland, were collected, and on May 11th, 1661, the great funeral took place. In solemn procession the mutilated remains were borne from Holyrood Abbey to the Church of St. Giles, while the entire line of street from the Palace to the Church was lined by a guard of burghers all in armour, and with their banners displayed. In the southeast aisle of old St. Giles, "at the back of the tomb where his grandsire was buried," Montrose found final resting place.

It seems to be quite unanimously agreed that Charles II. was the most despicable sovereign who ever wore the English Crown. A brief study of his portrait seems to be enough to convince one of the conceit and deceit, sensuality and selfishness of his base nature. He showed his appreciation of the

loyalty of the Scots, who stood by him when he was an exile, by re-establishing Episcopacy in Scotland in spite of his previous most solemn assurances to the contrary.

The Marquis of Argyll was by one of the first acts of the dominant party tried and condemned against all principles of justice, on the accusation of complying with Cromwell in the death of Charles I. The judges who sentenced him were each more guilty than he of the charge brought against him. Argyll met his fate with serenity and composure, being beheaded by the "Maiden" which had been used at the execution of the Regent Morton. His head was exposed on the same spike on the Tolbooth from which that of Montrose had been so recently removed.

Religious persecution was now carried to such extremes that the people at length openly revolted. The Presbyterian clergy who had been expelled from their churches had been holding meetings known as "conventicles" in the wilds of Galloway, Ayrshire, Dumfries, Peeblesshire, Lanarkshire and the Lothians. The secret meeting-places in their

mountainous retreats had been ferreted out and their meetings broken up.

Persecuted beyond endurance, the people rose and marched upon Edinburgh, but that grim foe of the Covenanters, General Dalziel of Binns, met them at Rullion Green in the Pentland Hills, about five miles from Edinburgh, and they were completely routed. The prisoners were brought into the city and placed in a dark and dismal chamber in the Church of St. Giles known as "Haddo's Hole," from Sir John Gordon of Haddo, who was long held prisoner there. Those of high rank were confined in the Tolbooth and after a mock trial were executed, or sent to the American plantations.

For some years following Edinburgh was the scene of the frequent and barbarous executions of the Presbyterian Non-conformists. The Duke of Lauderdale had been in 1671 appointed Commissioner for Scotland, and under his directions Dalziel of Binns, Graham of Claverhouse, and Grierson of Lagg, scoured the country in all directions to prevent the fugitive ministers from holding conventicles with their people. The prisoners taken were

all sent to Edinburgh for trial, and after a mockery of justice were tortured and executed in the Grassmarket, then the scene of public executions.

About this time Charles awoke to the fact that Lauderdale was driving Scotland into revolution, so in 1680 the Duke of York was sent to Edinburgh to succeed him, to try by a more conciliatory policy to win the favour of the Scots. The Duke arrived accompanied by his Duchess, Mary d'Este, daughter of the Duke of Modena, who was praised by Dryden and others of the time for her great beauty. His daughter, Lady Anne — afterward Queen Anne — also came with him, and her amiable personality was of great help to her father in his relations with the Scots nobility.

During the Duke's residence at Holyrood he maintained a splendid court. The severe decorum of Scottish manners relaxed under the affable influence of the charming Mary of Modena and the Lady Anne, and the novel luxuries of the English Court formed an attraction to the Scottish grandees. Tea was introduced for the first time into Scotland, and given by the Duchess as a great



JOHN MAITLAND, DUKE OF LAUDERDALE.

treat to the Scottish ladies. Balls, plays, and masquerades were also given, but the last were too much for the staid and formal Scots, who believed the disguise was assumed for vicious purposes. Plays also became popular, although the clergy and many of the citizens denounced them as devices of the Evil One.

Masques at Court, in which the Lady Anne and other court beauties assumed the parts of gods and goddesses, were sometimes given, which proceedings of course horrified the clergy. The Duke and his gentlemen amused themselves with golf and tennis. The Duke was a keen golfer, and many traditions prove his proficiency on the links at Leith, which won favourable comment from the Scots.

On one occasion in answer to an assertion by some of his suite that Englishmen could play golf as well as Scotsmen, the Duke wagered that he and a Scottish player he would select, would beat any pair of Englishmen. On the wager being accepted, the Duke chose John Paterson, who, though but a poor Canongate shoemaker, was the Scots champion. The match was played on Leith Links,

and chiefly by Paterson's brilliant play the Englishmen were ignominiously beaten. So delighted was the Duke, that he gave the whole wager to Paterson, who made good use of it by building the house ever afterwards known as the "Golfer's Land," in the Canon-gate.

The struggle with the Covenanters still continued, and fearing another civil war, the Duke of York resorted at last to the barbarous policy of Lauderdale. During the years 1681-82 the relentless persecution of the Covenanters continued, and never were there so many executions and slaughters.

In 1685, upon the death of Charles II., James, Duke of York, was proclaimed King at the Market Cross. One of his first acts was to insist that the Abbey Church of Holyrood be given up to the service of the Mass. This was his real intention, although it was cloaked under the pretence of giving the Abbey up to the use of the Knights of the Order of the Thistle, an order which he had founded. "An altar, vestments, images, priests and their appurtenants" arrived at Leith, being brought from London by the

king's yacht for the purpose of restoring the Abbey to its ancient uses. A college of priests was established at Holyrood, and daily service was held in the Chapel.

Fresh riots at once ensued, and the birth of the Prince of Wales on June 30th, 1688, brought matters to a crisis. It was realized by both Episcopalians and Presbyterians, that if a Catholic son succeeded a Catholic father the doom of Protestantism was assured, and to William of Orange, James's son-in-law, all looked as their deliverer. The news of the landing of the Prince of Orange on English soil filled the Scottish Presbyterians with the greatest joy. His supporters flocked to Edinburgh, and the Earl of Perth, King James's Lord Chancellor, was forced by a riot to hurriedly leave the city. A few hours afterwards the Catholic Chapel of Holyrood was attacked by a mob, and the magnificent carved stalls, with all the costly fittings, were reduced to ruins.

William and Mary, on the 11th, of April, 1689, were proclaimed King and Queen of Scotland. The Castle was still held for King James by the Duke of Gordon. To him went

Viscount Dundee while the "Lords of Convention" in Parliament House were proclaiming William and Mary, and prevailed upon him to hold the Castle while he went to the Highlands to raise the friends of James. News of this interview filled the citizens with great consternation. The drums sounded alarm, and a body of the Duke of Hamilton's troops, which were quartered in the city, pursued the gallant Dundee; but he escaped them, riding northward to arouse the Highland clans.

"Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the provost, douce man, said, 'Just e'en let him be,
The gude toun is well quit of that de'il of Dundee.'

"Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can:
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And its room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee."

The Duke of Gordon being in no way prepared to stand a siege, surrendered the Castle on the 13th of June, 1689, the last stronghold of any importance that had been held for the exiled King.



JOHN GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE, VISCOUNT DUNDEE.

CHAPTER IX

THE UNION WITH ENGLAND AND THE REBELLION OF 1745

FOR a brief period Edinburgh enjoyed peace and prosperity, until the unfortunate Darien expedition spread disaster throughout Scotland. It had always been the desire of the Scots to share in the East India trade, but the English merchants had jealously kept them out of this market. A company was formed in 1695, and it was proposed that Scotland should establish a settlement on the Isthmus of Darien and fit out ships to trade with Africa and the Indies. The sum of £400,000 sterling was soon subscribed, shares being taken by practically all the householders in Edinburgh and throughout Scotland. The imposing Darien House — which stood near the Bristo Port — with its fine offices and warehouses was built, and the

stockholders indulged in dreams of fabulous riches. The scheme, through gross mismanagement and the machinations of the English traders, proved an utter failure. This ended in the abandonment of the Darien settlement, and the ships of the Scottish company, while lying in the Thames, were seized for piracy.

When news of these happenings reached Scotland the greatest excitement and resentment prevailed. The popular feeling against King William became intense, and English residents in Edinburgh fled in alarm from the desperate riots which followed. An opportunity for revenge against the East India Company occurred when afterwards one of their vessels put in to refit at Leith. The Scots Government immediately seized it and imprisoned the crew, who after a long trial were convicted of "piracy" and hanged on the sands of Leith.

This barbarous deed terrified the London merchants who had Scottish trade connections, particularly when it was rumoured that Scotland was making warlike preparations. This time was decidedly most unfavourable

for any proposition to unite the two kingdoms, yet in the Parliament which met in Edinburgh in June, 1705, the first steps in this direction were taken. The people were bitterly opposed to the Union for reasons already mentioned, and chiefly because it was thought an attempt to sacrifice their independence and establish English supremacy.

The "patriots"—as the enemies to this movement were called—under the lead of the Duke of Hamilton fought against it with vigorous determination, and the citizens of Edinburgh supported them. Throughout the last year of the negotiations the city was a scene of continual uproar, and the Castle guards were called upon to protect the Duke of Queensberry, who was the King's Commissioner in Scotland. On his leaving Parliament House he was always driven at full gallop in his coach to his residence at the Palace, attended by a troop of horse-guards, and hooted, cursed, and pelted by the mob.

Queensberry, however, held on with bulldog grip and well it was that he did so. By all means in his power, even by bribery and

corruption, he continued to advance the Articles of Union, until, after a hard struggle, the point was reached when the signatures only were needed to complete the negotiations. The Commissioners met in the Parliament House for this purpose, but were compelled to leave by the mob. A tavern offered no privacy, for the rioters found them there. A little summer-house back of Moray House in the Canongate seemed to be a safe meeting place, but the spies discovered them, and the mob was at once on their track.

They now separated, each one apparently going to his own home, but by arrangement met later in a cellar in the High Street nearly opposite the Tron Church, and there signed the Articles of Union. That same night they were on their way to London, for it was known that the mob was waiting for Queensberry to depart on the next day, with the probable intention of waylaying him and destroying the documents.

The familiar procession, so popular a feature to the people of Edinburgh in the assembly of the "Estates," took place for the last time on January 16th, 1707. In the

House of Parliament on the 25th of March, all was completed, and amid a silence broken by the sounds of grief from those who mourned the loss of Scottish independence, the Duke of Queensberry formally dissolved the "Scots Estates," thus ending the history of Scotland as a separate kingdom. As the Earl of Seafield, the Chancellor, said, on descending from his official chair with ill-concealed emotion, "Thus endeth an auld sang."

The opening or "Riding of the Parliament," as it was called, was one of the most impressive state processions which were wont to occur in Edinburgh. The one here described took place in 1703 before the union with England: —

"The streets of the city of Edinburgh and Canongate were cleared of all coaches and carriages, and a lane formed by the streets being inrailed on both sides, within which none were permitted to enter but those who went in procession, the captains, lieutenants, and ensigns of the trained bands excepted. Without the rails, the streets were lined with the horse-guards from the Palace of

Holyrood-house; westwards, after them, with the horse-grenadiers; next, with the foot-guards, who covered the streets up to the Nether-Bow, and thence to the Parliament Square, by the trained bands of the city; from the Parliament Square to the Parliament House, by the High Constable's guards; and from the Parliament House to the bar, by the Earl Marshal's guards.

“The Lord High Constable being seated in an elbow-chair at the door of the Parliament House; the officers of state having ridden up before in their robes; and the members of Parliament with their attendants being assembled at Holyrood-house, the rolls of Parliament were called by the Lord Register, Lord Lyon, and Heralds, from the windows and gates of the Palace, from which the procession moved to the Parliament House in the following order:—

Two Trumpeters,

in coats and banners, bareheaded, riding.

Two pursuivants, in coats and foot-mantles, also riding.

Sixty-three Commissioners for Burghs on horseback, covered, two and two, each having a lacquey attending on foot, the odd member walking alone.

Seventy-seven Commissioners for Shires on horseback, covered, two and two, each having two lacquies attending on foot.

Fifty-one Lords Barons in their robes, riding, two and two, each having a gentleman to support his train, and three lacquies on foot, wearing above their liveries, velvet surtouts, with the arms of their respective Lords on the breasts and back, embossed on plate, or embroidered with gold and silver.

Nineteen Viscounts as the former.

Sixty Earls, as the former, four lacquies attending on each.

Four trumpets, two and two.

Four pursuivants, two and two,

And six Heralds, two and two, bareheaded.

Lord Lyon, King-at-Arms, in his coat, robe, chain, baton, and foot-mantle.

Sword of State, borne by the Earl of Mar.

The Sceptre, borne by the Earl of Crawford.

The Crown,

borne by the Earl of Forfar, in room of the Marquis of Douglas.

The Purse and Commission, by the Earl of Morton.

The Duke of Queensberry, Lord High Commissioner, with his servants, pages, and footmen.

Four Dukes, two and two, gentlemen bearing their trains, and each having eight lacquies.

Six Marquises, each having six lacquies.

The Duke of Argyle.

Captain of the Horse Guards.

The Horse Guards.

“The Lord High Commissioner was received by the Lord High Constable, and by him conducted to the Earl Marshal, between whom, his Grace, ushered by the Lord High Chancellor, was conveyed to the Throne. When the Parliament rose, the procession returned in nearly the same order to Holyrood-house, where the Members were magnificently entertained at supper by the Lord High Commissioner.”

It will be readily seen that the Union was a hard blow to Edinburgh in many ways. She had up to this time occupied the proud position of being the largest and most important town in Scotland. By the removal to London of her parliamentary representatives and with them many of the leading nobility, she lost both in political and social prestige. For half a century she drowsed along sunk in a profound depression, until the renown of her Medical School and University, together with her literary glory, made her famous again throughout Europe. Such was the isolation of Edinburgh for many years that the English looked upon its citizens as “barbarously provincial,” and their manner

of speech was criticized with much merriment.

This was hotly resented by the spirited Scots. The presence of a host of English tax-collectors who overran Scotland as a result of the Union, also produced general discontent, and turned the minds of the people to the exiled Stuart family.

The year 1736 is marked by the rising of the famous Porteous Mob, an event which threatened Edinburgh with the loss of its charters. Wilson and Robertson, two men under sentence of death as smugglers, were taken according to custom to hear service in the Tolbooth Church, on the Sunday preceding their execution. On coming out from the church, Wilson, a giant in strength, seized a guard with each hand and a third with his teeth, first calling to Robertson, "Run, Geordie, run." The latter did so and escaped, being aided by the people who crowded around and blocked the guard in their attempt at pursuit. The sentiment of the people had always been against the excise laws, which they considered unjust and tyrannical, so the prowess of Wilson and his

unselfish action made him more than ever an object of popular sympathy.

On the day of his execution, fearing that the mob would attempt a rescue, the magistrates ordered the town-guard to load with ball cartridge. After the sentence had been inflicted on Wilson in the Grassmarket, the mob began to stone the executioner — which by the way was a common proceeding in those times, and the soldiers also were often subjected to the same treatment. On this occasion, however, when the mob began to pelt the town-guard with unusual vigour, their Captain, John Porteous, naturally a man of “harsh and fierce habits,” lost his temper completely, and shot twice into the crowd, at the same time giving his men the command to fire. Naturally, in their state of irritation they poured a volley into the mob, and as they retreated to the guard-house, pursued by the infuriated rabble, some of the rearmost soldiers turned and renewed their fire. Six persons were killed, and eleven were severely wounded, as the result.

Porteous was tried and condemned for murder, but Queen Caroline, who in the

absence of her husband, George II, at Hanover, was acting as regent, reprieved him. The people, who looked upon Wilson as a martyr to the rigid excise laws and other results of the hated Union, now determined to take the law into their own hands. Porteous was already in evil odour with them from his many deeds of arbitrary violence upon their fellow-citizens, and they resolved that he should not escape.

The plot was laid with great secrecy and completeness. The leaders of the mob were variously disguised, some of them being in female attire, and it is said the clothing of some, as well as their conduct on this occasion, betrayed them as being of far higher rank than the rabble. They surprised the town-guard, seized their weapons, and blocked the city gates to keep the troops out. Then setting fire to the door of the Tolbooth, they soon forced it, and liberated all the prisoners except the object of their vengeance. Dragging their pallid victim down the steep West Bow, pausing only long enough to break into a shop to secure a rope — for which they left a guinea on the counter — they took Porteous

to the Grassmarket and hanged him to a dyer's pole near the spot where so many of his victims had been slaughtered. Sir Walter Scott tells this story with thrilling effect in "The Heart of Midlothian."

When the news reached Queen Caroline of this act of contempt for her exercise of the royal prerogative, her indignation waxed high, and she threatened "to turn Scotland into a hunting field." This brought forth the historic rejoinder from the Duke of Argyll, who said, looking at her with significant emphasis, "In that case, madam, it is high time I returned home to look after my hounds." This warning was understood by the Queen, who said no more to him on the subject, but dire penalties were threatened against the city of Edinburgh. Her charter was to be taken away, her Lord Provost to be put in prison, the town-guard was to be abolished, and the Nether-Bow Port destroyed. Through the exertions of the Scottish members, however, a compromise was reached, and the penalty was finally made a fine of £2,000 to be paid by the city to the widow of Captain Porteous.

In August of the eventful year 1745, news was received that Prince Charles Edward, the "Young Chevalier," had landed on the west coast of Scotland and was marching on to Edinburgh, the home of his fathers. The city wall was hastily repaired, and ditches were dug as additional defence. When the Prince and his wild Highland hosts arrived on the 16th of September at Slateford, about two miles from Edinburgh, he sent a letter to the Lord Provost, demanding the immediate surrender of the city. He promised if this was done, to respect all rights of the city and of its citizens, as subjects of James VIII. (himself).

The town authorities delayed giving a direct answer, in order to gain time for the arrival of Sir John Cope, who was marching to their relief. Charles knew of this movement and resolved upon stratagem. A coach had conveyed the deputation of Provost and Town Magistrates to Slateford to parley over the terms of capitulation. In the meantime a party of Highlanders had stationed themselves in St. Mary's Wynd, and without the Nether-Bow Port. As the gates were opened

to allow the coach to pass through on its way back to the stables in the Canongate, a horde of wild-haired Highlanders rushed in, captured the guard, and soon were in possession of the town.

Charles Edward followed swiftly on their heels, and took possession of Holyrood Palace, while his Highland followers encamped in the royal park near Duddingston. As the "Young Chevalier" was on his way to the Palace, he saw from the "Haggis Knowe" a spectacle that must have made his heart leap for joy. The whole expanse of the park was filled with a vast multitude in holiday garb, with flags and streamers waving everywhere. Shouts of joy and welcome greeted the Prince as he advanced, attended by the Duke of Perth, and Lord Elcho, son of the Earl of Wemyss. Young, handsome, and of gracious bearing, the people took him to their hearts at once, and his tact in wearing the Highland dress, in part at least, did not lessen this good impression. The people knelt by hundreds to kiss his hand, and his soldiers with the greatest difficulty managed to make way for him through the surging



L. Toque Pinx 1748.

B. de la Haye Sculp.

LE PRINCE CHARLES
EDOUARD STUART.
Né à Rome le 31. Decembre 1720.

THE " YOUNG CHEVALIER."

masses who crowded toward their idol. We can well imagine the popular sentiment which inspired the old lines: —

“ Charlie he’s my darling,
The young Chevalier.”

His appearance at this time is thus described: “ He is in the prime of life, tall and handsome, of a fair complexion, and wore a light-coloured peruke, the ringlets of which fell behind him over his shoulders in graceful masses, while over the front of his forehead his own straw-coloured hair was carefully combed. In complexion ruddy, its delicate hue had suffered from exposure to the sun, and was slightly freckled. His visage was oval in shape, while his brow had all the intellectual, but melancholy loftiness, so remarkable in the portraits of his ancestors. His neck was long, but not ungracefully so, and was covered by a simple cloak, fastened with a buckle; his eyes were blue, and were large and rolling, while his eyebrows were finely arched. The nose was round and high, and his mouth small, while in stature he stood about 5 feet 10 inches. He wore a blue

bonnet bound with gold lace, and adorned with his badge — the white satin cockade. He had a short tartan coat, on the breast of which hung the order of St. Andrew. A blue sash, wrought with gold, came gracefully over his shoulder, while he wore small clothes of red velvet, a pair of military boots, and a silver hilted broadsword."

The old Palace of Holyrood now witnessed within its walls some brilliant scenes. Here Charles held his daily "Cabinet Councils" with his military leaders, and here were held his levees, to which all the citizens of Edinburgh flocked. In the long Picture Gallery he gave those splendid balls, which were the topic of conversation among the belles of Edinburgh for generations afterward.

Although the "Young Chevalier" won many hearts by his amiability and modesty, he failed to number among his admirers General Guest, Governor of the Castle, and a staunch adherent of the Government. Whenever the Highlanders appeared in the city, he raised the flag and fired cannon, in order to discourage any attempt at familiarity on their part.

The star of Charles seemed to be in the ascendant when, four days after his advent, he severely defeated Sir John Cope at Prestonpans. Cope's dragoons fled from the field, and left all their baggage, artillery, and military chests in the Prince's hands, who returned, flushed with triumph, to Holyrood. His Highland army, notwithstanding its irregular character, behaved with much credit. It is said that so simple were the poor Highlanders, even in their plundering, that when some of them levelled their guns at persons whom they wished to "stand and deliver," on being asked what they wanted, replied, "a penny." With this they departed perfectly satisfied.

Charles, after his success at Prestonpans, determined against the advice of his friends to march into England. It appears that with all his popularity but 400 of the townsmen followed him, and in fact, his recruits came almost wholly from the North. On the 31st of October, Charles Edward left Edinburgh, destined never to see it again, except, as tradition states, in a fugitive's disguise.

On January 30, Prince William — son of

George II., and Duke of Cumberland — who had been appointed Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, arrived in Edinburgh in his pursuit of Charles. He made his quarters at Holyrood Palace, and slept in the same bed that Prince Charles had occupied but a short time before. On April 16th, 1746, when the "Butcher Cumberland" dealt his deadly blow to the army of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" on the bloody field of Culloden, all hopes of the Stuarts regaining the throne were crushed for ever.

After the battle a species of triumphal ceremony was held in Edinburgh. Fourteen of the banners captured from the Jacobite army were burnt at the Market Cross with every mark of contempt. They were ignominiously borne by chimney-sweeps to the fire, and as they were cast thereon, the heralds proclaimed the names of the commanders whose insignia they had been. The Prince's own standard was especially degraded by being borne by the common hangman. This seems rather a petty revenge against fallen foemen who had fought gallantly in a hopeless cause.

It touched rather a tender spot in the governmental pride that the city had been so easily captured by the Highlanders. Instead of placing the blame where it belonged, upon that precious pair of military inexperts, Cope and Hawley, Lord Provost Stewart was selected as the scapegoat, partly because of his name, and partly because it was suspected his loyalty was not of the strongest. He was arrested, and bail was only accepted at £15,000 sterling. After a long trial he was acquitted, but his protracted distress of mind left him a broken man.

The house in which he lived was sufficiently curious to warrant a description, and is thus spoken of by Sir Daniel Wilson:—
“The house of Provost Stewart was a very curious old building in the West Bow, with its main entrance at the foot of Donaldson’s Close. It was only one story high, in addition to the attics, on the north side, while on the south, it presented a lofty front to the Bow. This building stood immediately to the west of Free St. John’s Church. It is described by Chambers as being of singular construction,

and as full of curious little rooms, concealed closets, and secret stairs, as any house that ever had the honour of being haunted. The north wall, which still remains built into the range of shops forming the new terrace, stood long exposed to view, affording abundant evidence of this. Little closets and recesses are excavated, almost like a honeycomb, out of the solid rock behind, many of which, however, have been built up in adapting it to its new purpose.

“In one of the rooms,” says Chambers, “there was a little cabinet about three feet high, which any one not acquainted with the mysterious arcana of ancient houses, would suppose to be a cupboard. Nevertheless, under this modest, simple, and unassuming disguise, was concealed a thing of no less importance than a trap stair. This ingeniously contrived passage communicated behind with the West Bow, and according to the same authority, it was said to have afforded on one occasion a safe and unsuspected exit to Prince Charles and some of his principal officers, who were enjoying the hospitality of the Jacobitical Provost, when

an alarm was given that a troop of the enemy from the Castle, were coming down the Close to seize them. This curious building derives an additional interest from its last occupant, James Donaldson, the wealthy printer, from whose bequest the magnificent hospital that bears his name has been erected at the west end of the town."

The romantic career of the handsome "Young Chevalier" made deep impression on the popular fancy, and he still lives in song as "Bonnie Prince Charlie;" while "Will ye no come back again?" is still sung even by Britons whose loyalty to the House of Guelph is beyond question.

In this connection a curious and interesting fragment by an unknown author has come to the notice of the writer, which may equally pique the reader's curiosity. This runs as follows:— "Sir Walter Scott knew something which he did not write out *in extenso*, of a queer notion that entered into the head of Charles Edward Stuart, the Prince Charlie of 1745, that the quarrel between the Americans and George II. afforded an opportunity to revive the Stuart empire on this side of the

Atlantic. Charles Edward was fifty-five, an exile feeding on bitter memories, when he conceived the idea that if he put himself at the head of the American patriots, he might not only get revenge for Culloden on the House of Hanover, but obtain a throne in the New World. Scott says, or rather intimates, that Charles Edward felt (sounded) the inclinations of the Scotch in America, but that they were not cordial to his cause, and those who were recent comers, his defeated and expatriated partisans or their children, rather sided with King George."

With the end of the Rebellion of 1745, comes practically the end of our history of the "Old Town." Her later history will be touched upon in the sections which follow.



THE CASTLE FROM THE GRASSMARKET.

CHAPTER X

THE CASTLE

ALL roads in Edinburgh lead to the Castle, which exercises the same attraction upon the visitor that a magnet does upon a needle. The only entrance to the fortress is by the Esplanade on the east. This was in the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century the favourite promenade for the citizens of the town. In olden times it was a high and narrow ridge connecting the Castle with the town, and here many an execution took place.

It is stated that not less than 2,000 persons met their fate on this ancient ridge, and we may quote a single instance when in 1538 the Master of Forbes and fifteen other noblemen of high rank were here put to death for treason. A dozen witches at a time were frequently strangled and burnt at the stake,

and here also some of the earlier Reformers suffered death. The beautiful young Lady Jane Douglas, falsely accused by a rejected suitor of conspiring against the life of James V. by sorcery, was here barbarously murdered. After torture, she was led in chains to the stake and burnt alive, her husband and son witnessing the horrible sight from the Castle, where they were confined as prisoners. Campbell of Skipness, her husband, mad with grief and horror, attempted to escape that night and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, this narrow ridge was made broad and level by the earth which was thrown out in digging the foundations of the Royal Exchange. On the north side of the Esplanade is a bronze statue of Frederick, Duke of York and Albany; and the monument in the form of a Runic cross was raised in memory of those of the 78th Ross-shire Highlanders, who died in India during the Sepoy Mutiny. There are also memorials to those of the Gordon Highlanders and Scottish Horse who fell in the late South-African War.

“ Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard.”

Crossing the drawbridge above the old moat, which has long been dry, we enter the Castle; and this old moat, by the way, was formerly filled by pumping up water from the Nor' Loch. The new battlemented gateway through which we pass, was built in 1888 as a successor to the “ tall embattled port ” of the poet, but the ponderous iron-studded door, evidently of great antiquity, still remains. We may see in the Antiquarian Museum the quaint stone carving which formerly stood over this gateway, on which appear ancient ordance, barrels of gun-powder and balls, with a gunner charging a queer old cannon. This doorway, with the guardhouse, was formerly the first defence of the Castle; the “ Outer Port,” through which the foe had first to force his way. It is said that in this guard-room, once upon a time, there was a staircase communicating with a subterranean passage leading to Holyrood Palace. This is not improbable, and at all events sounds interesting. Even once within

this entrance the visitor will readily perceive that the pathway of the invader was not strewn with roses, for behind the inner defences, the occupants would be hospitably waiting to shower upon him little tokens of their esteem in the way of variously assorted missiles.

Up the steep causeway we climb — the rough cobble-stones with which it is paved making it rather an interesting passage for the wearer of thin-soled shoes — until we reach the ancient “Portcullis Gate” under the Argyll Tower. This was the “Gate Tower” originally constructed by David II., but it suffered great damage during the time when Kirkaldy held the Castle for Queen Mary. We can still trace the recess in which the “pronged portcullis” was hung ever ready to be dropped to bar the passage. The arched pend has provision for four wood and iron gates, while the walls, which show evidence of extreme antiquity, vary from ten to seventeen feet in thickness.

In this tower, the two Argylls, father and son, were imprisoned successively in 1661 and 1685, before their trial and execution for their

religious belief. Their names ever since then have been linked with the ancient building. The Marquis might have escaped in woman's dress, but at the last moment, just as he was about to step into the sedan chair, his courage failed. His son, however, escaped one snowy evening disguised as the lackey of Lady Sophia Lindsay of Balcarres, his step-daughter, who had come to bid him farewell. At the "Outer Port" the sentry roughly seized his arm, which naturally so startled Argyll that he dropped her ladyship's train which he was bearing. In a moment his agitation would have betrayed him, but Lady Sophia with swift feminine resourcefulness slapped him over the face with the muddy train he had let fall, and berated him roundly for his clumsiness. This so amused the sentry, that with all suspicion allayed he permitted them to pass, and the Earl escaped to Holland, not to be caught again for three years. Lord Balcarres also was confined here, and tradition says that in this chamber appeared to him the apparition of his comrade-in-arms Claverhouse, in flowing wig and glittering breastplate, on the night when Dundee died at Killiecrankie.

This same chamber over the archway, during the last day of the younger Argyll, witnessed the scene depicted in the great fresco in the lobby of the House of Commons, entitled "Argyll's Last Sleep." Macaulay writes of this: — "So effectually had religious faith and hope, co-operating with natural courage and equanimity, composed his spirits, that on the very day he was to die, he dined with appetite, conversed with gaiety at table, and after his last meal lay down, as he was wont, to take a short slumber, in order that his body and mind might be in full vigour when he should mount the scaffold. At this time one of the Lords of the Council (supposed to have been Middleton), who had probably been bred a Presbyterian, and had been seduced by interest to join in oppressing the church of which he had once been a member, came to the Castle with a message from his brethren, and demanded to see the Earl. It was answered that the Earl was asleep. The Privy Councillor thought that this was a subterfuge, and insisted on entering. The door of the cell was softly opened, and there lay Argyll on the bed, sleeping in his irons the placid sleep of infancy."

To the left, after passing through the archway, is a stair that was once the only way to the citadel, but now the upper platform is more easily reached by a roadway. Further on, on the right is the Argyll Battery facing the north, named after John, Duke of Argyll, Commander-in-Chief in Scotland during the Rebellion of 1715. The old Mylne's Battery below it dates back to 1689.

Overlooking the Castle Terrace on the west side, is the ancient postern or "Sally-port," through which the body of the saintly Queen Margaret was borne in 1093, on its way to Dunfermline; while the "miraculous mist" hid the funeral cortege from the savage eyes of Donald Bane and his wild horde below. Up to this same "Sally-port" the famous Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, clambered in his armour, while the drums in the city were beating the call to his pursuit, on his fruitless errand to induce the Duke of Gordon to ride north with him and arouse the Highland clans to fight for the deposed James. A tablet records this historical conference.

The highest plateau of rock, the citadel, contains the "show places." The portly

form of Mons Meg, which it would seem mounts guard over the tiny Chapel of St. Margaret, stands on the old Bomb Battery, now known as the King's Bastion. This famous old cannon, "The great iron murderer, Muckle Meg," as Cromwell's list of captured guns in 1650 has it, is thirteen feet long, twenty inches in diameter, and is said to weigh nearly 60,000 pounds. This ancient national relic is curiously constructed of iron staves bound with hoops of the same metal, and is the oldest cannon in Europe save one at Lisbon. Its origin and name are matters of controversy, some believing that it was forged at Mons, in Flanders, in 1476, according to the date it bears. Sir Walter Scott went far to prove, however, that it was the work of a Galloway smith—"Brawny Kim" of Mollance, or Mons—and given to James II. in 1455 by the M'Lellans when he arrived at Carlingwark, on his way to besiege William, Earl of Douglas, in Threave Castle. It would seem unlikely, when we consider the magnitude of the task in making so great a gun at this early date, that it could have been achieved by a country smith in Galloway,



MONS MEG.

and the Exchequer Rolls, moreover, show that "bombards" were imported by the King from Flanders.

"Roaring Meg" has been a traveller in her day, for the Exchequer Accounts prove that this great gun, with vast toil and trouble, was dragged to old wars and sieges on the Borders and in the West Country. Meg's voice was heard at the siege of Dumbarton in 1489, on which occasion there is an entry in the Treasurer's books of eighteen shillings for drink-money to the gunners, and she also went with James IV. to the siege of Norham. Numerous notices in early records show that this huge cannon was held in high estimation. Some of the records are very curious; one made during the reign of James IV., when, apparently during some national festivity, she was taken from the Castle to the Abbey of Holyrood, reads: — "Item, to the menstrallis that playit befor Mons down the gait, XIVs.; Item, giffen for VIIj elle of claith, to be Mons a claith to covir hir, IX s. IIIj d. . . ."

Perhaps we are saying a great deal about Meg, but she has an interesting past. She roared loyally when the marriage of Mary,

Queen of Scots, to the Dauphin was celebrated by festivities in Edinburgh on the 24th of April, 1558. In 1682 while firing a salute to the Duke of York the old gun burst. In 1745 Meg was taken to the Tower of London and there remained until 1829, when, through the influence of Sir Walter Scott, she was returned to Edinburgh by George IV. amid great rejoicing. Now, with a pyramid of huge stone cannon-balls beside her, she rests upon her laurels. If she could only tell us what she has seen, what a story it would be.

On the highest point of the Castle Rock is St. Margaret's Chapel, the oldest building in Edinburgh, and also the smallest church in Britain. This, as has been mentioned elsewhere, was built by the beautiful and pious Margaret, queen of Malcolm Canmore. In architecture it is Early Norman but with some Saxon details, being 10 feet in width by 28 in length. Through the liberality of the late William Nelson, the publisher, the ancient chapel has been completely restored. Tradition says that in this chapel Edward I. of England compelled the Abbot of Holy-

rood and other Scottish churchmen to swear fealty to him.

The door to the Argyll Tower is on the right, and a visit should be made to the interior, while from the roof the view is superb. The "Half-Moon Battery" on the east side was built in 1574, and completely changed the appearance of the Castle from the Castle Hill, as will be seen on looking at an old print of the fortress previous to this time. The cannon on the left of the clock is the "One O'Clock Gun," which may be said to be fired from Greenwich, by means of an electrical connection with the "Time-ball" on the top of Nelson's Monument.

The Palace Yard contains almost everything that is of historical interest in the Castle. In the vaulted Crown Room with its heavy oak-panelling, guarded by a massive iron grating, are the "Honours of Scotland," as the Scottish Regalia is called. These relics of the days of Scottish independence comprise the Crown, Sceptre, Sword of State, and the Lord High Treasurer's Rod of Office, together with four other memorials of the House of Stuart which belonged to the

venerable Cardinal York, last of that noble line. These are the golden Collar of the Garter with its appendage the George, presented by Queen Elizabeth to James VI.; the order of St. Andrew, cut on an onyx, and having on the reverse the badge of the Thistle which opens by a secret spring, revealing a beautiful miniature of Anne of Denmark; and finally, the ancient ruby ring set with diamonds which the kings of Scotland wore at their coronation, being last worn by the unhappy Charles I.

The golden mace of the Lord High Treasurer is like the sceptre surmounted by a great crystal beryl. A crystal or beryl, of this kind, called in Gaelic "Clach-Bhuai" or "stone of power," is said to have been the badge of the Arch Druid. These stones on the mace and sceptre signify an almost dateless antiquity. The Crown, which is claimed to date back to the age of Bruce, is said to have undergone no change until it was closed with four arches by order of James V.

The Crown is of pure gold enriched with many precious stones — diamonds, pearls, emeralds, amethysts, rubies, sapphires, and

topazes — and curious enamellings. The great pearl in its apex is alleged to be the same which was found in the Kellie Burn, a tributary of the Ythan, in Aberdeenshire, and was “so large and beautiful that it was esteemed the best that had at any time been found in Scotland.” Sir Thomas Menzies, Provost of Aberdeen, obtaining this precious jewel, presented it to James VI., who in requital “gave him twelve or fourteen chaldron of victuals about Dunfermline, and the custom of certain merchant goods during his life.”

The Sceptre, which was made in Paris for James V., is hexagonal in form with a stem two feet long, of silver, double gilt, and has three knobs and richly engraved sides. The top of the stem bears a capital of embossed leaves, with three small statues of the Virgin, St. Andrew, and St. James. Between each statue rises a rullion in dolphin form, while the splendid beryl which surmounts the whole is said to have been in an ancient Egyptian sceptre three thousand years ago. It is claimed, however, by some antiquarians, that this jewel, and the one which sur-

mounts the mace, are both of Druidic origin.

The Sword of State, presented by Pope Julius II. to James IV. in 1507, is five feet in length. The scabbard of crimson velvet is richly wrought with filigree work of silver, representing branches with oak leaves and acorns. The blade bears in gold the inscription "Julius II. P.," while the traverse of the jewelled handle is in the form of two dolphins.

These national relics are the only ancient Regalia now in Britain, owing to the destruction by Cromwell of the Crown and Sceptre of England. During the time of the Commonwealth, it was feared by the Scots Privy Council that the "Honours of Scotland" might share the same fate, so they sent them to the Castle of Dunnottar. They were from thence carried out hidden in a bundle of flax on a woman's back, and buried beneath the pulpit of Kinneff Church in the Mearns, where they remained until after the Restoration.

When the Union of the Kingdoms came about, the Privy Council, believing that they

would be removed to England, concealed them in Edinburgh Castle. They were placed in the huge old iron-bound oak chest — still to be seen in the Crown Room — and sealed up in a vaulted chamber, with an order that the door should never be opened. There they remained for 110 years, until it gradually came to be believed that they had been secretly taken to England at the time of the Union and broken up. To confirm this belief, in 1794 the sealed room had been entered in a search for some Crown papers, and the chest in which tradition said the Regalia had been put, was actually shaken, but gave forth no sound.

Sir Walter Scott, however, came into possession of certain facts which convinced him that the ancient legend was not an idle one, and through his efforts the Regent issued an order to the Scots Officers of State, Sir Walter being one of these, to enter the so-called Crown Room, and by opening the chest, to finally decide the question. Accordingly on February 4th, 1818, a commission consisting of some of the principal Scots officials, including Sir Walter, entered

the Crown Room accompanied by a smith, who forced the lock of the ancient chest. Within it, they found to the delight of all, wrapped in dusty linen but safe and unharmed, the long-lost "Honours of Scotland." The glad tidings were quickly spread to the waiting crowd outside, the Castle guns thundered a salute, and the greatest joy prevailed. In evidence of the veneration with which Scott regarded these ancient symbols, Lockhart says:—

"On the 5th February Scott and some of his brother Commissioners revisited the Castle accompanied by the ladies of their families. His daughter tells me (Lockhart) that her father's conversation had worked her feelings up to such a pitch, that, when the lid was again removed, she nearly fainted, and drew back from the circle. As she did so, she was startled by his voice, exclaiming in a tone of deepest emotion, "No, by God, no!" One of the Commissioners, not quite entering into the solemnity with which Scott regarded this business, had, it seems, made a sort of motion as if he meant to put the Crown upon the head of one of the young ladies near him;

but the voice and aspect of the great poet were more than enough to make the worthy gentleman understand his error." By the Treaty of Union the Regalia of Scotland must never more be used, but be kept constantly in Edinburgh Castle.

"Lord Jesu Chryst that crounit was with Thornse,
Preserve the Birth quhais Badgie Heir is borne,
And send Hir Sonne successione to Reigne stille,
Lang in this Realme, if that it be Thy Will:
Als grant, O Lord, quhat ever of Hir proceed
Be to Thy Honer and Praise; Sobied.

19th IVNII, 1566."

This ancient inscription, surmounted by the arms of Scotland, is still extant on the wall of Queen Mary's bedroom, where James VI. was born.

This tiny chamber on the ground floor, at the northeast corner of the quadrangle, is known as Queen Mary's Room, and is part of the ancient royal apartments. Over the doorway is a tablet bearing the initials H and M conjoined, with the date 1566, standing for Henry (Darnley), and Mary, father and mother of James VI., who was born here

on June 19th of that year. This date does not however indicate the age of the building, which must have been erected at a much earlier period, the tablet above mentioned very probably dating from the time of James VI. It was here that Mary of Guise, Queen Mary's mother, died in 1560.

This bedroom, or rather closet, is but eight feet long, and most irregularly shaped. It gives striking evidence, as do many other rooms which the tourist may see, of the cramped living accommodations to which even royalty was forced to submit in the Middle Ages. The word room is a misnomer, for they are certainly in no sense "roomy." These ancient abodes of royalty have apparently furnished a model to the builder of some modern city flats, in which the imposing entrance hall and one or two rooms impress the visitor with awed admiration, while the bedrooms are mere gloomy "cubby-holes" with not space to "swing a cat" in, should one be addicted to that pleasing form of exercise. To the ancient kitchen, however, was devoted ample space, which was necessary from the bountiful, if rude hospitality of the times.

Queen Mary's Room was formerly panelled in oak throughout, but after being used for years as the canteen drinking-room, this was renewed with ancient wainscoting from the Guise Palace in Blyth Close. Joseph Taylor, Barrister of the Inner Temple, an English traveller who visited Edinburgh in 1705, says:— "We were carry'd into the room where King James The First of England was born, but there was nothing remarkable in it except a Tub of small Scotch Ale, which the Man that show'd obliged us to tast, that we might have the honour to drink in the room where a King was born."

The oak-panelled ceiling, however, remains just as Queen Mary's eyes saw it, with the initials I. R. and M. R. in alternate squares surmounted by the royal crown. There were formerly balconies outside the windows of the large adjoining room from which Mary could enjoy the magnificent view, and doubtless she often looked down from these on many a splendid spectacle. The view from the windows over the city and its environs is superb.

Even the most hardened tourist must

express some sign of admiration when he enters the Old Parliament Hall, which occupies the whole south side of the Palace Yard. This noble hall, which is 84 feet long, 33 feet wide, and with its open timber roof 45 feet high, was lost to sight for years, having been converted into a hospital for the garrison. Now, thanks to the generosity of William Nelson, a loyal citizen of Edinburgh, it shines forth again in much of its ancient grandeur. The lofty beams of the oaken roof, enriched by carved shields emblazoned with arms, are in perfect accord with the air of royal dignity which pervades the whole. The windows of coloured glass bear the arms of the Scottish sovereigns, and of leaders in Scottish history to Reformation times. The walls now bear a splendid collection of Scottish arms and accoutrements. The beautiful Doune steel pistols formerly carried by the Scots nobles will particularly excite a lively sense of covetousness in the mind of the collector, but it may be added that they are very securely fastened to the wall.

Here formerly assembled Parliament, and it was the scene of many grand banquets,

for which it was chiefly used. Here the six-year-old James II. was proclaimed King, on the 20th of March, 1437, and here the "black dinour" was given to the young Earl of Douglas and his brother, when the black bull's head, symbol of their speedy death, was placed before them on the board. Balfour says they were beheaded in this hall. Charles I., in 1633, and Oliver Cromwell, in 1648, were entertained here with magnificent feasts. This floor has felt the martial tread of mail-clad warriors, and the dainty foot-fall of beauties of the Court, many times and oft. From these old windows, many fair dames and gallant knights have looked down upon the stirring scenes on the tilting-ground, where the Grassmarket is now. A secret staircase led from the Banqueting Hall to the Royal Lodging, and the "lug" in the wall where the eaves-dropper — royal or otherwise — could overhear what passed in the great hall, is still to be seen.

In an angle of the ramparts is the "dogs' cemetery," where the pets of the regiments quartered here have been buried, and we read

touching little memorials to their fidelity:—
“ In memory of Pat, who followed the 72nd Highlanders in peace and war for 10 yrs. Died 9th March, 1888.” “ Let Sleeping Dogs Lie. In memory of York, 1st Seaforth Highlanders.”

On the bank in the West Princes Street Gardens, below the Castle, is a curious stone brought from Norway in 1787. It bears a Runic cross encircled by a serpent-shaped inscription, and the runic legend reads:—
“ Ari, son of Hjalm, to preserve among his fellows his father’s deeds, inscribed this stone.”
Further along, the lines of a low built up archway will attract attention, and this is said by some to have been the lion’s den, for several of the Scottish kings kept those noble beasts. It is, in all probability the entrance to the secret passage which ran down to St. Giles and Holyrood, by means of which Kirkaldy of Grange obtained his supplies during the time he held the Castle three years for Queen Mary.

Below the Castle Rock, in the Gardens, are the ancient remains of the Wellhouse Tower, erroneously often called “ Wallace’s Tower.”

This was originally a protection for an un-failing spring of water which in time of siege supplied the garrison, and from this point started the first city wall. When some years ago a portion of this tower was removed owing to its ruinous condition, a flight of steps cut in the solid rock was discovered.

CHAPTER XI

THE CASTLE HILL AND LAWNMARKET

CASTLE Hill is the oldest part of Edinburgh, having been edified for nearly ten centuries. Before the use of gunpowder, it was considered desirable to build dwellings as near the Castle as possible for the purpose of protection. Around all strongholds at this period clustered the houses of the townspeople, like chickens trying to creep in under the wings of a motherly hen. Castle Hill continued to be the residence of the Scottish nobility up to the middle of the eighteenth century.

It is interesting to note that in the reign of Charles I., the soil of the Castle Hill was converted by a royal mandate into the soil of Nova Scotia. The Earl of Stirling had received from King James I., in 1621, a charter granting him an immense tract of land in North America, consisting of the

larger part of the northern portion of the United States, Canada, and the neighbouring islands.

This territory, many times larger than the whole United Kingdom, was called Nova Scotia. The Earl of Stirling made no use of his grant until 1625, when he felt the spirit move him to sell part of his foreign domain. The purchasers, on payment of £150 sterling each, became "Baronets of Nova Scotia" and were entitled to a grant of land three miles long by two miles broad, over which they held the power of pit and gallows.

The difficulty of infeoffing the knights in their distant possessions was overcome by the mandate of King Charles aforesaid, whereby the soil of Castle Hill — the site of the Esplanade — magically became the soil of Nova Scotia. Between 1625 and 1649 sixty-four of these baronets were invested with their honours on this spot.

In the wall of the first house facing the Castle on the right may be seen a cannon-ball, said to have been fired from the Castle during the blockade in 1745 when the Young Chevalier's Highlanders held the town. On

the pediment of a dormer window we read the date 1630, and the initials A. M., M. N. This house with its immediate neighbours form a picturesque and interesting group, all showing evidence of former magnificence.

On the north slope of the Castle Hill where now stands the University Hall, was the site of "Honest Allan" Ramsay's "goose-pie" house, as the wags of the day called it. Allan complained one day to the witty Lord Elibank regarding this comparison, who replied, "Indeed, Allan, now I see ye in it, I think they are no far wrang."

Ramsay applied to the Crown for a plot of land large enough to "build a cage for his burd," as he affectionately called his wife, and when the house was completed in 1743 it is said to have resembled nothing so much as an "old parrot-cage." The poet was very proud of his new mansion, however, which had such a splendid view of the Firth of Forth, and Fife and Stirling shires, but his wife, we regret to say, did not live to share the cozy "bield." When the fine University Hall was built Ramsay's house was incorporated in it.

In Blair's Close, the first on the right of

the Castle Hill, was once the fine town mansion of George, Duke of Gordon, and here lived his Duchess while he held the Castle for King James at the Revolution of 1689. Little remains now of the exterior, but within there are still some remains of former magnificence. Originally the house throughout was finished with fine wooden panelling, of which some still remains, particularly in the large room overlooking the Esplanade. This room is richly decorated with elaborate carvings and gilding, and over the mantel is a large landscape painting on a panel, the work of Norrie, a famous Scottish artist and decorator of the eighteenth century.

After the death of the Duchess here in 1732, it became the property of the Bairds of Newbyth, and here, the 6th December, 1757, David Baird, the hero of Seringapatam, and conqueror of Tippoo Saib, was born. From his boyhood extremely restless and pugnacious, we may appreciate the remark of his mother, who, when it was reported that he had been taken prisoner, said, "Lord pity the chiel that's chained to oor Davie."

Over a doorway on the right of the entrance into Boswell's Court (so named from a Dr. Boswell, cousin of "Bozzy," Johnson's biographer) is the inscription, "O LORD. IN. THE. IS. AL. MI. TRAIST." This doorway, says tradition, belonged to the mansion of the Earls of Bothwell.

The massive old mansion of the Barons Sempill of Castle Sempill still stands in Sempill's Close. Over the doorway of the projecting octagonal turnpike stair is the inscription, "PRAISED BE THE LORD MY GOD, MY STRENGTH, AND MY REDEEMER. ANNO DOM. 1638," and a device like an anchor entwined with the letter S. Over another doorway which gives entrance to the lower part of the house, we may read "SEDES MANET OPTIMA CÆLO," with the date and device repeated. This ancient family is associated in various ways with Scottish song. John, son of Robert, the third lord, married one of "the Queen's Maries." Their son, Sir James, an ambassador to England in 1599, wrote the clever satire, "The Packman's Paternoster." His son, Robert, was the author of "The Piper

of Kilbarchan," while his grandson, Francis Sempill, wrote the famous old song, "Maggie Lauder."

In the United Free Church College Quadrangle to which Ramsay Lane will lead us, stands a fine statue of John Knox, by John Hutchinson, R. S. A., which was unveiled in May, 1896.

The mansion of Ramsay of Cockpen, the "Laird o' Cockpen," is said to have stood where now is the eastern end of the city reservoir. The Laird's chief claim to celebrity seems to rest on the story of his wooing, which is told amusingly as follows:—

"The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great;
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state:
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep;
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

"Doun by the dyke-side a leddy did dwell;
At his table-head he thocht she'd look well;
McClish's ae dochter o' Clavers-ha' Lea, —
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

"His wig was weel pouther'd, and maist guid as new,
His waistcoat was white, and his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat:
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

- “ He took the gray mare and rade cannilie,
 And rapp'd at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lea ;
 ‘ Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben ;
 She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.’
- “ Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine ;
 ‘ And what brings the Laird at sic a like time ? ’
 She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' doun.
- “ And, when she came ben, he bowed fu' low ;
 And what was his errand he soon let her know ;
 Amazed was the Laird when the lady said ‘ Na,
 And wi' a laich curtesy she turned awa'.
- “ Dumfounded he was, but nae sigh did he gie :
 He mounted his mare, and he rade cannilie ;
 And aften he thocht as he gaed through the glen,
 ‘ She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.’ ”

On the corner of Johnston Terrace is the Tolbooth Parish Church or General Assembly Hall, a building in the Pointed Gothic style erected in 1844. Here is held yearly the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and at the meeting time in May, black-frosted ministers and elders swarm about this corner like bees. Here once stood the houses of the great Marquis of Argyll, and of the Earls of Cassillis, the “ Kings of Carrick.”

Where now the United Free Church buildings stand, was once the Palace of Mary of Guise, Regent of Scotland, and mother of Queen Mary. It was probably erected after Holyrood was burned by the English in 1544. Although the Guise Palace had its main doorway half-way down a close, its external decoration surpassed anything in the city and its view to the northward was superb. In large letters over the main doorway was inscribed "LAUS HONOR DEO," with the King's initials I. R. at the respective ends of the lintel, and the date 1590, evidently of later addition.

Of this exceedingly interesting old structure much might be written, but our space forbids. Its interior was most curiously arranged, and the fittings and decorations were magnificent. There were within the house many ornate Gothic niches for sacred images, fine fireplaces, and beautiful oaken doorways and panels. Some of these latter are to be seen in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries. On the principal doorway, now in this museum, are fine portraits of James V. and Mary of Guise.

Nearly all the rooms had wagon-shaped ceilings painted in rich arabesques, with beautiful designs of flowers and fruit surrounding panels in Gothic letters, while heraldic devices surmounted the initials of James and Mary, I. R. x M. R. One room in the palace was called the Queen's Dead Room, and was entirely painted in black. Here the noble occupants lay in state while awaiting burial. There was inside the oratory connected with the palace, a draw-well to supply water to the household. In this palace the Queen-Mother and her little daughter, the Queen of Scots, lived at intervals before Mary was sent to France. After this, Mary of Guise lived much here during the remainder of her life. After the murder of Rizzio, Queen Mary lived here for a time, no doubt considering it doubly safe by reason of its nearness to the Castle, and from its secret chamber. A movable panel gave entrance to this chamber, the exit from which wound around the wall of a spiral staircase. This hiding place was only discovered when the palace was torn down to make room for the Free Church College.



"LAVS DEO" HOUSE, CASTLE HILL.
Taken down 1845.

On the front of a fine old stone "land" which formerly stood at the head of Blyth's Close, wherein was the Guise Palace, was the inscription "LAVS DEO," with the date 1591, in curiously wrought iron letters. This building was the residence of a succession of wealthy burgesses, but its chief interest lies in the remarkable decorations of its interior. There is reason to believe that this house originally was part of the Guise Palace.

Some years ago there was discovered under a modern lath and plaster ceiling in a room on the second floor, a series of sacred paintings on wood, of a very curious and interesting character. A little boy first drew attention to these hidden pictures, by saying that he could see a glittering star through a hole in the ceiling. Upon investigation, there was found an upper arched ceiling, with a large circular compartment containing a figure of our Saviour with a radiance around His head, and His left hand resting on a royal orb. Around the encircling border were the words in gilded Roman letters on a rich blue ground, "EGO. SUM. VIA. VERITAS. ET. VITA, 14 JOHNE." ("I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.")

The paintings in the larger compartments represented Jacob's Dream, Christ asleep in the storm, the Baptism of Christ, and the Vision of Death from the Apocalypse, surmounted by the symbols of the Evangelists. The distant view of the Lake of Galilee in the second picture, presented an amusing liberty taken by the artist with his subject. It consisted of a view of Edinburgh from the north, terminating with Salisbury Crags on the left, and the old Castle on the right. The steeples of the old Weigh-House and the Nether-Bow Port were also introduced.

The fifth and most curious picture, exhibited an allegorical representation of the Christian life. A ship of antique form was seen in full sail, bearing on its stern and pennon the symbol IHS. A crowned figure stood on the deck looking towards a burning city in the distance, and above him the sign "V. Æ.," a contraction for Vita Æterna (Life Eternal). On the mainsail was the word "CARITAS," and on the stern, which was in the fashion of an ancient galley, was inscribed "(Sa)piencia."

Death appeared as a skeleton riding on a

dark horse amid the waves immediately in front of the vessel, armed with a bow and arrow which he pointed at the figure in the ship. A figure entitled *Persecutio*, similarly armed and mounted on a huge dragon, with above him a winged demon over which was the word *Diabolus*, followed in the wake of the vessel. In the midst of these perils there was seen in the sky a radiance surrounding the word יהוה, the Hebrew symbol for Jehovah, and from this symbol of the Deity a hand issued, taking hold of a line attached to the stern of the vessel.

The whole series was beautifully executed, while between the broad borders were rich decorations of flowers in every variety, fruit, birds, harpies, and fancy devices dividing the ceiling into irregular square and round compartments, with raised gilded stars at their intersections. The ceiling was much injured by damp and decay, but fortunately a few of the pictures were secured and preserved by zealous antiquarians.

In Mylne's Court, built about 1690, was the residence of Robert Mylne, the seventh Royal Master Mason, and father of the

architect of Blackfriar's Bridge, London. In this court many of the rooms still contain fine old oaken panellings and ceilings. Here was also the mansion of the Lairds of Comiston, and over the entrance to the stair is the inscription most popular of all the pious mottoes to be seen over the old doorways: "BLISSIT. BE. GOD. IN. AL. HIS. GIFTIS.," with the date 1580. These "guid words whilk trew men carvit in stane aboon their doors at hame," were an appeal for benediction or protection in an age which was both very religious and very superstitious.

The West Bow, nearly opposite the Guise Palace, was the "Little Britain" of Edinburgh — a steep and narrow winding way, in shape a perfect Z. It was lined on either side with tall antique houses whose projecting gables, filled with old inscriptions and carvings, overhung the footway. Up this picturesque thoroughfare passed with quaint ceremonials the state processions of different monarchs, and down it were hurried many unfortunates to die in the Grassmarket below. In more modern times it was chiefly



HEAD OF WEST BOW, LAWNMARKET, IN 1830.

notable as a nest of those noisy craftsmen, the white-iron, or tin-smiths, whom Fergusson refers to as,

“The tinkler billies of the Bow.”

At the head of the West Bow was one of the most picturesque houses in Edinburgh, and its removal is greatly to be regretted. This was a fine example of the old timber-fronted houses in which each story projected from that below. In the West Bow was the curious house of Lord Provost Stewart which we have elsewhere mentioned. Here were also the Templar Lands, and the first Assembly Rooms opened in 1710. The mansion of Lord Ruthven, the principal agent in Rizzio's murder, stood here, and long afterwards his sword was found hidden under the floor.

Not the least in celebrity of those who dwelt in this historic thoroughfare, was the famous wizard, Major Weir. Tradition has it that after his death the major was often seen to issue from his close and gallop up the Bow, mounted on a headless black horse, and enveloped in flames. Furthermore, we are told that Satan's best coach-and-six was

frequently heard to rumble along the Lawnmarket and down the Bow at an early hour in the morning, on its way to call for the major and his sister, who were to be taken back to their abode in the Lower World before cockcrow. Further account of this uncanny pair who were on such terms of intimacy with "Auld Cloutie," will be met with later.

At the foot of Castle Hill is the Lawnmarket, which derived its name from the stalls and canvas booths of the "lawn" or cloth merchants which once stood here. Its original extent was from Castle Hill to the Old Tolbooth adjoining St. Giles. Although now officially included in the High Street, it still retains its old name among the people. At its head stood the old public "Weigh-House" or "Butter Tron," where butter and cheese were weighed and sold. The first Weigh-House was erected by David II. in 1352, and had a spire and clock; this was destroyed by Cromwell in 1650. The second one, built in 1660, was used as an effective defence by the Highlanders of Prince Charles Edward during his blockade of the Castle in

1745. This was finally demolished in 1822 to make room for the public entry of George the Fourth.

Riddle's Close, which is divided into two parts, is on the south side of the Lawnmarket. It has undergone little change, and is one of the most interesting of the Old Edinburgh closes. In the first of these little courts to the left is a lofty tenement with a fine old outside turret or turnpike stair, with the date 1726. This was the home of David Hume from 1751 until he removed to Jack's Close, and here much of his History of England was written. Hume writes, after his settlement here, "I have now at last — being turned of forty — arrived at the dignity of being a house-holder. About seven months ago I got a house of my own, and completed a regular family, consisting of a head, viz., myself, and two inferior members — a maid and a cat."

On the opposite side of the court, is a house which bears the same date, but it evidently is much more ancient. Through its doorway, under a corbelled angle, we ascend a stairway to the second floor, where a passage leads to a spacious apartment which would appear

at one time to have been used as a theatre. Our special interest however is in the inner room, which has a ceiling elaborately moulded in stucco in the French style of about 1670. In the centre is a large circle, wherein is a crown bearing the date 1678, alternately surrounded by roses and thistles. In the corners of the ceiling the Scottish *Lion Rampant*, and the English *Lion Statant Gardant* alternately appear. The oak panelled walls are beautifully decorated by Norrie, and some of the landscapes on the doors, windows, and shutters show most artistic execution. Although some of these paintings have been removed, there remain enough to show what the magnificence of the apartment must have been when occupied by the Provost of Edinburgh, Sir John Smith of Grotham, one of the Scots Commissioners who went in 1650 to Breda to affirm their loyalty to Charles II.

The inner section of the close is an enclosed court, stated to have been intended as a place of defence, and it is interesting to note, by the way, that many of the closes in the olden time had stout gates hung to the sides of the entrance, a little distance in from the

street, which could be closed and defended in case of necessity. Traces of the strong old gate hooks can still be found in some walls, but most of the metal has vanished — “pickit oot” by small speculative fingers, when old iron and lead were at a premium.

In this inner court is the house of Bailie John MacMorran, one of the Magistrates of Edinburgh, a wealthy merchant who entertained royalty. This was an imposing mansion, as may be seen from the polished ashlar front and the five dormer windows. On the heavy and elaborate roof pediment we can still trace the Bailie's initials, *I. M.* One of the windows has its lower half closed by carved oak shutters, each shutter being decorated with the so-called “linelled” pattern, a decoration commonly employed on the stall-work of Tudor churches. This window, with its carved mullions and transom, is the best existing example of this long obsolete type.

This house was the scene of the famous banquet given by the City of Edinburgh to James VI., Anne of Denmark, and her brother the Duke of Holstein, in March, 1593. Says

Birrell, "The King and Queen were present with great *solemnity* and *merriness*."

The Bailie, worthy man, came to an untimely end in 1595 from a pistol-shot fired by a school-boy — afterwards Sir William Sinclair of May, and the ancestor to the present Earls of Caithness. A holiday having been refused the High School boys, they out of revenge took possession of the school, which they barred, and, armed with swords and pistols, refused to surrender until their demands were granted. MacMorran, one of the wealthiest merchants in the city, was sent to suppress the rioters, and had just given orders to his men to batter in the door, when a pistol bullet struck him in the forehead. The influential connections of the young homicide, however, managed to protect him from the consequences of his rash deed by the payment of a large sum to the "gude toun" for the outrage put "upon ane of its Bailies."

Riddle's Close was for a considerable period a highly aristocratic quarter. After being occupied by several generations of his descendants, Bailie MacMorran's house was

occupied successively by Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, Sir Roderick Mackenzie, and Sir John Mackenzie; and Lord Royston — third son of the celebrated Earl of Cromarty — one of the most witty and gifted men of his time. Here his daughter, Lady Anne, who became the wife of Sir William Dick of Prestonfield, was born and brought up. The Lady Anne it seems was both witty and eccentric, and her surprising pranks were the talk of the town. One of her many diversions was to sally forth in search of adventure dressed in male attire, with her maid for a squire. One of these frolics ended rather disastrously, it is said, for she and her maid were detected in their disguise and confined all night in the Town Guard-house. Her ladyship is said to have at one time passed a whole year in her bed, simply for the purpose of baffling scandal, which ever had her name on its tongue.

James's Court, erected about 1725, on the left of the Lawnmarket, is that great pile of buildings the back of which faces the top of the Mound. This was for years after its erection a fashionable quarter, and the resi-

dence of those of dignity and importance. "The inhabitants, who were all of consequence in society, although each had but a single floor of four or five rooms and a kitchen, kept a clerk to record their names and proceedings, had a scavenger of their own, clubbed in many public measures, and had balls and parties among themselves exclusively;" so it will be seen that this was a very select locality.

It is a surprise to the stranger, after descending flight after flight of steps from the rear of the court, to land, not in the bowels of the earth as he expects, but in a cheerful, busy street overlooking the New Town. If one wishes to get a very good impression of the great defensibility of these steep slopes in the olden time, let him make the *ascent* of these steps, and I would suggest that he essay this feat before, rather than after, dinner.

The court has three entrances from the Lawnmarket, and the building bearing the date 1690, facing the first entrance, stands on the site of a "land" where David Hume the historian — described by his mother as "a fine guid-natured crater, but waik-

mindful " — lived, when he removed in 1762 from Jack's Close in the Canongate. During Hume's absence in France, his house was occupied by the Rev. Dr. Hugh Blair, the celebrated preacher. George III., in appreciation of Blair's sermons, some of which were read to him by the eloquent Lord Mansfield, granted the able divine a pension of £200.

The worthy doctor, it is said, indulged to a considerable extent in light reading, his especial favourites being Don Quixote and the Arabian Nights. He is said also to have been very vain, priding himself on his taste and accuracy in dress, which, however, were absolutely ridiculous. " He was so careful about his coat that, not content with merely looking at himself in the mirror to see how it fitted in general, he would cause the tailor to lay the looking-glass on the floor, and then, standing on tiptoe over it, he would peep athwart his shoulder to see how the skirts hung."

James Boswell lived in the third flat of this house, having rented it of Hume, and here he entertained in 1773 Dr. Samuel Johnson, who then was on his " Trip to the Hebrides."

“ On Saturday, the 14th of August, 1773,” Boswell writes, “ late in the evening I received a note from him that he was arrived at Boyd’s Inn, at the end of the Canongate. . . . I went to him directly. He embraced me cordially and I exulted in the thought that I now had him actually in Caledonia.” When Boswell arrived at the inn, better known as the celebrated “ White Horse,” he found the illustrious doctor in a violent rage at the waiter, who, in sweetening his lemonade, had used his dirty fingers in place of the sugar tongs. The doctor, in high indignation, threw the lemonade out of the window, and the company almost expected to see the waiter follow it. We can picture the irascible Samuel in his “ brown suit with steel buttons ” and “ grumbling and stumbling in the dark,” as he was piloted to Boswell’s lodgings, walking arm-in-arm up the High Street. Boswell says, “ It was a dusky night; I could not prevent his being assailed by the evening effluvia of Edinburgh.” “ I can smell you in the dark,” grumbled Johnson to his guide.

The story is told that Boswell, while showing the great man about the city, met the

witty Harry Erskine in the Potterrow, and introduced him to his hero. Johnson had been dubbed by the Edinburgh folks, from his rough and abrupt manner, "Ursa Major." Erskine having heard of the reputation the good doctor had acquired since coming to town, returned his greeting with nothing more than "Your servant, sir," and passed on, slipping into Boswell's hand a shilling "for the sight of the bear with which he had been favoured." Relating to the doctor's well-known capacity for tea, we are told that when he was entertained by Mrs. Blacklock, he drank nineteen cups of it at her table.

Lady Stair's Close was named after Elizabeth, Dowager Countess of Stair, a celebrated leader of Edinburgh society in the latter part of the eighteenth century. She was the first to keep a negro domestic servant in Edinburgh, and was much envied in consequence. Lady Stair lived in the solid old mansion on the west side of the close, which presents, in a sculptured stone over the doorway, a small coat-armorial with the initials "W. G." and "G. S.," the date 1622, and the legend, "FEARE THE LORD AND DEPART

FROM EVILL." The initials are those of Sir William Gray of Pittendrum and his wife, and the close was originally called Lady Gray's Close, from its first owners. The house of late years has been restored to something of its former state by Lord Rosebery, a descendant of the Countess of Stair. In Lady Stair's time, this house was one of the most notable in Edinburgh. It had a terraced garden descending to the Nor' Loch, as had other houses adjoining, and many of the tenants kept pleasure craft on the Loch, then an attractive sheet of water.

Her ladyship had the misfortune to marry, at an early age, a man of violent temper and dissipated habits, James, Viscount Primrose, who treated her so cruelly that she had reason to fear for her life. While dressing one morning in her chamber near an open window, she saw, in the mirror, her husband stealthily enter the room behind her, bearing in his hand a drawn sword, his face expressing a most malignant and ferocious resolution. With great presence of mind she threw herself, half-dressed as she was, into the street, and hastening to the house of Lord Primrose's

mother, told her story, and demanded protection, which was at once given. It was thought useless to attempt a reconciliation, and they never again lived together.

Sir Walter Scott has made a strange experience of Lady Primrose the basis of his story, "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror." It appears that after their separation, her husband went abroad, she knowing nothing of his whereabouts. In the meantime, a foreign magician, or fortune teller, came to Edinburgh, who claimed to have power to inform any person of the movements of absent ones, at whatever distance, however remote. The curiosity of Lady Primrose — who had not heard from her wandering husband for a long time — caused her to go to the lodgings of the wise man in the Canongate, who there showed her a large mirror, in which she saw a wedding in progress, and the bridegroom to her amazement was her husband. The ceremony progressed to the point where the priest was bidding the bride and bridegroom to join hands, when suddenly, the service was interrupted by the appearance of a gentleman in whom Lady Primrose thought she recognized

her brother. He advanced hurriedly down the aisle, and rushing up to the bridegroom, drew his sword with a menacing expression. The vision in the mirror then became indistinct, soon fading entirely.

Lady Primrose, strongly impressed, on reaching home wrote a complete story of the mysterious affair, which she sealed in the presence of a witness, and put in a place of safety. Shortly after this, her brother returned from abroad, and on her asking if he had heard anything of her recreant lord, he told her he wished never to hear that villain's name again. Close questioning on her part, however, brought forth the facts that her brother, while in Amsterdam, had formed a friendship with a wealthy Dutch merchant who had a beautiful daughter, the sole heiress of his great fortune. His friend, the merchant, one day informed him that his daughter was to be married shortly to a Scottish gentleman, a recent resident of the town, and invited him as a countryman of the bridegroom to be present at the ceremony.

He accordingly went to the church, a little too late for the commencement of the mar-

riage service, but in time to prevent the sacrifice of a beautiful and amiable young woman, for the bridegroom was to his astonishment none other than that fiend in human shape, Lord Primrose, his own brother-in-law. The story then goes, that Lady Primrose, first ascertaining from her brother the exact date of the occurrence, gave him her key, requesting him to bring the sealed packet from the drawer where she had placed it. When the packet was opened, it was found that everything to the most minute detail had occurred just as she had seen it in the mirror.

After Lord Primrose's death, she was still a young and beautiful woman, and had many noble and wealthy suitors. From her experience of married life, however, she vowed never again to wed, and probably would have kept her word, but for the strange and not particularly delicate method pursued to gain her consent by Lord Stair. He was desperately in love with her ladyship, but she repeatedly refused him, although he was a man of ability, and, generally speaking, of estimable character. At last, in despair, he saw

but one way out of his difficulty. In her ladyship's house was a small room looking out upon the High Street, where each morning she used to say her prayers, so, by force of financial argument, he prevailed upon her servants to smuggle him into this room overnight, and next morning when there were a number of people passing along the street, he showed himself at the window *en déshabillé*. This spectacle threatened to compromise her ladyship's reputation to such an extent that she consented to marry him.

When Sir Richard Steele of the "Spectator" visited Edinburgh in 1717, on the business of the Forfeited Estates Commission, he lodged in the house adjoining that of Lady Stair, and at the "Ball" Tavern, in this close, he gave a supper to all the eccentric-looking beggars he could gather in the city. They participated in a roaring feast, and Steele was greatly amused at their odd antics, saying afterwards that "he had drunk enough of native drollery to compose a comedy."

In Lady Stair's Close lived also "honest John Paton." "Honest John" was a clerk

in the Custom House on eighty pounds a year, but he managed, nevertheless, on this small salary, to reach the age of eighty-seven, and to make a collection of books, coins, and all sorts of antiquities which it took six weeks to sell by auction. A man of most eccentric habits, he ate nothing until four in the afternoon, when he had a cup of coffee and a slice of bread. At nine o'clock punctually, he went to sup at Johnnie Dowie's, sounding his cane on the pavement as he approached the tavern; his signal always for admittance. Here he regaled himself on "a bottle of ale and a gude buffed herring, or roasted skate and ingans."

To the inquisitive stranger who enters the historic precincts of Baxter's Close, appear, as if by magic, a swarm of embryo guides; small but canny Scots, bare of foot, eager and speculative of eye, and of great and exceeding volubility. From the collective and unrestrained tumult the visitor gathers, after he has in some degree recovered from the onslaught, that "Yon's the hoose where R-r-obbie Bur-r-ns stoppit when he fir-r-st kem tae Edinbur-ra."

In Baxter's Close which is now part of Lady Stair's Close, Burns lodged in 1786 with his friend John Richmond of Mauchline, at an expense of eighteen-pence a week. The poet's lodging, in the first stair to the left of the close, is a room of good dimensions on the second floor, with antique wooden paneling. From this ancient dwelling Burns sallied forth to dine and wine with the great ones, for he was then the lion of the town.

Burns, according to Lockhart, lodged with John Richmond through the winter, and during this time he states the poet "kept good hours." Lockhart says further, "With a warm heart, the man united a fiery irascible temper, a scorn of many of the decencies of life, a noisy contempt of religion . . . and a violent propensity for the bottle."

Scott says of the poet, "His person was strong and robust, his manner rustic, not clownish, a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity. . . . I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of his portraits. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poet's

character and temperament. It was large, and of a cast which glowed, I say literally, glowed, when he spoke with feeling or interest. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. . . . I have only to add that his dress corresponded with his manner. He was like a farmer dressed in his best to dine with the laird." Burns died in 1796, at the early age of thirty-seven.

Brodie's Close takes its name from Deacon Brodie, the Jekyll and Hyde of Edinburgh criminals. His house was on the first floor overlooking the Lawnmarket, entered by the first turnpike stair on the right. The door and lock which guard the entrance to the former residence of the artful deacon, are both said to have been made by his hand; the latter is a remarkably ingenious piece of mechanism, for the deacon was an expert in locks and keys, as will be seen. The rooms are all richly decorated by panel paintings, and one, the Adoration of the Magi, supposedly the work of Norrie, a famous house decorator of the eighteenth century, ornaments the space over the fireplace in the principal apartment.

The house of Robert Gourlay, which was one of the most remarkable in Edinburgh, was among the buildings removed to make way for George IV. Bridge. Near here, stood at one time the town house and chapel belonging to the Abbots of Cambuskenneth. After the Reformation the stones of these buildings were utilized in the erection of one of the most massive houses in the city by Gourlay, a very wealthy merchant. The "popish" carvings on the stones, however, were turned inward so as not to offend any strict religious eye.

In this house which was one of the largest of its time in Edinburgh, many State guests were lodged. Sir William Drury, the English general sent by Elizabeth to assist in the siege of the Castle when held by Kirkaldy of Grange, lodged here, and hither that brave but misguided soldier was brought after his surrender. Drury Lane in London, by the way, was named after this same Sir William. Sir George Lockhart, President of the Court of Session, lived in this house, and before its door he was shot by Chiesly of Dalry, a disappointed litigant.

The assassin was executed with the pistol about his neck, and gibbeted at the Gallowlee. The body disappeared one night soon after, it being supposed to have been stolen by his friends. More than a century afterward, his remains were accidentally discovered under a hearth-stone of a cottage in Dalry Park, near Edinburgh, with the fragments of the pistol still near the neck. It was supposed that the body was hastily put into this place of concealment on the night it was stolen from the gallows. Gourlay's house was often used as a place of confinement for State criminals, among these being the Regent Morton, who the night before his execution is said to have paced ceaselessly up and down the floor of one of its chambers, "clanking on his finger and his thowmbe."

CHAPTER XII

ST. GILES, AND PARLIAMENT SQUARE

THE ancient Parish Church of St. Giles,

“ Hoar relic of the past whose ancient spire
Climbs heavenward amid the crowded mart,”

has a history extending back to the early part of the twelfth century, when it appears to have superseded a church of much older date. This in turn may have risen from the site of some heathen temple.

The “ Kirk of Sanct Gellis of Edynburgh,” thus anciently termed, stands in a prominent position on the south side of the High Street, and its crowned spire, which has always been the chief ornament of the Old Town, can be seen on a clear day from a great distance. Tradition says a Christian place of worship has existed on this spot since Edwin, King of Northumberland, founded the town and named it as his “ burgh.”



ST. GILES.

There is not in Scotland an ecclesiastical structure which has been so abused or has passed through so many changes, but it has survived tenaciously as a memorial of ancient times, while it still excites attention as a relic of art from the twelfth to the fifteenth century. This ancient church was never entirely destroyed. Its solid masonry probably was not greatly injured by the attack of Edward II. and his army in 1322 when Holyrood was ravaged, nor by his son in 1335 when the whole of Scotland was scourged with fire and sword. When the city was burned in 1385 by the English army, which under Richard II. occupied the town for five days, St. Giles was almost wholly destroyed, all that remained after the conflagration being the base of the spire and a part of the nave and choir. Marks of fire were plainly visible until quite recently on some of the pillars of the latter.

The church when founded was consecrated to St. Giles, or Sanctus Egidius, as he is termed in Latin, a mediæval saint regarding whom there are many legends. A hind, upon the milk of which he partially subsisted, was his only companion says tradition, and the

arms of the city of Edinburgh to this day have a hind as one of the supporters.

The impression that St. Giles gives externally is that of a modern Gothic structure, with choir, nave, and transept, but in fact, it is an ancient fabric, built at different periods, the work of the early architects being hidden by the comparatively recent casing. The oldest portions that remain extant are the crown-shaped spire, and some of the interior columns. After its almost total destruction by the English army under Richard II., it was rebuilt in 1387 at the expense of the town, when among other works five vaulted chapels were erected on the south side of the nave. Two of these now remain and form the South Aisle of the church. The rebuilding and additions — on the north side principally — went on until about 1416; one of these additions being the beautiful Albany Aisle.

Nothing more of note was done until about 1460, when the "King's Pillar" was erected. This bears four distinct shields which have reference to James II., and his Queen, Mary of Gueldres. There is reason to believe that

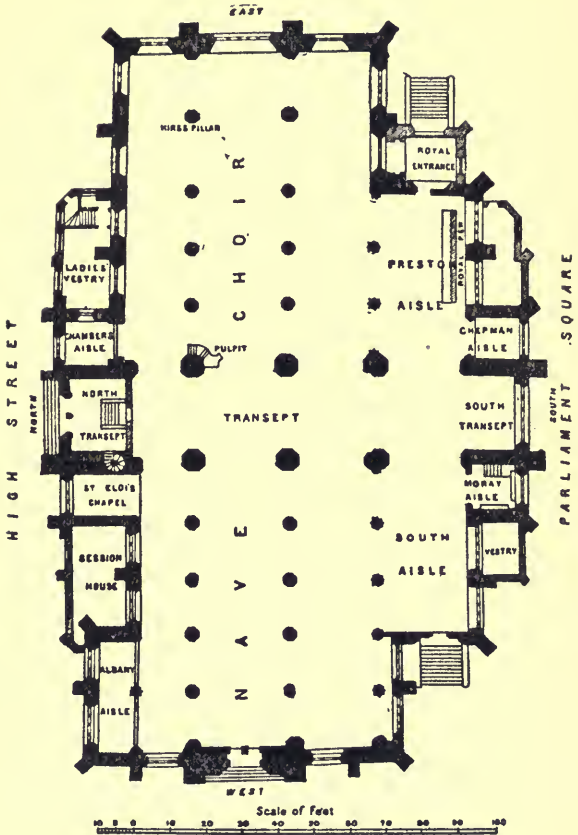


INTERIOR OF ST. GILES', LOOKING EAST.

the shield facing the east was placed in honour of their infant son, born in 1453, and who became James III. It shows the Scottish lion rampant within a double tressure, with a label of three points denoting an heir or prince. The shield facing the north, impaled, is that of the Queen, Mary of Gueldres. The shield facing the west, which has the lion with a double tressure, is that of the King, James II. The shield facing the south has three fleur-de-lis for France, with which country Scotland had intimate relations.

About 1460, the church assumed very nearly its present shape. The choir was completed — its roof being heightened — the clerestory windows were added, and the whole edifice extended eastward. The walls borne by the older pillars were raised, while the clerestory groining was finished. This was remarkable for the variety and beauty of its bosses, one of which bears the legend, "AVE. GRA. PLA. DUS. TECU.," this being an abbreviation of the angelic salutation, "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee."

PLAN OF ST GILES



The Preston Aisle, on the south side, was next erected by the Corporation of Edinburgh in pious memory of William Preston of Gorton, who having "with deligent labour and grete menis (expense) and aided be a he (high) and mighty prince, the King of France, and mony uthir Lordis of France, succeeded in obtaining possession of the arme bane of St. Giles, has bequethed this inestimable relique to oure Mothir Kirk of Sant Gell of Edynburgh, withouten ony condicioun." The Corporation faithfully kept its pledge "to build ane ile, furth fra our Lady Ile, quhare ye said William now lyis, to erect there his monument with a brass inscription detaeling his services, his arms also to be put in three other parts of the aisle, also an altar, and to endow a chaplain to sing for him from that time furth, and granting his nearest relation the privilege of carrying the relique on all public processions." By this addition, the aisle being 59 feet in length by 24 in breadth, the choir was made much larger.

This relic of St. Giles, together with his image, were objects of much interest in the

public procession at the annual festival, an important event until 1558; but when the clergy then marched in procession for the last time, St. Giles' image was missing. They had been obliged to borrow from Greyfriars an image to take its place, which was hailed derisively as "Young St. Giles." We have previously narrated how the original St. Giles had been stolen from the church, ducked in the North Loch and then burned; and how the mob hustled the clergy and tore "Young St. Giles" to pieces; to the great delight of Knox, it is said. The saint's jewels and vestments, together with the massive silver reliquary which contained the arm bone, were sold four years afterwards by the magistrates' authority, the proceeds being given to the repair of the church.

When the Preston Aisle was completed in 1466, young James III., then only thirteen years of age, converted the Parish Church of St. Giles into a collegiate foundation. Its chapter was to consist of "a Provost, Curate, sixteen Prebendaries, a minister of the Choir, four Choristers, a Sacristan, and a Beadle; all of whom were exclusive of chaplains

ministering at thirty-six altars throughout the establishment. Altogether the number of ecclesiastics would not be less than a hundred, supported by particular endowments drawn from certain lands, oblations at the altars, and by donations of food and other articles."

In 1470, Pope Paul II., by special Bull, placed the clergy of St. Giles in a position perhaps unique in the history of Scotland. This exempted them from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of St. Andrews to whom they had hitherto been subject, and placed them directly under the government of the Holy See. Gawain Douglas, the celebrated poet, was the second Provost of the new foundation.

The last addition was made in 1513; the Chepman Aisle, built by Walter Chepman, the first Scots printer, in honour of James IV., his royal patron, and his Queen, Margaret of England. Chepman, who amassed a large fortune as printer and publisher, was here interred in 1532.

After the riot on the occasion of the anniversary of St. Giles, September 1st, 1558, when the procession of the clergy was riot-

ously dispersed by the mob, the city magistrates, to save the fittings of the church, completely cleared the interior. Sailors were brought from Leith, who with ropes and ladders took the altars down. All the gold, silver, and jewels were carefully catalogued and secured, as the existing town records show. The arm-bone of St. Giles, which a hundred years before had been so venerated, was taken from its massive silver reliquary and tossed into the burying-ground. With the exception of a pulpit or a reading desk, the ancient church was swept bare.

After the Reformation, when affairs were settled in 1560, the collegiate character of St. Giles Church disappeared, and it reverted to its original condition of a parish church, with John Knox as its pastor. The church, as we have said, was bare, and must have presented an appearance of desolation. There were no fixed pews at this period, the seats being stools provided by the worshippers for their own use. Most of the people stood, and would gladly stand for hours to listen to John Knox. This great preacher was a tireless worker; he preached twice on Sunday,

and three times on every other day of the week, in addition to many other clerical duties. A "Reader" was his only assistant. What a picture the old church must have presented, when at four o'clock on winter mornings, Knox held his Communion by the light of flaring torches.

When in the early part of the eighteenth century more parish churches were required for the growing population, it was proposed, instead of building others, to cut St. Giles into sections, making each section a parish church. This alteration was done most barbarously, and irreparable damage resulted. The beautiful carvings of the pillars were hacked and hewn to conform to the plans of the vandals, even characteristic heads of rare interest being knocked off with hammers, to be buried in rubbish.

When these architectural butchers had completed their mutilation, St. Giles had been divided into four parish churches. The choir became the High Kirk; the south-west section was the Tolbooth Kirk; part of the nave and the South Aisle was the Old Kirk; while the Little Kirk, or "Haddo's Hole" was in

the north-west section. These various churches presented amusing differences of character: —

“ The High Church had a sort of dignified aristocratic flavour approaching somewhat to prelacy, and was frequented only by sound Church-and-state men, who did not care so much for the sermon as for the gratification of sitting in the same place with His Majesty’s Lords of Council and Session, and the Magistrates of Edinburgh. . . . The Old Church, in the centre of the whole, was frequented by people who wished to have a sermon of good divinity about three-quarters of an hour long, and who did not care for the darkness and dreariness of their temple. The Tolbooth Church was the peculiar resort of a set of rigid Calvinists from the Lawnmarket and head of the Bow, termed the ‘ Towbuith Whigs,’ who loved nothing but extempore evangelical sermons, and would have considered it sufficient to bring the house down about their ears if the precentor had ceased for one verse the old hillside fashion of reciting the lines of the psalm before singing them.”

St. Giles has passed through some stirring scenes, apart from its ecclesiastical history. Kirkaldy of Grange, in 1571, mounted his artillery in the steeple to intimidate the burghers. When some of the craftsmen threatened to demolish the sturdy pillars with the idea of destroying him and his brave band, he cut holes through the ceiling, and training his cannon upon them quickly caused them to beat a retreat.

“ Morn wi’ bonny purple smiles
Kisses the air-cock o’ St. Giles,”

sings the poet Fergusson. The spire, or crown, which is so universally admired dates back to the twelfth century. In the early part of the seventeenth century there was a loom set up in the tower, so that weavers there confined could earn their board and lodging. “ Haddo’s Hole ” was an apartment in the north-western portion of the church, where Sir John Gordon of Haddo was confined previous to his trial and execution in 1644. In “ Haddo’s Hole,” as it was ever afterwards known, the Covenanters captured at Rullion Green were confined.

As late as the year 1817, part of the church was used as an office by the police.

The late Dr. William Chambers, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, restored the interior of St. Giles to a resemblance of its appearance before the Reformation, at a personal expense of about £30,000; this work was done 1872-83. His project was to convert it into a Scottish Westminster Abbey where distinguished Scotsmen might be honoured. With this idea several monuments have been erected within the church, two of the most notable being the recumbent effigies of the Marquis of Argyll, and the Marquis of Montrose, both being fine works of art. St. Eloi's Chapel, also called the Hammermen's Chapel, is at the right of the High Street entrance. At its altar was dedicated the famous Blue Blanket or Banner of the Holy Ghost, which was borne by the Scottish craftsmen who had aided in the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre from the Infidels.

The Albany Aisle, at the north-west corner, was built by Robert, Duke of Albany, and Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas, as a penance for their murder by starvation in



MONTROSE MONUMENT.

1402 of the king's son David, Duke of Rothesay, in a dungeon at Falkland. The capital of the centre pillar bears two shields, one the Albany arms, and the other the Douglas "Bleeding Heart," with other bearings. Near the west door is the baptismal font modelled after Thorwaldsen's famous work at Copenhagen. Directly opposite St. Eloi's Chapel is the Moray Aisle, where the remains of the Regent — the "Good Regent" of some, the "Traitor Bastard" of others — are believed to be buried. The window gives the scenes of his assassination by Bothwellhaugh, and his burial, with John Knox preaching his funeral sermon.

Business was formerly transacted in the Moray Aisle by the citizens before there was a public Exchange in Edinburgh. Chepman's Aisle, just beyond the south transept, contains the remains of the Scottish Caxton, whose name it bears, and also the remains of Montrose. It was founded, however, in honour of James IV. and Queen Margaret. At the royal pew, a little farther on, is the Preston Aisle, and the beauty of its groining is said to surpass anything of this kind in the

world. Dr. Chambers called this aisle the "Gem of St. Giles."

The King's Pillar, said to have been erected in 1460 in honour of the infant James III., stands at the north-east corner of the choir. The Chambers Aisle is at the east side of the High Street entrance, and in the Albany Chapel near the west entrance, is a monument to John Knox, whose name is so closely associated with that of the church. His pulpit — so some contend — from which he sent forth so many thrilling messages to the people, is now in the Antiquarian Museum; other antiquarians have doubts regarding his connection with this relic.

The ragged colours of the distinguished Scottish regiments which hang in the nave of St. Giles, are additional memorials of the historic past in which the old church has been so prominent a figure. These tattered and blood-stained emblems tell of many triumphs on hard-won fields, where Scotland's sons have ever been in the thickest of the fighting.

Of the stained-glass windows, the oriel in the west gable shows the royal arms, and the legendary incident of "David I. and the

stag." The great west window has as subjects for its divisions "The Prophets," while the arms of the craftsmen of Edinburgh appear in the windows of the clerestory. In the ten choir windows are subjects relating to the history of our Lord.

The ruthless demolition in 1798 of the beautiful north doorway with its grotesque Early Norman carvings, must ever remain a matter of deep regret.

As a concluding note of interest, we might add that in 1700 there were hung in the steeple of St. Giles "a good and sufficient chime or sett of musickal bells, according to the rules of musick, for the use of the good toun of Edinburgh." These chimed merrily for many years,

"'Twas within a mile o' Edinburgh toun,
In the rosy time o' the year,"

until by reason of the failing hand of the venerable ringer, the air was played more and more slowly, "with little pauses and blanks of silence, like a pulse that is beating out its last of a long and busy life."

Behind St. Giles in Parliament Square was

the old churchyard of St. Giles, and beneath this pavement lie many of the old citizens and patriots who fought at Bannockburn, at Flodden, at Pinkie, and on a hundred other hard-fought fields. A small square stone in the pavement with the brass letters "I. K. 1572," is supposed to mark the grave of John Knox, but some antiquarians aver that his real resting place is under the leaden equestrian statue of Charles II. near by, truly a strange monument for the great Reformer.

The "Great Fire" in 1700 entirely changed the aspect of Parliament Square. At that time there stood about here in Parliament Close, fifteen-story houses or "lands," towering 130 feet in height. These all disappeared, together with the "President's Stairs" which led down into the Cowgate. The Parliament House was built in 1632 after designs attributed to Inigo Jones, but the devastating hand of the renovator was laid upon it in 1829, and its quaint Gothic façade vanished.

An English traveller who visited Edinburgh in 1705 says:

"The Parliament house is in a Square call'd the Parliament Close, where are per-

haps the highest houses in the world, for we counted one 14 story high. Every Staircase may containe 28 Familyes, for the Scotch houses are built after the manner of the Inns of Court in England, and every apartment is call'd a house."

The narrow alley leading into Parliament Close was the Paternoster Row of Edinburgh, and in it, Kay, the artist who has left in his "Portraits" quaint record of so many of the town worthies and characters, had his little print shop. The new County Buildings and the fine statue of Francis Walter, the fifth Duke of the "bald Buccleughs," stand on the site of a number of historic old closes; Adamson's Close, Turk's Close, Beth's Wynd, Forrester's Wynd, and Libberton's Wynd, all so often mentioned in old Edinburgh history. Only the stump of Dunbar's Close remains, where in the "Rose and Thistle" Cromwell's troops were quartered. From a "bartizan," or flat roof here, Cromwell could see his fleet riding at anchor in Leith Roads.

In the Parliament House is the grand old Parliament Hall, where the Scottish Parliament met from 1639 until 1707. The propor-

tions of this noble hall are most impressive. It is 122 feet long by 49 feet in width, and the dark oak rafters, with cross-braces and hammer-beams, rest on curiously carved corbels. A magnificent stained-glass window at the southern end, below which once stood the royal throne, represents the Institution of the Court of Session by James V., in 1532. This was designed by W. von Kaulback, and executed by the Chevalier Ainmuller of Munich. The central figure is the youthful king, while his mother, Margaret of England, sits at the right of the throne. The king is shown surrounded by his nobles and great officers, in the act of presenting the charter to the Abbot of Cambuskenneth.

This hall has witnessed much that made history. Here is pointed out the favourite seat by the fire of "the Shirra," Sir Walter Scott, where his burly form crowned by the white "peak" was wont to repose. Lord "Peter" Robertson, of Falstaffian mien, once made this snowy thatch the subject for a jest, when he said, "Here comes old Peveril, I see his Peak." Scott dryly retorted, "Ay, ay, maybe as well to be Peveril o' the Peak, as Peter o' the Paunch."



LORD BRAXFIELD, THE "HANGING JUDGE."

On the west side of the hall, the four windows show the heraldic bearings of great lawyers and statesmen, who since its foundation by James V., in 1532 — the scene shown in the great southern window — have dignified the Court of Session. We find in the hall also many memorials of celebrated names of bench and bar, in picture and in stone; Dalrymple, Dundas, Cockburn, Erskine, Jeffrey, Lord President Duncan Forbes, the "Bluidy Mackenzie," with many others which recall the brilliant, the witty, and the hard-drinking judges of the old school, who seasoned their judgments from the bench with broad Scots, and with broad jokes on occasion. Many anecdotes might be told of these worthies whose forms were here once so familiar.

Lord Braxfield, the "Hanging Judge," was Lord Justice-Clerk from 1788-99 and the greatest authority of his time on feudal law. This "Giant of the Bench," as Cockburn terms him, although of rough and overbearing manners, was in reality a kind-hearted man. He was, however, as the grim title given to him would indicate, a terror to evil doers.

One of his maxims was, "Hang a thief when he's young, and he'll no' steal when he's auld." His remark to an offender who had made a very able speech in his own defence is characteristic: "There's nae doot ye're a vera clever chiel, mon, but for a' that, I'm thinkin' ye wad be nane the waur o' a hangin'." His butler at one time left him on the ground that he could no longer stand the constant scolding of his mistress. "Hoots, mon," said the old lord, "is that a' ye're leavin' for? Ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankfu' ye're no' marrit to her."

The Hon. Henry Erskine, son of the Earl of Buchan, was one of the ablest lawyers and one of the most famous wits of eighteenth-century Edinburgh. He was in later years Lord Advocate. Jeffrey says of him, "His wit was argument, and each of his delightful illustrations a material step in reasoning." Erskine's eloquence and wit were so enjoyed by the bench, that when on one occasion he said, "I shall not need to take up much of your lordships' time, I shall be very brief," one of the judges mildly protested, "Hoots, Maister Harry, dinna be brief, — dinna be brief."



MAY 20 1793



Seria multa iocis

HON. HENRY ERSKINE.

In his early days at Parliament House before his practice became absorbing, Erskine was continually upsetting the gravity of the court by his joking propensities. It was his special delight to tease Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, who was the Principal Clerk of Session, and one of the most eccentric characters of the time. "On one occasion, while Erskine was in court during the advising of an important case, he amused himself by making faces, as he sat at the clerk's table beneath the judges. The victim was naturally much annoyed by this proceeding, but bore it as long as he could. At last he could stand it no longer, and disturbed the gravity of the court by rising and exclaiming, 'My lord — my lord — I wish you would speak to Henry; he's aye makking faces at me.'" Harry, however, was looking graver than the judges. Quiet was restored, and the advising went on, when Sir James, happening to cast his eyes towards the bar, was met by a new grimace from his tormentor, and once more convulsed the bench, bar, and audience, by roaring out in his rage, 'See there, my lord, he's at it again.'"

The Signet Library, within the Parliament House, has a most valuable collection of volumes relating to Scottish antiquity, while in the Advocates' Library are treasures of priceless value. In this long low chamber, which tradition says was used as a place of trial by the Privy Council in the "Killing Time," may be seen the "King's Confession," by which Scotland renounced the Papacy; the "Solemn League" of two generations later, when she abandoned Prelacy; and letters penned by the hands of Mary Stuart, Charles II., and James VII.

Hours may be spent here by the antiquarian and book-lover over the rare black letter volumes and the illuminated missals and breviaries, some being rare and valuable beyond price. Here also are relics of the "Young Chevalier," Prince Charles Edward, and near the original MS. of his immortal "Waverley" sits Sir Walter, most fittingly the presiding genius of the place.

At the junction of George IV. Bridge and the High Street, was the entrance to Libberton's Wynd, wherein stood "Johnnie Dowie's," the famous "Mermaid Tavern"

of a century or more ago. This was one of those favourite spots referred to by Ferguson,

“ Where coothy chields at e'enin' meet,
Their bizzin' craigs and mous to weet,
And blithely gar auld care gae by,
Wi' blinkin' and wi' bleerin' eye.”

Here Burns and his cronies, “ Willie ” Nicol and Allan Masterson, held many a convivial session. At the head of the wynd three stones in the pavement mark the spot where the public gallows stood. Many a criminal has met his end on this spot, and notably the monster Burke, of Burke and Hare notoriety.

Near the west end of St. Giles our attention is arrested by a heart-shaped figure in the footpath. This marks the site of the doorway of the famous “ Heart of Midlothian ” which Sir Walter Scott describes so graphically: —
“ Antique in form, gloomy and haggard in aspect, its black stanchioned windows opening through its dingy walls like the apertures of a hearse, it was calculated to impress all beholders with a sense of what was meant in Scots Law by *squalor carceris*.”

Sir Walter's continuation of this description gives an impressive picture of St. Giles and its surroundings in the eighteenth century: —

“ The Gothic entrance of the ancient prison, as is well known to all men, rears its front in the very middle of the High Street, forming as it were the termination of a huge pile of buildings called the Luckenbooths, which for some inconceivable reason our ancestors had jammed into the middle of the principal street of the town, leaving for a passage a narrow street on the north, and on the south, into which the prison opens, a narrow crooked lane, winding between the high and sombre walls of the Tolbooth and of the adjacent houses on one side, and the buttresses and projections of the old Church upon the other. To give some variety to this sombre passage (well known by the name of Krames) a number of little booths or shops, after the fashion of cobblers' stalls, are plastered as it were against the Gothic projections and abutments, so that it seemed as if the traders had occupied with nests bearing the same proportion to the building, every buttress and coign of vantage, as the martlet did in

Macbeth's Castle. Of later years these booths have degenerated into mere toy-shops . . . but at the time of which we write, hosiers, glovers, hatters, mercers, milliners, and all who dealt in the miscellaneous wares now termed 'haberdashers' goods,' were to be found in the narrow alley."

"Luckenbooths" meant locked booths, as distinguishing them from the open and movable booths. There was a break in the line of roofs on the north so that the clock of St. Giles might be seen. A narrow passage between was called the "Stinking Stile," and is referred to by Dunbar in his poem "To the Merchants of Edinburgh" as

"Your stinkand stile that standis dirk,
Holds the light from your Parroche Kirk."

The goldsmith's shop of George Heriot — "Jingling Geordie"— was a tiny "krame" or booth only seven feet square, resting under the western gable of St. Giles. One day "Geordie," being called to Holyrood, found his master and gossip, King "Jamie," toasting his royal person before a fire of sandalwood logs. On "Geordie" remarking that

the aromatic odour from the flames was most agreeable, " Jamie " replied that it was likewise costly. Heriot then said that if the king would visit him at his workshop the next day, he would show him a much more costly fire. When the monarch appeared at " Geordie's " booth, all he saw was a small ordinary coal fire, and expressed his surprise thereat. " But wait until I get the fuel, your Majesty," said Heriot, who unlocking his money-chest, produced a bond for £2,000 which he had lent to James, and placed it on the coals. The canny " Jamie " watched it eagerly until it was entirely consumed, before he said, " Forsooth, Maister Geordie, your fire costs the mair." Very likely Heriot had much more fuel bearing the same signature. The goldsmith was so necessary to James that he had to follow the king to London and make his residence there. He did not forget his native town, however, as the great hospital bearing his name testifies.

After Allan Ramsay, the poet-barber, left the sign of the Mercury opposite Niddry's Wynd, he set up his wig-blocks at the lower end of the Luckenbooths. Here he estab-

lished his circulating library, the first in Scotland, and Gay and Smollett were his frequent visitors. Here was afterwards "Creech's Land," the book-seller's shop of William Creech, publisher of the "Mirror" and the "Lounger," weekly papers on the model of the "Spectator," to which all the chief Scottish writers of the time contributed. His shop was the resort of all the Edinburgh wits and men of letters during the end of the eighteenth century, and the "Mirror Club" found its members among these.

Their weekly club meetings were kept secret, and were never held twice in the same place. "Clerihugh's" in Writers' Court, "Fortune's" in Stamp Office Close, and "Stewart's Oyster House," in "Old Fish-market Close," were among the places frequented by the "Mirror Club." Creech and Robert Burns were great cronies, and Creech issued the famous "Edinburgh Edition" of the poet's works. Burns often mentions the great publisher in his pieces.

CHAPTER XIII

THE HIGH STREET

IN Byer's Close is a remnant of the stately mansion of Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, and Commendator of Holyrood House, who performed the marriage ceremony between Queen Mary and the Earl of Bothwell. Mary herself feasted in this house; and here lived the beautiful Lady Anne Bothwell, whose wrongs are recorded in the old ballad "Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament." This house has some curious old dormer windows with heraldic carvings.

Advocates' Close, opposite the north-west corner of St. Giles, was so called from Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees, the King's Advocate during almost the whole period between 1692 and 1713. This was a fashionable place of residence for eminent legal lights in the early part of the eighteenth century. Here lived Andrew Crosbie, the

original of Counsellor Pleydell in "Guy Mannering," and we may imagine Dandie Dinmont and Colonel Mannering stumbling down this narrow alley. There are still some fine old doorways in this close.

Roxburgh Close, opposite the northern door of St. Giles, once contained the town mansion of the Dukes of Roxburgh, evidenced by the door lintel bearing the date 1586. Warriston Close, near by, was named from Sir Archibald Johnston, Lord Warriston, whose estate was on the north side of Edinburgh, his mansion being herein. The printing establishment of the great publishing house of W. & R. Chambers is situated in this close. Their "Edinburgh Journal" and "Encyclopædia," with other great works, are known wherever the English language is spoken.

In Writers' Court, a few steps on, was the famous "Clerihugh's Tavern," where Colonel Mannering and Dandie Dinmont found Counsellor Pleydell playing "High Jinks." The haunted Mary King's Close, which formerly adjoined the court, was the scene of the ghostly revels described in Professor Sin-

clair's curious "Satan's Invisible World Discovered." In one of the houses, a lawyer and his wife had the following experience:—

"As the mistress was reading the Bible to herself on the Sabbath afternoon, she spied the head and face of an old man, grey-headed, and with a grey beard, looking straight upon her, the distance being very short; after a little time, the goodman (her husband) cast his eye toward the chimney, and spied the same old man's head. . . . After an hour or more, they perceived a young child, with a coat upon it, hanging near the old man's head . . . by-and-by a naked arm appears in the air, from the elbow downward, and the hand stretched out as if to salute him . . . they next saw a little dog come out of the room aforementioned, which composed itself on a chair to sleep . . . then a cat comes leaping out, and in the midst of the hall began to play little tricks . . . then was the hall full of small little creatures dancing prettily."

The author further adds:— "Those who were foolhardy enough to peep through the windows of the houses after nightfall, saw the spectres of long-departed denizens en-

gaged in their wonted occupations; headless forms danced through the moonlit apartments, and on one occasion a godly minister and two pious elders were scared out of their senses by the terrible vision of a raw-head and blood-dripping arm which protruded from the wall in this terrible close, and flourished a sword above their heads." In this close, until 1847, remained some cellars which had been sealed up since the last visitation of the plague in 1645.

The Royal Exchange, which faces the Market Cross, is an imposing building after the Scots-Baronial style. This was erected in 1753, and stands on the site of the famous "Black Turnpike," where Queen Mary slept for the last time in her capital. The Exchange is now used as the Municipal Chambers, and in the Council-Room, where the city fathers meet — a noble hall, richly adorned with ornamented panels and portraits — is a fine bronze statue of Prince Charles Edward. This was shipped from France "in the '45," but while being transferred from the ship, fell overboard. It was judiciously left on the bottom of Leith harbour

until long afterward, when it was fished up by the admirers of the "Young Chevalier." The fine Museum of Antiquities in the Municipal Buildings is most interestingly illustrative of the life of Old Edinburgh.

"Dun-Edin's cross, a pillar'd stone,
Rose on a turret octagon,"

writes Sir Walter Scott, of the Old City or "Mercat Croce." This now stands at the entrance to Parliament Square, but its original site was a little further down, and near the centre of the High Street. This curious structure of mixed Grecian and Gothic architecture bears upon the top of its central pillar the Scottish Unicorn.

In 1756, the "Old Cross" was removed from the place it had occupied for centuries by order of the Town Council, who, to say the least about them, had no taste for historical antiquities. Portions of it fortunately were preserved, and the "Lang Stane" or shaft stood for some time within the railing which once enclosed St. Giles'. In 1885, it became the chief portion of a new Cross erected through the generosity of the late Right

Hon. William Ewart Gladstone. The present Cross resembles the old one as nearly as it was possible to restore it. All royal proclamations were always, and still are, made from the Cross.

This Cross, or the central pillar of it at least, has looked down on the great events in many centuries of Scottish history. From it came at midnight the warning voice before the field of Flodden, summoning to the domains of Pluto, among others who heard it, "Mr. Richard Lawson, ill-disposed, ganging in his gallery fore-stair." Here, when kings passed along the High Street, flowed fountains of wine as part of the celebration, and here that good-natured monarch, James VI., gathered his savage nobles to grasp hands in amity over a feast partaken of before the eyes of the citizens.

This was the spot appointed for major punishments, while the Tron, near by, was the scene of the penalties inflicted on minor offenders. Here were executed Kirkaldy of Grange, the Earl of Morton, the Argylls, Warriston, Huntly, and Montrose. In 1603 the Laird Macgregor of Glenstrae, betrayed

by the Earl of Argyll, "was hangit at the Cross and eleven mae of his friends and name upon ane gallows; himself being chief, he was hangit his awn height above the rest of his friends." It was here also, in 1745, that Prince Charles Edward was proclaimed by his devoted Highlanders amid clang of trumpets and "skirling" of bagpipes, while the beautiful Mrs. Murray of Broughton sat on horseback beside the party, adorned with white ribbons, and bearing a drawn sword in her hand.

In former times the Cross was the great centre of gossip of the Old Town. Near here were the principal coffee-houses and book-sellers' shops, so round about here clustered at certain hours of the day, the laird, the noble, the parson, the lawyer, and the town officers. Hither came also the leading merchants, and the men of talent and learning. Near by was the pillory where "dyvours," or bankrupts, were exposed in piebald suits and yellow bonnets; and the wooden horse ridden by the scold and drunkard. The "caddies," a species of lazzaroni who formerly existed in Edinburgh, had their head-

quarters at the Cross. A ragged, half-blackguardly looking set they were, says Chambers, but amazingly acute and faithful to any duty intrusted to them. These were employed chiefly as street-messengers, and a stranger coming to the town got a caddy to conduct him about or to run his errands. They knew everything about everybody, and to quote Lord Kames literally, would "fetch any man to ye that ye wanted, though they had to gang to h-ll for him."

Craig's Close is named after John Craig, the colleague of John Knox, and had at its entrance the shop of the famous old Scottish printer, Andro Hart. Over his door was the inscription, "MY. HOIP. IS. IN. CHRYST. A. S. M. K. 1593." Constable, the publisher of Sir Walter Scott's novels, lived here on the first stair to the right, and over the doorway may be seen his monogram. The houses in this stair contain some of the most artistically decorated mantel-pieces to be seen in Old Edinburgh. Another famous old tavern, the "Isle of Man Arms," was within this close, and here the "Cape Club," whose ritual seems to have been a parody on the

masonic formula, held its meetings. Fergusson, the poet, Runciman, the painter, Sir Henry Raeburn, and the notorious Deacon Brodie were among its members. In the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries are the minutes of this club, which was founded somewhere along in the seventeenth century. An American offshoot is still in existence in South Carolina.

As you walk along the High Street on the north side, surprising and charming glimpses are had through the steep closes; of the sky and trees, of the bright and busy Princes Street, and of the gleaming Firth, with the hills of Fife beyond.

Anchor Close contained the tavern of Dawney Douglas, where were held the meetings of the famous Crochallan Club which Burns has celebrated in prose and verse. Further mention is made of this in "Clubs and Taverns." William Smellie, the founder of this club, had his printing office in this close. "Rattlin' roarin' Willie," as Smellie was called, in spite of his convivial tendencies, was one of the most cultured men of his time. At his shop were wont to gather for a social



THROUGH A HIGH STREET CLOSE. SCOTT
MONUMENT IN THE DISTANCE.

“crack” or chat, the famous Edinburgh literati of the time. Professors Adam Ferguson and Beattie; Principal Robertson; Drs. Blair and Black, and Lords Kames, Monboddo, Hailes, and Craig; Henry Mackenzie, David Hume, and Home, the author of “Douglas,” also came to argue or joke with “Willie.” Burns used to go to this printing-house to correct his proofs. It is said he would walk up and down the floor cracking his whip until they were ready, when he would sit on a three-legged stool and revise them.

In the Old Stamp Office Close, still remains a fragment of another famous old tavern; “Fortune’s,” where the Earl of Leven held his Assembly levees. This was originally called Eglinton Close, from its containing the town mansion of the Earls of that name. Here resided Susanna, Countess of the ninth Earl of Eglinton, reputed to be the most beautiful woman of her time.

In an old house which stood in Fleshmarket Close until 1870, when it was demolished by the City Improvement Trustees, was a secret passage most ingeniously constructed, which

would suggest all sorts of mysterious and romantic happenings. This house is said to have belonged to one William Oikis, and in it, tradition states a rival Parliament assembled under Regent Lennox in 1571. While plain externally, this old mansion had throughout its apartments some fine stone carving, the fireplaces being especially ornate.

An old resident who in later years was an occupant, while poking the fire on one occasion, hit the back of the fireplace. This to his great surprise opened and fell back, being a single stone skilfully pivoted. A flight of stone steps was revealed which led to the cellar, and the passage terminated at the built up opening to a turnpike stair. As the house was taken down before this information reached investigating antiquarians, further particulars were not obtained.

The steep, winding Cockburn Street was named after Lord Cockburn, a famous judge, and a most entertaining diarist and annalist of his time. Where the magnificent " Scotsman " buildings now stand, was once the site of Mylne Square, erected by the same royal architect who designed Mylne's Court. In

one of the tenements on the west side of the square lived Lord Chief-Justice Clerk Alva up whose staircase so often mounted the notorious old fox Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, in his subtle game of hide-and-seek with the law.

Behind the " Scotsman " buildings, in the rear of the quarters of the branch of the National Bank of Scotland, we may still see a part of the famous " Union Cellar," the only place the Scots and English Commissioners could find where in peace and safety they might sign the Articles of Union.

On the south side of the High Street, between Parliament Square and the Tron Church, most of the houses were burnt in the fire of 1824, the greatest in the city since the English invasions. The Old Fishmarket Close led down to the former old fish-market of the city, which began in 1471, when in the reign of James III., it was ordered that " twa busses (boats) with alle necessar gear," be furnished for the purpose of providing the town with fish. Here Daniel Defoe lived when editing the " Courant," and here George Heriot, the royal goldsmith, com-

menced his married life. Borthwick's Close contained the town-house of the Lord Borthwick of Queen Mary's time,

In Old Assembly Close, a few steps eastward, lived Lord Durie, President of the Court of Session, whom Lord Traquair had kidnapped and kept in the wilds of Annandale until his lawsuit was won by the decision of a judge more favourable to his cause. This deed is recorded in the old ballad "Christie's Will." Durie's mansion was afterwards converted into the "Assembly Rooms," to which the directors of fashion removed in 1720 from the West Bow.

In Covenant Close was the ancient house only demolished within three or four years, which contained the "long room," entered by a secret door from the kitchen. In this room was signed the Solemn League and Covenant when that national pledge was renewed in 1649. In this close resided many mighty "limbs of the law," including MacQueen of Braxfield, the celebrated "Hanging Judge."

In a queer old, sixteenth-century house in Burnet's Close, "Bozzy," Johnson's biogra-

pher, was born. This house, which stood until quite recently, had a window in the back of the kitchen fireplace, one of the few rare instances of this domestic arrangement in Scotland in so small a building.

At the head of Bell's Wynd stood the "Clam Shell Turnpike," so called from the clam or rather scallop shell which ornamented the tower enclosing the turnpike stair. This was the episcopal residence of George Crichton, Bishop of Dunkeld, and Abbot of Holyrood in the days of James V. The holy father, by the way, was said to be more jolly than holy; "a poor priest, but magnificent housekeeper." In this stately mansion, afterwards the property of Lord Home, Queen Mary and Darnley stayed when they returned from Dunbar, soon after the murder of Rizzio.

In this wynd was printed in 1708 the "Scots Postman," the first newspaper in Scotland authorized by the Government. Here also James Johnson, the engraver, brought out his "Scots Musical Museum," to the early volumes of which Burns wrote many songs. In Stevenlaw's Close lived the High

School writing-master and crony of Burns, Allan Masterton, of whom the poet wrote: —

“ Oh Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
An' Rob an' Allan cam' to pree.”

The City Guard-House, which Sir Walter Scott describes as a long, low, ugly building, which to a fanciful imagination might have suggested the idea of a black snail crawling up the High Street, stood at the head of Bell's Wynd until 1785. At one end of the building was the wooden horse on which for punishment drunkards were mounted with muskets tied to their feet. The Town Guard, who carried as arms a Lochaber axe and a musket, were mostly Highlanders, and very unpopular with the townspeople. From their rusty uniforms they were known as “ the Town Rats,” and the Edinburgh urchin took particular delight in making life as miserable for them as possible.

When the South Bridge was built, several old alleys vanished, and among them was Merlin's Wynd, where once lived Merlin, the Frenchman who first paved the High Street. So proud was he of his work, that just before

his death he begged to be buried under the footpath at the entrance to the wynd. This was done, and formerly six stones in the pavement marked the shape and position of the grave.

The Tron Kirk was so named from the "Tron" or public weighing-beam which stood near it, and called the "Salt Tron" to distinguish it from the "Butter Tron" at the Bowhead. Its full name is Christ's Kirk at the Tron. Here minor offenders were punished by "skurging, nailing of lugs, nose-pinching, and boring of tongues." This was the spot where bonfires were kindled on occasions of public rejoicing, and about the Tron Jenny Geddes and other "kail-wives" had their stalls.

The church itself, a dingy building which dates from the reign of Charles I., had its "Dutch looking tower" destroyed by the fire of 1824, and a very plain spire took its place. In architecture the building is not remarkable, but it is historically interesting from its pulpit having been occupied by a number of eminent preachers. The "Tron Corner" has always been, and still is, the

great trysting-place of the Old Town. Crowds still gather here to listen to the ringing in of the New Year, and glass is abundantly shattered on the pavement after healths have been drunk to future success. It may be added that "bonnie Annie Laurie" was married in this church.

Crossing the South Bridge we reach Niddry Street, built on the site of Niddry's Wynd. This wynd abounded in most curious and antique houses, and here had lived many important personages. The palatial mansion of Nicol Edward, a wealthy citizen, and Provost of Edinburgh in 1591, was in this year the temporary residence of James VI. and his queen, then recently arrived from Denmark. Several wealthy burghers resided in this locality, and James often graced their households with his royal presence — and royal appetite — when the Holyrood larder began to assume an aspect of desolation.

Lord Grange lived in this house in later years, and his experience with his wife is told by Chambers in his "Story of Lady Grange." She was before her marriage Rachel Chiesly, daughter of the assassin of Lord President

Lockhart, and said to be wonderfully beautiful. Seduced by Grange while a mere child, she confronted him with a pistol and threatened to kill him unless he signed a paper to marry her. For twenty years they lived happily together, until her ladyship took to drink, when fearing from her violent temper that mischief would ensue, Grange had her abducted by the agents of the notorious Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, and exiled on the lonely island of St. Kilda, where she died.

On the north side of the High Street nearly opposite Niddry Street, was an interesting old building dating back to 1612, which suddenly collapsed one winter night in 1863, burying its thirty-five inmates in the ruins. As the workmen were digging among the mass in vain hope of rescue, a boy's voice was heard from beneath encouraging them, "Heave awa' lads, I'm no deid yet." None were saved but he, and these words, with the head of a young lad carved in stone, ornament the new building.

In Halkerston's Wynd was in ancient times the entrance to the city at the east end of the Nor' Loch, and at the foot of the

wynd were the sluice-gates for regulating the flow of water. In 1544, during Hertford's invasion, Halkerston of Halkerston was slain here while bravely holding the "port" with his two-handed sword against the English.

Allan Ramsay, Scotland's greatest pastoral poet, commenced business as a wig-maker in a picturesque timber-fronted shop near the head of this wynd, at the "Sign of the Mercury." When in 1726 he had become famous as a poet, he removed to the Lucken-booths and bade farewell to his wig-blocks.

In the quaint little house near the head of Halkerston's Wynd he commenced married life, and from his shop issued his songs and poems in "broadsides," which the chapmen hawked about the streets. It was the custom for the citizens of Old Edinburgh to send their children with a penny to buy the genial Allan's "last piece," which was eagerly anticipated. In Carrubber's Close, near by, Ramsay built the first Edinburgh theatre in 1736, which was such a losing speculation for him.

Bishop's Close contained the town house of John Spottiswood, Archbishop of St. An-

drews. Later it became the residence of Lord President Dundas, and here his famous son Henry Dundas, Lord Melville, was born. Lady Jane Douglas, the heroine of the famous "Douglas Peerage Case," also lived here, and the great Scottish publisher, Archibald Constable, began business in this house in 1795.

In Chalmer's Close was the mansion of John de Hope, founder of the noble family of Hopetoun, who came from France in 1537 in the retinue of the Princess Magdalene, the first queen of James V. A fine view of the old Trinity College Church may be had from the foot of this close. The original church, founded in 1462 by Mary of Gueldres, occupied part of the site of the present Waverley Station. When taken down, the stones were carefully numbered and re-erected on the new site on Jeffrey Street. The ancient gargoyles, the grotesque faces, and the fine old windows, will strongly appeal to admirers of the old and quaint.

Turning our attention now to the south side of the High Street below the South Bridge we come to Strichen's Close, formerly

called Rosehaugh's Close, in which were the town houses of the Abbots of Melrose mentioned in the "Monastery." Their beautiful gardens stretched down to the Cowgate, and up the opposite slope. The last Abbot of Melrose, Andrew Durie, it is said died of grief and horror when the Reforming mob sacked the Church of St. Giles. Walter Chepman, the first Scottish printer, lived at the head of the close. A later resident, Sir George Mackenzie ("Bluidy Mackenzie") lived in the house at the left at the foot of the close.

Blackfriars Wynd, which now is Blackfriars Street, was in olden times the largest and most important of the thoroughfares leading from the High Street to the south, and here dwelt some of the most eminent ecclesiastics, and some of the most aristocratic families of Scotland. It was the main road to Blackfriars Monastery and the Kirk o' Field, belonging entirely to the friars, upon whom it was bestowed by Alexander II.

It was here that the fierce "tulzie" known as "Cleanse the Causeway" raged most furiously, when the victorious Douglasses left

the street strewn with dead and wounded. Here it was, in 1588, that the piratical Earl Francis of Bothwell pursued Sir William Stewart of Monkton, and "thair strake him in at the bak and out at the belley — and killed him," adds the conscientious recorder. Small wonder that Sir William survived not such a rent in his anatomy, hardy Scot though he was.

One of the famous houses of Old Edinburgh stood at the foot of the wynd to the eastward. This was the palace of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, Cardinal David Beaton. This large and imposing structure in which Queen Mary was splendidly entertained, had a picturesque overhanging turret at the outer angle. The house of the Earls of Morton stood on the west side of the wynd, with its fine Gothic doorway and sculptured tympanum. Here also was the palatial residence of William St. Clair, Earl of Orkney, and founder of Roslin Chapel, of whom we have elsewhere spoken. His court at Roslin Castle was maintained, it is said, with a greater magnificence than had served for some of the Scottish kings.

South Gray's Close, or Mint Close, contained the Scottish "Cunzie House" or Mint, which was used from Queen Mary's time until the Union. The gold, silver, and copper coins were minted by the rude process of hammering and milling. It may be of interest to note that much of the gold here minted was obtained from Scottish mines. These coins were so frequently clipped and sweated that traders carried scales in their pockets to weigh them. After the Union, the English Mint performed the coining operations for both countries, although by the Treaty, Scotland was still allowed to have a Mint. The worn Scottish coinage was replaced by Imperial coinage of full weight. To show to what extent these nefarious practices were carried, it was found at the Union that the real value of the gold and silver coins was but one-twelfth of the standard; £1 Scots, equalled only 1s. 8d. of the value sterling.

In this close was the mansion of the Earl of Selkirk, and in Hyndford's Close adjoining was that of the Earl of Hyndford. These two houses were afterwards thrown into one, and still show evidences of past magnificence.

In later years dwelt in this great house Professor Rutherford, Sir Walter Scott's grandfather, and during boyhood the great novelist was often a visitor here. In Hyndford's Close also lived Lady Maxwell of Monreith with her two daughters. These girls — one of whom afterwards was the beautiful Duchess of Gordon — were great romps. It is said that one of their favourite pastimes was to ride gaily up and down the High Street mounted on the pigs which had their quarters under the fore-stairs. Each sister took turns in riding, while the other whacked the gallant steed with a stick to make it show its best paces.

In Fountain Close lived Bassandyne, the early Scottish printer, whose famous folio Bible, published in 1570, was the first printed in Scotland. This close was so named from the fountain which formerly stood at its head. The sculptured heads of the Emperor Severus and his wife Julia, which were evidently taken from some Roman remains near by, were long visible in the wall of Bassandyne's house. These heads are now in the Antiquarian Museum.

In Tweeddale Court was formerly the mansion of the Marquis of that name, and Defoe mentions it among the princely buildings of Edinburgh, "with a plantation of lime-trees behind it." It was first built by Dame Margaret Kerr, Lady Yester, wife of James, the seventh Lord Yester, in whose family occurred a curious event in 1595. His page, Hepburn, accused his Master of the Horse of attempting to poison him. The matter was brought before the Council, who agreed that it should be decided by single combat. Hepburn was victorious, and this is the last instance of such judicial trials by battle in Scotland. In this court occurred the mysterious "Begbie Tragedy," to this day unsolved. Begbie, the porter of the British Linen Company's Bank, was murdered here in 1806, and robbed of a large sum of money. His murderer was never discovered.

In World's End Close, originally called Sir John Stanfield's Close, was the barber-shop of William Falconer when he wrote "The Shipwreck." At the foot of the close an ancient lintel bears the legend, "PRAISZE. YE. LORD. FOR. AL. HIS. GIFTIS. M.

S.," and a shield of arms. This, with a rich Gothic niche built into an adjoining wall, is all that remains of the mansion of Sir John Stanfield.

A later Stanfield, Sir James, was supposed to have been murdered by his own son, although there was no direct evidence. All that could be elicited by torture from the servants, was that he had cursed his father, and linked the king's name with those of the pope and the devil. When this son, Philip, assisted to lift the body into the coffin, such a flow of blood occurred that both his hands were covered by it. This of course was evidence of his guilt to all present, from general belief at this period in the ancient "ordeal of touch." Although it was probable that Sir James had taken his own life in a fit of religious melancholy, the boy was hanged in 1689, his tongue cut out, and his head spiked, while his mutilated body was hung in chains. This was the last occasion when the guilt of the suspected person was assumed on this evidence based on the old superstition.

The house of John Knox, near the Nether-Bow, although renovated and restored, re-

mains substantially the same as when the great Reformer occupied it. With its outside stair, peaked windows, and projecting gables, it is one of the quaintest relics in Edinburgh. These outside stairs, or "fore-stairs," were a feature of Old Edinburgh houses, and it was from them that the women reviled the unhappy Queen Mary when she rode up the High Street after her surrender at Carberry. In the olden days, it was a very common practice to keep hogs under the "fore-stairs." In fact, during the middle of the eighteenth century, swine wandered as freely about the streets of Edinburgh as dogs do at the present day, and were the great pets and play-mates of the children.

But to return to our subject, John Knox's house, apart from his connection with it, is of interest historically. Although it bears the date 1490, it is said to belong to the period of half a century later. Part of it was the dwelling of the goldsmith Mossman, who was executed for his activity in Queen Mary's behalf, along with Kirkaldy of Grange, the valiant Governor of the Castle.

On its west front runs the legend "LVFE.



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

GOD. ABOUE. AL. AND. YI. NICHT-BOVR. AS. YI. SELF." A small effigy popularly believed to represent the great Reformer, decorates the angle of the house near the "preaching window," from which it is said Knox frequently addressed the people below. This figure, apparently in a pulpit, is pointing with right hand to a rude sculpture representing the Sun of Righteousness bursting through the clouds. Upon this disc is engraved the Divine name in Greek, Latin and English; "ΘΕΟΣ — DEUS — GOD." Over the inscription is a coat of arms, the significance of which is unknown, representing three trees and three crowns surrounded by a wreath of flowers, and bearing at the four corners the initials J. M. and M. A.

As a picturesque example of ancient architecture, possibly the oldest of this style in the High Street, it is a delight to the lover of the antique, and its interior is well worth inspection. The audience hall has been fitted up as a museum, and a winding stairway leads to the bed-chamber in which Knox died. Beyond is his study, to which the

following entry in the Town Council Records refers:—

“ Penultimo Octobris 1561,— Ye samyn daye ye provost, bailies and counsail ordanes ye Dene of Gyld to mak ane warm studie of dailles (boards, or wainscoting) to ye mynistere Ihone Knocx, wythyn hys hous, abune ye hall of ye samyn, wyth licht and wyndokis theruntoe, and al uther necessaris.”

The size of the building, and the number of entrances to it, seem to indicate accommodation for several families at one time. Chambers states that in the lower part of the house a small room was said to have been used as a baptistry, on occasions when secrecy was desirable. The house had its own water supply in a draw-well, and there was a secret stair leading through a tunnel to the next alley. In Knox's time the kitchen was on the fourth floor.

Although the great Reformer tenanted several houses, it seems to be established beyond doubt that here — on the 24th of November, 1572 — he died, Scotland's greatest preacher and statesman. Although

we do not know just how long he lived here, for ten years at least he was a familiar figure in the neighbourhood. To Knox's corner all eyes were turned, for the air there was heavy with importance. The Regent Moray; and Morton, Ruthven and Lindsay were frequent visitors here, while Queen Mary's messengers called him often on sudden summons before the Privy Council, or to Holyrood.

Notwithstanding his busy and exciting career, Knox found time for another wooing after the death of his first wife. At the age of fifty-eight he married Margaret Stewart, daughter of Lord Ochiltree, who although many years younger than her husband, proved a good wife to the old man. The fact of a handsome young woman, with royal blood in her veins — for such was the case — accepting an elderly husband so far below her degree, excited great comment. Knox's Roman Catholic enemies asserted that he won her by "sorcerie and witchcraft, whilk appears to be of great probability, she being ane damsel of noble bluid, and he ane auld decrepit creature of maist base degree, sae that sic ane noble house could not have de-

generate so far, except John Knox had interposed the power of his master, the devil."

When Knox brought his youthful bride home, his neighbours were amazed to see him appear riding with "ane great court (cortège) on ane trim gelding, nocht like ane prophet or ane auld decrepit priest as he was, but like as he had been ane of the bluid royal, with his bands of taffeta fastenit with golden rings and precious stanes." From this we might infer that John was not entirely free from the spirit of worldly pride and pomp for which he so often rebuked his young Queen Mary.

M'Crie, in his life of Knox, tells us that in 1571, when he was obnoxious to the adherents of Queen Mary, "one evening a musket-ball was fired in at his window and lodged in the roof of the apartment in which he was sitting. It happened that he was sitting in a different part of the room from that which he had been accustomed to occupy, otherwise the ball must have struck him."

It would be the general impression in reading of the active and laborious exertions of Knox that he was a man of robust constitu-

tion. On the contrary he was small in stature, and of a weakly habit of body, a fact which serves to give a higher idea of the vigour of his mind. His portrait in Queen Mary's bedchamber at Holyrood gives evidence of his characteristic traits; austerity, intrepidity and keen penetration. His long flowing beard, "reaching to his middle," says Dr. M'Crie, was the chief thing, according to some writers, which procured him such reverence among his countrymen.

There can be no doubt, however, but that Knox was a man of tremendous personal force and magnetism to have so influenced his contemporaries. We are told that his hold on the affection of his people was so great, that after he had preached his farewell sermon in St. Giles a fortnight before his death, the whole congregation with tears and lamentations, followed his feeble footsteps to his dwelling.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CANONGATE

FROM John Knox's house it was but a few steps to the Nether-Bow Port, but of this arched and battlemented gateway which divided the capital from the ancient Burgh of Canongate, nothing now remains. By a curious notion on the part of the dwellers in the capital, their last close on the city boundary at the Nether-Bow was called the "World's End," which seems to indicate their quaint conceit that this point was the end of interest.

The Canongate was originally a village or burgh of itself established by David I., in 1128, and under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Abbots and Canons of Holyrood. It had its own Market Cross and Tolbooth, and a burghal government entirely independent of the capital. After the Reformation it reverted to the Crown and was granted by



THE NETHER - BOW PORT FROM THE EAST, TAKEN DOWN
1764.

James VI. to the Earl of Roxburgh, who in 1636 sold it to the Magistrates of Edinburgh. It now, like Leith, comes under the civic authority of Edinburgh, being governed by a "baron and bailiff" selected by the Town Council.

In course of time owing to its proximity to the Palace of Holyrood, it became the "Court quarter," being even more the residence of the nobility than Edinburgh; "and as such," says Chambers, "it has borne upon its pavement the burden of all that was beautiful and gallant, and all that has become historically interesting in Scotland for the last seven hundred years."

The Canongate was famed for its beautiful women, and Fergusson in his "Satire on Court Ladies," thus speaks of the haughty fair ones:—

"The lassies o' the Canongate,
Oh, they are wondrous nice,
They winna gi'e a single kiss
But for a double price."

Until the Union with England in 1707 the Canongate continued to be a locality of

importance, but its pride vanished with the removal of the King and Court to London. When the gentry took their departure from its precincts it became the residence of a far different class of society. Allan Ramsay thus writes after its fallen fortunes: —

“ Ah, Canigate puir eldrich hole,
What loss, what crosses dost thou thole !
London and death gar thee look droll,
And hing thy head.”

Sir Walter Scott lingered often among the historical and literary associations of the Canongate. Says Lockhart, “ no funeral hearse crept more leisurely than did his landau up the Canongate; and not a queer tottering gable but recalled to him some long buried memory of splendour or bloodshed, which, by a few words, he set before his hearer in the reality of life.”

The Canongate enters largely into his romances. At its very entrance we remember how the Porteous Mob secured the gates of the Nether-Bow Port to prevent the soldiers entering the city before their vengeance was accomplished. On the east side

of this gate stood "Paul's Work." In "The Heart of Midlothian," when Sharpitlaw is trying to refresh the memory of Madge Wildfire, he asks her, "Were I to send you to the Wark-house in Leith Wynd and gar Jock Dalgleish lay the tawse on your back —" "That wad gar me greet, but it couldna gar me mind, ye ken," said Madge. "My Lord Seton's Ludging," where Roland Graeme, in "The Abbot," took refuge after the street fight, was the Earl of Winton's mansion where Whitefoorde House now stands; and many other spots immortalized by Scott's magic pen might be mentioned. Although it suffered severely at the hands of the English both before and after Queen Mary's time, the Canongate still remains of undoubted antiquity.

Cranston Street was anciently Leith Wynd, the chief approach to Edinburgh from Leith. In this wynd was "Paul's Work," the Old House of Correction, formed after the Reformation by combining several hospitals and religious buildings which stood here. The Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity, erected in 1462 by Mary of Gueldres, Queen

of James II., shortly after her husband's death at the siege of Roxburgh, was on the west side of the wynd. Attached to it was the famous Trinity Hospital, a curious relic of early times. The head of Leith Wynd is now represented by Jeffrey Street.

The church was dedicated by its foundress to — “The salvation of the soul of the late illustrious Prince James, King of Scots, our late husband of pious memory; likewise for the souls of all kings and queens of Scotland deceased; also for the salvation of the illustrious Prince, our son, James, the present King of Scotland, and for the salvation of our own soul. . . .”

This church — next to St. Giles the most important of the ecclesiastical antiquities of the city — was a fine specimen of Scottish decorated Gothic of the fifteenth century. When it was demolished in 1848 to make room for the North British Railway station, the body of the foundress was found enclosed in a leaden coffin near the high altar, and it was noted that the teeth were still intact in the jaws. The remains, after being placed in an oaken casket, were re-interred in the

royal vault at Holyrood. The form and architecture of this old church, which was a landmark for four hundred years, have been preserved in the new Trinity College Church in Jeffrey Street, which is formed from the stones of the original building. These were numbered and set up here in the order in which they were taken down. The fine old windows and the ancient Gothic gargoyles and corbels are most interesting.

The old St. Mary's Wynd, which is now St. Mary Street, took its name from a Cistercian nunnery dedicated to the Virgin Mary, which stood on the west side of the wynd. This was the principal highway to the south, and both these throughfares, Leith Wynd and St. Mary's Wynd, were ancient Roman roads.

St. Mary's Wynd, which was just outside the city wall, was one of the most picturesque and interesting spots in the Old Town. In it was the famous "White Horse Inn" in which Johnson stayed, and where he stormed at the waiter for using his fingers instead of the sugar-tongs. This was a celebrated hostelry for generations, and its roof sheltered

at one time or another most of the Scottish gentry. Mine host kept all their signatures in an imposing volume which he called his "Family Bible." James Norrie, the first Scottish landscape artist, whose beautiful decorative work still remains in some of the old mansions, lived in St. Mary's Wynd and here Allan Ramsay the younger, the king's portrait painter, received early training. The Cowgate Port, one of the old city "ports," built in 1513, guarded the foot of this ancient wynd.

Coull's Close, on the north side at the head of the Canongate, was the scene of the gruesome story told by Scott in his notes to "Rokeby." It was here at midnight that the nameless divine was brought blindfolded, to find that the "person at the point of death" he was to pray for, was a young woman and her newly born infant. Her murder was accomplished as soon as he left the room, for as he was conducted down the stairs he heard the report of a pistol. He was taken safely home and a purse of gold forced upon him, with the warning that any word in allusion to his strange experience would cost him his life.

The next morning, he heard to his horror, that a fire had broken out in a house of a noble family in the Canongate, with such fury that the beautiful young daughter of the family had perished in the flames. Long years afterward, a fire occurred on the same spot, and when the flames were at their height, a beautiful female, clothed in a rich night-dress of antique pattern, appeared in the very midst of the fire and spoke this prophecy: "Anes burned — twice burned — the third time I'll scare ye a'." For many years afterward the outbreak of fire in this neighbourhood was regarded with great apprehension.

In the front of a large square tenement called "Morocco Land," which fronts Morocco Close, is the figure of a turbaned Moor perched in a stone pulpit. This is a relic of the great plague of 1645, and the story connected with this strange embellishment is told in explanation.

"During one of the popular outbreaks in the city soon after Charles I. had come to the throne, the house of the Provost, who had become much disliked, was broken into

and a riot ensued. Andrew Gray, son of the Master of Gray, was arrested as ring-leader, and notwithstanding the entreaties of powerful friends, was sentenced by the exasperated Provost to be executed almost immediately after the trial. The scaffold was already being prepared for him, when on the night before his execution, he escaped from the Tolbooth by means of a rope and file conveyed to him by a faithful friend. A boat lay at the foot of one of the neighbouring closes by which he was ferried over the North Loch, and long ere the gates were opened in the morning, he was on his way to other lands.

“ Years passed, and all had been forgotten. Gloom and terror pervaded the streets of the capital. It was the terrible year 1645, the last visitation of the plague to Edinburgh; so awful were its ravages that grass grew in the streets. Meantime the victorious Montrose was threatening the city, and there were scarce sixty men left fit to defend the walls. Still they strove to repair them, and to keep him out. In the midst of these preparations a large armed vessel of curious

form and rigging was seen to sail up the Forth and cast anchor in Leith Roads. The ship was pronounced, by experienced seamen, to be an Algerine rover, and immediately all was consternation and dismay. A detachment of the crew landed and proceeded towards Edinburgh, which they approached by the Watergate, and passing up the Canongate demanded admission at the Nether-Bow Port. The magistrates offered to ransom the city on exorbitant terms, warning the Moors, at the same time, of the dreadful scourge to which they would expose themselves if they entered. All was in vain.

“ Sir John Smith, meantime, went to consult some of the more influential citizens, and returned to the Nether-Bow accompanied by a body of them, among whom was his brother-in-law, Sir William Gray, one of the wealthiest citizens of the period. A large ransom was agreed to be received, when the Moorish leader insisted that the Provost's son should be a hostage. He was told the Provost had only a daughter, who lay dying of the plague, of which her cousin, Egidia Gray, had just died. This information

produced a singular effect on the pirate. He announced that he had a wondrous elixir, an infallible specific in cases of the pestilence, and demanded that he be allowed to cure the daughter of the Provost, promising, if he failed, to free the town of all ransom. After much delay the Provost consented, his daughter was carried in a litter to the house which we are now considering, whence in a day or two, she was restored to her father absolutely cured.

“ Then the secret was declared. The Moor was Andrew Gray. After being captured by pirates and sold as a slave, he had won the favour of the Emperor of Morocco, and had risen to rank and wealth in his service. Returning to Scotland with the intention of revenging his wrongs on the Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh, he found in the destined object of his vengeance a relative of his own. The remainder of the tale is, that he married the Provost's daughter and settled down a wealthy citizen in the burgh of the Canongate. The house to which his fair patient was borne, and where he lived with her as his bride, is still adorned with

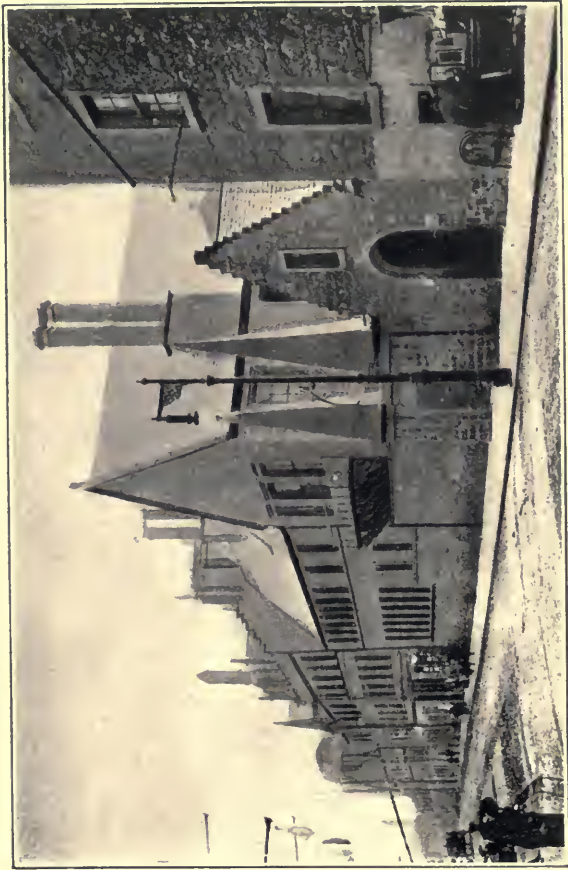
the effigy of his patron, the Emperor of Morocco.”

The site of Jack's Land is nearly opposite St. John Street. Here Hume finished his History of England, and Susanna, the beautiful Countess of Eglinton, lived here in her later years. In her old age, taming rats was the strange amusement of her ladyship, who had been the greatest belle of her time. Seven of her eight daughters, all beautiful women, resided with her. She entertained Prince Charles Edward and his suite in 1745 when his Highlanders held the city, and the gallant Prince presented her with his full-dress plaid when he marched away. The ring of stones in the causeway marks the site of St. John's Cross, where the Provost, Alexander Clark, was knighted by Charles I. at his state entry in 1633.

In Big Jack's Close lived General Sir Thomas Dalziel, Commander-in-Chief of the Scottish forces from 1663, and cruel persecutor of the Covenanters. His hatred of them was so great, from his belief that they had betrayed their king to Cromwell, that he swore for every hair in his beard he would

put a Covenanter to death. From the day of the execution of Charles I. his long white "vow-beard" remained uncut, and he was the most savage among the hunters of the Covenanters.

Moray House, one of the most interesting houses in the Canongate, was built about 1628 by the Dowager Countess of Home. Her initials, M. H., with a coronet above, are seen on the south gable over the large central window. The house later passed into the family of the Earls of Moray. Cromwell in 1648 had his quarters here, and Charles I. and Charles II. have been beneath its roof. The house presents, perhaps, more striking features architecturally than any other mansion in the Old Town. From the street, the main feature of the front is the balcony, from which the Marquis of Argyll and his newly wedded son and daughter-in-law — Lord Lorne and Lady Mary Stuart, eldest daughter of the Earl of Moray — with the wedding guests, looked down upon the Marquis of Montrose as he was being carted up the Canongate to be executed at the Cross. Argyll, "the master fiend," as Aytoun calls



MORAY HOUSE.

him, could not forbear showing his exultation on seeing his most bitter enemy reduced beneath his feet, and such was the venomous hate of his marchioness that she actually spat at their fallen foe as he passed. They shrank back in confusion, however, from the calm gaze of the captive, who regarded them with serene composure. Wilson says, "This remarkable incident acquires a deeper interest, when we consider that three of these onlookers, including the gay and happy bridegroom, perished by the hand of the executioner on the same fatal spot to which the gallant Marquis was passing under their gaze."

A feature of the house are the two large stone spires which surmount the massive pillars of the gateway, while over the windows are ornate entablatures. In the rooms — of noble proportions — the ceilings are very beautiful. Some are divided into squares, each one of which contains the heraldic emblem associated with the many titles borne by the famous House of Moray, while others are artistically moulded into designs representing flowers, fruit, and foliage.

In the large gardens once stood the old stone summer-house where the Union Commissioners met in a vain effort to sign the "Articles," and a thorn tree, believed to have been planted by Queen Mary, was for many years an object of great interest. Moray House is now the United Free Church Training College.

Under a large archway we enter St. John Street, which was once one of the most aristocratic quarters in the Old Town. Its houses were then thought to be very spacious and elegant, and much superior accommodation to the "lands" with their "flats" and winding stairs. The Canongate Kilwinning Lodge of Freemasons, of which Burns was "poet laureate," met in the turreted building on the right after passing under the arch.

James Ballantyne, printer of the original edition of the Waverley Novels, lived at No. 10, and here he gave those dinners just before the publication of a new novel by "the Author of Waverley," the Great Unknown. During dessert the host read most impressively a chapter or two of the new novel. In No. 13 lived James Burnett, the celebrated Lord

Monboddo, and his beautiful daughter, Miss Burnett, a famous belle. Chambers says, "The manners of Lord Monboddo were not more odd than his person. He looked rather like an old stuffed monkey draped in a judge's robe than anything else. His face, however, bore traces of high intellect." A very powerful man, he could walk fifty miles a day, his usual refreshment on such a trip being a bottle of port wine poured into a bowl, which he drank at a draught. Lord Cockburn wrote of him, that his peculiarities were classical learning, good conversation, excellent suppers, and ingenious though unsound metaphysics.

His eccentric lordship, anticipating Darwin, asserted in his work on the "Origin and Progress of Language" that mankind were originally endowed with tails. So convinced was he of the truth of his theory, that whenever a child was born in his house, he would wait about the chamber door in order to see the infant in its first state. He had a notion that the midwives and doctors were in league to pinch off the infants' tails without the knowledge of the parents. Lord Kames once

made this strange idea matter for a joke on Monboddo. The latter on one occasion wished to give Kames the precedence, who declined, saying, "By no means, my lord, you must walk first that I may see your tail."

No. 15 was the residence of the famous Dr. John Gregory, Professor of the Practice of Physic in Edinburgh University, and father of the compounder of the "Gregory Mixture," a medicine known throughout the civilized world. At the head of the street, with its front windows looking out upon the Canon-gate, was the mansion of Mrs. Telfer of Scotstoun, Smollett's sister, and here the novelist stayed when he last visited Edinburgh in 1766.

Old Playhouse Close will be spoken of in connection with the first regular theatre in Edinburgh. Opposite Moray House is the "Shoemakers' Land." The Corporation of the Cordiners, or Shoemakers, was in ancient times, excepting the goldsmiths, the wealthiest of all the crafts. Over the doorway is a tablet bearing angels' heads, with a border of Tudor tracery enclosing the date 1677, and the Shoemakers' arms. An open book dis-

plays the first verse of Psalm cxxxiii:—
“ Behold how good a thing it is,” etc.

The Canongate Tolbooth, with its projecting clock, and appearance of sombre antiquity, is a striking example of the old Scoto-French style. This ancient structure, which bears the date 1591 on its tower, was preceded by a still earlier one on the same site. With its tower and spire, its corbelled turrets, dark-mouthed archway, moulded windows and sculptured stones, it is most impressive. Many illustrious prisoners have been confined within its walls. The old Canongate Market Cross formerly stood opposite the Tolbooth.

The Tolbooth formed the Courthouse of the Burgh of Canongate, the jail being behind it. The large clock which projects over the footpath anciently rested on oaken beams, but these decayed supports have been replaced by iron brackets. On the wall between the first and second floors there is an ornamental sun-dial, and a tablet beneath the lower window bears the inscription, “ S. L. B. PATRIÆ ET POSTERIS, 1591,” while in a niche are the arms of the Burgh of Canon-

gate, a stag's head and cross. The three letters are supposed to mean "SENATUS LOCUS BURGHI." The words "ESTO FIDUS" are over the inner doorway. Between the windows in the large Council Hall, is a panel surmounted by a pediment bearing a thistle, on which is the legend, "J. R. JUSTITIA ET PIETAS VALIDÆ SUNT PRINCIPIS ARCES." In the panel appear the burgh arms, the stag's head with a cross between the antlers, in reference to the miraculous adventure of David I., which resulted in the founding of the Abbey. Wilson says that the motto underneath, "SIC ITUR AD ASTRA" afforded an unfailling source of mirth to the irreverent wits of the capital, as being a confession by the Canongate burghers "that they sought the way to heaven through the burgh jail."

Bakehouse Close, opposite the Canongate Tolbooth, contains a fine old timber-fronted land facing the street, which was the mansion of the Marquises of Huntly. Its picturesque row of gables which rest on carved corbels, bear Latin mottoes, one of which is "UT TU LINGUÆ TUÆ, SIC EGO MEAR.



THE "SPEAKING HOUSE."

AURIUM DOMINUS SUM." Another says, "HODIE MIHI, CRAS TIBI, CUR IGITUR CURAS," with the date of erection, 1570; and the third bears the legend, "CONSTANTI PECTORI RES MORTALIUM UMBRA." This house from its inscriptions is often referred to as "The Speaking House." The first inscription is thus translated: "As thou of thy tongue, so I of my ears, am lord." The second: "I am the happy man to-day; your turn may come to-morrow. Why, then, should you repine;" while the third ends a little further on with an emblem of the Christian hope of the resurrection, ears of wheat springing from a handful of bones.

Within this close also is the mansion of Sir Archibald Acheson of Glencairney, Secretary of State for Scotland in the reign of Charles I. Over the doorway is the Acheson crest, a cock standing on a trumpet, with the motto, "VIGILANTIBUS" and the date 1633. This house stands in a little court, three sides of which are adorned with dormer windows. Over two of these are the letters S. A. A. and D. M. H., standing for Sir Archibald

Acheson and Dame Margaret Hamilton, his wife. In this house Lady Jane Grey is said to have slept for nine nights.

The old Canongate Kirk, which dates from 1688, is a bare-looking structure evincing no architectural taste. The peak of the front gable is quaintly surmounted by the burgh arms, the stag's head and cross. In the churchyard is the grave of Fergusson, with the stone over it erected by Robert Burns which bears the epitaph written by him:

“ 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.”

Adam Smith, the author of the “ Wealth of Nations,” lies here, as do many other famous men, including Dr. Burney, who wrote the “ History of Music,” Dugald Stewart, the great metaphysician, David Allan, the Scottish Hogarth, and Dr. Adam Fergusson, author of the “ Roman Republic.” Dr. Adam Smith lived for many years in Panmure Close near by, in a house which belonged to the Earls of Panmure.

At the head of Reid's Close, a mansion with a square projecting turret corbelled out over the pavement and a solid gable which presents the date 1624, arrests the eye. This was the town house of the Nisbets of Dirleton, in East Lothian, and Sir John Nisbet is said to have been an active persecutor of the Covenanters. One Robert Gray, it is said, was brought before him and questioned as to the hiding-places of the fugitives, but would reveal nothing. Sir John Nisbet then "artfully and cruelly took a ring from his finger and sent it to Mrs. Gray, with a message that her husband had revealed all he knew of the Whigs. Deceived by this, she told all she knew of their lurking-places and thus many were arrested, which so affected her husband that he sickened and died a few days after."

Queensberry House, a large gloomy building surrounded by a court, and now a Refuge for the Destitute, was the mansion of the Dukes of Queensberry. Chambers tells of a "tale of mystery and horror" about Lord Drumlanrig, the eldest son of the second Duke, "an idiot of the most unhappy sort — rabid and gluttonous," and who early grew to

a gigantic size. He was kept confined in an apartment on the ground floor of the western wing, in charge of a keeper.

On the day the Union was passed, which event his father was mainly instrumental in bringing about, the madman escaped from his confinement. The whole household, including his keeper, had flocked with all Edinburgh to Parliament Close to await the issue of the debate. The demented one made his way to the kitchen where he found the only occupant to be a little boy seated before the fire, turning a spit on which the meat was roasting for dinner. Seizing the little turnspit, he "killed him, took the meat from the fire, and spitted the body of his victim, which he half roasted and was found devouring when the duke (his father) with his domestics returned from his triumph."

The house was built in 1681 by the celebrated Lord Halton, afterwards Earl of Lauderdale, who sold it to William, the first Duke of Queensberry and favourite Scots minister of Charles II. He exercised almost absolute power in Scotland during the closing of the reign of Charles II. Practically re-

building the house, he made it one of the finest mansions in the country.

Charles, the third Duke was born here, and his Duchess, Lady Katherine Hyde, daughter of Lord Clarendon, was the famous beauty of the Court of George I., whom Prior, Pope, and Swift have celebrated in verse. In her old age, Horace Walpole refers to her as "Prior's Kitty, ever fair." The beauty of the Duchess Katherine was only equalled by her eccentricity, which bordered upon madness. It is said that before her marriage she had been confined in a strait-jacket on account of mental derangement, and it is further observed that "her conduct in married life was such as to entitle her to a repetition of the same treatment." Her Grace when in Scotland always dressed in the garb of a peasant girl, with the object of ridiculing the stately dresses and manners of the Scottish gentlewomen who visited her.

"When she went out to an evening entertainment and found a tea-equipage paraded which she thought too fine for the rank of the owner, she would contrive to upset

the table and break the china. The forced politeness of her hosts on such occasions, and the assurances which they made to her Grace that no harm was done, delighted her exceedingly."

Gay, the poet, and author of the "Beggar's Opera," lived at Queensberry House for a time as the protege and private secretary of her eccentric ladyship. This mansion was also for many years the residence of Sir John Dalrymple, Master and Earl of Stair, on whose head mainly lies the blood of the Macdonalds of Glencoe who were so cruelly exterminated in 1692. Aytoun has made "The Massacre of Glencoe" the subject of one of his most impassioned lays. After the death of the third Duke, Charles, Queensberry House was dismantled by his successor, the Earl of March, a noted sporting character and debauchee known as "Old Q," and in 1801 it was sold to the Government. "Old Q" was the noted patron of the prize-ring and formulator of the "Queensberry Rules," so well known to all followers of the fistic art.

Almost opposite Queensberry House is

the lofty gable end of the "Golfer's Land," a narrow, ancient edifice with a coat of arms on the wall. This is said to have been built by John Paterson, a Canongate shoemaker, with a stake won by himself and the Duke of York, who was his partner in a golf-match against two English noblemen of the Duke's suite. This anecdote has been told elsewhere in connection with the Duke of York. On the wall are Paterson's arms, while over the door is a Latin quatrain written by the celebrated Dr. Pitcairn, and the English motto "I hate no person;" this latter being an anagram on the builder's name as it was then spelled, Iohn Pater-sone. John, being a Scotsman, of course had a pedigree, and proudly placed his arms on the wall;—three pelicans feeding their young; on a chief, three mullets surmounted by a helmet; crest, a dexter hand grasping a golf club, with the motto, dear to all players of the game, "FARRE AND SURE."

"Jenny Ha's Change-House," a famous tavern so-called from being kept by Janet Hall, stood nearly opposite Queensberry

House, and here Gay and his brother wits were wont to assemble to drink claret from the butt, a favourite tippie in those days. Behind Galloway's Entry stands what is left of Whitefoorde House, which was built on the site of Lord Seton's mansion, where Darnley lodged when he first arrived in Edinburgh. This stately abode of nobility is specially mentioned in "The Abbot," as "Lord Seton's lodging in the Canongate," to which went Roland Graeme after the street fight. After the house became ruinous, Sir John Whitefoorde of that Ilk erected a fine town mansion on the site, and part of it still remains.

In White Horse Close, which derived its name from a white palfrey belonging to Queen Mary, stood the celebrated "White Horse Hostelry." This must not be confounded with Boyd's White Horse Inn, where Dr. Johnson lodged, and the site of which is commemorated by the tablet at the corner of St. Mary Street. The "White Horse Hostelry" was one of the famous old Edinburgh inns, and was likewise a posting-house where horses could be hired for journeys,

and arrangements made for remounts along the road. This was the inn mentioned in "Waverley," so vividly described by Scott, where the officers of Prince Charles Edward's army had their headquarters. It forms the main feature of a small paved quadrangle near the foot of the Canongate, and its age is indicated by the date 1623, cut over a dormer window on the south front.

A broad flight of steps leads up to the building, diverging to the right and left from the first landing, and giving access to two oddly picturesque porches which overhang the lower story. Below, through one of these, a steep and narrow alley passes which leads us to the north front of the building, which owing to the slope of the ground rises to more than twice its height on the south side. This northern front with its double tier of windows in the steep roof, has a marked resemblance to the old Flemish inns still seen in Belgium. These picturesque buildings have been restored by the Social Union, and are an interesting relic of the old stage-coaching days. From Abbey Hill, near by, was the starting point of the New-

castle coach, which performed the journey in three days, "if God permitted." The "Water Gate," which in olden days was the chief entrance to the Burgh of the Canon-gate, stood a few yards to the eastward of White Horse Close.

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