



In Old Edinburgh, Scottish City of Romance

EDINBURGH is remarkable for its commanding and picturesque situation. It is a city of palatial edifices, lofty monuments, and blooming gardens built upon a group of exceedingly steep hills and deep valleys. Its streets are piled one upon another so that from many of the higher ones, we look down upon the attics and chimney pots of tall buildings in the streets below.

Prince's Street is one of the most beautiful of thoroughfares in Europe; perhaps there is not another in the world so uniquely situated. It runs along a high level ridge. One side is occupied by splendid public buildings, fine shops, handsome hotels and club-houses. The other side, free from buildings, forms the esplanade of the Prince's St. Gardens, whose shady paths slope away into the valley and up again to Castle Hill.

On the esplanade stands the noble Gothic monument in memory of Sir Walter Scott. It is the crown of Edinburgh's many monuments; its central spire rises to a great height, and beneath the stone canopy formed by the arches supporting it sits the man who has endeared Scotland to the hearts of the reading public in many lands. All the principal characters of his poems and of the Waverley Novels, as well as the chief writers of Scotland are represented somewhere on this beautiful structure.

Prince's Street is in the New Town and is thoroughly modern. The Old Town holds greater interest for visitors; High Street is its great thoroughfare, and together with Cowgate was once the aristocratic portion of Edinburgh. The Old Town is quaint and picturesque.

In leaving the main streets, it is easy to lose oneself amidst its narrow passages with line above line of washing flapping overhead, its steep stairs and dark alleys leading under arches into dismal old courtyards. Much of the history of the Scottish Reformation revolved around Greyfriars and St. Giles'. The old burying ground behind St. Giles has long since been built over, and the letters J. K. and the date, mark the spot on the pavement of Parliament Close under which lies the dust of John Knox.

The ruined Abbey and the Palace of Holyrood are on the outskirts of the town. Here so many memories of Queen Mary still linger in the dreary halls and cold rooms. From these galleries the faces of the Scottish kings and patriots look down; the armor of Lord Darnley and the portrait of Rizzio both adorn the walls. Mary's bedchamber hung in tapestry of Greek story, is just as she left it though now falling into decay. Among her things is the little basket which Queen Elizabeth sent her filled with baby linen at the birth of her son James.

From the very center of the city rises a huge perpendicular rock crowned by an ancient fortress bristling with towers, bastions, and battlemented walls. This is Edinburgh Castle under whose shadow and protection the little Saxon hamlet of Edinburgh sprang up in the past of Scottish history.

Such a haze of romance and legend and history clings round the Castle, the Palace and everything in old Edinburgh, that one would linger long in this spot sacred to the memory of Scotland's Past, but the cold even in summer chills the blood if not the enthusiasm of one born far away from this land of wind, of mist, of raw bleak weather. Shivering though in flannels and furs, and unconscious of hands and feet, it is easy to understand why the Scotch are a Calvinistic people and fond of warm strong drinks.

On a fine day from the tops of Calton hill, one gets a magnificent panorama — Edinburgh with its spires and turrets crowned by its citadel, the Firth of Forth, the Salisbury Crags, Arthur's Seat, and in the distance the sea, at times most stormy and tempestuous.

The cut shows a view of the fortress from the sloping side of Castle Hill; in the foreground are the National Gallery and the Royal Institution like two Greek temples.

STUDENT TRAVELER