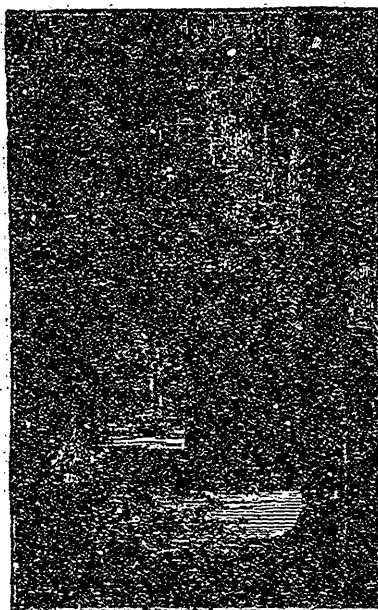


King of England, was born, and it was said he was let down in a basket from the window to the Grass Market, three hundred feet below. On the ceiling is a quaint black letter inscription,

Forð Jesus Christ that crowned was with thorne,
Preserbe the bairn quha heir is borne.

At the other end of the long and narrow street—the most picturesque in Europe—is the Royal Palace of Holyrood, with its memories of guilt and gloom. Here is the chamber in which Knox wrung the Queen's proud heart by his upbraidings; the supper room—very small—in which Mary was dining with Rizzio and her Maids of Honour, when Darnley and his fellow-assassins climbed the winding-stair, and murdered the unhappy wretch clinging to his royal mistress's skirts, and then dragged his body into the Queen's bed-chamber, where the blood stains are still shown upon the floor. The Queen's bed, with its faded tapestries, her private altar, the stone on which she knelt, her meagre mirror, her tiny dressing-room, and the embroidered picture of Jacob's dream, wrought with her own fair fingers, make very vivid and real the sad story of the unhappy sovereign, who realized to the full the words,



HOUSE IN WHICH HUME WROTE HIS
HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

“Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.”

The Abbey Church, now an exquisite ruin, dates from 1128, and still affords a sanctuary to insolvent debtors.

The wynds and closes of the ancient town, once the abodes of the Scottish nobility, are now the squalid lairs of misery and vice. Once high-born dames and knightly men banquetted in carved chambers, now the degraded purliens of poverty and