

where lies the dust of him who "never feared the face of man." You reach Holyrood Palace; and here the most interesting memorials are those of the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots, whose rooms are preserved in the state in which she left them. Here is the very tapestry wrought by her fair fingers; the bed in which she lay and often wept bitter tears; the mirror that reflected her peerless beauty; and here too is the stair-case up which the murderers came on that night, when, bursting into the Queen's presence, they stabbed the unfortunate Riccio, in her sheltering arms. Behind the door, at the stair-head, the stains of his blood are said to be still visible. Standing here, and gazing on these sad relics, all so dim and faded, you can vividly recall the tragedy enacted 300 years ago.

A volume would be required to describe all the glories of Edinburgh. You can spend an hour or two profitably in visiting its beautiful cemeteries. In the Grange Cemetery you can pluck a daisy from the graves of Chalmers and Hugh Miller, who sleep within a few yards of each other. In another "God's Acre," you can muse for a little by the tombs of Lord Jeffrey and "Christopher North;" or turning into some of the older church-yards, you can stand over the dust of George Buchanan, Allan Ramsay, and Robertson, the historian. A few hours may also be spent delightfully in examining the paintings in the National Gallery—some of them gems of the old masters. Flaxman's fine bust of Robert Burns is one of the attractions of this Gallery. In the Antiquarian Museum some most interesting relics of antiquity are preserved. Here is the very pulpit, damaged and worm-eaten, in which the fiery Knox thundered in St. Giles. Here, too, is the original document of the Covenant; also, the very stool which that audacious auld wife, Jenny Geddes, irreverently flung at the head of a great ecclesiastical dignitary, more than two centuries ago, and which proved to him indeed "a stool of repentance." Here, too, is preserved "The Maiden," the original of the guillotine, on which state-criminals were beheaded in the good old times. Here, too, is another instrument of justice, called "The Branks,"—an iron head-piece which was designed for the punishment of scolding wives. It had a projecting tongue of iron which was forced into the mouth of the scold, and acted like a gag; the head-piece was then securely fastened on, and she was left to her silent, solitary meditations, to become a sadder and more reticent woman.

To one not born in Scotland, though he look to it as his Fatherland, the broad Scottish accent is not at first pleasant, at times is rather puzzling. For instance, in one of my rambles, seeing a bronze statue in the distance, I inquired of a by-stander whose it was. "Oh! that's Wully Putt," was the reply. After some reflection it occurred to me that he must refer to the renowned statesman, William Pitt. It is impossible, however, not to like Scotland and the Scotch. Of "all people that on earth do dwell," commend me to the Scotch for genuine kindness of heart, and a warm welcome to the stranger. The more familiar any one becomes with the land and the people, the higher will rise his admiration of the Scotch; of their noble qualities of head and heart; of their wisely-guided industry that has transformed a naturally poor country into a blooming garden, and given independence, dignity and greatness to a