

bridge, and the handsome St. John's Episcopal Church on Princes street, adjoining old St. Cuthbert's. Of the older churches it may be said that for the most part they partook of the barn order of architecture which prevailed all over Scotland in 1834.

The main features of Edinburgh are unchangeable. The Castle Rock, Calton Hill, and Arthur's Seat—its distinguishing ornaments—will abide till the crack of doom. The new town looks up to the old and venerates its antiquity. It has undergone many changes even since 1834. Heaps of disreputable tenements have been replaced by fine specimens of baronial architecture. Near to where the Free Church College stands, there was in my time a pile of dingy buildings 14 stories high. When the work of demolition was going on it is said that a sow and litter of pigs was discovered far up in one of the old buildings. When asked, 'how came the sow here?' it was answered—"she was born here." Without vouching for the truth of the story, it may be asserted without contradiction that many of those old rookeries were little better than pig-sties. Outwardly, the High street preserved many of its original outlines, but it had long lost its prestige. One could look down into narrow closes and vennels swarming with a squalid population, but would fear to enter them. Yet in bygone times these closes led to genteel mansions and pretty gardens. Many of them still bear historic names and have their archways adorned with armorial bearings, telling how some of them had belonged to the Knights Templars and Knights of St. John. On others there are Latin inscriptions, as over the gateway of the Cannongate Tolbooth, which retained its ancient motto—" *Sic itur ad astra!* " That many found the dungeons of the Tolbooth a short cut to the stars is beyond a doubt. The chief adornment of the High street was, as it still is, the crown-capped Cathedral of St. Giles. At the time I speak of it was in a woeful condition. It was partitioned off so as to form three parish churches, and outside it was hideously disfigured with mean shambles attached to its walls. So disgraceful was its appearance Dr. William Chambers describes it in 1872 as being little better than a pest-house, polluted by an enormous accumulation of human remains beneath the floor of the building,