

Old and New Town is laid out in grassy slopes and public gardens. Looking to the North, the New Town, with its broad and regular streets, the spires and towers of its churches and other public buildings, stretches in imposing magnificence, down to the Forth. You note the long glittering line of Princes Street, pronounced by competent judges one of the finest in the world. It is not yet a century since it was commenced; and it received its name, Princes Street, after the two eldest sons of George III. Fronting this noble street, near the eastern end, you distinguish the Scott Monument—one of the few memorials of her great men, of which Britain has reason to be proud. Behind Holyrood, to the east, Arthur's Seat rises grandly, like a lion grimly keeping guard over the city; and looking down the Frith, you see North Berwick Law, and the historic Bass Rock. The richly wooded Corstorphine Hills are visible to the west; and, looking in another direction, the blue Pentland Hills loom quietly out. Away to the northward are the Ochil Hills; and if the day be very clear, the summits of Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi, and others of the Grampian range are distinctly visible. The spectacle is truly grand. We think of what we have read of glorious Athens, with her "cloud-capped Acropolis," to which a counter-part is before us, in the Castle Hill, and her Areopagus, to which the Calton Hill is a parallel; while the Pentlands correspond to Mount Pentelicus. In natural situation as well as in architecture, we see the justice of the term the "Modern Athens" as applied to Edinburgh.

The Old Town contrasts finely with the New, showing us a specimen of the past preserved in stone. Those lofty, antique houses, some of them ten to fourteen stories in height, are striking relics of the olden time. Many of them along High Street, and the Canongate were once residences of the Scottish nobility, or the wealthier and more distinguished gentry. Now they are partitioned out as the abodes of the lowest class of the population. From those lofty windows, where now miserable rags are dangling in the wind, grace and beauty once looked down on the proud pageantry of Kings and nobles as they passed by; and those stone stair-cases, where so many tattered, miserable figures are lounging, were once crowded by the best in the land, as they ascended their richly tapestried apartments. So passes the glory of the world. Classic ground is this long street, once reckoned the finest in Europe, stretching from the Castle to Holyrood. Walk down it, and what famous localities you will pass! Here is the house once occupied by Allan Ramsay, author of "The Gentle Shepherd." Here lived Hume, the historian, and Boswell, the biographer of Johnson. There stands the venerable St. Giles' Cathedral, founded 500 years ago, within whose walls the Solemn League and Covenant was subscribed in 1643. There is Anchor Close, where the first edition of Burns's Poems was printed, also the first edition of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations"—a book that has revolutionised the Commercial World. Farther down the house where John Knox once resided is passed, and one is rather shocked to find the ground-floor used as a tobacconist's shop; and if you ask for the Reformer's grave, you are told that it is in Parliament Square, the site of an ancient cemetery, and that the equestrian statue of Charles II stands directly over the spot