

Duke of Marlborough, and a banner taken at the battle of Blenheim, with many other interesting relics.

Then there is the Throne room. Here the hangings and furniture are all blue. The throne is ivory, richly carved, and at the back is a very large diamond let into the ivory, which sparkles like a star. On the whole, the visitor at Windsor Castle comes away satisfied that our Queen has a very good house to live in.

It is a long leap from Windsor to Edinburgh, but limits of space remind us that long strides are necessary, and there must be few stopping places by the way. Edinburgh is a beautiful city. It would be wrong to say more beautiful than Paris, but for its size it will compare favourably even with Paris. Its natural advantages are great, built as it is on ridges that slope up into lofty hills, like the Castle Hill on one side, and Calton Hill on the other. The streets, too, are wide and well laid out, kept in good order, and clean, while the stores are solid-looking stone buildings. Between Calton Hill and the Castle there is a ravine which is kept as a public garden, and, as from either hill you have this continually under your eye, you must of necessity be always looking at something attractive. Prince's Street, the principal street of the city, is built only on one side, the other side is a terrace overlooking these gardens, and on this terrace, with much taste, are erected the monuments to Scotland's great men, Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Simpson, Allan Ramsay, and others.

Of course I am speaking now of the new town; the old town, which is reached by crossing this ravine, and which is built on a ridge that extends from Edinburgh Castle to Holyrood Palace, is something very different. Some of the houses are ten stories high; some of the lanes are not more than four feet wide, and as these are crowded with tenement houses, it would be better perhaps not to attempt any description of the sights, sounds, and odours that are presented to the different senses as we make our way as rapidly as possible to more inviting streets and courts.

St. Giles' Church, where John Knox preached, is in High Street, and his house stands on a bend of the same street, where it turns into the Cannongate and leads directly down to Holyrood palace, where Knox's queen, the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, lived in daily dread of her terrible subject, Knox. At