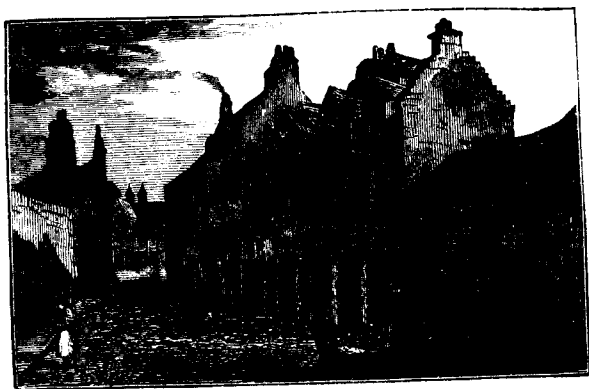


interior. The house had originally belonged to the Abbot of Dunfermline,

Passing on down Canongate, once the court suburb, we come to Moray



WHITE HORSE INN.

and when taken by Knox a very snug little study was added, built of wood and projecting from the front, in accordance with an order from the magistrates, directing 'with al diligence to make ane warm studye of dailles to the minister John Knox, within his hous, aboue the hall of the same, with light and wyndokis thereunto, and al uther necessaris.' The motto of this house is 'Lvfe. God. Abvfe. Al. And. Yi. Nychtbovr. As. Yi. Self.' A curious image at one corner was long thought to represent Knox preaching, and probably still does so in the popular belief; but others now think it represents Moses. It is an old man kneeling, with one hand resting on a tablet, and with the other pointing up to a stone above him carved to resemble the sun, and having on its disk the name of the Deity in three languages: 'ΘΕΟΣ. Deus. God.'

Of the style of Knox's preaching, even when he was enfeebled by ill-health, one gets a good idea from the following passage in James Melville's diary: 'And by the said Rickart and an other servant, lifted up to the pulpit whar he behovit to lean, at his first entrie; bot or he had done with his sermon, he was sa activè and vigorous, that he was lyk to ding that pulpit in blads and flie out of it.'

House, the former residence of the earls of Moray, and at one time occupied by Cromwell. It is now used for a school, and is in much better preservation than many of its neighbours. At the very bottom of the Canongate, not far from Holyrood House, stands the White Horse Inn. The house has not been an inn for many years, but was chosen by Scott

as the quarters of Captain Waverley: its builders probably thought little of beauty when they built it, yet squalor, dilapidation and decay have given it the elements of the picturesque, and the fact that Scott has mentioned it is sufficient to nerve the tourist to hold his nose and admire.

A black, gaunt, forbidding-looking structure near at hand was once the residence of the dukes of Queensberry. Charles, the third duke, was born in it: it is his duchess, Lady Catherine Hyde, whose pranks are so frequently recorded in Horace Walpole's letters — 'very clever, very whimsical, and just not mad.' Their Graces did not often occupy their Scottish residences, but in 1729, the lord chamberlain having refused his license to Gay's play, *Polly*, a continuation of the *Beggar's Opera*, the duke and duchess took Gay's part so warmly as to leave the court and retire to Queensberry House, bringing the poet with them.

The duchess was much sung by the poets of her day, among them Prior, who is now so little read that we may recall a few of his once well-known verses:

'Shall I thumb holy books, confined
With Abigails forsaken?
Kitty's for other things designed,
Or I am much mistaken.
Must Lady Jenny frisk about,