

Castle, which, with its imposing front, seemed to bid defiance to time itself, formed a marked contrast to the new town, which, with well laid out blocks of mansions and splendidly kept squares, put me in mind of Philadelphia more than any place I had ever seen. Away in the distance lay the Frith of Forth, glistening in the morning sun like countless brilliants, and the white sails of the numerous vessels passing and re-passing on its surface shone like the snowy plumage of the white gull. The town of Leith and the village of Portobello are distinctly visible, and far away, winding like a silver thread, till it was lost in the distance, lay the road to Roslyn Chapel and Hawthornden. I stood lost in admiration of the beautiful scene, when suddenly, right at my side, I heard an enquiry, in accents far from melodious, if "I didna want a wee bottle of soda water?" I was disgusted; all my glorious dreams were dispelled on the instant; I turned and fled ingloriously, and soon came panting and breathless to the foot of the mountain. Here I was entertained by the sight of a regiment of Lancers parading in front of the park adjoining the Palace of Holyrood, and, I may say, I enjoyed their manœuvres and the music of their mounted brass band, for a half an hour, about as well as anything I had met with for some time. Seeing the Palace, suddenly impressed me with the idea that it was *seeable*. I enquired at the gate, and was informed that on the payment of one shilling current coin of the realm, I might have the extreme pleasure of gazing on the wonders of the Palace of Holyrood. I immediately produced the necessary, was provided with a ticket, marched inside and given up to the tender mercies of a guide. And such a guide! What he didn't know about Holyrood was never heard of. I never heard a man's tongue go at such a rate in my life; he fairly took away my breath. This mild specimen of a human fiend marched me through several apartments, till I got as far as Queen Mary's Chamber, when fortunately his services were required by some other unhappy sight-seers.

I do not wish to damage this man's character, but if ever I thought any being a first class humbug it was that guide. I could have seen him consigned to the remotest shades of Erebus without a twinge of sorrow. I could even have heard of his sudden demise without any enormous quantity of sorrow. Glad I was indeed to be left alone in the room, rendered almost sacred by the remembrance that in times past it was graced by the presence of the

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