

narrow causeway to a long vaulted archway. The structure surmounting it was a State prison, where the great Marquis of Argyll was at one time confined. In a little chamber of the Castle, about eight feet square, James VI., only son of Mary Stuart, and future King of England, was born.

St. Margaret's Chapel, the oldest ecclesiastical building in Edinburgh, and said to be the smallest in Scotland, was the private oratory of Margaret, Queen of Canmore, who died in 1093. It has the mouldings and the ornamental capitals characteristic of the Norman architecture. It has been admirably restored by our distinguished townsman, the late Sir Daniel Wilson.

From the Castle to the Palace of Holyrood stretches the long and narrow street—the most picturesque in Europe—which bears successively the names of the Lawnmarket, High Street, and Canon-gate.

In the following graphic descriptive passage the accomplished author of "Edwin of Deira" gives proof of not less brilliant powers in prose than in verse :

"In that street the houses preserve their ancient appearance; they climb up heavenward, story upon story, with outside stairs and wooden panellings, all strangely peaked and gabled. With the exception of the inhabitants, who exist amidst squalor and filth undeniably modern, everything in this long street breathes of the antique world. If you penetrate the narrow wynds that run at right angles from it, you see traces of ancient gardens. Occasionally the original names are retained, and they touch the visitor pathetically, like the scent of long-withered flowers. Old armorial bearings may yet be traced above the doorways. Two centuries ago fair eyes looked down from yonder window, now in the possession of a drunken Irishwoman. If we but knew it, every crazy tenement has its tragic story; every crumbling wall could its tale unfold. The Canongate is Scottish history fossilized. What ghosts of kings and queens walk there! What

strifes of steel-clad nobles! What wretches borne along, in the sight of peopled windows, to the grim embrace of the 'maiden.' What hurrying of burgesses to man the city walls at the approach of the Southron! What lamentations over disastrous battle days.

"James rode up this street on his way to Flodden. Montrose was dragged up hither on a hurdle, a. 1 smote, with disdainful glance, his foes gathered together on the balcony. Jenny Geddes flung her stool at the priest in the church yonder. John Knox came up here to his house after his interview with Mary at Holyrood—grim and stern, and unmelted by the tears of a queen. In later days the Pretender rode down the Canongate, his eyes dazzled by the glitter of his father's crown; while bagpipes skirled around, and Jacobite ladies, with white knots in their bosoms, looked down from lofty windows, admiring the beauty of the 'Young Ascanius,' and his long yellow hair.

"Down here of an evening rode Dr. Johnson and Boswell, and turned into the White Horse. David Hume had his dwelling in this street. One day a burly ploughman from Ayrshire, with swarthy features and wonderful black eyes, came down here and turned into yonder churchyard to stand, with cloudy lids and forehead reverently bared, beside the grave of poor Fergusson. Down the street, too, often limped a little boy, Walter Scott by name, destined in after years to write its 'Chronicles.' The Canongate once seen is never to be forgotten.

"It is avoided by respectable people, and yet it has many visitors. The tourist is anxious to make acquaintance with it. Gentlemen of obtuse olfactory nerve, and of an antiquarian turn of mind, go down its closes and climb its spiral stairs. Deep down these wynds the artist pitches his stool, and spends the day sketching some picturesque gable or doorway. The fever van comes frequently here to convey some poor sufferer to the hospital. Hither comes the detective in plain clothes on the scent of a burglar. This is the kind of life the Canongate presents to-day—a contrast with the time when the tall buildings enclosed the high birth and beauty of a kingdom, and when the street beneath rang to the horse-hoofs of a king."

The approach to Holyrood Palace and Abbey traverses the area of what was once a royal garden—Queen Mary's Garden—and the