



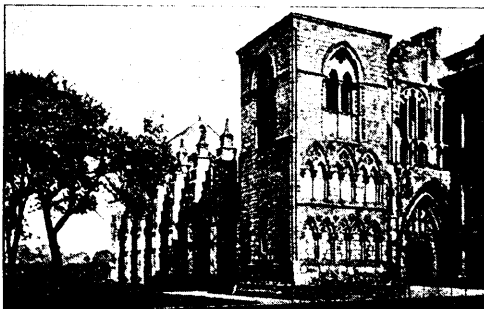
HOLYROOD PALACE.—FRONT VIEW.

ing to the Carmelite friars, the well celebrated in the plaintive ballad, "O waly, waly, up yon bank!" Further off is Duddingston, with its quaint old Saxon church, and its loch, where the swan, as

"On still Saint Mary's lake,
Floats double, swan and shadow."

And all about us are hill and dale, lake and meadow, grass, and gorse and heather.

But we are not done with Edinburgh. Passing along this bridge, named after the "first gentleman (and basest man) in Europe," the battlemented steeple of an old church in the Cowgate attracts us. St. Magdalen's, or the Mag-



HOLYROOD CHAPEL.

dales Chapel, was built in pre-Reformation times by a pious couple, whose tomb is still within it, and it preserves in its windows specimens of the oldest stained glass in Scotland. Here Craig, the colleague of Knox, preached in Latin, having, during his enforced absence from his native land, forgotten his vernacular. Here was held the first General Assembly after the Reformation, when "Mr. Andro Melvill was chosen Moderator," and "whar it was concludit that bischoppes should be callit be their awin

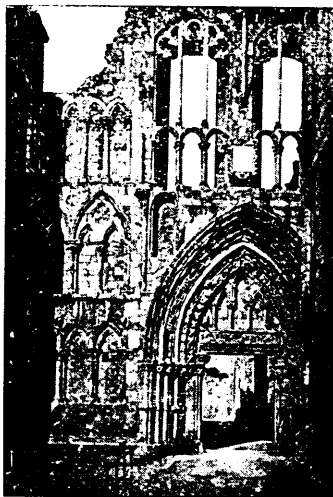
names, or be the names of *breither*, in all time coming, and that lordlie name and authoritic banissed frae the kirk of God, qwhilk hes bot ae Lord, Chryst Jesus."

And now, but a few steps further, and we are at a place worthy of the pilgrim's most reverent regard. The actual buildings of Old and New Greyfriars' have neither age nor beauty to recommend them, though the former, as the suc-



HOLYROOD CHAPEL.—THE NAVE.

cessor of the original Greyfriars Church, has inherited many interesting associations. It was in the old church that, after a sermon by the celebrated Henderson, the National Covenant was subscribed by the lords and barons of the realm; being afterwards carried out to a flat gravestone,



HOLYROOD CHAPEL.—THE WEST DOOR.

where the common people subscribed it eagerly, many of them with their blood. Its pulpit has been filled by some of the greatest men the Church of Scotland has ever produced—among them Robertson, the historian of Charles V. It was to hear this great man, as the lover of Scott will remember, that Counsellor Pleydell conducted Colonel Mannering. Robertson did not make his appearance, however, and Mannering was not prepossessed in favour of his substitute. "The preacher seems a very ungainly person," he whispered to his friend. "Never fear!" Pleydell whispered in turn, "he's the son of an excellent Scottish lawyer. He'll show blood, I warrant him." And he did; for "Mannering had seldom heard so much learning, melaphysical acuteness and energy of argument brought into the service of Christianity." The preacher in question, then colleague to the historian, was Dr. John Erskine, son of the author of "The Institutes of the Law of Scotland." And "such," moralizes Scott in the guise of Mannering, "must have been the preachers to whose unfearing minds, and acute, though sometimes rudely exercised talents, we owe the Reformation."

But Greyfriars' churches must yield in interest to Greyfriars' churchyard. Originally part of a monastery garden, it was by special grant of Queen Mary constituted the city cemetery; and time would fail, should we try to name or number its illustrious dead. Here, after his execution by the Maiden, was brought the body of the Regent Morton—the head being left to grace the tolbooth—and buried in a nameless grave. Here lie George Buchanan, the "Scottish Virgil," the tutor of James VI and the relentless foe of James's mother; Duncan Forbes, of Culloden; Henderson and Robertson, already referred to—the former the chief Scottish delegate to the Westminster Assembly and the chief author of the Assembly's Catechism; Jameson, a pupil of Rubens, and the first native Scottish painter; Allan Ramsay, the poet; Henry Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling"; Fraser Tytler, the historian; McCrie, the biographer of Knox, and countless others, distinguished for rank or genius. In that somewhat imposing mausoleum is buried Sir George—or "Bluidy"—Mackenzie; and the popular belief being that his evil deeds prevented his resting in his grave, the city urchins were wont to amuse themselves by shouting at the key-hole:

"Bluidy Mac, enzie, come out if ye daur;
Lift the sneck, and draw the bar!"

From the recess at the south side of the churchyard, where, after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, twelve hundred Covenanters were confined for five months—the sky their only roof, the ground their only bed—we pass to the "Martyrs' Monument." The inscription reads:

"From May 27, 1661, that the most noble Marquis of Argyll was beheaded, to the 17th February, 1688, that Mr. James Renwick suffered, were one way or other murdered or destroyed, for the same cause, about eighteen thousand; of whom were executed at Edinburgh about an hundred of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers and others, noble martyrs for Jesus Christ. The most of them lie here."



OLD GREYFRIAR'S CHURCH.