



HOLYROOD PALACE ARTHUR'S SEAT, EDINBURGH.

A REVERENT PILGRIMAGE.

PART II.

As churches—or religious foundations of some sort—are the sole objects of our present pilgrimage, castles and palaces, however interesting in themselves, must, when they are merely castles and palaces, be passed by. But, partly that these old days, whose history we are trying to read in stone, were days of devotion, when the cross adorned the crown, and partly that they were days of violence, when the cross had to shelter itself behind the sword,—there were few royal or noble dwellings, or military strongholds, without their chapels. And so it happens that both Edinburgh Castle and Holyrood have claims upon us.

I have called this an age of tolerance; but, behold, even on our way to the Castle we find ourselves in the midst of a religious war. The "ring" is formed by several women, a half-grown lad or two, and the usual contingent of prematurely old children with infants in arms—the latter swaying wildly as their bearers rush hither and thither to obtain a coin of vantage. The combatants are a small dog and a large cat; and prejudice is strong against the latter—it having the misfortune to be a "Roman." "Gie't tae the Roman, lad! Gie't tae her! S—s—s—ik her, Dandy! Sik her!" is the cry. It is all over in a moment, but not as had been hoped. "Ma certie!" exclaims Dandy's owner, as her dog slinks off with a drooping tail and the triumphant cat stands licking 'er chops, "Ma certie, she's feenisht him!" The woman is clean and tidy, and though excited seems so little angry, that I venture to ask if the dog is Protestant. "Ou ay, mem," is the civil reply, "but then, ye see, the cat's Scootch!" "And is the dog not?" says I. "Him!" cries his owner, in tones of unutterable scorn, he's jist a bit puir English tyke, a' bark an' blether, an' nae bite." "Eh, woman," she continues, turning to one of her cronies, "did ye hear the skelp she gied him? I'll gie her a sup milk, the nicht, or a bane tae pyke."

And so, even though these good people's news of it is not of the latest, it is country first after all. So be it all ways! A mercer's shop being at hand, we think of offering the victor a bright ribbon—but do not. After all, we have

some friends among the misguided folk south of the Tweed. And then the cat is a "Roman," after all.*

And now we are at the Castle. And here, close by the battery with its famous Mons Meg, we find the little Norman chapel built by Margaret, the Saxon (Queen of Malcolm Canmore (afterwards revered as St. Margaret of Scotland), of whom we shall by-and-by have much to hear in connection with Dunfermline. It is the smallest chapel in Scotland, being only sixteen feet and a half long and ten feet and a half wide, and, as Margaret died in 1093, it is probably the oldest. For years it was used as a powder magazine, but in 1853 was restored. It is a pity that, unlike that of St. Giles, its restoration has been so limited that while it has given us a perfect little specimen of Norman architecture, it permits this to be used as a shop for the sale of photographs.

The interest of the ordinary transatlantic visitor to Holyrood is centred chiefly in the Palace, where the loveliest and most unfortunate woman of her age spent the most eventful years of her life. But the Abbey was old before the Palace existed. The latter was founded by James IV, added to by James V, and finished by Charles II; the former was founded in 1128 by David I (St. David), that "sair sanct for the croun," whose benefactions to the Church James VI so sorely grudged.† The Abbey was

* A ludicrous instance of a similar kind, where a cow was near suffering for its owner's religious opinions, occurred in a small Virginia town a few years ago. A Presbyterian gentleman was appointed to a chair in a Methodist college, and his wife, understanding that the cows of the faculty had the range of the college "campus" availed herself of the privilege. A few mornings later, she was waited upon by the janitor, who, after some circumlocution, announced that the cow must be removed. "But," said the lady, "I understood the professors," cows had the right to graze there. "Only the Methodist cows," pronounced the man. "Oh, then, it's all right," said Mrs. Professor. "The Doctor and I are Presbyterians, but we are perfectly willing that the cow should be a Methodist." The four-legged Vicar of Bray remained.

† The legend connected with its foundation is as follows: David while hunting in the forest of Drumshuch (where Moray Place now stands) had his life placed in peril by the fierce attack of a stag. Suddenly a cross descended from Heaven into his hand, upon seeing which the stag fled in dismay. In a dream which followed, David was commanded to commemorate his remarkable preservation; hence the founding of an abbey, and its dedication to the Holy Rood.

bestowed on canons regular of St. Augustine, whose name is still preserved in the surrounding districts of the Canon-gate. The Chapel Royal is the only portion remaining. Almost all the west front, with its great tower and richly decorated doorway, is part of the original building, and is a beautiful specimen of the mixed Norman and early English style which prevailed in Scotland about 1170. Between English invaders and Scottish reformers and mobs, this venerable chapel has fared badly; and yet, as we step into the roofless inclosure, the spell of these old places begins to work, the centuries roll back, and the brilliant pageantries of other days pass before us. Here were crowned the second, third and fourth Jameses and the first Charles; here Mary and Darnley were married; and here, in the royal vault, in the south-east corner, kings and queens have slept for hundreds of years—among them that lovely, loving and beloved Magdalen of France, first queen of James V, who, when she landed in Scotland, knelt down and kissed the dust of her husband's land,—dust with which hers was so soon to mingle.

Those windows over the doorway, with the tablet between them, are of the time of Charles I, who restored this portion of the Abbey and constituted it a Chapel Royal. Those who look upon the well-known Vandyck portraits of this ill-fated monarch are fond of tracing in the melancholy countenance dim foreshadowings of the dark tragedy that was to be. None such, assuredly, can be traced in the proud prophecy inscribed by him on the tablet: HE SHALL BUILD ANE HOUSE FOR MY NAME, AND I WILL ESTABLISH THE THRONE OF HIS KINGDOM FOR EVER. Read it, and then remember how it was fulfilled; the block for himself, exile for his family, Culloden for his friends. And so passes the glory of the world!

And now, fellow pilgrim, come out from these ruins, and lifting up your eyes unto the hills, see in what fair spots our fathers built their sanctuaries. Yonder is Arthur's seat, 822 feet above the sea; below it the bare, bold range of Salisbury Crags. On the slope just above us, harmonizing well with their romantic situation, are the ruins of St. Anthony's chapel and the rippling waters of St. Anthony's well; the chapel once a beautiful Gothic hermitage belong-

† It was partially destroyed by Edward II in 1322, burned by Richard III in 1385, restored by Abbot Crawford about the end of the 15th century, sacked by the English in 1547, stripped of its ornaments at the Reformation, and rifled by a mob in 1688.