

Letter No-3. - perhaps Cousin Anna & Dora would like to look over my letters -

Dear Sisters

St George Hotel Glasgow

7 mo 27, 1856

I should have done the good woman who was so kind to me at Knowly Hall the justice to mention numerous pots of flowers in her room besides bouquet - Her address is Mrs _____ the housekeeper at Knowly Hall - This will designate her though without her name which I did not learn - I yesterday mailed on the wharf at Liverpool a large package of ^(about 30 pages) letter for you enclosing one from R. E. Appthrop also - at 4 1/2 I went on board the steamer Lyræ of 600 Tons with Captain Law since they with R. A. who thought he would likely join me on my walk from Edinburgh, being on his way to his shooting near Edin - We went down the river which would be called a bay in Rhode Island - The country near Liverpool (which even towns about 400000 inhabitants) sides Berkshire opposite of ^{ooof} is quite pretty but the river below soon widens so as not to show objects on shore very distinctly & it appears quite low on my way down to the steamer a mile and a half I took the famous docks which were on its whole route & I know not how much farther - In one of them I saw the old Tuscan of Philadelphia and the "Charles Holmes" which I boarded - Our ships are ever spacious though Liverpool trades with the world - The steam marine is a striking feature - and what is remarkable, although it rains so much here many of them afford no shelter from rain any where, and even those for the voyagers to ~~the~~ This place has no shelter on deck and poor accommodations generally - The table however though simple was good and neat and tea and breakfast (good enough) only 37 1/2 cts each & well tended - There is also mighty bust of shipping in Liverpool - The city is not to compare ^{with} ours but looks neat like Boston, I think ~~to~~ I saw the name of Galilee on a sign - Our distance to Glasgow is about 270 miles and fare 15/- (I always mean thirty) which is not high as ours on the sound per mile, time is about 18 hours - a small fort on each side of the river just below the town bespeaks distrust of others and folly of all, a system of buoys marks the channel for miles, for it only occupies a narrow space of the wide estuary - On getting out the murex we shaped our course for the Isle of Man, I was up at six ^{this morning} and we had just entered the Firth of Clyde, The English say Firth, but not the Scotch - On going on deck behind was the wreck of late steamer on a headland and another following us - High hills & lofty peaks near by on our right, Ireland and the mull of Cantyre on the distance along our left while the noble Island Crag of ~~Sleat~~ Ailsa stands in solitary grandeur

2 a few miles ahead exactly on our course - It rises ^{a sort of out post of the Highlands,} perpendicularly from the water except a little fringe beach around it and a small plain extending from one side of it (the lee side) supposed to have been formed from the debris of the rock broken by the wind which prevails in one corner here like our South West - On this flat the tenant keeps his boat & has his little house - He pays to Lord, Earl of Arden 50 £ annual rent & gathers eggs and feathers from the nests of the immemorial ^{sea} birds which build them being careful of course not to diminish their numbers - I now felt and saw that I was amidst the hills and lochs of California the land of Scott of Burns of Alhoin, he that wrote "Cappi wappi" & greatest of all - In an hour we were up with our Island crew standing alone quite far from shore in the middle of the wide bay - Solon Gunn, Gunnath were continually meeting our approach as if they were scouts from their nest covered isle to reconnoitre the enemy - The sight was very striking to see, then and other birds interested in every foot of this mass of basalt soaring around and over it looked exactly like a fierce storm, for they were all white - When the nests are made by means of suspension or above the tenant rolls their first coating of the finest softest feathers the tender birds pluck from themselves for the comfort of their young, ~~take it~~ but not afterwards - The tenants too said make the rental quite lucrative - We now came near to the Isle of Anan - presenting some great heights sloping gradually to the shore, where as beautiful farms as ever I saw lined the gentle green declivity - (Ailwa above the cliffs has a thin soil that is beautifully verdant with grass but which stock will not eat) we now came to narrower water and finding upon each other from either side stood two of the old feudal castles of stone, neither of them large but both standing nearly level with the water on the shore and one of them on a flat Island ^{island} not 4 times as big as itself - A pot cullis probably computed it with the ^{main} shore close by, in the olden time - What a state of society say we, as we suppose there must have been when such things were necessary for personal defence - what deplorable marauders must have been in those days - How long will it be before men will look on the then ^{useless} crumbling forts we are now building with exactly the same feelings - I feel pretty sure that day is not far off - apropos of this, I have yet heard in England on the subject of war with America, nothing but depreciation of it - The shores are some lined with the most enchanting country seats, pretty towns which in court and suspension extend to Greenock 60 miles I should think - But to speak of the effect of them adequately is utterly impossible - Even the term beautiful has no signifi- cance here - it fails to distinguish when all is so intensely interesting. The County which 30 years ago was bare is now covered with plenty of forests, made by plants than which nothing can be richer - and as to the sides of the Highlands which come to the water in all the ~~bearded~~ ^{bearded} bovelings which taste can suggest, they present in their verdure above the line of cultivation that surpassing richness which we see in the most verdant velvet meadows in our woods of America - The purple spots of heather only add to the overpowering effect - In many places

4 Shower which escaped my notice - on coming to the town again and I would not have
done so but for Capt H. who prevented me from strutting into the hills - we found our boat
gone - Our Captain who was a clever fellow having been mistaken about the tide
we availed another which had gone on a pleasure excursion to Bute which we passed covered
with its noble mountains back and country seats trees & villages on the shore - at the
approach time it arrived full as it could hold, raining hard, and no shelter. The
distance to Glasgow is 24 miles (fare 1/6) the rain did not stop but I could not
have minded if I had tried - we soon left the town the town with its large ship
of iron (steamers) building on the stocks and came to Newark Castle a most
picturesque object (just near the edge of the town) on the river very large, here
Queen Mary staid two nights after the fatal field of Langsyde - a grand
spectacle of stable of the Duke of Argyll at Roseneath was on the opposite side above
he has a residence there we could not see for the endless forests of plantings.
we soon came to Dumbarton, a high Craig picturesque itself, sternly contemplating its
on shadow in the mind at its feet - a curtain of ancient masonry protects those portions of
its sides which are not naturally inaccessible, and the effect is still more heightened by a
structure of some sort on one side of its summit - There is a deep gorge divides it partially
and verdure find enough to support itself with the plentiful supply of rain on the almost
naked rock when it grows - History sheds again on the beholder the riches it has derived
from this remarkable spot - ~~just above~~ which is connected with the main by a sort of marsh
in the splash of which numbers of Herons (a clapper bird here) were quietly feeding or
feeding - Goodberg Island is not a bad miniature of the rock of Dumbarton - just
above rising, from the sides of the green slope which encompasses it is a ~~small~~ wooded
knob evidently rock, of far greater height and size than Dumbarton - The contrast
its rugged form & character presents with the beautiful cultivation around is very
forcible - The salt & fresh water meet at Dumbarton but I could not learn that
these waters offend much to the angler although the neighboring highlands do - both in
Salmon and trout - A few eel, flounders & soles are caught from the pier at Greenock
Next came the Joy covered ruins of Dunlop castle on the right bank of the Clyde
and only a few feet above it - As a ruin this is by far the most striking I have seen -
within its crumbling walls stand a high obelisk to the memory of Henry Bell who put the
first steamer (the "Comet") afloat here - The residence of some gentleman appears also to
stand amidst the ruins, but probably just in view of them - On the opposite side a little
above perhaps a mile or two from shore stand another monument to (and on the Estate of)
of Lord Blantyre who was killed at Bannockburn some 50 years ago, for several miles
below Glasgow they are walling the river with stone - which gives it the appearance of a
canal - on the banks on either hand are massive beacons of stone surmounted with a sort of
crop to indicate the channel during the great flood which the valley is subject to when for a
wide space, all is under water (above Dumbarton) and of course difficult to navigate without
such precaution - I notice two several heavy pieces of frame work planted in the
river by its side on which was ^{indicated} ~~marked~~ by large figures the depth of water, as guide to
ships I supposed - We were now in Glasgow steaming betwixt a mighty array of ships
lying at the quay ^{on either side} - The stream is not wider than at Providence and ships seem lost in
such a little narrow place - As at Liverpool there are long sheds ~~for~~ on the piers facing
the ships into which cargoes are discharged - The city has over 40,000 people and stand on both
sides the Clyde which is spanned by a fine stone bridge of arches - Here we found our
luggage all right and the Captain has a Cartload (I only a Knapsack) well cared for - and the Captain
arrant (his anxiety too) all safe - I am surprised to find such obscurity of the Sabbath in Scotland

The old blue law days of Connecticut are called to mind Capt. H who used to have a shooting "club"
the Island of Lewis, having occasion to take a channel steamer there on Sunday - found
his landlord not only refusing to make out his bill, but to receive the money he thought might
cover the indebtedness & was obliged to leave it on the table for him. The boat we came
up on runs from the crowded city of Glasgow affording a pleasant excursion on Sunday
for those who toil, and do not rest all the week to work on the sabbath only - This latter
class of people bible in hand denounce the liberation of those they would still hold
in bondage and much unpleasant controversy has been excited by them - These people
are of the lower order with which the boat was so crowded that moving about was no
easy matter - The rain pouring upon them yet nothing but good nature in the man
prevailed, and good order too - I did not hear an oath or improper word and only one
man was drunk - He was engaged in giving earnest testimony against the wicked
practice of swearing - "Now don't swear gentlemen, nothing more foolish than for
men can do than to swear" - I begin to think one of the services great sinners owe to
render as penance and compensation, may be to preach - These fellows on board this boat
(about one tenth only were women (I think not over 1/20th, indeed) are infidels, what must the
Christians here be - I am constantly struck with the superiority of the lower classes to the
character I have generally heard of them - and nothing can exceed the courtesy & kindness of
all classes I have met with here - "A gruff Englishman" I have not yet found - I was
writing a little while ago at a table in this (the coffee room) where the desk was occupied by a gentleman
so that I had to go there to dip my pen - He gave me notice of his leaving by politely bringing
the inkstand to my table where I was writing, whereby I was enabled to get the desk - This is only
characteristic - You will remember I am obliged to write as I can catch a moment
and in the multitude of objects better sketched instead of order is natural under the cir-
cumstances - George Square is opposite the hotel I am at, The Queen's Hotel is next
to it and others are in the square - on a tall pillar is a statue of Sir Walter Scott
in the square - on a block is James Watt, on another: John Moore - Glasgow is
admirably built, most solid - wide streets well paved with perfectly smooth side walks
and most of them running straight and at right angles - The multitude of sea steamers
striking at the piers - is a great manufacturing as well as commercial port, Glasgow
has lost consequence since the river above it has been dredged though it still has a
good trade - it was formerly the port of Glasgow - ships not being able to get up here -
I feel no effect of motion on landing though we had a bad chop sea through the night
and I enjoyed the same exemption after the voyage from New York - I cannot account
for this, for I have often had it after 8 hours on Long Island Sound - Our steamer from
Liverpool had two piston rods in the same cylinder but I think the plan is not found
to realize its proposed advantages - I was standing on the deck of the Lyra yesterday morning
(about 11) when her steward asked if my name was Hazard - "Yes" have you lost any thing?"
"No" - "I think you will miss something if you look" upon examining, I told him I had
lost a pocket book and Gold - "It has been found" handing it to me - I gave
I thanked him and he left immediately with a polite bow - (I afterwards gave him
a crown) It appeared it had been picked up on the cabin floor the evening before about
8 o'clock ~~had~~ by another servant - I happened to know the exact amount in it,
on counting it was found correct - 20 Sovereigns which I had laid by in it -
28th. The morning is bright and fine - The great water wheel I spoke of is in a building that must
have cost several thousand dollars - The wheel looks as light and airy as a ~~spoon~~ an old fashioned
spinning wheel - I have heard of a wheel at St. Iago and one sent from N. York to the mines of Mexico
or Peru, I think both of them about the same dimensions - The water is taken on a little below the
top of this - 8 or 10 feet. The Excursionists I spoke of went about 40 or 50 miles & back and were
charged only 2/ for the trip - The boat was small but quite fast, and I noticed that requests to the

papers to do this or that was in very courteous possession too and language - Not the per-
emptory style we often witness at home. I am in a very nice hotel one of the finest here - cost
is about \$2.50 per day ^{to 3.50} 3 7/2 etc of this is for servants fees, called in bell "attendance" Paid 62 1/2 etc

I forgot to mention that as we came up below Greenock yesterday we saw a torrent rushing head-
long down a thousand feet of mountain slope amid the highlands - There were many little
glens descending from them and probably most with hills that were hidden by the shrubbery
which found shelter under their precipitous sides - The birth place of Buchanan was also pointed
out just above Greenock, but we could not see the spot for a hill. While on the hills back of Greenock
I saw the Wild English Forget me not - not pansies, but the real of our garden. I find Salmon here
is of the Gilse 10^o - Trout 8^o - The latter shaped like ours, but nothing like so beautiful in colour - there are
rather a silver with blackish specks than like our own - I have been struck with the nice quality
of bread I see labourers eating at their noonings - a man at work on the docks, to day told me
he had 2/6 per 10 hours - no diet - a common labourer - This dock (Pier) stretches along the Clyde 1/4
of a mile (being an extension of that of already built of many times this extent) and is a mighty piece
of work - The wall against the river is about 30 feet high - 18 feet thick at bottom and about 10 at top
of solid masonry laid in water cement which is prepared under a revolving stone like an old
fashioned buck mill, by steam power - about half way from the bottom of the wall it is bound
by two courses of large blocks of cut stone (each course about 20 inches thick) reaching entirely
through the wall (but not in one entire block). The top is finished in the same manner - all this
work is piled also and is built in a wide deep excavation a little way from the river so
that on removing the original bank twist this new wall and the stream the harbour is widened
under an impression that if the stream was narrowed the water would be deeper it had
by previous works above been contracted, but it was found the channel grew shoaler - the
tide being excluded, and not sufficient water being admitted to fill the wide river above
weakened the receding current and allowed the bed of the river to rise with mud - These
works belong to a "river trust" and brought in from that charge last year 90,000 £. and so long as
this corporation expend money on their repair, I am informed, the Admiralty has no jurisdiction

The harbour being considered as artificial and not tidal as at London etc - 18 months have already
been consumed on this extension but I doubt if a year more will finish it. As I walked along
the river I counted 40 sea steamers - above the shipping it is spanned by three fine stone
bridges the lower of 7 Arches the two others 5 - besides these are two Chain bridges - the latter only for
foot passengers, ~~with~~ pay toll. I see sparrows here with large black spot on breast and otherwise
very like some of our own - there are several sorts here as with us, and are very pretty -
There is a native Willow about Liverpool which though not weeping grows to a large size in a
short time and makes a fine tree - The equestrian statue of Sir John Moore (who was native of Glasgow)
is, in his statue here remarkably fine - It has a feminine softness - He was the Lieut. General, you
know killed at Coruna - I saw in Liverpool a fine Equestrian statue of Geo 3^o - one of the best
at Greenock - There is one here of Victoria on a pedestal of beautifully polished porphyry -
This is a very fine city though solidity is the great characteristic - yet there are several fine churches
and other buildings, and a few warehouses I have seen are really beautiful and more
elaborated than any thing in New York, especially one now erecting by Anderson - yet I think
we have more real elegance in some of ours than any thing here or at Liverpool
indeed almost every thing at the latter place is very plain indeed, but substantial -
In neither city are the buildings so high as in New York but this is a mark of greater
wealth I think as well as convenience - There are both new cities and exhibit few
characteristics materially different from their transatlantic brethren - The heavy cut
horses & different character of the vehicles they draw strike me, and especially the monstrously
heavy carts used on the farms - From Glasgow we see the Highlands in the North West and richly
cultivated and graceful slopes on the South - Though I have seen scarcely any drunkenness in
England yet there must be a great consumption of liquors, if we may judge from the great multitude
of signs - Spirit Vaults which meet the eye every where to say nothing of Licensed to sell Beer
ale houses to be drunk on the premises (Tobacco frequently named too which is also sold by license)

It is not unfair to suppose that the term I have dashed may be sometimes taken very literally. Excursions by rail and steam appear to be even more common (at low prices too) than in America. This is a very pleasing feature. Some of them too, to points quite distant - I observed on the quays a great many packages of dry goods marked "to be stung" the packets them from "roading" by hooking into their own ropes - another rope being used for that purpose - The hawks I have seen are generally smaller than ours and less comfortable in appearance - There is a vehicle with an harness like a very heavy chaise the driver sits behind, while two persons can ride under the top before him. One striking feature in Glasgow is the beautifully built stone chimneys of all the houses, on each floor of these is the long cylindrical (and generally red earthen though sometimes of fine material) pot - one stack such is the width of the chimney I counted 19 of these in a line and a dozen to 15 is very common - These are seen in the country too - I saw a cart this morning with bags of coal in it of 100 lb each, these are sold to very small buyers at 7 1/2 p per bag - one man led the horse while another who was black enough for a sign without his nose, roared "coal incessantly" -

The tall chimneys indicating manufactures of some sort are striking features almost every where, both in the towns suburbs, and indeed the country is marked with them, even the neighbourhood of the highlands are not exempt - What would the old highland chief felt if he could have foreseen this as well as the degenerate posterity that finds its greatest happiness in its country, instead of the pursuit of predatory plundering mode of obtaining subsistence. We cannot help recovering & loving the past but what a horrid contrast it presents with our own days after all -

I took a ticket at 4 P.M. in the first class Edinburgh car (Carriage they are called here) Express train for 1/6 distance 48 miles - time 90 minutes - for a return ticket this means both way the same day only 10/6 to be charged for the whole trip - The second class cars are only about 1/2 less - These are similar but without divisions on the seats which are 2 in a car holding 4 persons each - neither are they cushioned seat or back I soon found myself locked in and alone - two seats running across the 2 ends of the car, each divided by stuffed arms into separate seats for 3 persons - above too (over the arms and on the back) are cushioned projections so that the head could rest in a corner on either hand if desired - We were off at the moment and immediately entered a tunnel when darkness was real, we got out of this in just 5 minutes at moderate, though fair, speed - Several of these tunnels occur on this route -

On emerging the train was a woman hovey a felled of potatoes, her hoe took like the clumsy heavy instrument used on our southern plantations and handled very much in the same manner - The track was double as all are here, I believe, and we were on the left one - generally are, and laid on crop timbers in the same manner - These looked like halved fir trees with the bark on the convex side being uppermost. They appeared to be laid with a good deal of coal dust or perhaps cinder and ashes, this would preserve them probably - I think they must have been cut from the abundant planting of the adjacent country - A few years here would produce trees as large, I think a line of telegraph poles with, wire followed the road, and another wire close to the embankment I could not understand - There is a vast deal of deep cutting and through rock, in several instances the rough blasted surfaces were not left as with us, but were nicely cut a nearly uniform surface like a plastered wall, with some deep indentations but no projections - Bridges of nicely cut stone frequently arched the road, being crossings of county roads now passing on the level of the road - These bridges are not meant to serve the purpose of knocking out the beams of the envious in any emergency - but leave plenty of space for even the longest nose to pass with impunity - at all the stations large patches of bright and beautiful flowers are cultivated by the side of the track & within the fence which divides it from adjoining fields, also sometimes shrubs & evergreens are added - This beautiful feature is warranted - The style too of the little stations themselves pretty things - but as we only made one stop could not observe much - The slopes in the cuts are all green (the rock excepted here it occurs of course) and is mown - on some portions I saw what I took to be rows of flax as if it had been lately pulled & laid to rotten & dry.

The paper ~~stream~~ tall chimney standing by excavation near Glasgow which I took
for collection - large fields of Windsor beans fragrant & occurred on the roads - and market
gardens were extensive - Turnip fields too - The "peas" are considered for superior antecedents
to the English - The wheat in some places was full of a most brilliant scarlet flower I
thought to be poppy - The contrast with the yet bright green of the wheat was very fine - I was much
struck with the large proportion of land under tillage, nearly all by the road side - Some of it looked as
if the soil were naturally very unkind though not rough with rocks - I saw much heather and
perhaps these fields were only partially reclaimed from it - In one or two places I saw plumbage
trees for considerable space in the undisturbed heather - They were all dead - as if it were an
unsuccessful experiment - I saw in one field 24 pinnacled beans - some fields of beans were
not of the Windsor or Kidney as they are called here - The speed appeared to me greater than was
the motion smoother than general with us, but not so much so as I have known exceptional
cases in America - The Carriages much smaller and all divided into apartments of 2 or 3 seats
so that if the passenger must ride backward - The first class carriages are pretty enough & airy only
but the others very inferior to ours - The locomotives smaller & less imposing than ours, not so
much decorative contrast in their construction - but power enough it would seem to go
quickly - We stopped but once on the route and passed only one train - The highland
lane and green and furrowed with the track of torrents soon appeared close by after leaving
Glasgow - with very fine effect, though only the first as it were of the real one in the distance
we saw a canal winding its way beautifully through a valley many miles - At Falkirk
which is on the bank and lying on a plain ^{at foot of the Capital hills} rather than in a valley the country was rich
beyond description - The whole route highly interesting - We passed one ruin of a tall tower
and I should think very old building from its style, but under such speed many
observations were out the question - I saw Arthur's Seat & Salisbury Crags which I
at once recognized and knew we must be near Edinburgh and sure enough in a minute
I saw the Castle - We then passed a very elaborate building with about 20 stony terraces
Donaldson's hospital, dove into a tunnel and in a few minutes came out into
Edinburgh at the station ~~to~~ ^{at} the deep gorge between the old and new
town - My door was open for I had come alone, and I got out to be instantly faced with
utter amazement at the scene before - Here was old Edinburgh on the slope of the hill
which descends to the deep narrow gorge where I stood - How antique of dull colours
10 stories high terminated by innumerable chimneys, all big with the past were before me -
I was mute and for a time ~~lost~~ ^{lost} the intense effect - I walked to Tates Hotel Prince
Street (The front in ^{new part of} Edinburgh) left my baggage finding Capt B who took the train before
me for Glasgow and rushed out immediately on entering my name to see the town,
The first object ^{I saw to be} was Peck's monument which is near the hotel (near Tates Royal Hotel which
is near the station of R. Way) As I entered the railway a spanner was sitting on the favourite
hound's head which the sculptor had made to express a warm affection for his master
on the position of his head another lighted on his left hand (just as I ~~particularly~~
~~loved~~ ^{loved} doffed my hat to the great presence) as if the very bird loved
him who has killed so many and won a title to be admiring and respect
of all - a side view of the statue exhibits the countenance in profile
expressive of deep abstraction - he monument itself struck me as too
broad at the base for its height - It is high elevated and in various
niches are seen various characters whom he has immortalized - none of
these are not yet occupied - I think there must be places for 100 statues at least
The Calton Hill is in sight on his right - on his left side by the Royal mounds
and the Castle of Edinburgh with all its stumps & spires, just beyond
The new town is before him and the old beyond - The Tolbooth though
unseen is not far from him and Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags
(The town of course is both to right & left of him in the old town)

took toward him with that same spirit still, he has so often admired
a space of some acres of walk, turf and flowers exquisitely kept for
us. This sacred place was a witness of the patriotism of his countrymen.
I now started for the Tolbooth - passing through the Carrage I heard a wild
scream as from fifty voices, and so it was, on turning round a cartman
coming down a slight declivity was braced back on his "ribband" apparently
a statue and speechless, a little child was lying on the stone pavement
just before the horse and all the street in motion toward the scene -
a woman picked it up and all safe then came the indignation so
often aroused at the subterfuge of a sudden fear. If the proper guardian
of the child had been then known to them I think she would have ^{returned} home
with less haste than she left it. I missed the Tolbooth but soon came to the
Palace of Holyrood and old building exactly as engravers represent it -
indebted to apocryphal entirely for its interest. It stands low, almost under
the Crags which are in the park belonging to it - a little building near by is
marked Holyrood Dairy and the ^{shape} ~~shape~~ is just ^{behind} ~~opposite~~ an ^{open} ~~open~~
space of the street stands a statue of Victoria on its pedestal is inscribed
"Edinburgh commemorates her at Queen Victoria's visit to her ancestral
Palace of Holyrood 1850" ^{Holyrood Dairy is close by a little cottage that still remains} ~~I speak from memory~~ It was once only a few
moments and I was climbing the heights ^{of the Crags} a portion of which
we pass to reach the seat - The grass is delightfully spongy under the feet
to the summit - the hills below New Port on Rocky farm ~~present~~ ^{are} clothed
with something approaching it (but far less thick or deep) in particular spots.
Occasional patches of grass, plenty of Canada thistles and wild flowers among
these are of beautiful purple in clusters lying close in the rich grass - a kind of
heath I think - We have something like heath in some of our low land
very "cold" plains in Sarajavuta. Highland sheep are fudgy every where.
Not far up is the ruin of St. Anthony's Chapel, near by it under a boulder
is his spring where two or three neat looking Scotch lasses have various
~~have~~ tumblers with handles ^{with} which they run to your approach
filled with water, by this time a grateful breeze ~~though~~ ^{though} some of the Scots
followers I believe could hardly be persuaded to believe it - People were
walking among these delightful valleys and hills in all directions and
the slow labouring pace of those on the steeper portions nearer the peak
than myself suggested some speculations on the power of gravity even in
the midst of all the beauties about me - How richly is the labourer paid
on arriving at the ~~summit~~ - What a scene ~~present~~ ^{present} on every hand - The past
as well as the present - Battle fields where victors lost and won ~~the~~ left
their camp on the scene to the present day, perhaps forever - Magnificence
has silt down by the side of beauty - The classic and the quaint
shake hands as it were in harmonious union ~~all~~ all blending in
one effect of the most indescribably delightful character - Here I
sat on the stone where he utters wonderful power has given all before and
around a life that will survive the very hills and rocks which he so loved
about which it appears to me I can feel his spirit still tinged, cherishing
clearly as ever, composed (it is said) most of the "Heart of Midlothian"
Here he could see many of the scenes therein described - The Cottage of Janie
Deans is ⁱⁿ just within the park with its red tile roof - The valley or rather glen, that

The ^{hunting path where} Robinson met her - Illicheto Cairn, The spot where Robin Butler saved his life - St Anthony's Chapel and various other points connected with the wondrous play - Mount of the city of Edinburgh is in view - Holy Rood with its little peak on this side and the Castle on its nearly equal height that was wont to bustle aft in the olden time like a boat at bay, looks ^{from} across the town with friendly greeting - The Wide Firth, its islands, among them Inch Kenneth, its tortuous shores all beautiful - narrowing in the west gullet like gold under the declining sun as it winds and loses is lost from view among the highlands, far away - The Calton hill with its various monuments looking like an Acropolis of this modern Athens, not only in its natural features, but from being crowned with something like a parthenon in ruins; a row of 12 fine columns with their entablatures - The Pentlands & Braed Hills, East & West Lothian - Ben Lawers - Ben Lomond - A height that marks the field of Banockburn is pointed out - Carberry Hill - poor Queen Mary, Pinkie Burn - Bop Rock standing in the German Ocean - The field of Pentlands - The site of a Roman camp is pointed out, and the field of battle which tradition says Arthur saw from this height & fled to England at its top - This however as far as I can remember, cannot be so. Also the hills a scene of a battle with the covenanters and their foes ~~the town~~ of Leith and its long Pier, Mearns on the foreshore, the towers of Portobello on the rock plain - Musselburgh below and on the distance but hidden ^{house} ~~is~~ Dalkeith, the seat of Duke of Buccleugh 10 miles off - but far more than the proudest palace the Tower of the Tolbooth in the town - Arthur's seat is 82 ft high - The Crags are just in front about 200 feet lower - the slope of their broad green back makes a kind of valley, though the two sides is a fine sight - From the town the Queens drive is seen encircling the base of these heights (for they are in her park) the smoothest & hardest road I ever saw, of course it has no fence, but is beautifully margined with a grass border as we sometimes see a flower bed - The carriage way is 24 feet wide and open to the public - ~~The~~ ^{from} went down about 8 1/2 o'clock behind the distant highlands ~~and~~ ^{on} my way back I got into an old & curious street, without side walks but well paved with cubical blocks, my attention was particularly attracted by a very curious old building - on enquiring I found this was the old road from London - ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{part of the carriage} ~~the~~ ^{the} great entrance - and the ancient Town was before me - its lower windows little square things with shutters & a wide gate - Here (under the guests above) were kept their horses & carriages - An Queen's Seat when I am is half hotel - which here as elsewhere I have yet seen, have safe stone steps & are not more than 3 or 4 stories high - merchants warehouses, I have seen, have stone steps too.

July 29 - I went this morning to Calton hill at the end of Princes Street, through 11
Waterloo Place. It is a rocky eminence overlooking the town of which it commands
a fine view as well as of the surrounding country. There is a Monument to
Melrose, one to Mrs. Haygarth, one to David Stewart, a National Obelisk
the standard project of a National Gallery & prepared in 12 fine Doric
columns and entablature, standing alone - various seats are provided
for visitors (of stone generally) and the height has fine wide walks, it
is also approached by various paths - on its side is a Monument to Burns
and the city Prison one of the finest buildings I have seen in Edinburgh
where fine buildings abound - it is in irregular form with towers &
turrets and is extensive, a painful feature - just by its side is
a grave yard - a fine Obelisk is set to the Memory of Murr,
Shirrow and other Martyrs to human progress in 1793, who suffered
(in Grass market I believe) where a stone + marks the spot of
execution - it is about 5 feet on the cross & forms part of the pavement.
Edinburgh is abundantly supplied with water from the Pentlands hills - The city is well
lighted and the view of the old town hanging on the side of the hill from my chamber
window is a mystery - at night heightened by the common multitude of bright
lights, for the whole of that part of the town is exposed - every window that looks this way
and as a family occupies each flat, the lights are multiplied - I observe the bells
hulls at the doors are arranged on brass plates over each door, on one door I counted 10 pulls,
5 each side of it. ^{The way in Glasgow, I do not see them there.} The first Whippet dog I saw to day - they do their duty admirably - as
quick as lightning both in intelligence & movement - Barking is the whip they use.
I see very showy Facades here with only one hand - In the grave yard I saw the
tomb of Wm. Mackenzie publisher of the Magazine, also of David Hume. I am
struck with the elegance and expensive character of the tombs even of the mechanics & for
on many all the trade of the occupation of the deceased is mentioned - One marked
"the baron's servant of Peter Ewart, Stableman in Edinburgh" another "Shoemaker
in Edinburgh" another may be a high officer under the crown, all classes seem to
do the same - I like to see a decent tomb, it speaks well for the living, besides of
we are to get up again one of these dog bones and all really, it is very natural
to desire to be seen emerging from a respectable looking tenement, where
some of my read an account of a long list of virtues we had (the greatest
one of all perhaps) lived in entire ignorance of - no mound on any graves I have
yet seen - There is an ambition to be recorded on the main walks of the yard,
on one stone it was announced (a tradesman) "was intended 44 feet south of this stone"
I stopped in a close to see who was wearing & found a man on a hand loom for common weaving
of him or town for grain - He said he was too old to go to America or he would not stay here -
he had to do double work to get a living, his average earnings only 8/6 to 10/ per week, he did
not appear at all malcontent, but seemed to feel the hardship of such disparities as exist
always in civilized societies - I felt sorry to find this evidence for I am delighted to
find of people any other nation or people happier even than our own favored land -
and it is with inexpressible pleasure that I have found here yet no evidence of
peculiar misery - The people are growing more enlightened and consequently better
and happier here as well as in America, I am convinced - I observe the signs of Tern
heron holds are frequent and I went into a church last night when I found a very
good lecture on the subject judging from the few minutes ear I gave to it - Audience
was very quiet

12 Great crowds of people are on the streets in all parts of the town, but especially those which are properly the residence of the vulgar where the houses are highest and many families in each house - here the streets are full as many in the carriage way as on the side walks; they were not very quiet either, but I stopped and talked with several of them during an hours stroll at a pretty late hour & found them civil & intelligent though I think portions of the town I saw were the lowest. The number of institutions for boys & girls is striking & I mention for instance we all know, then is Geo. Watson, also John Watson - Donaldson which cost 140,000 £ and three others in its neighbourhood all in sight of each other - Some for boys - some for boys & girls, but Stephen Gerard's plan was probably taken in part from these - But some think the boys brought up with so much care are not well prepared to meet the world & rough it so well as others - The commons here are very pretty & called "Links of Edinburgh" Close appears to mean a little crooked street, beyond is a rather large one, claiming the dignity of an Alley with us - Walky here is a game of to-peep - you cant see when you are going till directly you come to dodge under a house, or perhaps a stairway that leads like the companionway of a ship to parts unknown, and at least in the ships case, by the way, unsuspected - I believe I have already said no one can live long enough to see Scotland, I begin to think he would never get out of Edinburgh - To wonderful, wonderful, all the time - such a compound does not seem possible, and yet I have seen it all before and the highlands that surround - but now, tis no longer painting - the picture has stepped out the canvas and the effect is just as magical as would be the reality of the simile. To stand at the base of the castle in a street leading from the great market the effect is such that I cannot get over the idea I am dreaming - Such a crowd on such a day - such a rush of events crowd upon that view all sadden with the sorrow of King, and their sorrow, for a moment in such a place, seem more than more of their bitter, the common men of the world, can not even be mentioned - The mummy of Scott is blazoned, come on almost every thing here, through whom and the hole he has shed on ~~every~~ so many objects ~~to~~ and half his country, history we peep at beheld with eyes distorted to make the most of all - In Prince Street and very many contiguous I counted to day 19 Hotels - Pennsylvania Avenue is nothing to it - I have seen no ice in the public houses - It would be a question to one habituated to the ice, but the weather here is so cool, tis unnecessary that I have been to day to the antipodes, if not the two poles of the moral world The house of David Deans and that of Burke the Irish murderer here who killed people for what he could obtain at the University for their bodies - He lived in a basement room & made shoes - Francis Deans cottage is in good order I will be kept so - it is in the Park & Holy Road so close to the gazer what a sacred spot - Here is a temple that might inspire the spirit of real devotion - I also went to John Knox house very naturally & properly situated between the others and nearest David Deans -

What a hero - a leader among those who helped destroy the house
the devil built - I hope those who are so avidly engaged in trying to patch it
up again will after a while see the wickedness, or perhaps only folly, of their ways
and seek some useful employment, at least find an ennobling one -

30th I went this morning to the Royal Institution for ancient paintings, it is free,
and a person of singular dignity in a cocked hat politely handed me a ticket
on coming out in to the vestibule although his seat at a desk was far from the
exit door he arose & opened it for me with a low bow - This I suppose
was mark of respect for a stranger - for I am pretty sure I am recognized by
nearly all as one by the universal attention a long beard attracts - I have seen
none other here - I went to the corn market, as I was winding through a
very steep and narrow descent to it yesterday, near the bottom of it I heard a
familiar loud & clumsy step on the stone stairs inside of an entrance of a house
at my left - almost immediately on pausing I found it was following me - on
turning around (for I wanted to ask a question) I saw a regular Sandy about 70
years of age (he told me he had lived here 55 years) in reply to my question he
first said - "I have been in Dublin in London (& elsewhere he named) and having
always been treated with kindness abroad I the more feel it my duty to be at
tentive to strangers at home - walk round with me I have a shop near by."
on entering the door I saw the name of Robert Burns on it - "Is your name
Robert Burns?" "Yes Sir" "Give me your hand for that sake" and a hearty
grasp he gave me and still holding on quoted with much feeling several
passages from Burns in which some of his noblest sentiments are expressed
He told me in reply to my enquiring that he was slightly related to Burns
but that there had been 41 Robert Burns (in that neighbourhood I think) in
the last 150 years or so - He said he had made quite a little fortune in
his shop & considered his name the chief agent of his success - He seems a
really genial person I was delighted to meet him and he took me to see
several objects of interest in his neighbourhood, at parting he hoped he would
meet me at the Corn market this morning but I did not see him there -
This is a building devoted to the sale of cereals by sample once a week - no
Indian corn is sold here - though it is in Liverpool & Glasgow - I found several
earnest enquirers about American crops - American flour the best of it
being 12/ sterling and some of 20/ less per sack than the Russian - a
sack contains 280 lb - The Russian which is of a beautiful creamy shade
is worth 68/ the sack at present - it feels in the mouth like very fine Indian
meal - Bread is also shown among the samples made of the flour they sell
resent - The best flour I think stands even lower in some instances at
least than ours - They asked me how it happened that our flour was so
inferior this season - I told them I had hardly eaten a piece of good bread
in a year - ^{The wheat from some of the best} wheat exhibited from the Baltic & almost my portion
of Northern Europe & probably souther too as well as from the Black Sea
There was an evident unwillingness at first to tell me how much lower price
our flour bore than some others - Near by this corn exchange is the
place in which Oliver Cromwell quartered when here - it is now a shop I went

14th, the Keeper had never seen Black, but told me his predecessor in the shop sold him some of the boxes (innocently) in which he packed his victims. The terror in the city at the time was very great - Citizens were supposed to have been murdered beyond a doubt - yet no clue, all feared such a mysterious agent - whole streets are in abundance of dark looking high houses, but 10 stories are the highest I can yet find - I presume those of 16 I have read of are either fabulous or have been removed - for grief to say even among these old piles the hand of improvement is at work. The town of Elway of Guise is no longer entire - That of the Dutchess of Gordon near it is still in tact - a most curious affair of rough stone and small windows. Some houses on the hill side (~~Town~~ ^{Castle} Hill next the Castle) on the castle ward leading from the carriage are undermined - that is in portions the earth cut down square with the fall there on 4 feet below the bottom stones - In one case I observed this occurs under the end of a 3 story stone building with thick heavy wall yet so tenacious is the soil, not a crack is seen to indicate any deepening of the foundation - Returning from Athens past I walked around the cliffs, many lovers (apparently) were strolling there quiet and orderly looking people - I was out there again last night, still the same evidence of a favourite resort of all appeared - I was amused at a parcel of boys fighting a bee nest ~~on the~~ just below St Anthony's chapel they evinced all the brave ~~rough~~ stubborn perseverance for which they have here is so distinguished - I saw one of them stand several minutes at the outlet of the bees in the thicket of them and though I stood at what I thought a prudent distance I was at last driven off by mistaken assailants - There are more fights here among boys than with us I think, but I have seen no evidence of the unruly propensity so often spoken of among adults - Strawberries are large and plentiful in market as well as gooseberries and I have seen a few plumbs, but these latter looked shrivelled as if from a distance - Fruits are valued here for preserves & jams, there are even on the breakfast tables - I saw on Callan Hill a tower surrounded with a vane, ^{each of} on the 4 sides of the tower below the vane was a large dial with an indicator each, pointing the direction of the wind and move by the vane - a great improvement over our awkward crop on top the vane - The gardens about town, public ones are very numerous in the squares, are full of great variety of flowers, ~~and~~ in full bloom, rendering the walks every where very charming - By many of them the names are placed - as is some times the case with us, but rarely - The lawns are here ~~so~~ beautifully shaven - I believe once a month careful elms cutting keeps a lawn in very good trim - I am surprised to see the heavy tile roof here supported on lighter rafters than we use for shingles - I think the people here have larger feet than with us, I do not know whether better spirits would be considered by all a compensation for so great a misfortune, but I think there is more joke & fun than with us among the lower classes, though we are a more merciful people in reality - That music is common here and at night I hear very good voices & a number of instruments near our hotel -

15 - A mangle here is a frequent sign and sometimes "a Calceolaria tree" - Dog, "the
poor man's friend", are nothing like so numerous as with us - and what makes
it worse, a great many, for hunting, are kept in confinement - I mention all
these little facts for future review should I desire it - There are the staves which
then how the winds blow - Looking at the Rail Station I noticed a good deal of pretty heavy
timber on a train just as it was sawed down in the forest, such must be valuable here though
I recollect seeing quite a number of trees rimmed out for timber, decaying along a lane on one of the
farms of the Earl of Derby where they must have been several years & been pretty much more spoiled.
"No Pills here" is frequent on walls sometimes in doors to yards &c. Some way has rubbed off the lower part the R.
The date on John Knox house is 1490. It has been rebuilt 1853, but the old form & style preserved &
as far as may be possible, material, the exterior has an ancient aspect - next it is his church and just
above the old Town church - The old Tolbooth ("Heart of Edinburgh") is a most curious
affair, one looks upon it with a feeling of dead, rather than alive, perhaps terror - yet
clings to it too - It town is curiously encircled with ^{or projecting} turrets - The clock is supported on it by
projecting braces being a distinct affair ^{or projecting} over the street - The date over the arch
leading through (Tolbooth wynd, or close) is 1591 - It is now a part of Police station and
offices connected with the city administration - a family lives in a portion of it - The Pillory
now (used of use happily) still stands against the wall outside of which it appears a part
After I had left & got some way down the street a man came running after saying "I
do not like a stranger should go away without seeing the old shackles for the feet, I hope
to show you when we were where they were" - I returned and saw the stocks, they were liberally
constructed for the accommodation of several at a time - I presume there are many who do
not know "the way to keep him" as Johnson our great American caricaturist so facetiously
turns the thing - for on a large bill within I saw advertisements for 38 desertions of families
by the husband - three also of desertion of wives - The law does not however, appear to be
great, the reward for transformation leading to apprehension being 10/6 each - So here is a
good school for the young - one cannot apprehension of the relation of 10/6 might after have the chance
of an income of one of a husband - one of the officers told me 500 desertions at least occurred annually
in Edinburgh - I should say the man who came after me did not do for any fee, and he was the
tenant who had moved in only a day or two ago - "The parish church of the Canongate" stands
by the side of the Tolbooth a little off from it - an institution that has not yet quite done with
stocks and pillory and eggs to them at them who will not take a seat in the ~~only~~ ^{only} ~~car~~ ^{car} of the
only true and direct route, without change of cars for the great west - Any man who chooses
to go from St. Andrew to Fortin ought to be being - but if the willful in fidelity agents of other
lines won't let us do that we will make them sweat for it, some how or other -
The Grass of Forgiveness the port is seen from the Tolbooth windows in their church yard
As I went this evening to Salisbury Crag - It is a lovely spot - I saw bells (the blue bell of Scotland here)
were growing abundantly - the soil differing from Arthur's Peak which is of lim stone at the summit
with veins of Jasper beneath - It may yet take the form of Coffee Mills & horse shoes, but not until
the character of the city changes, for the cliffs of Salisbury crags were being shipped to London in
great quantities, when the city happily continued to stop it, judding fearing that after a
while this beautiful feature would be trampled under foot in the pavement of the great met-
ropolis - The property then belated to the Earl of Haddington & has since been added to the Park
of Holywood Palace by purchase - Among them crags where I could not get at them, were
beautiful blue flowers on stalks about 12 to 18 inches long, resembling of the hurtle so fine in Virginia
but a livelier blue & larger flower rather & I thought more like a common hurtle in form - Also a
dandelion very like ours on a long slender stalk, like our small kind, but about as large as our large sat-
also a beautiful white daisy & yellow centre, as large as our white weed which it exactly resembles only
being lighter - Swallows were in large numbers, they have a peculiar twitter, more continuous than
our & not so pleasing sound, I think - They seem to be better our barn & chimney swallows in form & flight
during a short interval of entire calm about sunset small flies & many other kinds of winged insects were
almost intolerable, lightly on the face curious to appear the nose & eyes particularly, but a little breeze came
and they were gone at once - This is the first time I have experience of this kind here - a slight rain while on the
hill forbids recording a third day in Britain clear of rain - Only two yet have I experienced, now 10 days here -
Lagan Burns Cottage lies about 300 yards from the foot the crag - and is in a garden surrounded by a hedge

on that part of the park bought of Earl of Haddo - I have a piece of the wood taken out in
repairing - also of the stone on which scots sat - or selected as not to make the work at all, it came
from a little projection on the rear side where it is ended - The pier of Edinburgh from
the quay is finer than from Arden seat, being nearer, though 200 feet lower probably.
The new Prison is very striking during the first stages of the ascent, it being then
in relief against the sky - The view of the rich country, its elegant seats, woods,
lawns, parks, fields & the ~~Highland~~ & highland all enclosing the city crowned
by its citadel & Calton Hill makes a rare picture - Returning I came by
a road (for foot passengers) which winds around the base of the cliff a rather yet
150 feet I should think above the town little plain & queens drive below
This path was made some 30 years ago to employ ^{by the king, conspicuous of family etc.} weavers who
were then out of work and in great distress for food "Trade being very dull"
They were paid 6d + 7d per day - I fell in with a joiner, he was a very pleas-
ant man, quite intelligent & walked with me into the town when he
pointed out his own dwelling but passed on to show me very politely, a
street I had asked about - He spoke of his school days & I think must
have been a charity scholar - Judging from her men I have met, Scotland must
have a great many good institutions for her boys - I observe in the old part of the
town frequent new buildings (The town is very irregular in form running out into arms
at several points, the ground being uneven) which form a disagreeable contrast - Close by
the Castle, on Calton Hill the most ancient & picturesque part of all, ^{opposite} the
house of allay of Guesse is the new Assembly Church of fine cut granite
and well proportioned spire - Yet although the church is really in itself really
beautiful, its effect by contrast is such as to be almost like a nettle
in the eye - such an intolerable intrusion it seems for the moment to be
In this part of the town it is common to see sticking out the upper windows, a
stick like a long broom handle - to this are lines attached (on the end) which
lead back to the window, clothes are dried on them -
I thought some of the spectators in the National Gally very fine indeed, especially in
Salvator Rosa - I forgot to say that we come out of Glasgow on an inclined plane
I presume for a wire rope was running on rollers on the side track -
The Cottage of Allan Ramsay is on the declivity of the old town, I see it from the window
where I write as well as scots Monument which is just across the gorge, on this side
opposite it in the new town, just beyond is Edinburgh Castle, near here also
Earl Stirling is building a terrace from Ramsay house, an expensive
affair, ~~it~~ on it is to stand the statue of Ramsay looking toward
Scots and the new town - a canvas model of pedestal & statue is
now there, that a judgment may be formed of the proper size to be
viewed from Princess Street where Scots Monument stands - I think
the present one will be found too small - This shows what care is taken
to avoid mistakes - Scots Monument I also see from my window not over 150
yards off - one of the finest portions of the old town, comprising the 10 storied
building, opposite me - 150 or 200 yards off - Rail station in the valley
between - The side of the house on Calton Hill sticks a canvas plot which
was fixed in some older time at approaching enemies in the high street, which
the castle looks down & which is called Cannazate, below and ends at Holy

Road - The tollbooth is in this street, the House of John Knox, and I am told I saw
 a town in it but has an interesting, known history - It must have been one of the
 finest streets in the olden times, houses of nobility all along it, but very plain
 for the present day - nothing destroyed them - The 10 stoned buildings of which I
 see from my window front on this street where they are only five stories high, very deep.
 to the house where the walls are 4 feet thick.
 31st. The morning is cloudy after yesterday's sunshine & unusual heat - I hear the popula-
 tion of Leith the new part of Edinburgh is about 30,000 - That of Glasgow
 329,000 - On my way to the castle today I stopped at the "Tollbooth Church"
 part of it was tollbooth once - The tower still stands - This is where the
 Roundhead revolution first burst out a woman Murry some simple at a
 minister of the established church - so that it ended in the murder of the King
 and subversion of the liberties of the people says a historian MacLellan
 in his history of Edinburgh - Mary half sister Regent Murray lies here
 with several others of her family - On one side of her tomb was carved Religion
 and her crop all in her glory - on the other, The scepter & sword both fallen
 & broken and the scale of justice all untailed lying at the feet of
 Religion now as blue and dolourous as her robes ever made her -
 Her enemies could do no worse - What a commentary on the system still
 of branding every thing false but our own notions on this great subject - When
 will the church cease to label their ^{manious} galleys ~~of her massive doors~~ like
 other quacks "Some genuine without the signature of Thimblewig & Co."
 Sutherland Bishop of Caithness lies here - Regent Morton
 Darnley father the Earl of Lennox - Marquis of Montrose
 executed & beheaded - Logarithm Napier outside -
 An equestrian statue of Charles 2^d is in a street behind - It gives him a strong
 but low countenance - Going to look at a particular object here is
 like looking for a word in a dictionary when one is led away by others until
 he has forgotten his first errand - I went to the pipers just behind but it
 was so crowded I could not get inside the door even, a case of libel, trying -
 On my way to the Castle I butcher told me waiting cuts of good beef were 8^d &
 very nice mutton I saw 7 to 7 1/2 a per lb, I noticed on a card that a cup of tea
 cost 5d per ct more than coffee - coffee being packed & ground for market is probably either
 damaged or more adulterated than tea - In many of Queen's Guard room, a heister sold
 me gooseberries, a better occupation (a little grocery) than in the "good old days" when men
 like bumble bee now ~~swarmed~~ swarmed and stung of King or Queen only buzzed.
 at the Castle I saw growing the real Scotch thistle it is like the tall branching prettiest kind
 of ours - There one here also that is glaucous leaved and grows 10 feet high with branches
 6 or 8 in extent (3 or 4 each side the stem) something like a Candelabra in form -
 In the Castle I saw the Regalia - These implements of royal nonsense & the chest they slept in to
 long that it came to be doubted, like the Masonic secret, if there were any there, are in a close room
 surrounded with iron rails and lighted with gas - The chest however, outside - The unwieldy character of
 of Henry's gilt tub turned bottom upward by Pope, at least made ridiculous - The unwieldy character of
 the sword, if were depended on might explain the untimely slaughter of some of the Scottish Kings -
 its hilt is a foot long but least (in the grasp) and blade in proportion - The Scepter and Staff are
 beautiful objects - upstairs is the room in which James 6th was born, we would hardly consider it
 a decent place now for a chamber maids lodging room in a county town -
 One door one window a little fire place and not over 80 square feet of floor - say a room
 8 by 10 feet - James was let down the outside the castle in a basket from this window
 and came (a fearful height for a mother to contemplate) and carried to Craigmillar
 castle the hills of which is to be seen toward the German Ocean from the window -



This window is of leaden panes & tiny panes, each one with a thistle upon it - The Scotch armchair in gilt 18
over the head of where the bed must have stood - a block of the trunk of the Hawthorn they planted while
imprisoned at Lochleven castle is in the room - Next this little "stow bed room" is her parlour a plain
room entirely now ceiled but then only roughly plastered (like the hall leading to it now) we would
call it a large room in a private house and it has been large they say - a large fire place
is in it and two windows, I think - Nothing in itself interesting save that all is hallowed here
in the sad remembrance of her history whose ~~long~~ long life of sorrow almost
commenced in these apartments - On the wall hang two copies of original por-
traits one of Mary, very beautiful, the other of a horrid face, full of suspicion,
and singularly irregular and fabled in both outline and feature, pretending to
be the son of the fair creature by its side - An Irish funeral paper at the
foot of the crag ~~stands~~ far beneath the window, adds to the effect of the monument -
The coffin is borne on 3 poles supported by 6 bearers at their knees (not on shoulders) while
a throng chiefly of women nearly all in red shawls both follow and flank the corpse
in singular and irregular order, which is probably not accidental, On the parade
ground in front of the castle stands a statue of Field Marshall Frederick Duke
of York - The countenance is certainly noble, though I believe his life in harmony
with the expiation here given of it - I now passed over a bridge of solid masonry from
the bottom of this pit a steeple is built that appears to overlook the bridge a few
feet, and then appear satisfied - a little from this is Grayfriars Church where
the covenant was signed - about 1638 - on the gable of the building is 1614
Here I met a man about 50 years of age - a licentiate of the Scotch presbytery
church - on asking him a question he very politely volunteered to show me all about
the premises - One of the principal objects was the tomb of Alexander Henderson -
Henderson was a leading spirit in opposition to the Episcopacy - my kind guide informed me
he had just returned from Ireland on a visit of inquiry - He was delighted with the state of the church
and country there - and found painful contrast with condition of things in his own country, where episcopacy he thinks threatens all - We
got along very smoothly until I proposed and extension of the application of the principles
on which he would ~~step~~ pluck the National church - It then appeared pretty plainly
that he was an agent for "the only through line" - He was a very earnest
sincere & interesting man - As we were leaving the yard I saw a jet of water
& asked him if I could drink there; he thought it not very good, when I
heard a voice from a house "come here sir, I will give you a glass of
good water" and so I found it - I mention these things as characteristic
of Scotch and English manners as far as I have had experience
In this most interesting yard is a great number of tombs of eminent men, and
many on which the inscriptions are entirely effaced - the stone half worn
away by time - Taking warning by this, many of the more modern are protected
by stone roofs & tasteful buildings with a grated gate in front -
One tomb is erected to the memory of 18000 who perished in the pursuit of an cause
from 1661 to 1688 - many of whom were buried & ashes here for fear
they might otherwise get searched here after - Was a dam to ~~be~~
as an architect - so many of Edinburgh is indebted for many of its finest

finest buildings to be seen in this yard - also Robertson the Historian, Allan Ramsay the gentle shepherd, Doctor Hugh Blair, Colin Maclaurin a great mathematician & friend of Sir Isaac Newton - The famous & learned Geo. Buchanan - Henry Mackenzie "the man of feeling" - A month might be spent among the tombs of this ground with interest - on one a recumbent human figure was half worn away - Great efforts are constantly made to perpetuate a name in this manner - How few succeed - probably not 500 on earth as many years old - Kings & princes fail - How many more immortalize themselves in tyranny & wickedness than in virtue - When we reflect upon what great disadvantages monarchs are born and educated in it is no wonder so few of them are embalmed in their own names. I now went to the university it is a very large & fine building of well cut gray stone built around a hollow square - It has 3 floors throughout and a basement at one end, standing on a slight declivity - It has a museum and fine library - The front on South Bridge Street, is imposing & fine - in the area or hollow square within, the four sides present a facade of fine architecture & more elaborate than the outside - The building is 260 feet front by 363 feet deep as I made it by pacing - All my measurements are thus obtained but I can do so very accurately for ordinary purposes. A very fine and extensive building fronts the main London road on the side of Calton Hill is the Edinburgh High School - Prince Street is a continuation of this road as is Waterloo Place - Along by the College is the Royal Infirmary - A piece of the an extensive affair, in the wall enclosing it is a piece of a few rods length of the old wall of the city - it appears about 3 feet in thickness is now about 12 feet high - but the top looks fragmentary also, as if it had been higher - it is then tiled for preservation - The city having been walled may have indeed the high houses, for in those days the only way would be to add to height of the outside the walls would have been unsafe - I noticed to day the name of Paterson on two signs, the spot where Capt. Paterson was hung by the mob is still there - Some locks too around a joint box with sharp thorns of iron, some of the iron cap pieces looked like great rose briars - The shops down for ~~some~~ do not compare in brilliancy with ours - an apothecary I have not yet noticed and not many of their faithful allies, confectioners, On my way to the Crags again, I saw a public man with his wife in the owner room came to me and told me he would be very happy to explain every thing - He owned one at Dundee which he sold out and has lately built this, the only one here I believe - The building is of brick of cheap construction, except the iron roof which cost 210 £ It is 108 feet long by 40 wide - ^{it is fine from throughout} ^{and is filled by an ingenious set of ceiling valves imbedded in a grid} - The whole affair boiler, pipes, fixtures & all, cost 1300 £ It contains 52 Rooms with 4 tubs in each for 4 washerwomen - The women pay 1d per hour for the use of these and hot and cold water, which is pretty soft water from the city works Pentlands or Panna hills (Scotch say "Hells" for hills) The women find their own soap - but the premises are kept clean by the proprietor - There are extensive clothes lines for drying clothes for which the women pay 1d the stick (about 24 feet of line) for as long as is required to dry the articles thereon - There is a green too where they can bleach too if they desire for which a compensation is required - all cheap I thought - The proprietor pay drying room would not pay he thanks, in reply to query about cheap baths - "Baths with soap pay in Scotland" - Some of the women told me that the price for washing for gentlemen was 2d for each shirt & 1d for pair of stockings, wellies or cotton and 1d for handkerchiefs. Like every thing else in this country this establishment has had its flowering time - I had a very large basket, as I was leaving the proprietor (an intelligent man though in a humble walk) said he would be very happy to pay me some sum if I desired it - I of course accepted his offer & he will send it to Barry Melhu for me - He has also an great fish pond adjoining this by which he extracts the foreign matter from the water of the city sewer, one of which (there are probably 100 of them in all) passes through these premises - he ~~is~~ ^{is} the group in a bottle it is effective in a tank 7 feet deep & 4 feet wide in about half an hour leaving the water as clear as crystal & the residuum is worth 4 £ per ton as a fertilizer and he has made 10 Tons per day with his little 2 little tanks which is a very small part of what the city would supply - a patented compound that looks like clay worth 5/ the clyp the ton is the chief

so agent a product with lime and animal charcoal. The process is new and patented. I think ~~one~~ of the most important discoveries in both a sanitary & economical point of view of the age. On putting the material in a glass jar of turbid water he showed me by way of explanation, effervescence immediately commenced and the dark lime fell like mercury in thermometer, so fast as to be plainly discernible to the eye, being all above pure as rock spring water. The man did not know of what materials the clays like substance which produces (chiefly) this effect, was composed. Next to this I came to an immense gasometer now constructing, the great one in Philadelphia which cost 40,000 \$ is a mere snuff box to it - but this is extravagant I confess. This however is 38 feet deep and 139 feet across inside, over this an dome but of that size is to be erected - more than 40 the excavation for it is in rock, but this slakes like lime on atmospheric exposure. The precautions against the access of water are very great great, heavy lining of brick walls laid in cement with vertical spaces between (the whole depth of the thing) fill with impervious clay. I then went to the ruin of St Anthony's Chappelle, a little way from the well (a spring) on St Anthony's hill - when I was out about till dark - I saw you blue hills be picked from the neighbourhood of the ruin - It is small but interesting - returning by Market street I met a gentleman (I think a student) who offered to walk to town with me, he was a most agreeable person & gave me to my hotel. There is much statuary here, and on a tall fine column not far from Scott is a statue of Lord Melville. - The views from Edinburgh Castle are very fine in every direction. I find there are two kinds of Elder here one black the other red branched they are very dense fine shrubs and about Holy well are some over 20 feet high & very wide. The day is warm & fine the outcries from the windows like the howling of a ship display an unusual number of garments to dry in consequence. In these narrow streets in the old parts of the town where these things are indulged in, are not a whiff of ambrosial odour this fine day and I have observed several strong testimonies of a truly philosophical indifference to trifles in my rambles through the Cowgate and various narrow "clows" to day. Every step reveals some new and curious object in this wonderful town. I got into one Caberath when I was obliged to require my way out - up stairs down stairs there is one of these stairways I think (yes two of them) at least of 200 steps each - that 20 to 50 are common and often it is in a house or the entrance to the different flats of them, all stone of course upon emerging I was as sometimes as much bewildered as the goose that took an unlooked for plunge over Niagara - Well duped police are every where - I saw a soldier marched under guard from the Castle when he had been convicted of breach of duty by Court Marshall - he was now unarmed marching between two fellows with muskets to prison for a month or two - he looked pleased enough but probably in bravado. I have found the soldier ever ready to give information, and often very attentive and polite - I find myself very often taken for an Englishman but upon undressing the parties experience no less courtesy than before. The 3 cities I have yet been in have their railway stations excellently situated, a great advantage over many of ours, and hotels near by - I take a room and find living by ordering my meals in the coffee or travellers room very comfortable and not so much more expensive than at home, as I supposed, - Beggars are not yet so numerous than with us, nor is impatience for baggage greater - that for hawks not at all so - I see coal is offered here 8^d per 100 lbs and women carrying it home on their backs in heavy loads - This is a painful sight, but they look happy enough & very stout & healthy as a general thing - Herring fresh are being cured this morning at 1/2d each - they are smaller, but thicker than ours in reputation - One sort is called bloater, this reminded me of Wade Hamptons telly his overseer (who carried a complaint from his negroes of the scantiness of half a herring) to give them a whole one and let 'em burst. The people of this island are not behind us in puffing.

2 Holy Rood Palace is of course interesting. I there saw the blood of Rizzio the
apartments of Queen Mary & the other monarchs of Scotland with good deal of the
furniture - The boots & Armour of Davy a Portrait of his father Lord Lennox. There
are many paintings - Those of the Mayors of Bredalbane who has apartments in this
palace by order of Charles from Charles 2 are highly interesting - I visited them also.
The Duke of Hamilton is Keeper of the Palace & has apartments in it also -

The Picture Gallery of the Palace is a plain room ^{& covered} wainscoted in oak 142 feet
by 26 feet & about 17 or 18 high - It has 2 large fire places - 11 common windows
each of 28 panes each - The glass is only about 9 by 14 inches and the sash as big and
clumsy as a stout mans arm - It contains 100 Portraits from 338 years before
Christ to Jas 4th (the Jas 2^d of England) many of these were painted by contract
from 500 to 1300 years after the originals were dead - but the line is represented
in name at least - James 5th is a most remarkable ^{slow} likeness in face and
form, of Bernard Roelker of Boston - I went up the stair way where Rizzio's
apartments broke the door & entered a dagger in hand - The part where he fled and
was murdered with 52 wounds was partitioned from her audience chamber by order Queen
Mary and so remains to this day - The bed of Charles 1st ^{of Scotland} of Charles
Edward is ~~yet~~ in this room, it was used by the Duke of Cumberland after the battle of
Culloden - In the Queens Chamber is her bed, very short & mean - The little drapery
basket of Jas 6th in fancy stands by its side - The ~~retaining~~ ^{retaining} stone on which ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Queen~~ ^{Queen}
Mary is in one of the rooms - Several pieces of her needle work - The mirror in her dressing
room is an oval of about 9 by 13 inches - I saw Broth are heavy clumsy, thick
soled, square toed and the heel at least 3 inches high - Faded tapestry is
on the walls much of which is coarse in appearance - ~~some of the~~ ^{some of the} ~~work~~ ^{work} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~value~~ ^{value} ~~than~~ ^{than} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~rest~~ ^{rest} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~work~~ ^{work} ~~seen~~ ^{seen} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~country~~ ^{country} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~present~~ ^{present} ~~day~~ ^{day} ~~I~~ ^I ~~found~~ ^{found} ~~a~~ ^a ~~stone~~ ^{stone} ~~cutter~~ ^{cutter} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~say~~ ^{say} ~~who~~ ^{who} ~~told~~ ^{told} ~~me~~ ^{me} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~usual~~ ^{usual} ~~ways~~ ^{ways} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~part~~ ^{part} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~work~~ ^{work} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~Edinburgh~~ ^{Edinburgh} ~~&~~ [&] ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~find~~ ^{find} ~~their~~ ^{their} ~~own~~ ^{own} ~~tools~~ ^{tools}, these cost about 9 pence per week to keep in order - The say they
have less here than almost anywhere else as masons are particularly numerous here -
they work but 57 hours a week 10 hours per day is the time throughout the Kingdom
for a day work - Masons here knock off early on Saturday - so we may conclude they
earn enough, pretty easily, to live on - A Tanner told me 17 to 20 shillings a week
^(5 pence any hour) was the amount of their wages - Carriers 25 to 30 shillings per week, but they usually
work by the piece & earn some 5/ the week over the set wages - Piece work seems
universal, almost where the nature of the employment will admit, even harvesting about
Liverpool is so done - Common labourers about Street here 14 to 16/ per week
Tanner the carrier told me had generally what was equivalent to 20 to 25 £
the year, when they worked by the year, they have so much money & stipulated supply
of meal, milk &c The Chapel at Holyrood an ancient affair many Old Tombs
of Noblemen and the Royal vault which was desecrated & emptied in 1688
by the mob - The facade of the Court of Holyrood is handsome enough & the
exterior very simple yet pleasing in effect - Some portions of the
ruined Royal Chapel just spoken of are fine, but the Oil does
not strike me at all - I intend going to Dalkeith to night & thence
on my way to John O Groat's & Goud (with love to all my friends) afflicted
with John - I am very well, but have hard work being so much -

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