

I was as entirely unacquainted with great towns at this time as the shepherd in Virgil ; and, excited by what I saw, I sadly tasked my friend's peripatetic abilities, and, I fear, his patience also, in taking an admiring survey of all the more characteristic streets, and then in setting out for the top of Arthur's Seat,—from which, this evening, I watched the sun set behind the distant Lomonds,—that I might acquaint myself with the features of the surrounding country, and the effect of the city as a whole. And amid much confused and imperfect recollection of picturesque groupes of ancient buildings, and magnificent assemblages of elegant modern ones, I carried away with me two vividly distinct ideas,—first, results, as a painter might perhaps say, of a “fresh eye,” which no after survey has served to freshen or intensify. I felt that I had seen not one, but two cities,—a city of the past and a city of the present,—set down side by side, as if for purposes of comparison, with a picturesque valley drawn like a deep score between them, to mark off the line of division. And such in reality seems to be the grand peculiarity of the Scottish capital,—its distinguishing

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'Twas just Friday e'enin', Auld Reekie I'd been in,  
 I'd gatten a shillin',—I maybe gat twa ;  
 I thought to be happy wi' friends ower a drappie,  
 When wha suld come pap in,—but Peter M'Craw !

There's houp o' a ship though she's sair pressed wi' dangers,  
 An' roun' her frail timmers the angry winds blaw ;  
 I've aften gat kindness unlooked for from strangers,  
 But wha need houp kindness frae Peter M'Craw ?  
 I've kent a man pardoned when just at the gallows,—  
 I've kent a chiel honest whase trade was the law !  
 I've kent fortune's smile even fa' on gude fallows ;  
 But I ne'er kent exceptions wi' Peter M'Craw !

Our toun, yince sae cheerie, is dowie an' eerie ;  
 Our shippies hae left us, our trade is awa' ;  
 There's nae fair maids strayin' ? , nae wee bairnies playin' ;  
 Ye've muckle to answer for, Peter M'Craw !  
 But what gude o' greevin' as lang's we are leevin',  
 My banes I'll soon lay within you kirk-yard wa' ;  
 There nae care shall press me, nae taxes distress me,  
 For there I'll be yae thee,—Peter M'Craw !