

Friday, July 7th, at the Granton hotel.¹

I MUST make the new day begin here I suppose, at Edinburgh, though it has been Friday and broad daylight many hours. As you come up to Edinburgh it looks striking enough certainly, and is splendidly set down, with the huge castle-rock rising in the middle of it and on its outskirts the quite wild-looking mountains about Arthur's Seat; underneath lies what is left of Holyrood: once upon a time it must have been an impressive and poetical place, but I should think always very doleful: the dolefulness remains, the poetry is pretty much gone: the station is a trifle more miserable-looking than the worst of such places in England: looking up from it you see high houses going up the sides of the deep gorge it lies in; they are black, they are comfortless-looking and not old now: we went up for a few minutes into the dismal street where people were taking their shutters down, then wandered about the station, felt frowsy, and drank ineffably bad coffee in the refreshment-room till the train started for Granton. When we came there to a particularly wretched little station by the pier, we went to the agent's and found Evans, who had landed about six in the morning, going there too: the agent was vague about the arrival of the

¹ I am supposed to be writing the journal at night after each day's travel for clearness sake.

“Diana,” and I began to be afraid I should have my first experience of a Scotch Sabbath: however, I consoled myself with thinking I should moon the time away somehow: and so we went to a dismal big inn close to the pier, which has the sole advantage of having a look-out over the firth and its islands, the going and coming trains, and the steam-ferry to Burnt Island that lies on the other side of the firth. Granton is a dull, dull place with the slipshod do-nothing air that hangs about a small port, though I suppose more is going on than seems to be: except for the steam-ferry aforesaid, which is always coming and going, the same vessels seem as if they must always be lying in the same places, and the sailors loafing about look as if they had been “struck so” with their hands in their pockets. After breakfast we took train into Edinburgh again, and walked ourselves pretty well off our legs buying odds and ends. I had my hair cut in terror of the dreaded animal, Faulkner all the while egging on the hair-dresser to cut it shorter: he and I afterwards drove about a bit in an open chaise thing with the uncomfortable feeling that one doesn’t know where to tell the driver to drive to, and that he and everybody else are pointing the finger of scorn at us for being strangers and sightseers: well, we drove into the Grassmarket and other parts of the old town; there is little left now that is old in look, and all is dirty and wretched-looking in the old town, and the new town provincial and pretentious to the last degree: so at last back we went to Granton and dinner, very well tired: nevertheless we went out afterwards and wandered about the harbour till dark, well enough amused in watching little matters about the ships: a timber-ship amongst others where they had opened two great holes in the bows, and were running out the timber through them: it looked queer seeing into the hold of the ship: withal there stood on a raft outside a Scotchman with a hook, who tried to catch the timber as they came out to make them fast to the raft: he fell into the utmost Scotch fury because he kept missing them, to Faulkner’s huge contempt: at last he did catch one and so back we went home: there was a very considerable

racket in the coffee-room when we got in, partly from some Granton who are to be our fellow-travellers, partly from German mates and the like dropping in for a drink: but we played at whist amidst it till we could sit up no longer and so went to bed dog-tired.