

THE CASTES OF EDINBURGH

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The Castes of Edinburgh by John Heiton

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JOHN HEITON

**THE CASTES
OF EDINBURGH**

THE
CASTES OF EDINBURGH.

BY
JOHN HEITON,
OF DARNICK TOWER.

Castes are like unto the steps of Jacob's ladder, inasmuch as they lead upwards, but very unlike the same, in so far as they do not lead to Heaven.

OLD PLAY.

JOHN MENZIES, EDINBURGH.
HOULSTON & WRIGHT, LONDON.
M. DCCC. LIX.



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P R E F A C E.

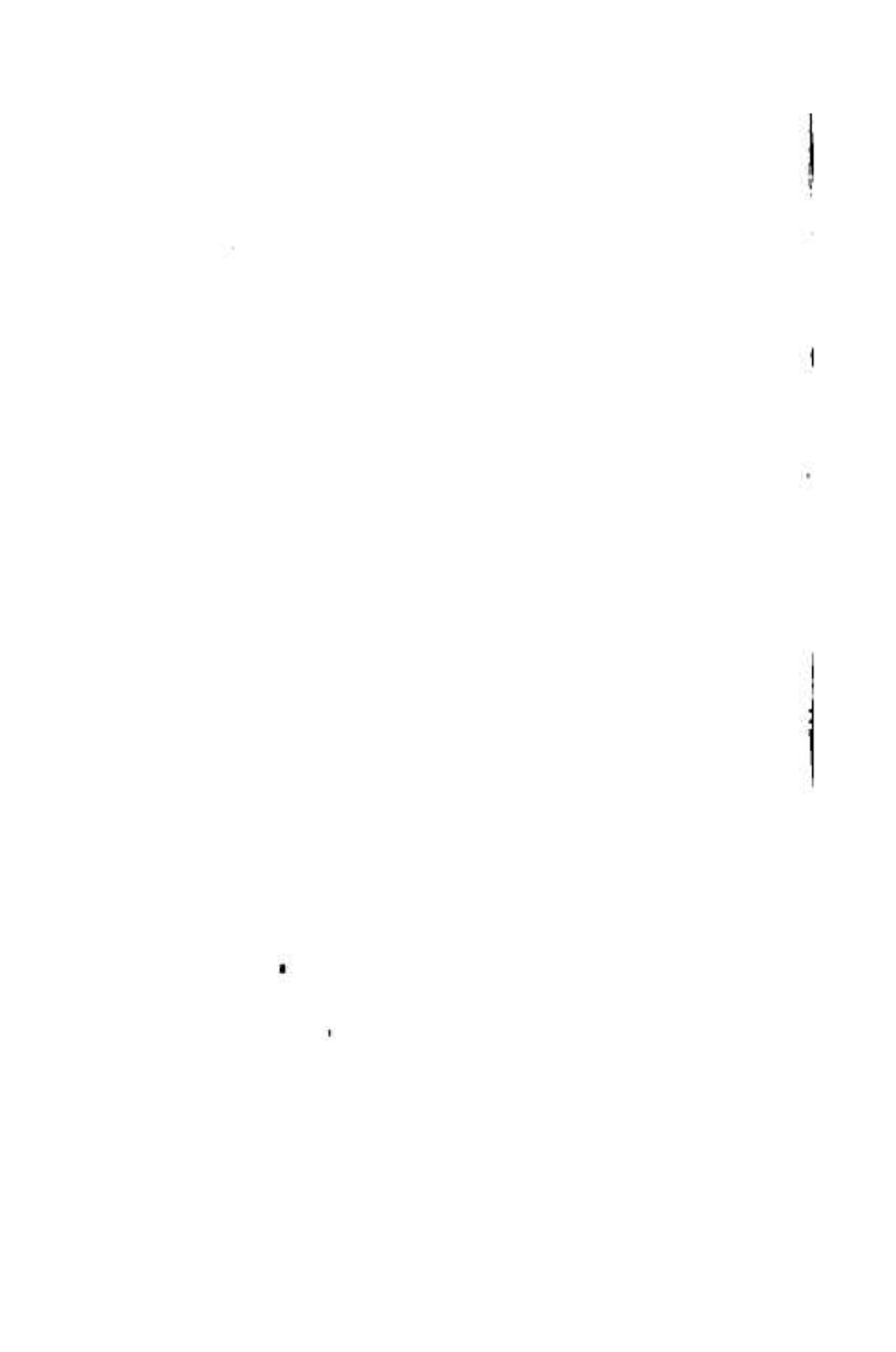
THE papers which compose this volume, were published originally in ~~and~~ of our most respectable Edinburgh newspapers; and the Author now submits them to the public in this form, not so much on the recommendation of friends—so often an insecure ground of reliance—as on something like evidence which has reached himself, that they have been favourably considered by persons qualified to pass a critical judgment on their merits.

Perhaps in those days, when even as regards reputation, books are viewed as a light adventure, it is not necessary for the Author to say more in justification of his small attempt at authorship, unless it be, that while he enter-

tains some hope of contributing to the amusement—he can hardly say instruction of his readers—he is at least satisfied that his efforts will do no harm to the interests of morality or good manners. It is also something to know a little more than what can be achieved by cursory observation, how the society of our beautiful city is constituted, and though he can boast of few sources of information not open to the easiest access, he has taken some small pains to collect the *entremets* of anecdote and allusion, without which—even divested of the personality which imparts piquancy—a work of this kind, in its nature light, and fugitive, could scarcely be expected to escape dulness.

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THE CASTES OF EDINBURGH.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill,
Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
But of the two, less dangerous is the offence,
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.

POPE.

“LOOK you, sir. Your city is a very fine city, but it swarms with castes.” The American was right: Our beautiful Modern Athens is in a swarm of castes, worse than ever was old Egypt or is modern Hindostan. True—it always was so, less or more. The honeycombed Old Town is just the forsaken hive, showing us the old receptacles of the different grades of the body corporate. There is now a swarm of a different kind there. The castes have gone over the North Loch, taking their *lares* along with them, and settled in the princely dwellings of the New Town. But it is not otherwise all the same with these castes as formerly. Nature, indeed, al-