

## ROYAL PROGRESSES, RECENT AND REMOTE.

A BANQUET-HALL gay with lights and crowded with revellers, and the same banquet-hall lying silent in the dim gray of morning, the lights all extinguished, and the revellers all gone,—such is the contrast which the Edinburgh of the present week presents to the Edinburgh of the last. The living tide is receding even more suddenly than it arose,—ebbing by its hundred outlets,—roads, canals, railways, and the sea; and already do our streets, in both the ancient and modern portions of the city, present the characteristic aspect of the season. In the older thoroughfares, long appropriated to trade and labour, the current flows languidly, save at the hours when warehouses and workshops pour out their numerous inmates. In the more fashionable streets and squares it has altogether ceased to flow; and as solitude ever seems deeper amid sunshiny lines of deserted buildings than among even rocks and woods, however lonely, in no parts of the city or its neighbourhood have the late scenes of noisy bustle and excitement been followed by scenes of more striking contrast than amid the more splendid streets of the New Town, with their few unemployed chairmen here and there sauntering about corners, or their single domestics here and there tripping leisurely along the pavement. Parade and pageantry seem over for the time; and the royal visit to Edinburgh has taken its place among other royal progresses of the past, as a thing of history,—as an event to which future chroniclers will refer, agreeably to their character as writers, either as a trivial fact, deserving of but its single brief sentence, or as an interesting incident, suited, from its picturesque accompaniments, to relieve the dry narrative of contemporary occurrences.