

by which the public indicate cordial joy and welcome, than on the evening of Friday. There was the rich fire-work, the brilliant device visible by its own tinted light, the motto, the bonfire, the blaze of torches, lamps, and tapers. The age of Charles, however, was, much more than the present, an age of mysteries and emblems: it was the age of the masque and the allegory,—an age in which even a Bacon could write of such things, and a Quarles of scarce anything else; and we question whether Edinburgh was not as interesting a sight when Charles visited it rather more two hundred years ago, as when Victoria visited it last week. “The streets on both sides,” says Stevenson, “were lined by the citizens in their best apparel and arms, from the West Port to Holyrood.” At one “theatre, exquisitely adorned,” where the Lord Provost presented the keys to his Majesty, there was a “painted description of the city.” At another, near the Luckenbooths, were arranged the portraits of all the kings of Scotland, from Fergus downward. A fountain at the cross ran with wine for the benefit of the lieges; and Bacchus, large as life, superintended the distribution of the liquor. The Muses made themselves visible in Hunter Square; the heavenly bodies danced harmoniously at the Netherbow. Bells chimed, cannons rattled, and “all sorts of music that could be invented” mingled their tones with the booming of the guns, the pealing of the bells, the melody of the planets, the speeches of Fergus, Bacchus, and the Provost, and the songs of Apollo, the Burghers, and the Muses. We are farther told that the streets were actually “sanded,” and that the “chief places were set out with stately triumphal arches, obelisks, pictures, artificial mountains, and other costly shows.” It must have been altogether a bizarre scene. Parnassus, with all its rocks, trees, and fountains, leaned against the old weigh-house. When the Muses sung, the nymphs of the Cowgate joined in the chorus,—the genius of