

Scotland discoursed of war and conquest in the middle of the West Bow,—classic arches of lath strided over the odoriferous Cranes,—festoons of flowers hung romantically above the unsullied waters of the Nor'-Loch,—obelisks of paste-board shot up their taper pinnacles among the gray chimneys of the Grassmarket,—the entire city must have not a little resembled its defunct patron saint of blackened wood, “old St Gyle,” when bedizzened on a holiday with coloured glass, tinsel, and cut paper. And then, the handsome, imperious, melancholy Charles, with violent death impressed, according to the belief of the age, in the very lines of his countenance, and the withered, diminutive Laud, perplexed by some half-restored recollection of his last night's dream, or bent to the full stretch of his faculties in originating some new religious form suggested by the surrounding mummeries, or in determining whether his cope might not possibly be improved by the addition of a few spangles, must have looked tolerably picturesque as they passed along the lines of grave whiskered burghers stretching on either hand, surmounted by all the beauty of the place, as it hung gaping and curious from the windows above. On Sunday, Charles, unlike our present Monarch, attended the High Church. We fain trust the presence of the one and the absence of the other did not indicate the same thing. “The ordinary reader began to sing, as usual,” says the historian; “whereat his Majesty, displeased, despatched the Bishop of Ross to turn him out. And the bishop straightway did so, with no few menaces, and introduced into his place two English quoiristers in their vestments, who, with the help of the dignitaries, performed the service after the English manner.” “That being ended,” adds the historian, “Bishop Guthrie of Moray went up to the pulpit to preach; but, instead of making Divine truth his theme, he had little else than some flattering panegyrics, which made the king himself to blush, mingled with bitter