

feet from the pavement; and to this dizzy eminence the urchins had contrived to bring with them the tattered fragment of a flag, which ever and anon they waved with huge glee. The group was one in which a Hogarth would have delighted. The roof of St Giles' seemed scarce less densely occupied than the street below; and the effect of the whole was striking in the extreme. Blair, in his "Grave," speaks of "over-bellying crowds." The spectators of the scene of Saturday must have been able to appreciate the picturesqueness of the phrase. The living masses hanging from every corner and coign of vantage, seemed, if we may so express ourselves, to project the antique architecture of the High Street against the sky. Almost every snugger corner, too, had its temporary scaffold or balcony. There was, in particular, one scaffold that greatly gratified us: the object of its erection showed both good taste and good feeling. It had been raised for the accommodation of the boys and girls of Heriot's; and never was there a group of happier faces than that which it exhibited. Such was the scene, when, shortly after eleven, a solitary horseman came spurring up the street, and, pausing for a moment in the centre of the open space, where the Magistracy of the city were assembled, he intimated that the Queen had reached Holyrood. The whisper passed along the crowd, and was caught from balcony to window, and from window to roof. The bells of the city had been rung at intervals from morning: they now broke out into a merry peal; and the near boom of cannon from the neighbouring Castle suddenly awoke the echoes of the High Street. There was a movement in the close-wedged crowds beneath,—a murmur expressive of the general excitement,—a swaying to and fro; and then for a space all was still as before. From our point of observation we could catch a view of the roofs and upper storeys of the tenements in the lower part of the street, with their dimly-seen groupes