

Oh, historians, how blind, partial and unfair you sometimes are, defending by every art in your power Elizabeth and her royal father, and handing down to the scorn of future generations this one weak woman! How impossible to recognize the Stuarts and William of Orange, of Froude, Macaulay, and Strickland, as being the same individuals!*

Charles I. wished the Regalia to be brought to England, but this not being allowed, he went to Scotland, and was crowned at Scone, 1633. Charles II. was the last king on whose brow the crown rested, as James II. refused to take the coronation oath. The descendants of those who had so patriotically preserved the crown, nay, of those who had done so much for Charles, were to suffer much from both himself and his brother. The crown was placed on his head by Argyll, whom he afterwards, with base ingratitude, executed. Charles, false in all things, is well described by his boon companion, Lord Rochester, as witty and wicked as himself:

"Here lies our Sovereign Lord, King Charles,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

What changes had taken place in the century during which these glittering baubles lay hidden. In Edinburgh itself, the dance and feast went on, while Charles Edward held high holiday, charming the hearts of the ladies; the grief and tears flowed fast when it was known that he was a fugitive, and their fathers and brothers were "trod to the plain by proud Cumberland, prancing, insulting the slain." What a strange sight was that, too, which these streets beheld, when a mob—not a wild, disorderly rabble, indulging in plunder and arson, but quiet and well-led, even paying for the rope used to carry out their grim vengeance,—battered down the walls of the Tolbooth to bring out and execute a reprieved prisoner. What a galaxy of literary giants, too—Hume, Robertson, Smollet, Jeffreys, Campbell, Scott, Brougham, and poor Burns—here lived and wrote, while still the crown room held its hidden treasure.

*It would be an ungrateful task to criticise this *perferfidum ingenium* of a Scottish lady writing of the national idol—the lovely and unfortunate "Queen of Scots."—ED.