

gilded footmen, flowers and ribbons, could make a procession. The cavalcade approached the gate of the Speaker's residence—the doors flew open—and carriage and cavalry dashed through—the next moment, the doors closed again, and the whole scene had passed by. The tramp of the horses soon ceased, and the murmuring of the river, like the voice of simple nature was again heard. When pageantry of man is present, that voice is lost in the clatter of his horses' hoofs, but it continues its course undisturbed, and when the pageant and its object are passed into eternal oblivion, still that small voice rises, as it did at creation. I stood for a moment, admiring in memory the late scene. The Speaker's house was situated at the side of Westminster Hall, on the grounds which border the Thames—and the thought of the august visitor which had just entered, of the splendor of the apartments which were to receive the Monarch, the solitary carriage, the steel clad horsemen, and the silent scene and gothic gateway outside—renewed all my boyish dreams of Arabian Nights, and enchanted castles. Different from usual occurrences, the real heightened, the imagined appendages of the picture—the personage, who in such simple state, had just passed under those gloomy towers, was not knight errant, or Emperor of eastern slaves—it was the King of England's brave Islands and immense possessions—he did not go to the banquet of his vassal, to awake in the morning to the tournament or the chase—but the Monarch went to spend the vigil with his first Commoner; for in the morning he was destined to awake to be solemnly wedded, as it were, to a free nation, by indissoluble protestations.

This little preliminary scene to the Coronation, was more pleasing to me, than the more garish and studied exhibitions which marked that period. Often since, I have been led to think that principal scenes, and principal personages, are not always the most interesting or perhaps important.

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[Persons amid untoward situations and circumstances of life, who yet cultivate a literary taste, and endeavour after literary recreations, have always been thought particularly worthy of notice, in our Mother land. In that country, which, with an Aristocracy and a Commons, proud and wealthy above any nation of earth—deems it, an honour to reckon the Ploughman Burns among its natives—and gives Bloomfield's little volume a place in the most splendid libraries. Induced by such an example, if not by our own feelings, we are proud when any opportunity occurs, of exhibiting, here, that some of the laborious classes rise above their difficulties, and retain feelings, and taste, which do them honour—and pursue recreations, far above what are too often supposed consequent on their situations. With these views, we are much pleased to direct