

barely enabling him to announce this fatal sensation, so as to be heard by the page, on whose shoulder his Majesty's head had fallen. The King died at thirteen minutes past three o'clock on Saturday morning. Before the Physicians had arrived, his eyes were closed in death."

Is not this incident of our Monarch's dying hour, strongly contrasted indeed with his joyous nativity?—the lonely morning watch—the absence of relatives and friends, only compensated by the attendance of two pages—no wife or daughter or spiritual attendant to catch the dying words, which were murmured on the shoulder of a menial—awful contrast indeed, contrast which alters the relative positions of situations, and makes the most humble subject in the land sigh over the fate of his King. The domestic errors of youth were sorely visited in this life—repented of and forgiven, and repaired where possible, let us hope that a blessed fruition has succeeded.

We will pass the gorgeous solemnities of the funeral, the groupings with which chivalry and romance and poetry, decorated the chamber, the procession, the church, and the cold vault—all have gone by like the fantastic figures in the moonlight clouds, and the approaching coronation, eclipses the mournful pageant. One monument stands to loudly attest the shortness of human power and happiness. Dissatisfied with his Metropolitan residence, his Majesty had erected a splendid palace in a beautiful situation; the park which brought rural scenery within the bounds of London, and which grouped all classes in their hours of recreation, spread before its windows. Its design and embellishments, its statuary, paintings, gold work, and tapestries, were the chief works of a number of splendid artists—it rose beautiful as a fairy creation, and firm as a monument of a King's work, and one intended for future generations, should be—but before it received its final polish, and was altogether fitted to receive its august builder—its owner was no more—he was done for ever with palace and castle—the narrow house had received him, there to await the Archangel's triumph. The palace stands an awful memento of life's uncertainty. In view of Buckingham House, stands a palace erected for the late Duke of York. He also had departed to eternal habitations before his earthly house was finished. These baffled hopes of the two royal brothers, stand within view of the moralist, who may wander through St. James's Park—splendid, silent and black, they look the spectres of human pride and hope, obelisks of royal disappointment and despair. The spirits of those for whom they were intended, we hope have attained to glorious rest among the many mansions of a better kingdom—and while the piles they erected for themselves on earth are vocal with the music of others who forget their name—may they be entranced in sounds, to which the music of the spheres are dull and inharmonious: