

its impress on that mean pageant less palpably evident in the uncultivated wildness of the surrounding country, or in the servile condition and savage ignorance of the inhabitants, than in the royal progress itself. Wherever superstition wakes, intellect and industry slumber. Popery, wherever it obtains, overlays the national mind like a nightmare, not only inducing sleep, but also rendering hideous the sleep which it induces. And what is the nature of the morality which grows up under its fostering influences? Look on that pageant. Could the repentance which bemoans itself in the confessional, and then expends itself in sore penances and long journeys, be in any instance more sincere. The hair-cloth, the whip, the iron belt, the shoeless foot, the weary pilgrimage,—these are all realities. In a few brief days, however, the season of penance will be over, and that devout prince, laying down his repentance with his cowl, shall have engaged, undisturbed by a single compunctious qualm, in all the grosser debaucheries of an immoral and semi-barbarous court. And such is invariably the sort of connection which exists between the religion of penances, pilgrimages, and masses, and purity of life and conduct.

The scene changes, and a lady, as now, has become the centre of the pageant. The rank dew lies heavy on grass and stone; a deep gloom hangs over the landscape,—a thick unwholesome fog, unstirred by the wind; but we can see the huge back of Arthur Seat faint and gray amid the haze, with the unaltered outline of the crags below; and yonder are the two western towers of Holyrood, and yonder the Abbey, with its stone-roof entire, and the hoar damps settling on its painted glass. The scene is that of the pageant of Saturday last, in all its more prominent features: nought has changed, save man and his puny labours. Nature seems to have no sympathy with the general joy. The sun has not shone for five days, nor the moon for five nights; the boom