

of the cannon from the distant harbour, where the French galleys lie, falls dead and heavy on the ear, like the echoes of a sepulchral vault; the mingled shouts and music from the half-seen crowds sound drearily amid the chill and dripping damps, like tones of the winter wind in a ruin at midnight; and yonder comes the pageant of the day, enwrapped in fog, like a drifting vessel half-enveloped in the spray of a lee shore. Mark these gay and volatile strangers, the *élite* of the French Court. Yonder are the three Maries, and yonder the two Guises; and here comes the Queen herself, encircled by her iron barons. And who is that Queen?—Mary,—the gay, the fascinating, the exquisitely beautiful,—a true sovereign of the imagination,—a choice heroine of poetry and romance,—a woman whose loveliness still exerts its influence over hearts,—a monarch whose misfortunes and sorrows still command tears; Mary,—the loose, the voluptuous, the unprincipled,—alike fitted to enchant a lover or to destroy a husband,—the victim of her own unregulated passions,—the canonized martyr of Popery,—in no degree less surely the martyr of adultery and murder. But none of the darker traits yet appear; and with all the enthusiasm of the national character, the Scotch welcome their Queen. And yet motto and device speak to her in a strange language as she passes on: the very signs that indicate the general joy at her arrival are fraught with unpalatable truth. Nor will she be left to guess merely at their meaning, when, after matins shall be sung and the Host elevated in yonder chapel, the echoes of that ancient High Church,—a building so peculiarly associated with all that is truly great in Scottish history,—shall be awakened by the stormy indignation of Knox; nay, in the very presence-chamber shall the Sovereign be told that her reformed people have determined to brook no revival of the blood-stained idolatry of Rome. Mary's grandfather rode unquestioned on his pilgrimage, to