

of spectators. We could mark a sudden waving of handkerchiefs,—a deep though distant cheer; a cry of the Queen, the Queen, passed along the crowd. The masses opened heavily and slowly, as if compressed by the lateral weight; a train of coaches was seen advancing; there was the gleam of helmets, the flash of swords; the shout rose high; and, as the vehicle in front moved on, there was a fluttering of scarfs and kerchiefs at every casement and in every gallery, as if a stiff breeze had swept by and shaken them as it passed. The city Magistrates, in their scarlet robes, had formed a group in front of the Exchange; and here the royal vehicle paused, and the Lord Provost went through the ceremony of delivering the city keys into the hands of the Sovereign. We sat within less than twenty yards of her Majesty at the time, and employed ourselves in marking how thoroughly the countenance is a German one,—how very much of Brunswick there is in it, and how little of the Stuarts. It bears trace of the Guelphs in every feature and lineament. As a family face, it has its historic associations, speaking of Revolution principles and the Protestant succession. The pageant moved on, and disappeared as, passing from where the street terminates in front of the Castle, it entered on the esplanade.

Such is a faint and imperfect outline of the one prominently striking scene connected with the recent progress. We have said that the progresses of James, Mary, and Charles were characteristically impressed by the stamp of their time, and linked to the main events and more striking traits of the national history. May the recent progress be regarded as also characteristic? Time alone can show. It may be found to speak all too audibly of the revived superstition to which the troubles of Charles were mainly owing,—the superstition which conducted him ultimately to the front of Whitehall, and his younger son to a French palace in