

ton, Lord Mayor of London! Without having once bargained for such a thing, — all unaware of what was awaiting me, — I had ascended St. Paul's to see, as it proved, the Lord Mayor's procession. To be sure, I was placed rather high for witnessing with the right feeling the gauds and the grandeurs. All human greatness requires to be set in a peculiar light, and does not come out to advantage when seen from either too near or too distant a point of view; and here the sorely-diminished pageant at my feet served rather provokingly to remind one of Addison's ant-hill scene of the *Mayor* emmet, with the bit of white rod in its mouth, followed by the long line of *Aldermanic* and *Common Council* emmets, all ready to possess themselves of the bit of white rod in their own behalf, should it chance to drop. Still, however, there are few things made of leather and prunello really grander than the Lord Mayor's procession. Slowly the pageant passed on and away; the groups dispersed in the streets, the faces vanished from the windows, the figures disappeared from the house-tops; the entire apparition and its accompaniments melted into thin air, like the vision seen in the midst of the hollow valley of Bagdad; and I saw but the dim city parboiling amid the clouds, and the long leaden-colored reach of the river bounding half the world of London, as the monstrous ocean snake of the Edda more than half encircles the globe.

My next walk led to Westminster Abbey and the New Houses of Parliament, through St. James' Park. The unpromising character of the day had kept loungers at home; and the dank trees dripped on the wet grass, and loomed large through the gray fog, in a scene of scarce less solitude, though the roar of the city was all around, than the trees of Shenstone at the Leasowes. I walked leisurely once and again along the Abbey, as I had done at St. Paul's, to mark the general