

treasure the pictures alone in them would be to our poor art-lacking country! Every great classic name in art, with few exceptions, was represented. There was a Raphael, a Leonardo, a Rembrandt, a Murillo, several Rubens and the most splendid Van Dykes, also Holbeins, Lelys, Reynolds, and I can't remember what else. One room was tinted in Pompeian red, another was all in cedar panels, a third was in delicate green and gold, with the ceiling and all the picture frames to match, while a fourth had been slept in by the Queens Elizabeth and Anne, and had in it their state-bed, all satin and velvet, and as gloomy and grand as state-beds seem universally condemned to be—enough to make you shiver! As for superb old china, crystal, glass, bronzes, marbles, mosaics, burl, fabulous cabinets and tables, (one of the latter cost £10,000!) all these were of course. Money can buy and ingenuity and skill can create such as they any time. But the pictures—these priceless accumulated treasures of generations—were overwhelming. I was *tranzported*. My head fairly turned. Really, the owners of Warwick Castle have too much! Conceive of a family calmly sitting down and eating their breakfast every day with such glorious things looking down upon them, and, as if even these were not enough, the views without the drawing-rooms are as beautiful and precious as those within. The Avon, what but Shakespeare's Avon! flows through the ancient park, and a picturesque mill-wheel and waterfall under the very windows add the last touch of rarity and romance to this matchless inheritance. Nay, outside some other windows were several cedars of Lebanon, so incomparable as well to justify the pride and love of the Hebrew poets for the national tree of their sacred land, and beneath them a peacock, bird of royalty, was moving silently athwart their sleeping shade.

After leaving the mansion we went to the top of "Guy's Tower," from whence there was a complete panorama of the surrounding country. On one side of it the Avon (pronounced Aavon), as it comes deliberately meandering down from Stratford, divides close by the castle to flow round an island. It is a small river—about as large as the Vermont rivers before they were half dried up by cutting away the woods to feed the locomotives with—and

nothing can be imagined more exquisitely lovely than it looked winding through those miles upon miles of softly rolling park, the turf as green as an emerald, superb trees standing all about, and the gentle English haze enhancing all the distances. It was indeed quite poetic and perfect enough to have been Shakespeare's very own river. We walked through a part of the grounds to a greenhouse, in the centre of which towered above our heads the huge and famous white marble "Warwick Vase." It was dug up from the ruins of Hadrian's villa, and it was strange to think that the mighty Pandal System which this old castle represented had risen, flourished, and *disappeared* since the burial of this relic of the "grandeur that was Rome." It is in perfect preservation, and is altogether too splendid, in my humble opinion, for its present position in a mere greenhouse, excepting that here it is safe from fire.

As we were leaving the castle we were shown at the porter's lodge, among other barbarous relics, the iron cauldron, holding over a hundred gallons, in which, nine hundred years ago, the robust stews of the stormy Guy of Warwick, the founder of the family, were wont to be prepared, and also the flesh-fork, nearly as big as a pitch-fork, with which the viands used to be fished out! As a specimen of Darwinian antithesis it is almost a pity that the Earl of Warwick does not set the cauldron on a pedestal in his breakfast-room, for then, as he dallies with his gilded fork or drinks out of his Sevres china, he could look at that "porridge-pot" and flesh-fork and think with amazement of what his ancestors had "survived."

I confess I should much like to go over this superb abode of people who have been "swalls" for nearly a thousand years with some of our exclusive Americans, who enthroned themselves on their mushrooms of a few generations and then look down on their neighbors. I think that before we came out I should have the pleasure of seeing the mushrooms crushing visibly beneath them, at least for a time! It is really too absurd for us on this side to plume ourselves on our brief genealogies, when we have the exemplification of what "family" means in these dazzling pedigrees and inheritances of the Old World. Our swelledom should rest on very different foundations, and should consist, did our