



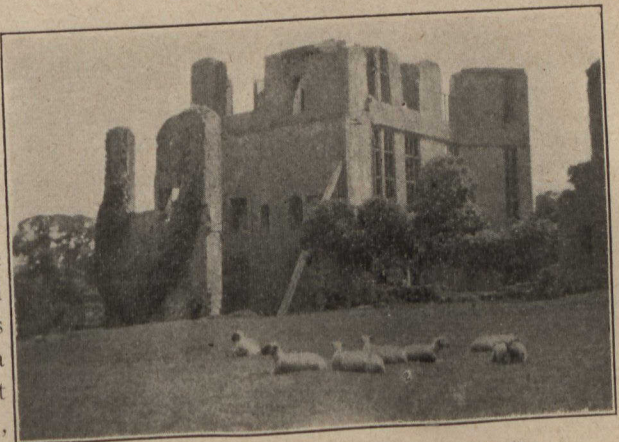
"On the road to Kenilworth."

Passing the great gatehouse with its stately towers, which is splendidly preserved being in fact, inhabited, we pause by the little postern to allow a party of what looks like either a Cookes Tourist, or a Teachers Convention pass noisily out. An old man pops a venerable head out of a sort of little wicket, and having paid our respective sixpences, we enter through an old

fashioned garden, heavy with sweetness into the stately precincts of the outer court. Like a broad lawn it stretches before us, rising gently on one side to where the inner court must have been,—a few sheep graze contentedly on the grass, the rooks caw as they fly through the crumbling ivy covered ruins, birds have built their nests in crevices of the walls, a light laugh of some tourist exploring a distant part of the ruin, breaks the historical silence once in a while, but that is all; for the rest it is perfectly quiet, a place as Sir Walter himself said, "to press on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions and the happiness of those who enjoy a humble lot in vittuous contentment."

We peer interestedly down into the remains of the great Keep and with a hop skip and jump land in one of the dungeons, now grass grown and open to the sky, so that it is hardly possible to realize that some unfortunate prisoner once languished there, for the moss is thick under our feet, a sweet English wall flower springs bravely from a crevice in the rock and above us is the blue sky of a summer afternoon.

Scrambling up regardless of dirt and gravel, we reach the level of what in Leicester's time must have been the great kitchen, for we can see still the orifice which in those days must have been the oven where many a side of beef and haunch of venison has probably been cooked for a jovial company. At present a fat sheep reposes nearby, keeping a wary eye on the visitors, between nibbles.



Lord Leicester's Tower, Kenilworth Castle.