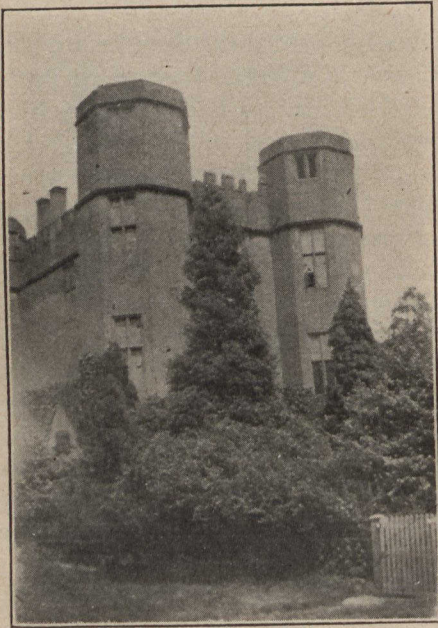


of Leicester, among them laughing, shouting and swearing come the drivers in their rough jerkins. Here too, are jugglers and showmen, players and mummers of every description, traversing in joyous bands the road to princely pleasure, for so the minstrels have termed Kenilworth in the songs which they compose as they go. Here too, we see gay ladies on a pillion behind their squires, humble mendicants driven thither in search of dole, clowns in their hobnailed boots, substantial burghers and gentlemen of worship,—a gay and merry throng—now we hear the laughter of the women, the songs and twanging of the minstrels the jangling of the bells as the morris dancers commence their mummery, the whoops of the jester as he brandishes his bauble,—all seems to merge into dim bable of forgotten sounds to our twentieth century ears.



The Gatehouse, Kenilworth Castle.



The Banqueting Hall, Kenilworth Castle.

And now a turn brings us in sight of the magnificent castle itself, shrill trumpets sound, the battlemented towers surmounted by fluttering pennons lift themselves proudly before us, lined with gaily clad esquires. Knights in burnished armour gallop across the drawbridge, the great courtyard teems with life, men at arms, laughing, serving wenches jostle each other, and now a cry arises "the Queen" and her gracious majesty good Queen Bess arrives in state on her milk-white palfrey, the master of the castle, the noble Leicester riding beside her and followed by a princely train of followers. But alas, our dream fades suddenly, the road is quiet and leafy, in front an old man trudges along in lonely seclusion, hardly a sound can be heard but the brook at our feet, while before us lies the ancient ruin of the once stately Kenilworth Castle.