

though he had not made much progress. WM. M. JACKSON, New York.

NOTE—In article vi., page 210, near the middle of the first column, Daniel's time should be David's time.

### THE PILGRIMAGE.

(Continued.)

At Windsor Castle, which is twenty-five miles from London, we enter the grounds by climbing 120 steps to the top and inside the thick stone wall—and behold the large and massive home of Queen Victoria and her attendants, which a guide tells us contains 700 rooms.

She had that morning returned from Balmoral, and on account of her presence most of the castle is closed to the public. So we content ourselves by looking at the tower in which her private apartments are situated, and pluck an ivy leaf from the gateway through which she passes when she visits the grave of her youngest son.

By the aid of a guide admittance is gained, and we get to the top of the round tower which stands in the centre of the great mass of buildings, surrounded by stone wall and a moat in which beautiful flowers are now cultivated. The walls of this tower bristle with cannon. We climbed 224 steps in a winding passageway, but felt repaid for the toil by the magnificent view obtained over many miles and several counties.

Descending, we enter St. George's Chapel, where the Queen worships. It is the tomb of many royal persons. Forms that have long since passed away are perpetuated in white marble of life size. Here lies the youngest Napoleon, who met his death in an African jungle, the boyish form lying at full length on a marble slab, and represented in the dress in which he died. The most touching scene depicted, being in memory of Queen Charlotte, by whose death Victoria came to the throne—a dead form in much disorder, over which a pall has been thrown, lies upon a couch with face downward and one hand falling over nearly touches

the floor. Gathered round are attendants prostrate with grief, while above are two life-sized figures—one with wings has a little babe on one arm and with the other hand points upward. The sculpture is perfect in its expression and its whiteness, and is very much admired.

The Queen's pew is a good sized room with stained glass windows, and is protected in front with heavy iron-work.

A few miles away from this scene, by carriage, we come to Stoke Pogis, where Thomas Grey wrote his "Elgy." Passing through Eton on the way we stand within its "classic shades." Here royalty sends its boys to prepare for the universities. The stone building facing the street is black with age, and a large chapel adjoins, in which is a stained glass window set with jewels, also life-sized statues of the founder of the institution and some of its professors.

Driving along through a fine country with handsome trees and well-trimmed hedges, we pass a large park which once belonged to the Penn family, in which deer are playing and feeding. When our destination is reached we enter a meadow in which, near the gateway, stands a monument in memory of the poet, and a part of his poem inscribed :

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew trees shade,

Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour,—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Thus reminded, and lost in reflection, we cross the meadow which is bathed in the summer sunshine, and through a turnstile enter the churchyard. On either hand along the pathway which leads to the quaint, ivy covered church, are many graves, some of them old, and some are fresh and new. Beautiful flowers are cultivated, and we come at length to the grave where rest the poet,