

In the dungeon of the grim Cæsar's Tower, shown in the cut, many a sad heart has died in solitude. On the walls are touching inscriptions and rude carvings of the unhappy prisoners.

All about the town may be seen the cognizance of the stout Earls of Warwick—the bear and rugged staff; and in St. Mary's church—one of the most beautiful in the kingdom—are seen



WARWICK CASTLE AND CÆSAR'S TOWER.

their tombs—the cold HIC JACETS of the sepulchre, the end of all their pomp and power. In the silence and gloom their marble effigies, with hands clasped above their breasts, keep their lonely vigil in the solemn state of death, age after age. Here, too, are the tombs of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the unhappy favourite of Queen Elizabeth, and that of Lettice, his wife. The