

avenues, nearly three miles long, of majestic elms. Under the bright September sunlight it was a grand symphony in gold and green.

The English are wonderfully fond of horses and dogs. One of the things, therefore, which one must not fail to do at Windsor is to visit the royal "mews," or stables—so called from the "mews" or coops in which the royal falcons were kept, three hundred years ago—such is the persistence of names in this old land. Grooms in very glossy hats, and with eyes keenly expectant of fees, do the honours of the splendid establishment, built at the cost of £70,000, which is, of course, kept scrupulously neat. Many of Her Majesty's lieges would be only too happy to be as well cared for as Her Majesty's horses and hounds.

A few minutes' walk from Windsor is Eton College, the most famous of English public schools. The young Etonians, who represent the very bluest blood in England, swarm about Windsor—there are 900 in attendance—in turn-over collars and stove-pipe hats, and are an odd combination of frolic and precocious dignity. "It is not fine clothes that make a gentleman," said a mother to her Eton boy. "No, mamma, I know it; it's the *hat*," was his reply. But see these boys at cricket when the "stove-pipes" are tossed aside, and a more manly set of lads you will not often find. "It was here," the Duke of Wellington used to say, "that Waterloo was won." And here for over 400 years the proudest peers of England have been trained.

Near Windsor is the sequestered church-yard of Stoke-Pogis, rendered memorable for ever by Gray's pensive elegy :

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Their name, their age, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply,
And many a holy text around she strews
To teach the rustic moralist to die.

This beautiful "God's acre" now contains the poet's grave, as also that of his brother-poet Waller, and the eloquent Burke.

I took the train to Richmond, and then walked down the winding Thames to Kew. Nothing in England surprised me more than