

Emerald Isle, and as the distance is very great we can only name the route, not stopping for a moment to describe any of the places on it. We return from Ponipeii to Naples and Rome, where we take the train for Paris by way of Genoa and the Mount Cenis tunnel. For three hundred miles we run on the edge of the Mediterranean, passing Pisa at night and Genoa just before the break of day. We get into Turin at eight o'clock in the morning, and from Turin to Mount Cenis we are running through a succession of tunnels until we reach the great tunnel itself. Running round the Mediterranean in this way we get a fair view of Sardinia and the Island of Corsica, and at Turin we are above ground long enough to admire the Italian side of the Alps, which seem to be under better cultivation than the French side, probably because they have more warmth. Passing through the tunnel we are again on French territory, and have yet a journey of twenty-four hours by rail before we can take that charming trip across the channel which makes Dover such a welcome sight to wilted passengers who feel that their faces must resemble her chalky cliffs.

Perhaps it would be well to break the fatigue of their journey by resting for a day at Windsor, where we may take the opportunity of seeing the State apartments. Windsor itself is an old-fashioned town with narrow streets and houses of all shapes and sizes; but Windsor Castle is a place worthy of a long line of kings. It is built on a hill, and the grand old towers look proudly down on the whole country below. There is the Curfew tower and Edward the Third's tower, then the towers of York, Lancaster, Brunswick, Clarence, and I don't know how many others; but in the very centre of the enclosure and commanding a view of the country for miles around is the great round tower so familiar in all pictures of the Castle. From this tower a good view may be had of the Royal Park, Frogmore, and Eton College, while right under your feet you have an historic pile that runs away back almost to the commencement of English history. It begins with Edward the Confessor, and it is still the chosen home of our noble Queen. The first room we enter is called the Queen's Audience Chamber. The ceiling is covered with a beautiful painting representing Catharine the Queen of Charles the Second sitting in a car drawn by swans and attended by any number of goddesses. Then the walls are all gobelin tapestry, which look like rich oil paintings. They represent scenes in the life of Esther, and the figures are life size.

The Queen's Presence Chamber is very like the Audience Chamber, and the tapestries are a continuation of Esther's history. Each tapestry is about the size of a parlour floor. It covers the wall like an immense picture, and the border of the tapestry is like a frame in which the picture is set. They have some consideration for visitors at the Castle, for, although the carpets are up and the furniture covered, they leave one or two pieces uncovered so that visitors may know what they are like. The chairs and sofas are all gilt, and the upholstery is either crimson or blue or light green to suit the walls. In two of the rooms the walls are covered with crimson satin, having the Royal Arms worked in for a pattern. The grand Reception Room is ninety feet long, thirty-four high and thirty-three wide. It is furnished in the very richest style, with large looking-glasses, fine cabinets, elegant vases, and other furniture to match. Here, too, the walls are covered with tapestry, and represent the history of Jason and the golden fleece.

The grand banquetting hall is two hundred feet long and nearly forty feet wide. The walls and ceiling are covered with the shields of the Knights of the Garter, and there are portraits of all the kings, from James the First to George the Fourth. The table is of solid mahogany, and a man sitting at one end would find it hard to distinguish a face at the other end, so great is its length. I was very much interested in what is called the Guard Chamber, where they keep a piece of Nelson's ship, the Victory—a piece of the mast, about eight feet high, with a hole right through it, made by a common ball at the battle of Trafalgar. Nelson's bust is on top of the mast. There is also a bust of the Duke of Marlborough, and a banner taken at the battle of Blenheim, with many other interesting relics. Then there is the Throne Room. Here the hangings and pictures are all blue. The Throne is ivory, richly carved. On the whole the visitor at