

beholden,' as Emerson has it, 'to the great Metropolitan English speech, the sea which receives tributaries from every region under Heaven.' The writer has tried to reflect the poetry of England, and to preserve the language in all its purity and force, and his efforts have not in any way proved unsuccessful. The *brochure* is full of poetic and tender notes of a trip which must have been excessively lovely. As one knowing the tastes and habits of the author might infer, a goodly portion of the book is devoted to the home and haunts of Shakespeare, rambles in Old London, and glimpses of its odd corners and nooks, and a walk through Westminster, that splendid resting place of Britain's illustrious dead. These chapters will be sure to enlist the attention and win the admiration of the reader, but it is almost an injustice to Mr. Winter to single out these bits as specimens of his best work. Every chapter is interesting, and not a page is dull or commonplace. The voyage out, the sail across the vast depths of ocean, the marvellous beauty which England presents as the puffing steamer nears her shores, the visit to the palace of the Queen, the view of Warwick and famous Kenilworth, the word picture of the Tower, and the tender story of the Byron Memorial, and the graphic outline of the French coast, are parts of a beautiful whole, which none will skip or read carelessly. We have marked several passages for quotation, but this, from the fifth chapter, will, perhaps, give some idea of the author's ornate style.

'The American who, having been a careful and interested reader of English history, visits London for the first time, naturally expects to find the ancient city in a state of mild decay; and he is, consequently, a little startled at first, upon realizing that the Present is quite as vital as ever the Past was, and that London antiquity is, in fact, swathed in the robes of every day action, and very much alive when, for

example, you enter Westminster Hall—"the great hall of William Rufus"—you are beneath one of the most glorious canopies in the world—one which was built by Richard II., whose grave, chosen by himself, is in the Abbey, just across the street from where you stand. But this old hall is now only a vestibule to the Palace of Westminster. The Lords and Commons of England, on their way to the Houses of Parliament, pass every day over the spot on which Charles I. was tried and condemned, and in which occurred the trial of Warren Hastings. It is a mere thoroughfare, glorious though it be, alike in structure and historic renown. The Palace Yard near by was the scene of the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh; but all that now marks the spot is a rank of cabs and a shelter for cab-drivers. In Bishopgate Street—where Shakespeare once lived—you may find Crosby House; the same to which, in Shakespeare's tragedy, the Duke of Gloster requests the retirement of Lady Anne. It is a restaurant now; and you may enjoy a capital chop and excellent beer in the veritable throne-room of Richard III. The house of Cardinal Wolsey, in Fleet Street, is now a shop. Milton lived once in Golden Lane; and Golden Lane was a sweet and quiet spot. It is a slum now, dingy and dismal, and the visitor is glad to get out of it. To-day makes use of yesterday, all the world over. It is not in London, certainly, that you find much of anything—except old churches—mouldering in solitude, silence and neglect. * * *

The Palace of Westminster is a splendid structure. It covers eight acres of ground, on the bank of the Thames; it contains eleven quadrangles and five hundred rooms; and, when its niches for statuary have all been filled, it will contain two hundred and twenty-six statues. The monuments in St. Stephen's Hall—into which you pass from Westminster Hall, which has been incorporated into the Palace, and is its only ancient, and, therefore, its