

ten thousand pilgrims every year, to pay their homage at the shrine of genius! Among the noted names etched on the lattice pane, I saw those of Walter Scott and Washington Irving.

The comely hostess of the Red Horse, notwithstanding her almost rustic-seeming simplicity, well knew how to charge for the bed of state and the toothsome viands so daintily served in the cosy breakfast-room. It was the dearest place—I mean in cost—at which I stopped in England.

I took the train—still in a pouring rain—to Warwick, said to be the oldest town in England—built by the British king Cymbeline, destroyed by the Picts, and rebuilt by Caractacus—the Caerleon of ancient times. The first Earl of Warwick was a knight of King Arthur's Round Table. The famous hero, Guy



GARRICK'S VILLA.

of Warwick, was a giant nine feet high, who performed prodigies of valour before he became a hermit and retired to the caves of Guy's Cliff, where he died. His tremendous sword and armour are shown, in confirmation of the story, at the castle. Warwick, the King-maker, maintained 30,000 vassals on his estates, and was the last of the turbulent barons who set up and down sovereigns as they pleased. The famous old castle is declared by Sir Walter Scott to be the finest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendour which remains uninjured by time. Its massive walls rise like a cliff in air, and dominate the whole town—a monument of the stern feudal tyranny of "ye olden time." As the family were at home, I had to be content with an outside view.

The parish church is said to be the finest in England. The