

The Rockwood Review.

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EDINBORO, JULY 31ST.

Here we are in Edinboro, a most charming city, and delightfully full of historic and literary memories.

But to begin at the beginning:—We left New York on the 29th June, by the North German Lloyd Steamer, Koeringen Luise. There were five in our party, Mrs. Carrie, Gardner, and a Miss R., of Brooklyn, who was a classmate of Carrie's at Vassar, and who is to travel with us this summer.

We had a most delightful voyage, no storms, but bright sunshiny days. The steamer was not one of the ocean greyhounds, but all the more comfortable for being slower.

We reached Southampton just after sunset on Saturday, July 8th. The Scilly Islands were seen at early dawn, our first sight of England with a clear sky, the sea like a mirror; the day's sail past the coast of Cornwall, Devon and Dorset to the Solent will long linger in our memories. The setting sun brightened the hills of the Isle of Wight as we sighted "the Needles," and all through the Solent the waters were alive with yachts, small steamers and other craft. We passed Cowes, and saw Osborne the Queen's residence, and so turned into the bay leading to Southampton in the long twilight we have found so pleasant here in England.

Sunday morning we took an early train for Winchester for morning service at the Cathedral. We put up at "The George," a quaint old Inn dating back to the thirteenth century. After a hurried breakfast, we found our way to the Cathedral, rich with the associations and monuments of many centuries. The service as sung and intoned was wonderfully impressive. We could easily imagine that the spirits of Bishops Walkelen, Edington, and William of Wykeham still visited the stately pile in the building of which they had so much to do. Winchester is politically to England, and even to us Americans, what Canterbury is

ecclesiastically. In the seventh century it was the Capitol of the Saxon Kings in southern England. Here Alfred the Great, Canute the Dane, and William the Conqueror lived and reigned.

In the Cathedral are the bones of William Rufus, Canute, Egbert, Ethelwolf and others. Shrines to Bishops Gardiner, Waynesfleet, and Cardinal Beaufort mentioned by Shakespear are here, mingling history and tradition. You can see the shrine of St. Swithin, and a well called St. Swithin's Well: monuments also to Jane Austin who lived near by, also to gentle Isaac Walton, who rambled and meditated by the Itchen, rod in hand. It is a most interesting old Cathedral, showing the Norman, the early English and the Gothic during the many years it was in building and being rebuilt.

Near by is Winchester School, built by William of Wykeham in 1373-96. In the old refectory, five hundred years old, they still use the wooden trenchers about which I have read, but never expected to see. It is one of the leading schools of England, and has an attendance now of about 400. On the hill is the Hall of the Castle, built by William the Conqueror, where for many years Parliament met. It was here that Sir Walter Raleigh was tried. In the open space there were many executions of those tried and condemned.

When Parliament was established in London, the Courts of Session were held in the Hall. It was now the County Hall. At the end is suspended "King Arthur's round table." It certainly looks old enough and venerable enough to be of a date before King Arthur.

Two days at Winchester was our introduction to England, and oh the flowers, the bright flowers, the old-time flowers everywhere! By the roadside, in little gardens not three feet square, on window-sills, on porches, and roofs, in the windows of the humblest cottages, everywhere have we seen flowers, we can never forget it in America, we have not the moisture and the