

the principal railway stations in London, from whence trains are departing almost every hour, and note the rush and push, the anxious expression marking every face, and the eagerness with which the multitudes press on and into the coaches of departing trains.

We are off, and soon begin to emerge from the smoke and bustle of the great city. Here and there a tasteful garden or well-trimmed lawn appears, and is lost. Now a park opens to our view, studded with noble old trees whose giant limbs stretch far over the velvet sward, and whose leaves hang lazily in the summer air. Now a stately mansion embowered in wood and flowers, then beautiful green fields bespangled with buttercups and daisies. On we fly past Wandsworth, and now leave Putney, the birthplace of Gibbon, behind. Now we dash into the open country, past well-kept hedges decked with wild rose and honeysuckle. Here and there we catch a glimpse of a quiet road winding its way through overhanging trees, or a brooklet dancing out from under the arches of a time-worn bridge. The chestnut and hawthorn, in massive bloom, perfume the air. There the gentle ivy festoons a cot with wreaths of green, and yonder hides, as with a mantle of charity, the cracks and seams of hoary walls with its velvet leaves. It is delightful even to gaze from the window of a flying train upon the charming landscapes that rapidly burst upon the vision like dreams from fairyland, and then as rapidly disappear. Now we dash across the winding Thames at Richmond, where dwelt Walpole, Thompson, and Pope. There is Twickenham, and Staines, and Datchet, nestling in charming meadows, recalling to our mind the amorous Falstaff, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Now the shrill whistle of the engine pierces our ear. The train stops. The guards rush past, wrenching open the doors of the coaches shouting, "Windsor."

We step out on the platform, and there before us rise the venerable walls of Windsor Castle. It is a fair sight to see. Right regally does it crown the summit of the beautiful hill. Proudly its towers and turrets stand out against the blue sky. Peacefully floats the royal standard over dome and battlement. What stirring scenes it brings to mind! What grand pageants in the days of old! How the world has changed since William the Conqueror first built his hunting-lodge in these wild woods