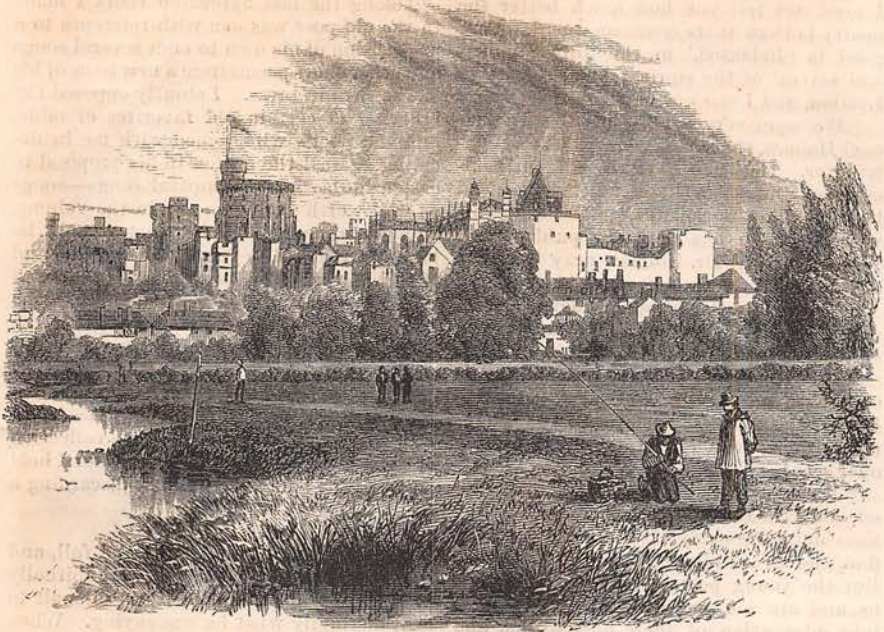


AT WINDSOR CASTLE.



WINDSOR CASTLE, NORTHWEST VIEW—FROM THE RIVER.

TH**ERE** is one town in England which, notwithstanding that the epithet "royal" is commonly applied to it, is always attractive to the cultivated American. The sternest republican of us all can not restrain a feeling of pride and exultation when that magnificent mansion—the finest ever built by man for man—called Windsor Castle, first strikes upon his gaze. It has a majesty of its own quite independent of kingship, though it has been always the habitation of kings. Its towers and terraces are not trodden by privileged feet only, but the whole nation take their pride and pleasure in it; a nation that was once our own, and whose annals, so far at least as that glorious structure is connected with them, are *our* annals. A cathedral has been defined by a great poet as "a petrified religion;" and so may this fair dwelling-house, "so royal, rich, and wide," containing the habitations of so many degrees of men, and associated with events such as every generation of English-speaking races will read of with interest to the end of time, be considered "petrified history." The standard of England that floats to-day from its highest tower, proclaiming that the Queen is now in residence, has floated over scores of kings and queens in that same place: those mighty ramparts, used now only "for pleasure and for state," were thrown up near a thousand years ago for a defense by the first William, who

"loved the tall deer as though he was their father," and whose favorite hunting-seat was at Windsor, in the centre of the same fair forest that surrounds it now. Not even William the Conqueror was, however, the first monarch who had his dwelling here, though he first fortified the place. Its original founder is lost in the mists of time—

"Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish Knute,"

the merit of choosing such a spot is to be ascribed will never now be known; its position upon that lordly hill, with six fair counties visible from it, was such as indeed "to invite the builder," though in those early years the picturesqueness of the spot was probably not so much a recommendation as the opportunities it offered for sport. The Conqueror himself thus describes it: "*Maxime utilis et commodus est visus propter contiguam aquam et silvam venationibus aptam*"—a very "desirable residence" (as the auctioneers term it) by reason of its wood and water, and because it was a good hunting country.

Edward the Confessor, who would give any thing away to the priests, had made over this charming seat to the Abbey of Westminster; but William said, "Pooh, pooh, those excellent monks ought not to be tempted with deer parks and such vanities," and got it restored to the crown.

What hunting parties—the one relaxation of his iron sway—must have been held here! What tenderness—save while he hunted them—did he show to beast, what cruelty to man, in those far-stretching fields! How harshly must the curfew have sounded over them as it bade fire and candle “out” with its sullen tongue! What lust and wrong and crime once reigned here, unchecked by any law save one man’s will! King John (another selfish monarch, and of a viler type) “lay here,” as the old phrase goes, while that first installment of English liberty was being arranged for, called *Magna Charta*, and which he had to sign, very unwillingly, at Runnymede, on the Thames, hard by. Another King John was brought here, even still more against the grain, in the person of the prisoner of Poitiers, John of France, who with his fellow-captive, David, King of Scots, is said (by Stow) to have suggested to their conqueror, Edward III., that the castle would have been “better set” if built on higher ground. Edward took their advice, and with the aid of the famous William of Wykeham, bishop and architect, commenced the palace, which successor after successor has enlarged, until it became the princely home we now behold it. Edward IV. built at its foot St. George’s Chapel, itself one of the architectural boasts of England, and the resting-place of many of her kings. Henry VII. erected the Tomb-house, which has received the later monarchs, and Henry VIII. the great gateway. To the antiquary there is probably no place, with the exception of the Tower of London, so associated with historical memories as Windsor Castle; nor is it less interesting to the poet, not only on account of the wonderful beauty of its landscape, but from the associations of love and song that linger around it. For in this castle young James of Scotland pined from ten years old to twenty-eight, his captivity mitigated only by the tender passion for Jane Beaufort, which he has described in his own pathetic poem:

“In her was youth, beauty with humble port,
Bounty, riches, and womanly feature,
God better wote than my pen can report;



INTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

Wisdom, largesse, estate, and cunning lure,
In every point so guided her measure
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That Nature might no more her child advance.”

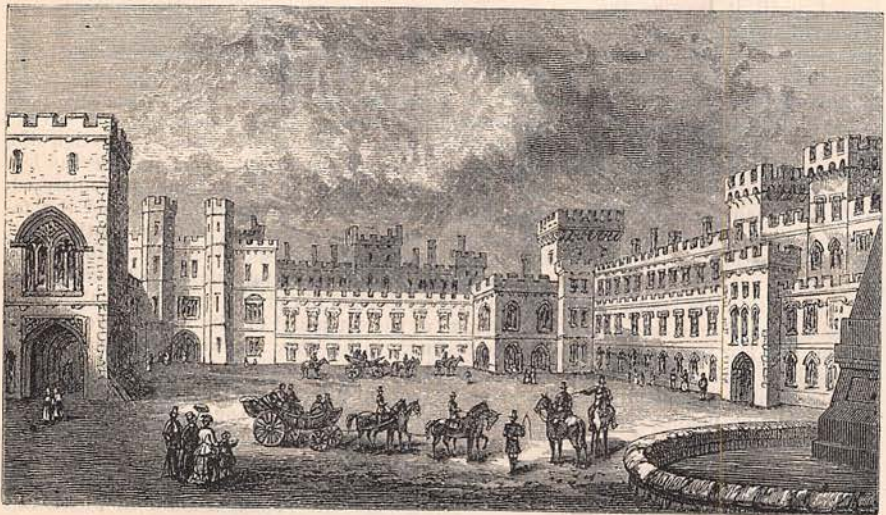
And this model of girlish perfection the young king married, and found her no less worthy than his poetic fancy had mirrored. In the castle, too, was imprisoned the famous Earl of Surrey, another captive bird who has left his song behind him, but whose fate was not so fortunate, for he only came forth from his prison to die upon the block at the command of him who “never spared man in his fury nor woman in his lust”—bluff, cruel-hearted Hal. But, after all, these events are too far back to arouse any feeling beyond a vague pathetic interest. To my mind there is nothing more striking in the history of Windsor Castle than an event that occurred there but sixty years ago, and the principal actor in which was that contemptible and selfish voluptuary,

the Prince Regent, afterward George IV. This was the opening of the coffin of Charles I., whose remains, indeed, Lord Clarendon had stated in his history to be "buried at Windsor," but none knew exactly where. The public ignorance of the spot, in fact, had caused the circulation of a most extraordinary story. Every body knows that at the Restoration the body of Cromwell, "the greatest prince that ever ruled in England," who had taught Rome charity and bent the knee of Spain, and who when in life no man durst contend with, was dug up from its grave in Westminster Abbey and hung in chains, as though he had been a felon, at Tyburn. But very soon after that infamous and cowardly sacrilege it was rumored that some friends of Cromwell had anticipated this act of baseness, and placed the body of Charles I. in the Protector's coffin, so that it was in reality "the martyr king" who was gibbeted by his own son, and whose bones received the insults of the turncoat mob. This curious statement received some corroboration from the fact that the head was separated from the trunk.

One Mr. Barkstead, son of the regicide of that name, asserts that his father, being lieutenant of the Tower of London and a great confidant of the Protector, asked him on his death-bed where he would be buried, to which Cromwell answered, "Where he had obtained the greatest victory and glory, namely, on the field at Naseby," in Northamptonshire, which was accordingly thus performed. "At midnight, soon after his death, being first embalmed in a leaden coffin, the body was in a hearse conveyed to the said field, the said Mr. Barkstead, by order of his father, attending close to the hearse; and being come to the field, they

found about the midst of it a grave dug about nine feet deep, with the green sod carefully laid on one side and the mould on another, in which, the coffin being soon put, the grave was instantly filled up, and the green sod laid carefully flat upon it, care being taken that the surplus mould was clean taken away. Soon after like care was taken that the said field was entirely plowed up, and sown three or four years successively with corn."

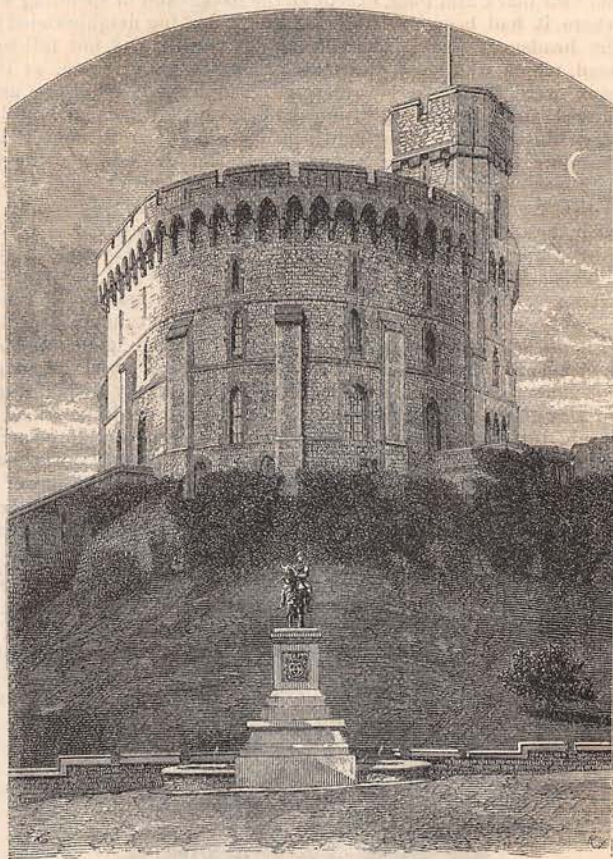
In the Harleian Miscellany this version is repeated, after which is added the following: "Talking over this account of Barkstead's with the Rev. Mr. Sm——, of G——, whose father had long resided in Florence as a merchant, and afterward as minister from King Charles II., and had been well acquainted with the fugitives after the Restoration, he assured me he had often heard the same account by other hands, those miscreants always boasting that they had wreaked their revenge against the father, as far as human foresight could carry it, by beheading him while living, and making his best friends the executors of the utmost ignominies upon him when dead. He (Cromwell) contrived his own burial, as owned by Barkstead, having all the honors of a pompous funeral paid to an empty coffin, into which afterward was removed the corpse of the martyr, that if any sentence should be pronounced as upon his body, it might effectually fall upon that of the king.....The secret being only among that abandoned few, there was no doubt in the rest of the people but the body so exposed was that it was said to be, had not some whose curiosity had brought them nearer the tree observed with horror the remains of a countenance they little had expected there, and that on tying the cord



THE QUADRANGLE.

there was a strong seam about the neck, by which the head had been, as was supposed, immediately after the decollation, fastened again to the body. This being whispered about, and the numbers that came to the dismal sight hourly increasing, notice was immediately given of the suspicion to the attending officer, who dispatched a messenger to court to acquaint them with the rumor, and the ill consequences the spreading or examining into it further might have, on which the bodies were immediately ordered down to be buried again..... Many circumstances make this account not altogether improbable, as all those enthusiasts to the last moment of their lives ever gloried in the truth of it." To this view of the matter, as we have said, Lord Clarendon's vague account of the burial of Charles has given some countenance. Upon those who bore the king's body entering St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, with which they had before been well acquainted, "they found it so altered and transformed, all inscriptions and those land-marks pulled down by which all men knew every particular place in that church, and such a dismal mutation over the whole, that they knew not where they were; nor was there one old officer that had belonged to it, or knew where our princes had used to be interred. At last there was a fellow of the town who undertook to tell them where there was a vault in which King Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour were interred. And as near that place as could conveniently be they caused the grave to be made."

So stood the matter at the Restoration, when it was naturally expected that the royal martyr's body would be disinterred and buried with greater respect; but either Charles II. was averse to such unpleasant proceedings, or thought he had done enough in the way of honoring his father by dishonoring his enemies. His aversion to take any such step gave additional color to the substitution story, which, for the sake of



ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR CASTLE—WEST END.

poetical justice, it is much to be wished had been found correct. It was, however, left for the Prince Regent, in 1813, to settle the whole question; and Sir Henry Hallford, his physician, relates the incidents of its discovery. While completing the mausoleum in the Tomb-house it became necessary to form a passage to it from under the choir in St. George's Chapel, and in constructing this an aperture was made in the vault of Henry VIII. In this vault were known to be laid himself and Jane Seymour, but a *third* coffin, covered with a black velvet pall, was now beheld in it; and this was supposed (and, as it turned out, correctly) to hold the remains of Charles I. The examination was made in the presence of the Regent himself, and after a century and a half the royal martyr's bones were once more brought to light, and identified beyond question. It had been embalmed, of course, though clumsily, and "it was difficult to deny, notwithstanding much disfigurement, that the countenance bore a strong resemblance to the pictures of King Charles I. by Vandyck." The beard was a reddish-brown, but the rest of

the hair black and long, except at the back, where it had been probably cut short for the headsman's axe. On holding up the head, which was loose, the muscles of the neck were found to be retracted, which proved that the decapitation had taken place during life. The identification was therefore complete, and a portion of the hair was sent by Sir Henry Halford to Sir Walter Scott, who had it set in a gold ring, with the king's last word, "Remember," engraved upon it.

This is but one of a hundred historical events which crowd upon the recollection of every man of cultivation as he first sets eyes on Windsor Castle, and I have only mentioned it because some of its details are not generally known. In Mr. Jesse's popular *Day at Windsor*, for example, not a word is said of the substitution story, which gives so great an interest to the *dénouement*.

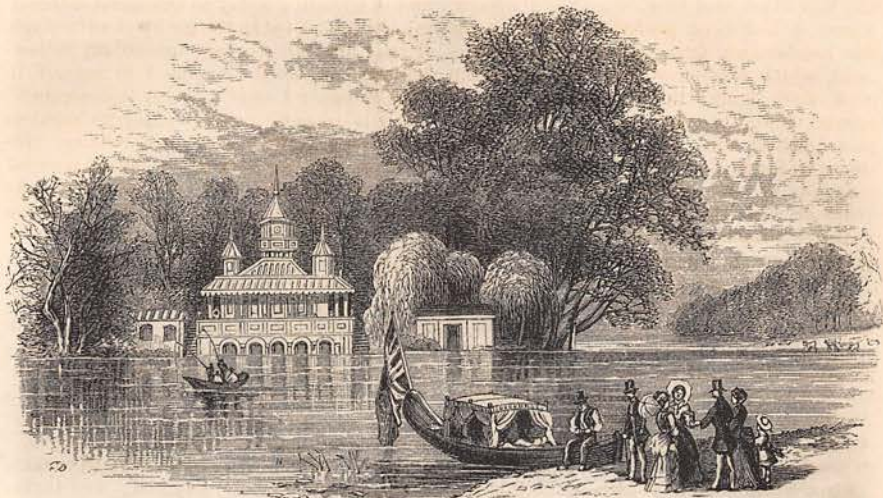
From whatever side you approach this glorious building it presents a splendid spectacle; but for the advantage of the American visitor I am about to state what seems to me to be the best method of doing so,

and of spending a day in this most interesting neighborhood to the greatest advantage. It may not fall to every one of my fellow-countrymen, as it happened to myself, to visit Windsor Castle "by royal command," but it is impossible not to enjoy its beauties even without that crowning felicity. Indeed, in visiting very great personages indeed the pleasure often consists less in the fact itself than in the satisfaction of talking about it afterward to others who have been less favored—a circumstance which, on reflection, gentle reader, you will allow should by no means render your present humble servant an object of envy. "One likes to have gone up Mont Blanc, merely to say so," observed an athletic young gentleman of my acquaintance. "Well," rejoined a less Alpine friend of his, "I am rather lazy, and therefore confine myself to 'saying so.'" Now to "say" that you have been to court is within the power of every body, and therefore none need be jealous of the man that has absolutely gone through with it.

The usual way of approaching Windsor from London is by the Great Western Railway, from which, as it crosses the Thames, you get a view of the castle that is (save from one other position to be described) absolutely incomparable; and it was from this spot that Turner took his famous picture of the stately place. Yet if the reader will take my advice, he will visit Windsor from the opposite direction, namely, by coming by the Southwestern Railway to Virginia Water, which is itself a portion of the forest, and driving or walking through it to the town. This lake is the largest piece of artificial water in England, and was laid out by the order of the Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden; but it is chiefly noted as being the occasional resort of George IV. and his mistresses. It is very pretty, and a few hours may be pleasantly spent in exploring it; but the forest itself, of which it forms but the extremity, has more pressing claims on the attention. Nowhere in Great



GEORGE IV.'S GATEWAY, CENTRE OF SOUTH WING, WINDSOR CASTLE.



VIRGINIA WATER.

Britain, nor perhaps in all the world, are seen at once such fertility and grandeur as are exhibited in "the Great Park," as that vast portion of the forest is called which extends for many miles to the south of Windsor. The finest trees of which the country boasts, and those which for generations have been carefully tended, so that their age is undoubted, are here to be seen. The pollards are of vast size. One beech-tree near Sawyer's Lodge Mr. Jesse found to be thirty-six feet round at six feet from the ground, and two oak-trees near Cranbourn Lodge are even larger. One of these is termed William the Conqueror's Oak. Whether it dates from that monarch's time or not, it

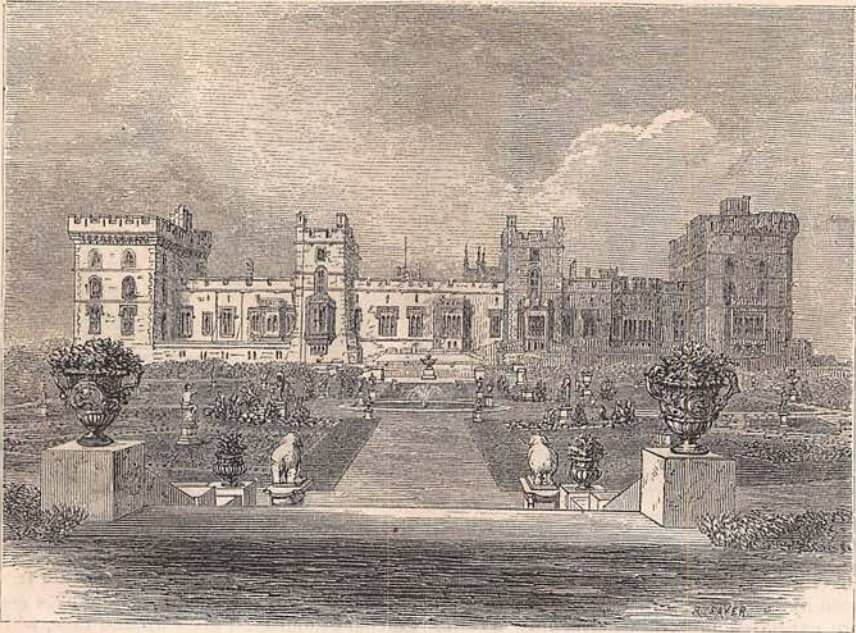
is certain that it and a thousand other trees around it have seen many and many a generation of mankind grow up and fade, while they are hale and green as ever.

"Old summers, when the monk was fat,
And issuing strong and sleek,
Would twist his girdle tight, and pat
The girls upon the cheek."

The aspect of these noble boles and spreading branches suggests not only the lapse of time, but their victory over it, and invests them with a living majesty. Herne's Oak, or Sir John Falstaff's Oak, as it was called after Shakspeare's genius had immortalized it, is not in this portion of the park; but there is no doubt that Shakspeare himself,



LONG WALK, AND STATUE OF GEORGE III.



EAST VIEW—THE SOVEREIGN'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS.

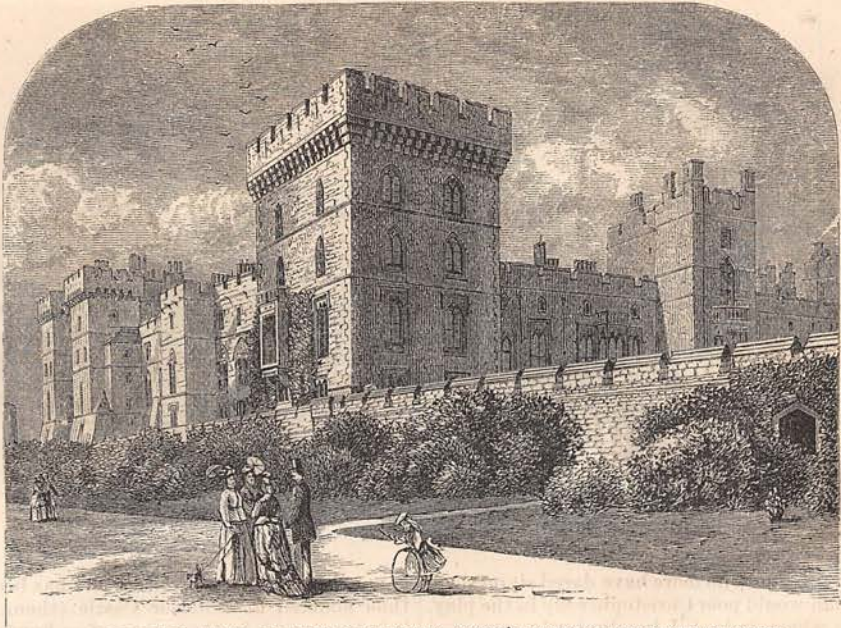
as well as many of the men and women of his *Merry Wives of Windsor*, have trod the turf, have sought the shade, that are so grateful to us now. New plantations, too, are perpetually growing up, as though to assure us of the perpetuation of this noble forest, and in front of each is placed a small iron pillar, with the date of planting. How interesting would such pillars be, had the practice been instituted from the first! Then, as well as "Prince Albert's Plantation," we should have had "King Stephen's," with perhaps half a dozen ancient pollards to represent it, or "Henry VIII's," whose "man-minded offset rose," as the poet tells us, "to chase the deer at five." The amount of game is enormous, and so tame are these creatures of the forest that you might suppose they had never heard a gunshot. The hare does but cock his ears the while you pass, the rabbit ceases not to "fondle his own harmless face," nor does the stately pheasant quicken its speed for your presence as it runs across the "drive." Above all, the deer are every where; "in copse and form twinkle the innumerable ear and tail;" underneath the trees and in the open, mostly in herds, but sometimes in companies of six or seven, they throng the glades as thickly as under their great protector, Norman William.

Then presently, while you are still luxuriating in new sylvan beauties, the forest parts before you, and through the gap thus made by art you behold, miles away, yet as distinct as though it were close at hand, for

nothing lies between to mar the view, "that royal dwelling, above the rest beyond compare," Windsor Castle.

It is the fashion to exaggerate the effect of architecture upon the mind, and I must confess that I have looked upon many a fair cathedral without experiencing those transcendental emotions which are supposed to be proper to the occasion; but the spectacle of Windsor Castle is really overpowering. Its colossal size, its beauty, and the variety of it, its position, set on a high hill, commanding so rich a panorama of flood and field, and, above all, the associations that rush in unbidden upon him who first beholds it, combine to produce a sublime impression. In my own case, at least, I feel that the lithograph from those stone walls will never fade while the retina of the mind endures upon which it was first printed. From the moment you have once seen it this glorious object haunts you on your forest way, till at last, as you reach the extremity of that magnificent avenue called the Long Walk, it appears right in front of you. This avenue, however, though so broad that, while lined by the tallest trees, no shadow from one ever touches its opposite neighbor, extends for three miles in a straight line.

The entrance of the castle now opposite to us is called George IV.'s Gateway, and is only used by the royal family and those visitors who are staying with them. The ordinary entrances are approached from Windsor town. That one in general use leads into the Lower Ward, as it is called, the great



WINDSOR CASTLE—SOUTH AND PART OF EAST SIDE—QUEEN'S ROOMS IN THE SOUTHEAST TOWER.

court-yard in which St. George's Chapel stands and the houses of the military knights, and thence through the Middle Ward, by the Norman Gate, to the terraces and the state apartments open to the public when the Queen is not in residence. But we ourselves (for one can not really stoop to use the singular on such an occasion) are admitted through George IV.'s Gateway into the Upper Ward, and are set down—just think of this, reader, and respect your author—at the "Sovereign's Entrance." Many a crowned head, even in these latter days, from Alexander of Russia to the Shah of Persia, has passed beneath that stately portal, to behold such wonders as, I will venture to say, are not to be found in their own royal abodes.

The Queen's Audience-Chamber, with its ceiling by Verrio, its festoons of flowers by Grinling Gibbons, and its tapestries by hands unknown, indeed, but which must have spent a lifetime in the work; the Queen's Presence-Chamber; the Guard-Chamber; St. George's Hall (200 feet long), with its throne, the twenty-four shields with the armorial bearings of all the English kings from Edward III., and with the full-length portraits of eleven sovereigns by Vandyck, Lely, Kneller, and Lawrence; the Ball-Room, with its Louis XIV. furniture and appropriate tapestries of Jason and the Golden Fleece; the Throne-Room; the famous Waterloo Chamber, with its six-and-thirty heroes upon canvas, almost all by Lawrence; the Vestibule; the King's Drawing-Room, illustrated by Rubens only; the King's Council-Chamber; the King's Closet;

the Queen's Closet; the Queen's Drawing-Room—all adorned by the finest painters of the purest times; and the Vandyck Room, itself a treasury of art—all these are included in the State Apartments, and may be seen by any visitor at Windsor between certain hours. But the Sovereign's Private Apartments, which occupy the whole east wing of the castle, are reserved for those whom she or some member of her family "delights to honor," or, at all events, is so good as to do so. Never before have I been impressed by the mere sight of splendid furniture; but here the fine taste goes so harmoniously with the costliness that one can not choose but admire; the splendor is by no means the most striking feature, and when I was told that a little cabinet whose quiet beauty had attracted me had cost ten thousand guineas, I felt extreme surprise. The private drawing-rooms, to the number of which there appeared no limit, are generally termed Blue, Red, etc., according to the prevailing color of their fittings; and from every window of the "house" (as its royal tenants call their dwelling, and which is one of the few things by which in their unaffected talk you can discern their proprietorship of this superb abode) there is a view of garden and forest such as might well take a poet's heart by storm. The Shah, I was told, who is, of course, a stranger to fine foliage, was more impressed by the view than by the furniture; but a simple citizen like myself may be excused for dwelling upon the latter. The tapestry of the chairs alone was in some cases so exquisite



ETON COLLEGE.

that I would no more have dared sit on them than would poor Christopher Sly in the play, to whom, indeed, I involuntarily compared myself more than once amidst those unaccustomed splendors.

The finest of all the internal decorations are thought to be those of the Queen's Corridor, a golden gallery, as it seemed to me, which runs round half the castle, though never approaching any public room. Perhaps the most interesting chamber is the suit of rooms on the North Terrace that form the Library, into which, as a humble follower of the profession of letters, I was inducted and allowed to roam at will. The contents of this place are simply priceless: the original MSS. of the most valued poets and prose writers, the original editions of the most ancient printed books, the most splendid illuminated MSS. of Asia and Africa (still being collected, for some were brought from the Abyssinian campaign), the most gorgeous missals, and all arranged so that the eye can at once behold their contents, though the brain to master them is indeed but rarely brought with it. Most curious of all is the private collection of miniatures of the royal family, including many who were lost before the public grew familiar with them, and also many who were a little less than kin and more that kind—for example, the famous "Perdita," and other mistresses of George IV. Indeed, the secret history of this princely race may be read here in brief—the richest store that ever was laid bare to eye of gossip.

I, however, have no such itching tongue, nor would it be fit return, as it seems to me, for unsought though deeply appreciated favor, were I to describe the particular kindness that I received from my royal host. It

is not the first time that literature has been thus honored at Windsor Castle (though, it is true, never in the person of so humble a scribbler as myself), and I would fain not be the first to abuse such hospitality. If any attempt had been made to knight me, I might, indeed, have revenged myself by such a breach of confidence; but being a republican, no such experiment was, of course, attempted on me. It may seem a stroke of bathos, and an admission of great want of dignity of mind, but the size of the servants who attended upon "our royal progress" through the castle, or noiselessly arose from their comfortable chairs at our approach, made considerable impression on me. I wonder whether it is no use to apply for a situation in the royal household of Great Britain unless one is over six feet high! The obsequiousness of these scarlet giants to myself, who am wholly unaccustomed to such respect, amused me vastly, especially as it continued after I had parted company with my royal entertainer. I was not the rose of England, but I had been near the rose, and was respected accordingly.

A great contrast to all this magnificence awaited me that evening in an experience which was in its way, however, quite as interesting, and which also lies within the reach of any American who goes to Windsor. Instead of taking up his quarters for the night within the town, or returning to London, I would recommend him, by all means, to walk through the grounds of Eton College to Salthill, where an old-fashioned hotel, called Botham's—its immense front covered when I visited it by the blossoms of the wistaria, and presenting a most attractive spectacle—will afford him excellent entertainment. It is here that in old days

the *Montem* of the Eton boys used to be held, on a little *hill* where they collected *salt*, as the money was called, for which every visitor was put under contribution. The king, who always attended in person, gave one hundred pounds, and every nobleman at least five pounds, nor, I believe, was less than gold taken from any body. The collectors were the head boys of the school, dressed in magnificent fancy costumes, and each with a bundle of tickets, one of which he gave you when he had received your "salt," to exempt you from further demands. The sum thus collected, often amounting to a thousand pounds, was given to the head boy of the college *on the foundation*, that is, a poor scholar, not a rich "oppidan," as most Etonians are, to support him during his residence at the university. When this head boy was unpopular, his gains used to be much lessened by the damages which his school-fellows committed, in order to spite him, in Botham's beautiful garden, and for which he had to pay.

The garden is still in existence, with a space cut in the trees for a fine view of Windsor Castle, and also, at this present writing, Mr. Botham, a perfect repository of old-world Eton stories. Attractive as will be his hospitality, I must, however, trouble my reader, after he has partaken of it, to accompany me in an evening walk of some two miles. This will bring him to a sequestered church-yard, with an ancient church and yew-tree as old as itself, surrounded on one side by rugged elms, on the other by a charming pastoral landscape. This is Stoke Pogis church-yard, the scene of Gray's world-famous *Elegy*. He himself lies buried in a humble tomb which his piety erected to his mother, whom, says he, with more pathos than reason, "I had the misfortune to survive;" but a huge cenotaph has been erected at a little distance, upon which are engraved some of the finest verses from his immortal "Ode to Eton College," and his "Elegy in a Country Church-Yard," each of which objects lies within view. Fresh from the splendors of the palace, the simple lines that describe the life of the poor, and contrast it not ignobly with that of the great, made a profound impression upon me; but in such a time and place they can scarcely fail to do otherwise under any circumstances:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"

is a lesson that not only princes need, but all of us in our degree.

It may not be generally known that Gray struck out no less than three stanzas from his original MS. of the *Elegy*; after "to meet the sun upon the upland lawn," came the following verse:

"Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labor done,
Off as the wood-lark piped her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun."

Mason was of opinion that what follows was equal to any of the better known verses:

"Hark, how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce, tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace;"

and certainly those beautiful lines described exactly the poet's favorite scene under the influences beneath which I beheld it. Beyond all doubt upon the cenotaph itself should be inscribed this last (which originally preceded the epitaph), in the place of some less local couplet:

"There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

IN THE GOLD AVENUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CALDERWOOD SECRET."

L.—A MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

FRANCIS IREDELL prepared his own breakfast, which consisted of a cup of smoky tea and a dry biscuit. The battered kettle on the gas-fixtured and the box of biscuits under the table represented the lowest ebb ever attained in the tide of Mr. Iredell's resources, and there had been many fluctuations in his finances of late years. Poverty may have a picturesque side as well as a droll or a lugubrious one. The poverty of this artist's studio sat lightly on room as well as occupant. One read the man's character and history in all his surroundings. A large window admitted a wealth of daylight, which fell alike on a beautiful *jardinière*, dusty draperies, a broken lay figure, heaps of paint-brushes, rare specimens of Daimio bronze, and a tropical butterfly poised on sapphire wings, flecked with silver, above a collection of pipes. The very walls took up the thread, and reflected the inmates in as many separate mirrors of mood, from the half-completed clay model of a classical head, the glimpses of dreamy Mediterranean skies, and the hasty copies of Titian's flesh-tints, to the realistic farm scenes lacking the poetry of the Flemish and French schools of art. A desultory fancy had always led Francis Iredell to pursue the latest whim, and here and there the sketches had caught a sunbeam of true inspiration. He was too proud to solicit patronage or propitiate critics, and then he took refuge in the superiority of the unappreciated. To the public he was known as a promising artist, if he would settle down to any one thing. This very settling down was the bane of his existence; and in the mean while he made smoky tea for his own breakfast.