originally have been very extensive, the ruins even now covering several acres. The hotel in which we are staying stands upon the site of some of the ancient convents, and is built entirely of stone taken from the ruins. This building was not intended for a hotel, but was the country seat of one of the old county families. It is singularly picturesque and is entirely in keeping with its surroundings. The whole scene is one of surpassing beauty. I send you a daisy and an ivy-leaf from the ruins. I have some views and a guide-book to the abbey which I will show you when I get home. I want to write Papa, but I have not the least idea where to direct to him. I will write soon and give you my first impressions of England; I have not time tonight, and also not more paper. Love to all. Direct your letters as usual to the banking house in London. Good-bye, your aff. Son George