

and was whirled through the darkness at a speed surpassing that of even Herne the Hunter. I found lodgings at the Red Horse Inn, and slept in a great bed of state, with a huge four-post canopy that might have come down from Shakespeare's time. Next morning—still in the rain—I found the sexton of the venerable parish church, which is approached through a beautiful avenue of limes, and is surrounded by cypress and yew trees, and soon stood above the plain stone slab in the chancel, which covers all that was mortal of the greatest poet of all time. Beneath his arms and effigy is the legend :

IVDICIO PYLIVM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM,
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLVS MÆRET, OLYMPVS HABET.

On the slab is the famous malediction on him who would "move these bones." Near by are the tombs of his wife and daughter.

As I strolled along the banks of the gentle Avon, I thought : "Here the boy Shakespeare chased the butterfly, and plucked the buttercups, and hunted thrushes' nests, and sported in the crystal stream ; and across these meadows the love-sick swain sped to the cottage of sweet Anne Hathaway ; beneath those trees they held their tryst, and on the beached bark he carved her name." I next visited the old Grammar School, of Edward the Sixth's time, where the immortal bard learned the mysteries of that English tongue which he has rendered classic for ever. I then proceeded to the house in which the future poet first saw the light. It is a quaint two-storied timbered house, which has successively been used as a butcher's shop and as an inn. The front door is cut in two, so that the lower part might be kept closed—to shut out the dogs, I was told. The stone floor has also been badly broken by the chopping on the butcher's blocks. Passing up a winding wooden stair, we enter the room in which the wondrous babe's first cry was heard. Across this rough floor he crawled on his first voyage of discovery, and through this lead lattice he caught his first glimpse of the great world-drama, whose thousand varied scenes he has so marvelously painted for all time.

Here is his desk from the Grammar School, notched all over with his school-boy jack-knife. Here is his signet ring, and the chair in which he sat. What a potent spell of poetry to bring to this dull Warwickshire town, from all parts of Christendom,