

he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry 't." And having carried it, it is pleasant to picture this fond pair living their happy life near the banks of Avon's shimmering stream, or wandering amid the flowery meads of Shottery, or through the wooded shades of Charlecote, finding in each other's love a treasure

"Of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;"

until four years later, driven by the growing demands of a family, now numbering three, and drawn by the allurements of the drama, our bard takes the supreme step of his life, going forth to earn both fame and fortune in the great Metropolis. Nor did his ardour ever cool. How much its object merited so true an affection is evident from one piece of mute testimony to the sterling moral qualities possessed by Shakespeare's Anne, namely, that twenty years after her marriage, a bequest by Thomas Whittington, an old shepherd, long in her father's employ, of forty shillings to the poor of Stratford, is confided to her care for disbursement—an incident speaking volumes for her trust-inspiring, kindly, reliable nature. All her other excellencies are celebrated in a curious poem, or rhythmical pun, which has been attributed to our bard, entitled:

"TO THE IDOL OF MY EYE, AND DELIGHT OF MY HEART,
ANN HATHAWAY."

"Would ye be taught, ye feathered throng,
With love's sweet notes to grace your song,
To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,
Listen to mine Ann Hathaway!
She hath a way to sing so clear,
Phœbus might wondering stoop to hear.
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And Nature charm Ann hath a way;
She hath a way,
Ann Hathaway;
To breathe delight Ann hath a way.

When Envy's breath and rancorous tooth
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,
And merit to distress betray,
To soothe the heart Ann hath a way.
She hath a way to chase despair,