

the attempt of some whimsical persons, about forty years ago, to force *Dovor*, with an *o* in the second syllable, on the public as the name of the ancient, ever-memorable English town which confronts Calais, in France. A coach-proprietor of the day had the name, spelt in the new way, painted on all his coaches running on the great Kentish highway. But the familiar word *Dover*, imbedded in the English language and the English heart, retained its old form. So surely will it be with the name of the great national poet. It is difficult to conceive what the gratification can be in departing from the customary orthography, received not only within the British Islands, but in France and Germany, and, as I suppose, in all foreign nations, wherever the literature of England is discussed,—an orthography authorized by the poet himself on the title-page of every production of his printed in his lifetime, adopted by his “Fellows” when they published his collected plays, and by his executors when the tablets to his memory and to that of his wife were engraved and set up in the church at Stratford. Even the Messrs. Harper, of New York, with all their deformations of the English language, have not ventured on a new rendering of “Shakspeare.”

I pass on now to another historical autograph. To appreciate the interest which attaches to it, I must recall a painful scene—the execution of Charles the First. While the King was preparing himself on the scaffold, for the block, Bishop Juxon, of London, who was in attendance, sought to cheer him with these words: “There is, Sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider,” he continued, “it will carry you a great way;” and so on. The King placed in the hands of the bishop his “George,” so called; i. e. the badge attached to the collar of the Order of St. George; and the last word which he uttered as he stretched out his neck to the headsman, was addressed to the bishop. That last word was “Remember!” the particular meaning of which the republican generals insisted on knowing from the bishop. “Juxon told them”—I adopt Hume’s narrative of the incident—“that the King having frequently charged him to inculcate on his son the forgiveness of his murderers, had taken this opportunity, in the last moment of his life, when his commands, he supposed, would be regarded as sacred and inviolable, to reiterate that desire; and that his mild spirit thus terminated its present course by an act of benevolence towards his greatest enemies.” It is a document in the handwriting of this